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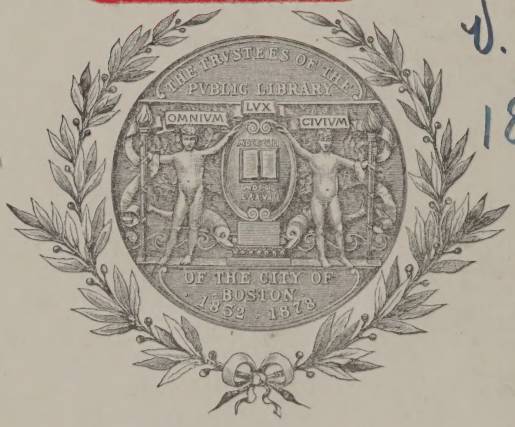

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A SINGULAR LIFE.

I.

THERE were seven of them at the table that day, and they were talking about heredity. At least they were talking about whatever stood for heredity at the date of our history. The word had penetrated to religious circles at the time; but it was still interpreted with a free personal translation.

Perhaps there is no greater curiosity of its kind than that of a group of theological students (chiefly in their junior year) discussing science. It is not certain that the tendencies of the Seminary club dinner are not in themselves materialistic. The great law of denial belongs to the powerful forces of life, whether the case be one of coolish, baked beans, or an unrequited affection. That the thing we have not is the thing we would have, neither you nor I nor the junior may deny; and it is quite probable that these young men set an undue value upon a game dinner and *entrées*, which was not without its reactionary effect upon their philosophy.

Jaynes, for instance, had been reading Huxley. Jaynes was a stout man, and short, with those round eyeglasses by which oculists delight in deforming round people. He confessed that he was impressed by the argument. He said: —

"Varieties arise, we do not know why; and if it should be probable that the majority of varieties have arisen in a spontaneous manner" —

"A little vinegar, Jaynes, if you please," interrupted Tompkinton gently. Tompkinton was long and lean. His hair was thin, and scraggled about his ears, which were not small. His hands were thin. His clear blue eye had an absent look. In cold weather he wore an old army cape of his father's. He studied much without a fire, for the club board at the "short price" cost him two dollars and seventy-five cents a week. His boots were old, and he had no gloves and a cough. He came from the State of New Hampshire.

Then there was Fenton: a snug little fellow, who took honors at Amherst; a man who never spent more than five hundred a year in his life, yet always wore clean linen and a tolerable coat, had a stylish cut to his hair, and went to Boston occasionally to a concert. It was even reported that he had been to see Booth. But the Faculty discredited the report. Besides, he had what was known as "a gift at prayer."

Fenton was rather a popular man, and when he spoke in answer to Holt (who observed that *he* considered Huxley's Descent of Man an infidel book) he was listened to with marked attention.

Holt was in the Special Course. He was a converted brakeman from the Hecla and St. Mary's, a flourishing Western railway. Holt, being the only student present who had not received any undue measure of collegiate culture, was treated with marked courtesy by his more liberally educated fellow-students.

"We are reading Darwin up at my room, two or three of us, after dinner," observed Fenton gently. "We should be happy to have you join us sometimes, Holt."

Holt blinked at the speaker with that uncertain motion of the eyelids which means half intellectual confusion, and half personal embarrassment. Not a man of these young Christians had smiled; yet the Special Course student, being no natural fool, vaguely perceived that something had gone wrong.

But Fenton was vivaciously discussing the last ball game with his *vis-à-vis*, a middler whose name is unknown to history. It was some time before he said, looking far down the long table: —

"Bayard, who is it that says it takes three generations to make a gentleman?"

"Why, Holmes, I suppose," answered he who was addressed. "Who else would be likely to say it?"

"Any of the Avonsons might have said it," observed a gentlemanly fellow from the extreme end of the table; he returned his spoon to his saucer as he spoke. There were several students at the club who did not drink with their spoons in their teacups, and even laid the knife and fork in parallels upon the plate, and this was one of the men. He had an effective and tenderly cherished mustache. He was, on the whole, a handsome man. It was thought that he would settle over a city parish.

"I doubt if there was ever an Avonson who could have said it, Bent," replied Bayard. The Avonsons were a prominent New England family, not unknown to diplomacy and letters, nor even to Holt of the Hecla and St. Mary's.

"But why, then?" persisted Bent.

"They have believed it too thoroughly and too long to say anything so fine."

Bent raised an interrogative eyebrow.

"You won't understand," returned Bayard, smiling. All the fellows turned towards Bayard when he smiled; it was a habit they had. "You are n't expected to. *You* are destined for the Episcopal Church."

"I see the connection less than ever," Bent maintained. "But I scent heresy somewhere. You are doomed to the stake, Bayard. That is clear as — as the Latin fathers. Have an apple, — do. It 's sour, but sound. It 's Baldwin year, or we should n't get them except Sundays."

Bayard mechanically took the apple, and laid it down untouched. His eye wandered up the cold length of the long table decorated with stone china. Somehow, few aspects of the theological life struck his imagination so typically as a big vegetable dish piled with cold, unrelieved Baldwins, to be served for after-dinner fruit on a winter day. In the kind of mental chill which the smallest of causes may throw over a nature like his, Bayard did not exert himself to reply to his classmate, but fell into one of the sudden silences for which he was marked.

"My father," observed the New Hampshire man quietly, "was a farmer. He dug his own potatoes the day before he enlisted. Perhaps I am no judge, but I always thought he was a gentleman — when I was a little boy."

Tompkinton shouldered himself out of the conversation, asked one of the fellows what hour the Professor had decided on for eternal punishment, and went out into the wintry air, taking long strides to the lecture-room, with his notebook under the old blue army cape, of which the northwest wind flung up the scarlet side.

"Has the Professor tea'd you yet, Bent?" asked Bayard, rousing, perhaps a little too obviously anxious to turn the channels of conversation. Genealogical problems at best, and in picked company, are unsafe topics; hence peculiarly dangerous at a club table of poor theologues, half of whom must, in the nature of things, be forcing their way into social conditions wholly unknown to their past. Bayard was quicker than the other men to think of such things.

"Oh yes," said Bent, with a slightly twitching mustache. "Ten of us at a time in alphabetical order. I came the first night, being a B. Madam his wife and Mademoiselle his daughter were present, the only ladies against such a lot of us. I pitied them. But Miss Carruth seemed to pity us. She showed me her photograph book, and some Swiss pickle forks — carved. Then she asked me if I read Comte. And then her mother asked me how many of the class had received calls. Then the Professor told some stories about a Baptist minister. And so by and by we came away. It was an abandoned hour — for Cesarea. It was ten o'clock."

"I was in town that night," observed Bayard. "I had to send my regrets."

"If you were in town, why could n't you go?" asked the middler.

"I mean that I was out of town. I was in Boston. I had gone home," explained Bayard pleasantly.

"You won't come in now till after the Z's," suggested Fenton quickly; "or else you 'll be left over till the postgraduates take turn, and the B's come on again."

The Baldwin apples were all eaten now, and the stone china was disappearing from the long table in detachments. Jaynes and the Special Course man had followed Tompkinton, and the middler and Bent now pushed back their chairs. Bayard remained a moment to ask after the landlady's neuralgia, — he was one of the men who do not economize sympathy without more effort than its repression is usually worth, — and Fenton waited for him in the cold hall. The two young men shoved their shoulders into their overcoats sturdily, and walked across the Seminary green together to their rooms.

Strictly speaking, one should say the Seminary "white." It was midwinter, and on top of Cesarea Hill. From the four corners of the earth the winds of heaven blew, and beat against that spot; to it the first snowflake flew, and on it the last blizzard fell. Were the winters longer and the summers hotter in Cesarea than in other places? So thought the theologues in the old draughty, shaking Seminary dormitories dignified by time and native talent with the name of "halls."

Young Bayard trod the icy path to his own particular hall (Galilee was its name) with the chronic homesickness of a city-bred man forced through a New England country winter under circumstances which forbade him to find fault with it. His profession and his seminary were his own choice; he had never been conscious of wavering in it, or caught in grumbling about it, but sometimes he felt that if he had been brought up differently, — like Tompkinton, for instance, not to say Holt, — he should have expended less of that vitality necessary to any kind of success in the simple process of enduring the unfamiliar.

"How was the gale round your room last night?" inquired young Fenton, as the two climbed the frozen terraces, and leaped over the chains that hung between rows of stunted posts set at regular intervals in front of the Seminary buildings. For what purpose these stone dwarfs staggered there, no one but the founders of the institution knew; and they had been in their graves too long to tell.

"It made me think of my uncle's house," observed Bayard.

"By force of contrast? Yes. I never lived in Beacon Street. But I can guess. I pity you in that northwest corner. My mother sent me a soapstone by express last week. I should have been dead, I should have been frozen stark, without it. You heat it, you know, on top of the base-burner, and tuck it in the sheets. Then you forget and kick it out when you 're asleep, and it thumps on the fellow's head in the room below, and he blackguards you for it through the ceiling. Better get one."

"Are you really *comfortable* — all night?" asked Bayard wistfully. "I

have n't thought about being warm or any of those luxuries since I came here. I expected to rough it. I mean to toughen myself."

In his heart he was repeating certain old words which ran like this: Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. But they did not come to his lips. He was as afraid of cant as too many young theologues are of sincere simplicity.

"Oh, come, Bayard!" urged the other. "There 's where you miss it. Why not be comfortable? I don't see that Christianity and misery need be identical. You are certain to have a tough time if you go on as you begin. Talk about election, foreordination, predestination! You take the whole set of condemnatory doctrines into your hands and settle your own fate beforehand. A man does n't leave Providence any free will who sets out in life as you do."

"Do I strike you that way?" asked the young man anxiously. "If there is anything I abhor, it is a gloomy clergyman!"

"There you are again! Now I 'm not finding fault with you," began Fenton, settling his chin in his comfortable way. "Your soul is all nerves, man. It is a ganglion. You need more tissue round it — like me."

The two young men stood at the foot of the bare wooden stairs in the cold entry of Galilee Hall, at the dividing of their ways. It was the usual luck of the other that he should have a southwest room, first floor. But Bayard climbed to his northwest third-story corner uncomplainingly. It occurred to him to say that there were objects in life as important, on the whole, as being comfortable. But he did not. He only asked if the lectures on the Nicene Creed were to be continued at four, and went on, shivering, to his room.

It was a bitter February afternoon, and the wind blew the wrong way for northwest corners. Bayard had spent the day in coddling his big base-burner, which now rewarded him by a decent glow as he entered his study. He had no chum, and thanked God for it; he curled into the shell of his solitude contentedly, and turned to his books at once, plunging headlong into the gulf of the Nicene Creed. At the end of two hours he got up, shivering. The subject was colder than the climate, and he felt congealed to the soul. He flung open his bedroom door. An icy breath came from that monastic cell. He thought, "I really must get some double windows." He had purposely refrained all winter from this luxury lest he should seem to have more comforts than his poorer classmates.

The early winter sunset was coming on, and Cesarea Hill was wrapping herself in gold and purple and in silver sheen to meet it. Bayard went to his window, and stood, with his hands locked behind him, looking abroad.

The Seminary lawns (old Cesareans spoke of them as the Seminary "yard"), encrusted in two feet of snow, took on the evening colors in great sweeps, as if made by one or two strokes of a mighty brush. The transverse paths that cut across the snow, under rows of ancient elm-trees, had the shape of a cross. The delicate, bare branches of the elms were etched against a blazing west. Above, the metallic sky hung cold and clear. A few students were crossing the lawns, tripping and slipping on the paths of gray and glittering ice. In the wide street beyond, a number of people were breasting the blast, valiantly prepared for a mile's walk to the evening mail. The night threatened to be very cold. Across the street, the Professors' houses stood in a serious row. Beyond them, the horizon line ran to Wachusett undisturbed; and the hill and valley view melted into noble outlines under snow and sun.

Emanuel Bayard stood at his window looking across to the hills. The setting sun shone full in his face. I see no rea-

son why one should hesitate to give a man full credit for personal beauty because one chances to be his biographer, and do not hesitate to say that the attractiveness of this young man was extraordinary.

He was of slender build, but tall, and with good square shoulders that sturdily supported his head. He had the forehead of a student, the carriage of a man of society, and the beauty of a myth, or a saint, which may be the same thing. His complexion was a trifle fair for a man; his brown hair, shot with gold, curled defiantly all over his head; when he first decided to study theology, he used to try to brush it straight, but he might as well have tried to brush Antinous out of fable. He had bright, human, healthy color, and, as has been intimated, a remarkable smile. His lips were delicately cut; they curved and trembled with almost pitiful responsiveness to impressions. Thought and feeling chased over his face like the tints of a vibrating prism cast on a white surface. It was in his eyes that the extreme sensitiveness of his nature seemed to concentrate and strengthen into repose. His nearest friend might have said of Bayard's eyes, They are hazel, and said no more. Some stranger in the street, to whom the perception of the unusual was given, might have passed him, and said, That man's eyes are living light. Indeed, strangers often moved back and looked again at him; while people who knew him best sometimes turned away from him uncomfortably, as if he blinded them. This power to dazzle, which we often see in merely clear-minded persons with a well-painted iris, may not be associated in the least with the higher nature, but even the contrary. It was the peculiarity about Bayard that his eye seemed to be the highest as well as the brightest fact in any given personal situation. Neither a prophet nor a cutthroat would for an instant have questioned the spiritual supremacy of the man.

In Paris, once, he was thrown in the way of a celebrated adventuress, and she confessed to him, sobbing, as if he had been her priest, within an hour. Rank is of the soul, and Bayard's was unmistakable. Beauty like his is as candid, in its way, as certain forms of vice. It is impossible for him to conceal his descent who is born a spiritual prince.

But the young man was thinking nothing of this as he faced the cold and gleaming sky, to see the sun drop just to the north of Wachusett, as he had done so many winter nights since he took possession of the northwest corner of Galilee Hall. If his musing had been strictly translated into words, "I must prove my rank," he would have said.

As he stood mute and rapt, seeming to bestow more brilliance than he took from it on the afterglow that filled the grim old room, his eye rested on the line of Professors' houses that stood between him and his sunset, and musingly traveled from ancient roof to roof till it reached the house behind which the sun had dropped. This house was not built by the pious founders, and had a certain impertinent, worldly air as of a Professor with property, or a committee of the Trustees who conceded more than was expected by the Westminster Catechism to contemporaneous ease and architecture. It was in fact a fashionable modern building, a Queen Anne country house, neither more nor less.

As Bayard's glance reached the home of his theological Professor it idly fell upon the second-story front window, where signs of motion chanced to arrest his attention. In this window the drawn shade was slowly raised, and the lace drapery curtains parted. A woman's figure stood for a moment between the curtains. There were western windows, also, to the room, and the still burning light shot through from side to side of the wing. In it she could be seen clearly: she stood with raised arm and hand; there was something so warm and womanly and rich in

the outlines of that remote figure that the young man would have been no young man if his glance had not rested upon it.

After a moment's perceptible hesitation he turned away; then stepped back and drew down his old white cotton shade.

II.

More than thirty years before the day of this biography, a blue-eyed girl sat in her brother's home in Beacon Street, weighing the problem which even then had begun to shake the social world every year at crocus time, Where shall we spend the summer?

When Mary Worcester's gentle mind, wavering between the hills and the shore with the pleasant agitation of a girl who has never known any compulsion severer than her own young choice upon her fate, turned in the direction of the mountain village which her mother used to fancy, it seemed the least important of acts or facts, and was so regarded by her brother; for Hermon Worcester was a preoccupied young man, more absorbed in adding to his fortune, inherited in wool, than in studying the natural history of an attractive orphaned younger sister, left, obviously, by Providence upon his hands.

So, properly chaperoned and luxuriously outfitted, to the hills went Mary Worcester that conclusive summer of her life; and the village of Bethlehem — a handful then, a hamlet, if one should compare it with the luxurious and important place of resort known to our own day — received, as unconsciously as she gave, the presence of this young visitor whose lot was destined to become so fair a leaf bound in with the village history.

They are not usually the decisions to which we give the most thought that most control our lives, but those to which we give the least; and this city girl glided into her country holiday as unaware as the rest of us are when we cross the little misty space that separates freedom from fate.

She was not an extraordinary girl; unless we should consider extraordinary a certain kind of moral beauty to which the delicacy of her face and form gave marked expression. Such beauty she assuredly possessed. Her head had a certain poise never to be found except in women to whom we may apply the beautiful adjective "high-minded." Her eyes and the curve of her lip bore this out; and she had the quality of voice no more to be copied by a woman of the world than a pure heart is to be imitated by a schemer.

She was not an intellectual woman in our modern sense of the word. She was a bright, gentle girl; more devout than her mates who rode with her on picnics from the hotel, but as ready to be happy as the rest; she had a certain sweet merriment, or merry sweetness, peculiar to herself, and of which life and trouble never entirely robbed her. If we add to this that she had the angelic obstinacy sometimes to be found in unobtrusive and amiable people, her story, so far as it concerns us, need not be the enigma that it always remained to many of those who knew her best. In this summer of which we speak, when Miss Worcester had been for a couple of weeks among the hills, it befell that her party, for some cause not important enough to trace, moved into lodgings across the road from the hotel, where they commanded a cottage otherwise occupied only by the proprietor or tenant of the house. The cottage, after the fashion of its kind, was white of surface, green of blinds, and calm of demeanor. Its low front windows swept the great horizon of Bethlehem without obstruction, and when one drew the green-paper shade of the upper chamber in the rear, a tall pine — one of fourscore, the picket of a rich and sombre grove — brushed into one's face, and eyed one like a grave, superior rustic who knew his worth and one's own, and was not to be distanced.

Mary Worcester, in a white, thin dress, was sitting by this window one July day, looking down on the long fingers of the pine bough, when she was disturbed by a sudden agitation in the green heart of the tree. The boughs shook and parted, and the branch that lay over upon her window-sill trembled, yielded, started, gave a smart, stinging blow upon her bending cheek, and swept aside. She sprang back to save her eyes, and, in doing so, perceived the top round of a ladder rising from the tree.

She was startled for the instant; but observing that the ladder continued to rise steadily, and had evidently higher aspirations than her window-sill, she remained where she was. At this moment a voice from below delicately suggested that if any of the ladies were upstairs they might like to draw the shade, as some repairs were necessary upon the roof. The speaker was sorry to incommode anybody, and would withdraw as soon as possible.

Owing, perhaps, to that kind of modesty which feels an embarrassment at being recognized, the young girl did not draw her shade, but moved into the adjoining room while the carpenter climbed the ladder. The doors and windows were open through, and she stood for a moment uncertain, her light dress swaying in the draught. Then, turning, she looked back at the mechanic. At that moment his face and shoulders were on a level with her window. To her surprise, she recognized the man as their host, the owner of the cottage.

In a few moments a stout arm struck the roof over her head, and resounding blows shook the cottage sturdily, while a few old shingles flew past her window and troubled the pine-tree, which, shivering at the indignity, cast them to the moss below.

To escape the clamor, Miss Worcester tossed on her straw hat and fled below-stairs. Her friends were all out and the house was empty. She wandered about such of the lower rooms as she had the right to enter, for a few moments, and then strolled out aimlessly into the grove. She flung herself down on the pine needles in the idle reverie of youth and ease and health; no graver purpose in life than to escape the noise of a shingler's hammer appeared to her. When the blows upon the roof had ceased she rose and went back. At the foot of the pine-tree, with his ladder on his shoulder, unexpectedly stood the man.

He was a well-built man, young and attractive to the eye. He did not look as rugged as his class, and showed, proportionally, more refinement. His eyes were dark and large, and had the sadness of a misunderstood dog. He raised them in one swift look to the young girl. She drifted by in her white dress with her straw hat on her arm; her hair was tumbled and bright; a little spot on one cheek, where she had rested it upon her arm, burned red. She smiled and said something, she did not know what. The mechanic lifted his old straw hat: the little act had the ease of town-bred gentlemen; something about it surprised the young lady, and she lingered a moment.

"And so you mend the roof for us?" she said, with her merry sweetness. "We thank you, sir."

"It is my business," replied the mechanic a little coldly. But his eyes were not cold, and they regarded her with deferent though daring steadiness.

"You are then the carpenter. Are you sure?" she persisted audaciously.

"That," replied her host, after a silence in which she heard her own heart leap, "is for you to determine." He bowed, shouldered the ladder which he had let drop, and passed on into the shed with it. His lodger, with burning cheeks, fled to her room, and drew down the green-paper shade.

The following day was Sunday, and the city lodgers in a party attended the village church. Mary Worcester, dain-

tily dressed and devoutly inclined, sat with her head bowed upon the rail of the pew before her. When the village choir recited the opening fugue she did not move; but when the minister's voice broke the pleasant silence that followed, and the invocatory prayer filled the meeting-house, she lifted her eyes to the pulpit, and behold, he who had shingled the cottage yesterday was the preacher of to-day.

The services took their usual course. The smell of lilacs came in at the open windows of the country church. The rustic choir sang. The minister had an educated voice and agreeable manner. He did not preach a great sermon, but he spoke in a manly fashion, read the Bible without affectation, and prayed like a believer. It was not until the close of the service that he suffered his glance to rest upon the pew occupied by his lodgers, and thus he perceived the deepened color and the gentle agitation of her face. Their eyes met, and the fate of their lives was sealed.

At first they read their idyl with terror in their joy. She by her experience of the world, he by his inexperience thereof, knew what it meant for them to plight their troth. But Almighty Love had laid its hand upon them: not the false god, nor the sorcerer, nor the worldling, nor the mathematician, that steal the name, — none of these masqueraders moved them.

Mary Worcester and Joseph Bayard sat under the pine-trees of the grove behind the minister's cottage and faced their fate.

"I am a country parson," said the young man proudly, "and a carpenter, as your brother will remind you. I learned the trade to put myself through college, — a fresh-water college up in Vermont. Never mind the name. I doubt if he has ever heard of it. My father was the schoolmaster of our village. He was poor. My mother was an invalid for twenty years. It cost us a good deal to take care of her. After he died, you see it fell to me. I did the best I could for her. She died this spring. I never could go very far away from her. She liked to see me often, and it cost a good deal to get suitable nurses. She needed other things, of course. I was in debt, too, for my education. I 've been paying that off by degrees. Take it all, I 've got run down, somehow. Mother used to say I had her constitution. The people here called me to supply awhile, but they said I had too poor health to settle without trial. I don't wonder. They don't want a minister to die of consumption on their hands."

He stopped abruptly, and cast a bitter look at the young girl's drooping face to see how these blows struck that gentle surface. She did not lift it, but by the space of a breath she seemed to stir and tremble toward him.

"I love you," said the young man, flinging his thin hands out as if he thrust her from him. "A carpenter-parson, without a dollar or a pulpit he can call his own, and some day doomed to be a sick man at that! Go! I will never ask you to be my wife. Beacon Street! Do you think there is a man in Beacon Street who will ever love you as I do? Try it. Go and try. Go back to your brother. Tell him I scorned to ask you to marry me — for your sake, oh my Love!"

His voice fell into the whisper of unutterable passion and sacrifice, and he covered his face and groaned. Then Mary Worcester lifted her unworldly eyes and looked upon him as a woman looks but once in life, and upon but one.

"But if," she said, "*I* should ask *you?*"

He gasped, and sprang to his feet. Then he saw how she trembled before him. And she stretched up her arms. So he took her to his heart; and before the snow fell upon the hills of Bethlehem she had become his wife.

Life dealt with them as the coldest head on Beacon Street might have predicted. Her brother fell at first into burning anger, and then into a frozen rage. When the thing became inevitable, he treated her civilly, for he was a gentleman; more than that she never sought from him, and did not receive. She married her country parson intelligently, deliberately, and joyously, and shared his lot without an outcry. She knew one year of blessedness, and treasured it as a proof of paradise to come. She knew one such year as the saddest of us would die to know, and the gladdest could not look upon without a pang of divine envy. She knew what love, elect, supreme, and unspotted from the world, as the old words say, can give a woman, and can do for her. And then she reached the chapter where the plot turns in the beautiful, delirious story, and she read the sequel through, — a brave, proud woman, calling herself blessed to the end.

The minister's health failed, as was to be foreseen. He could not keep his parish, "as she might have known," said Hermon Worcester to the lady (her name was Rollins, by the way) who had chaperoned that summer party, and whom the brother had never succeeded in forgiving. Joseph Bayard descended from his pulpit to his carpenter's bench, and his high-born wife did not protest. "A man must feel that he is at work," she said. She mentioned the circumstance to her brother proudly when she acknowledged the last check; for she received her mother's inheritance duly, and spent it rapidly. She supplied the ailing man with such comforts as Bethlehem had never seen. She lavished all the attainable luxuries familiar to her youth upon the invalid in the frozen mountain home. Nothing and no one could restrain her. It was her way, and love's. That divine compassion which takes possession of a woman's soul when passion subsides from it swept a torrent of pity and tenderness about the enfeebled man. She persuaded him at last out of the mountain cottage which had watched their courtship and known their honeymoon, and carried him to Italy, where she played the last desperate chances in the game of life and love and death that thousands of women have staked and lost before her.

In the midst of this experiment the two returned abruptly to America, and hid themselves in the Bethlehem cottage; and there, in the late and bitter mountain spring, their boy was born.

The baby was a year old when his father died. Mary Bayard looked at the frozen hills across the freezing grave. In all the world only the mountains seemed to understand her. Her brother came up to the funeral, and politely buried the carpenter, whose widow was civilly invited to return to the home of her youth; but she thanked him, and shook her head.

"I will stay here among our people. They love me, some of them. They all loved him. I have friends here. There is no kindness kinder than that in the hearts of country neighbors. I 've found that out. Beacon Street has forgotten me long ago, Hermon. There is nothing left in common between us now."

"At least there is your birth and training!" exclaimed her brother, flushing hotly. "I should think," glancing around the white cottage, crowded with little luxuries that love and ingenuity could hardly convert into comforts (by his standard of comfort) in that place and climate, — "I should think you would like to come back to a good Magee furnace and a trained maid!"

"There have been times" — she began slowly, but checked herself. "Those are gone by now. This is the place where I have been a happy woman."

"There is something in that," replied the man of business in a softer tone. He looked at her a trifle wistfully.

A certain tenderness for her returned

in his heart after that. He cared for her as he could, sometimes taking the chilly journey to see her in winter, and spending a part of every summer in the Bethlehem cottage.

Thus he came to discover in himself a root of interest in the boy. When the child was three years old, he induced his sister to come to Boston to consult a famous physician.

"She is dying of no disease," he told the doctor irritably. "She had fine health. That ailing fellow wore it all out. He was a heavy burden. She carried everything — for years. She spent almost all her property on him: it was not trusteed; it is nearly gone; I could n't help it. She has spent herself in the same way. She is that kind of woman."

"I have seen such," replied the physician gently, "but not too many of them. I may as well tell you at the outset that I can probably do nothing for her."

Nor could he. She lingered, smiling and quiet, in her brother's house for a few months; then begged to be taken home. Fires were kindled in the mountain cottage, and the affectionate villagers brought in their house-plants to welcome her; and there, on the morning after her return, they found her with her cheek turned upon the soft curls of the child's head. The boy was asleep. But he waked when he was spoken to. It was his uncle who took him from his mother's arms.

They buried her beside her husband; and her husband's people wept about her grave, for they had loved this strange and gentle lady; and they cut their white geraniums and heliotrope to bring to the funeral, and sighed when they saw the cottage under the pine grove stripped and closed. For the boy was taken to the home of his mother's girlhood, and reared there as she had been; delicately, and as became a lad of gentle birth, who will do what is expected of him, and live like the rest of his world.

III.

It had always been considered a mistake that the Professors' houses stood on the "morning side" of the street. But this, like many another architectural or social criticism, was of more interest to the critic than to the criticised. In point of fact, the western faces of the dwellings consecrated to the Faculty received the flood tide of the sea of sun that rose and ebbed between Cesarea and Wachusett. A man's study, a child's nursery, a woman's sewing-room, fled the front of the house as a matter of course; and the "afternoon side" of the dwelling welcomed them bountifully.

As Professor Carruth had been heard to say, that side of the street on which a man is born may determine his character and fate beyond repeal. The observation, if true, is tenfold truer of a woman, to whom a house is a shell, a prison, or a chrysalis.

The Professor's daughter, who had not been born in Cesarea, but in the city of New York, took turns at viewing her father's home in one of these threefold aspects. On that winter day of which we have already spoken, she might, if urged to it, have selected the least complimentary of the three terms. The day had been bleak, bright, and interminable. She had tried to take the morning walk to the post-office, which all able-bodied Cesareans penitentially performed six days in the week; and had been blown home in that state just so far from adding another to the list of "deaths from exposure" that one gets no sympathy, and yet so near to this result that one must sit over the register the rest of the morning to thaw out.

After dinner she had conscientiously resumed her study of Herbert Spencer's Law of Rhythm, but had tossed the book away impatiently, — she was metaphysical only when she was bored, — and had joined her mother at the weekly mending-basket. The cold, she averred,

had struck in. Her brain was turning to an icicle — like that. She pointed to the snow-man which the boys in the fitting-school had built in front of the pump that supplied their dormitories with ice-water for toilet uses; this was carried the length of the street in dripping pails whose overflow froze upon one's boots.

There had been a rain before this last freeze, and the head of the snow-man (carefully moulded and quite Greek) had turned into a solid ball of ice.

This chilly gentleman rose imposingly from behind a desk of snow. Manuscripts of sleet lay in his frozen hand. An old silk hat, well glazed with drippings from the elm-tree, was pitched irreverently upon the back of his head.

"They say," replied Mrs. Carruth complainingly, "that the snow-man is meant to take off one of the Professors."

"Do they? I should think he might be! Which one?" answered the Professor's daughter. Her languid eyes warmed into merriment. "I call that fun."

"I call it irreverent," sighed the Professor's wife. "I call it profane."

"Now, Mother!" The young lady laid a green, theological stocking across her shapely knee and pulled the toe through the foot argumentatively. "Don't you think that is a little over-emphasized?"

Mrs. Carruth lifted her mild, feminine countenance from that shirt of the Professor's which she always found absorbing, — the one whose buttonholes gave out, while the buttons stayed on. She regarded her daughter with a puzzled disapproval. She was not used to such phrases as "over-emphasis" when she was young.

"Helen, Helen," she complained, "you do not realize what a trial you are to me. If there is anything sacrilegious or heretical to be found anywhere, you are sure to — to — you are certain to find it interesting," ended the mother vaguely.

"See, Mother! See!" interrupted Helen. Her laugh bubbled merrily through the sewing-room. "Just look out of the window, and see! The boys have stuck a whisk broom for a feather in the snow-professor's hat! And now they're giving him spectacles and a fountain pen. What delicious heresy, is n't it, Mother? Come and look!"

But after these trifling and too frequent conflicts with her mother, Helen never failed to feel a certain reaction and depression. She evaded the mending-basket that afternoon as soon as possible, and slipped into her own room; which, as we have said, was in a wing of the house, and looked from east to west. She could not see the snow-professor here. Nobody now accused her of heresy. The shouts of the boys had begun to die away. Only the mountains and the great intervale were peacefully visible from the warm window. Through the cold one the Theological Seminary occupied the perspective solidly.

Nature had done a good deal for the Christian religion, or at least for that view of it represented by our Seminary, when that institution was established at Cesarea, a matter of nearly a century ago. But art had not in this instance proved herself the handmaid of religion. The theological buildings, a row of three, — Galilee and Damascus Halls to right and left of the ancient chapel, — rose grimly against the cold Cesarea sky. These buildings were all of brick, red, rectangular, and unrelieved; as barren of ornament or broken lines as a packing-box, and yet curiously possessed of a certain dignity of their own; such as we see in aged country folk unfashionably dressed, but sure of their local position. Not a tremor seemed ever to disturb the calm, red faces of these old buildings, when the pretty chapel and the graceful library of modern taste crept in under the elms of the Seminary green to console the spirit of the contem-

porary Cesarean, who has visited the Louvre and the Vatican as often as the salary will allow; who has tickets to the Symphony Concerts in Boston, and feels no longer obliged to conceal the fact that he occasionally witnesses a Shakespearean play.

Helen Carruth, for one, did not object to the old red boxes, and held them in respect; not for their architectural qualities, it must be owned, nor because of the presence therein of a hundred young men for whose united or separate personalities she had never cared a fig. But of the Cesarean sunsets, which are justly famous, she was observant with the enthusiasm of a girl who has so little social occupation that a beautiful landscape is still an object of attention, even of affection. And where does reflected sunset take to itself the particular glory that it takes on Cesarea Hill?

The Professor's daughter was in the habit of watching from her eastern window to see those rows of old buildings take fire from the western sky behind her; window after window, four stories of them, thirty-two to a front on either side, and the solemn disused chapel in the midst. It would have been a pleasant sight to any delicate eye; but to the girl, with her religiously trained imagination and unoccupied fancy, it was a beautiful and a poetic one. She had learned to watch for it on sunny days in her lonely Cesarea winters, — between her visits to New York or Boston. Now Damascus Hall, and now Galilee, received the onset of flame; now this floor reflected it, and now that; certain windows became refracting crystals, and flung the gorgeous color back; certain others drew it in and drank it down into their glowing hearts. One — belonging to a northwest corner room in Galilee Hall — blazed magnificently on that evening of which we tell. It attracted her eye, and held it, for the fiery flood rolled up against that old sash and seemed to break there, and pour in, deep into the unseen room, deeper than any other spot could hold. That window breathed fire as martyrs do, in ecstasy. It seemed to inhale and exhale beauty and death like a living thing whose doom was glory, and whose glory was doom. But the splendid panorama was always swift; she had to catch it while it lasted; moments unrolled and furled it. She stood with uplifted arm between her lace curtains; her eyes smiled, and her lips were parted. The old Bible similes of her childhood came inevitably even upon her lighter moods. It was not religious emotion, but the power of association and poetic perception which made her say aloud: —

"And the city had no need of the sun . . . to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it."

As the words fell from her lips the sun dropped beyond Wachusett. The fire flashed, and ran, and faded. Cold, dull, delicate colors replaced the glory on Galilee Hall; the burst of gold had burned out and melted; the tints of cool, precious stones crept upon the window whose display had pleased her. She passed her hand over her eyes, for she was blinded by the dazzling effect. When she looked again, she noticed that the old white shade in the northwest corner room was drawn.

She turned away, feeling an unreasonable sense of discomfort, as if she had been rebuffed in an unconscious intrusion. At that moment she heard her father moving about his study, which was below her room. The sound of flying slippers and the creak of his whirling study-chair indicated that his work was over for the day, and that he was about to take his evening pilgrimage to the post-office. His daughter ran down to see him.

He glanced up from the arctic overshoes which he was tugging on over his boots, with a relieved and pleasant look.

"Ah, Helen! You are just in time. I need you, my child. Just write out

some invitations for me, will you? — in your mother's name. She seems to be too much absorbed in some domestic duties to attend to it, and I *must* have those omitted men to tea this week. Your mother says she can't have them to-morrow on account of — I have forgotten the reason, but it was an important one."

"She has some preserves to scald over. Yes," said Helen, with ripples in her eyes, "I think they are quinces. At any rate, it is of national importance. Friday, did you say? Certainly. I will have them written by the time you have selected your cane, Father. Who are these? The A's? Or the C's?"

"They are the B's," answered the Professor, looking over his assortment of handsome canes with the serious interest of a sophomore. If the Professor of Theology had one human weakness, it was for handling a fine cane. This luxury was to him what horses, yachts, and dry wines may be to different men. His daughter was quite right in assuming that the notes of invitation would be written before he had suited himself out of a dozen possibilities to his delicate Oriental grapestick with the heavy ivory handle.

"They are the B's," he repeated abstractedly. "Two B's, and — yes, one C. One of the B's I would not overlook on any account. He is that B who was preëngaged, for some reason, in the autumn. He must be invited again. His uncle is one of the Trustees. There 's the catalogue; you 'll find the address: Galilee Hall, Bayard, Emanuel. Don't make a mistake, my dear; and I hope you will take pains to be at home and help us entertain them."

"I was going in to the concert," said Helen disappointedly, pausing with her pen suspended. "I meant to spend the night with Clara Rollins. But — no, I won't, Father, if you care about it."

"Thank you, my dear," he said gently. He kissed her as he went out, and Helen smiled contentedly; she was deeply attached to her father. In his home the Professor of Theology was the most loving and beloved of men.

There came up a warm storm that week, and by Friday Cesarea Hill swam in a sea of melted snow. The two B's and one C waded their way to their Professor's house to tea that evening, across rills and rivers of ice-water, and through mounds of slush. Bayard sank over-rubbers amid-stream more than once; he wore the usual evening shoe of society. He was always a well-dressed man, having never known any other way of living. It was different with his fellow-students. That one C, for example, who strode across the Seminary green in comfort and rubber boots, had provided, it seemed, no other method of appearance within doors. His pantaloons were tucked into the rubber boots at the knees, and had the air of intending to stay there.

"Look here, man!" gasped Bayard, as the young men removed their overcoats in the large and somewhat stately hall of the Professor's house. "You have forgotten your shoes!"

"I have some slippers in my pockets, if you think them necessary," replied the other. "You know more about such things than I do."

The speaker produced a pair of slippers, worked in worsted by his sister; a white rose ornamented the toe of each. As he stooped to put them on, Bayard observed that the man wore a flannel shirt of the blue-gray tint at that time preferred by day laborers, and that he was guiltless of linen.

The three guests entered the drawing-room, headed by the flannel shirt. The one C sat down on the largest satin easy-chair, stretching his embroidered slippers on the Persian rug with such dignified unconsciousness of the unusual as one might go far to see outside of Cesarea, and might not witness once in a lifetime there. Occupied with the embarrassment of this little incident, Bay-

ard did not notice at first that the daughter of the house was absent from the parlor. He fell to talking with his favorite Professor eagerly ; they were deep in the discussion of the doctrine of election as taught in a rival seminary, by a more liberal chair, when Mrs. Carruth drew the attention of her husband to the gentleman of the flannel shirt, and seated herself by Bayard.

"I hope you are not very hungry?" she began in her literal voice. "We are waiting for my daughter. She attends the Symphony Concerts Fridays, and the coach is late to-night from the five o'clock train."

"Oh, that coach!" laughed Bayard. "*I* walk — if I want my supper."

"And so did I," said a soft voice at his side.

"Why, Helen, Helen!" complained the Professor's wife.

The young lady stood serenely, awaiting her father's introduction to the three students. She bowed sedately to the other B and the C. Her eyes scintillated when she turned back to Bayard. She seemed to be brimming over with suppressed amusement. She took the chair beside him, for her mother (who never trusted Cesarea service to the exclusion of the old-fashioned, housewifely habit of looking at her table before her guests sat down to it) had slipped from the room.

"You *walk* from the station — a mile — in this going?" began Bayard, laughing.

"No;" she shook her head. "I waded. But I got here. The coach had nine inside and five on top. It has n't come yet. I promised Father I 'd be here, you see."

Bayard's quick eye observed that Miss Carruth was in dinner dress ; her gown was silk, and purple, and fitted her remarkably well ; she had a sumptuous figure ; he reflected that she had taken the time and trouble to dress for these three theologues as she would have done for a dinner in town. He saw that she gave one swift glance at the man in the flannel shirt, who was absorbed in the Professor's story about the ordination of somebody who was rejected on the doctrine of probation.

But after that she looked at the student's head, which was good. Upon the details of his costume no eye in the drawing-room rested that evening, again. That student went out from Cesarea Seminary to be a man of influence and intellect ; his name became a distinguished one, and in his prime society welcomed him proudly. But if the Professor's family had been given the catalogue and the Inquisition to identify him, it may be questioned whether thumbscrews would have wrung his name from them. It being one of the opportunities of Christianity that it may make cultivated gentlemen out of poor and ignorant boys, Cesarea ladies take pride in their share of the process.

At tea — for Cesarea still held to her country tradition of an early dinner — Bayard found himself seated opposite the Professor's daughter. The one C sat beside her, and she graciously proceeded to bewitch that gentleman wholly out of his wits, and half out of his theology. Bayard heard her talking about St. Augustine. She called him an interesting monomaniac.

The table was served in the manner to which Bayard was used, and was abundantly lighted by candles softly shaded in yellow. In the pleasant shimmer, in her rich dress, with the lace at her throat and wrists, she seemed, by pretty force of contrast with the prevailing tone of the village, the symbol of beauty, ease, and luxury. Bayard thought how preëminent she looked beside that fellow in the shirt. He could not help wondering if she would seem as imposing in Beacon Street. After a little study of the subject he concluded that it would not make much difference. She was not precisely a beautiful woman, but she was certainly a woman of beauty. What was she? Blonde? She

had too much vigor. But — yes. Her hair was as yellow as the gold lining of rich silverware. She was one of the bright, deep orange blondes; all her coloring was warm and brilliant. Only her eyes struck him as inadequate; languid, indifferent, and not concerned with her life. She gave the unusual effect of dark eyes with bright hair.

While he was thinking about her in the interludes of such chat as he could maintain with her mother, who had asked him twice whether he graduated this year, Miss Carruth turned unexpectedly and addressed him. The remark which she made was not original; it was something about the concerts: Did he not go in often? She had not asked the one C if *he* attended the Symphony Concerts. But Mrs. Carruth now inquired of that gentleman if he liked the last preparatory lecture. The Professor was engaging the attention of the other B. And Bayard and Helen Carruth fell to conversing, undisturbed, across the pleasant table.

He felt at home despite himself, in that easy atmosphere, in that yellow light. The natural sense of luxury crept around him softly. He thought of his northwest room over there, rocking in the gale, and of the big dish of apples at the club table. He thought of the self-denials and deprivations, little and large, which had accompanied his life at Cesarea; he tried to remember why he had chosen to do this or suffered that.

His ascetic ideals swam and blurred a little before the personality of this warm, rich, human girl. There was something even in the circumstance of eating quail on toast, and sipping chocolate from a Dresden cup in an antique Dutch spoon, which was disturbing to the devout imagination — in Cesarea.

Over his sensitive face his high, grave look passed suddenly, like the reflection thrown from some unseen, passing light.

"I had better be at my room and at work," he thought.

At that moment he became aware of a change in the expression of the Professor's daughter. Her languid eye had awaked. She was regarding him with puzzled but evident attention. He threw off his momentary depression with ready social ease, and gayly said: —

"You look as if you were trying to classify a subject, Miss Carruth; as if you wanted to put something in its place and could n't do it."

"I am," she admitted. "I do."

"And you succeed?"

"No." She shook her head again. "I do not find the label. I give it up." She laughed merrily, and Bayard joined in the laugh. But to himself he said:

"She does me the honor to investigate me. Plainly, I am not the one C. Clearly, I am not the other B. Then what? She troubles herself to wonder."

Then he remembered how many generations of theological students had been the subject of the young lady's gracious and indifferent observation. She was, perhaps, twenty-five years old, and they had filed through that dining-room alphabetically — the A's, the B's, the C's, the X's and the Z's — since she came, in short dresses, to Cesarea, when her father gave up his New York parish for the Chair of Theology. It occurred to Bayard that she might have ceased to find either the genus or the species theologus of thrilling personal interest, by this time.

Then the Professor mentioned to the other B a certain feature of the famous Presbyterian trial for heresy, at that time wrenching the religious world. Bayard turned to listen, and the discussion which followed soon absorbed him.

The face of the Professor of Theology grew grave as he approached the topic of his favorite heresy. Stern lines cut themselves about his fine mouth. His gentle eyes darkened. He felt keenly the responsibility of the influence that he bore over his students, even in hours of what he called social relaxation, and

the necessity of defending the truth was vividly present to his trained conscience. Bayard watched his host with troubled admiration. It was with a start that he heard a woman's voice sweetly breaking in upon the conversation. She was speaking to the guest of the flannel shirt.

"Oh, have you seen the snow-professor since the rain? He 's melted into such a lovely slush!"

"Helen!" rebuked her mother plaintively. "Helen, Helen!"

But the Professor smiled, — a warm smile peculiar to himself. He shot a tender look across the table at his daughter. He did not resume the subject of the Presbyterian trial.

"The trouble with the snow-professor," suggested Bayard, "is, that he had the ice in his head, but the sun at his heart."

Helen Carruth turned quickly towards him. Her glance lingered into a look distinctly personal and indistinctly grateful. She made no answer, but her eyes and the student's understood each other.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE AMERICAN TYPE.

On Tuesday, the 6th of March, 1894, Robert Ross, a representative American citizen, a man young, full of high hopes, and of irreproachable character, was shot at the polls in the city of Troy, by Bat Shea, a partisan of Murphy, the so-called City Boss. Ross had already suffered for liberty's sake, and had, like Marcus Brutus, given his life for his country before he started on his country's errand, resolved to do his duty as a citizen by protesting against Murphy's repeaters. He knew that he was a marked man, and when a friend expressed fear for his life replied, "Let fifty Rosses die, if only we can have a pure ballot." As he lay on the ground dying in the midst of his enemies, his figure fitly marked the epoch in which we live, for he symbolizes that great struggle for survival which is now going on between the lingering type of Americanism and the alien element that surrounds it. It is doubtless a vivid though unintelligent sense of the situation that has given rise to the A. P. A. movement. In view of the facts, it becomes us not hastily to rebuke that which has its origin in a genuine national necessity, but to find, if we can, a wiser solution.

To one not familiar with our circumstances, the first feeling on becoming acquainted with them must be that of astonishment. A great people cross the seas, subdue a wilderness, found an empire, develop a new form of government, defend it with masterly courage, exhibit above all peoples the genius and force of statesmanship, and at the end of a century are found deliberately to have abandoned the sceptre to an alien race, and to be actually fighting the battle of liberty over again.

It may indeed be objected that this was true only in our great cities of the North; but it is these same great cities which, by their vote for the American Constitution, saved the country from anarchy. They have always been the nerve centres of the republic. In 1787 they were its moral backbone. They have now become its deadliest menace. Their political corruption is fast stamping its imprint upon the whole country. Nor is the situation mitigated by the fact that the foreigner is not a bad fellow, who has often proved himself capable of becoming the best of citizens, and that it is only in the mass, and under the management of that American traitor

called the "boss," that he has become an instrument for subverting our liberties. The fact remains that by the foreign majority, and its susceptibility to the management of traitors, the American people have been put outside of their own institutions, while those institutions themselves have been turned into an instrument of degrading tyranny. The intelligent are in the power of the unintelligent, and the situation is duplicated at the South, where the possession of the suffrage by the negro has compelled the American population to choose between misrule and practical rebellion against the Constitution of the United States. Now, when a people are actually put in such a position that their only escape from an alien and ignorant domination is either by a rebellion of some kind against their own institutions, or by some process as yet undiscovered, they may fairly be said to have entered upon a struggle for survival, and to be not unjustly counted in with other examples of the same sort, such as the American Indian and the bison. Happily, we are in the first stages of this epoch, but much depends on our distinctly recognizing where we are. However much it may cost us, we had better get rid of our pet illusions. Curiously enough, it has been urged against the restriction of emigration that foreigners alone do not make dangerous citizens; that Americans themselves often turn into propagandists of anarchy; and that many communities, as for example the State of Kansas, which are most pure blooded in their Americanism, are most alien to our national principles. But this only serves to bring out a fact which should make us more prudent in regard to both emigration and suffrage. If our organism for imprinting the national type on our people is so far defective that it fails to Americanize even considerable portions of our native-born population, then all the more must it fail to take hold of foreigners. It is madness to trust to luck.

The first thing to do is to inquire how the organism came to be so defective, and what is possible to it under the circumstances. Unless we restrict both emigration and the suffrage within the reasonable range of our assimilating organism, we must certainly come to grief. In fact, this defection of a large portion of our Anglo-Saxon population shows us both our greatest peril and the point at which the remedy must be applied. Doubtless one of our worst mistakes has been that we have trusted too much to heredity. Heredity will certainly do much. It can make a clan, but not a nation. A great free nation must cohere through the force of its national character, and the propagation of national character cannot be trusted to sex alone. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. But it may be asked, Do you think it essential that there should be a distinct organism for the reproduction of the American type? I answer, It ought not to be necessary. The public schools, the Protestant churches (nay, the Catholic churches, when their priests, like Archbishop Spalding, plainly teach the separation of politics from religion), the national Constitution, the laws, the legislatures, the elections, even the trades unions themselves, when leaders like Powderly and Wilkinson stand up in an hour of trial for the American idea, all these are organs for reproducing the spirit of Americanism. Indeed, under a recent test, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has shown itself alive with true Americanism. But the trouble is that our organs are for the most part not performing their function. This is due to the fact that they are pervaded by an anti-American spirit; and here, beyond all question, lies our greatest peril. No American Protective Association can reach that. The foreign majority can be put down, and put out by force, should it come to such a sharp necessity, but an anti-American spirit among ourselves

is a thing that can be put down only by conquering ourselves with the power of the truth: and this is an exceedingly difficult task, for the quality that gives force to our anti-American spirit is a specious humanity which claims the allegiance of our better nature. Its power lies in the element of good there is in it, and it can be eradicated only by an analysis sharp enough to separate the good, and distinctly brand the evil with which it is now identified.

As to humanity itself, let us thank God that, however mistakenly, we have followed it, for by following it we have been baptized with it. It has become the great creative force of our national life. Having gained the force, we are now to learn its use and limitations; but first we must rescue it by a struggle grander even than that by which it was obtained. One thing is becoming clear: humanity is not the supreme force. It may, as in the case of the French, lead to terrible mistakes where it is exalted above that truly supreme force, religion. Quite possibly that is one feature of our present peril. An insubordinate humanity, bent only on grasping material good, and trampling beneath its feet that unifying love of God which binds men into a spiritual brotherhood, may not unnaturally issue, as did the French Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, in a reign of hatred, for such a humanity is on the straight road to animalism. But whether this be so or not, there is food for solemn reflection in the fact that we have followed humanity now these ninety years, its inspired prophets marching before us, uttering their visions, holding up their undeniable verities, always demanding our absolute fealty, sometimes wildly attacking the Federal Constitution, often declaring the church a failure, and religion itself a monstrosity, because it could not follow fast enough, — nay, even avowing humanity itself the only religion. We have followed these prophets, I say, some ninety odd years, because we knew that their visions contained a reality, though we often suspected it of being confused. We have tried to share our freedom with foreigners, only to discover that freedom is not transferable. We have given the ballot to the negro, only to find out that an elector cannot be manufactured. The negro ballot meant a negro majority, and this in turn meant that the institutions of the country were to be under negro domination. This turns out to be impossible. Society will not cohere under such conditions. Intelligence cannot be ruled by ignorance. The higher force cannot be dominated by the lower. Nature will not tolerate it; she prefers disintegration and reorganization. Indeed, it is now generally agreed that the reorganization of a state must be left to those who have the natural leadership, and that it is better to suffer and be patient than to attempt to force nature in the interest of humanity. In short, we have discovered beyond question the fact which we all along more or less feared, that our humanity has defeated itself. It has been humanitarianism rather than humanity; for it is the characteristic of an "ism" that it does not stop to inquire carefully, or to work humbly and patiently.

Reckoning up profit and loss, our humanitarians have two items to their credit: the humanity itself, such as it is, and a tremendous lesson in respect to liberty, — namely, that liberty is not a thing that stands by itself, but is what the scientific people call an organic product, and that, as in the case of a strawberry, the only way to get it is to cultivate the stem, root, soil, leaves, and blossoms with which it belongs. This is important, because these same prophets of humanity who led us to give the ballot to foreigners and to the negro are still wildly urging us on. They are the real moral leaders of the present socialistic movement. They are still, in their old impetuous fashion, upbraiding the church, the state, the capitalists. Once it was the slaveholders that

they particularly denounced; now it is the rich. Once it was the slave States; now it is the general structure of society. "Every poor man is a slave. The rich man has forged his chains." Now, is it not about time that these prophets of humanity should stop and reflect? May it not be that the welfare of the poor man, like that of the negro, may be actually imperiled by forcing nature in the interest of humanity? May it not be that wealth and happiness as well as liberty stand together with some kind of organism, and that instead of madly trying to manufacture them, or to extract them out of capitalists, it would be better patiently to cultivate the stem on which they grow? Is it not possible that humanity turned maniac from want of quiet reflection may, after having scuttled the ship, succeed in sinking her, and so wind up the business of humanity so far as this nation is concerned?

This stands out more plainly if, instead of taking humanity by dribblets, we grapple the whole question at once. The instant we face humanity squarely, we find that the Chinaman and the Zulu are just as much on our hands as Mr. Debs is. Humanity knows no local bounds, no conventional relations or obligations. It binds us to do whatever we can for every man, wherever he is. Nor does it know any limitation of rich or poor. It binds us to help the wretchedest victim of the African slave trade toward happiness, but not one whit less does it bind us to help the Prince of Wales in the same direction, if so be it in us lie. Furthermore, it bids us seek the real condition of human happiness, not what we imagine it to be, and then to attempt to secure it for every man. If, as has been lately assumed, wealth is the condition, and all that is required is a fair sharing of that wealth, then we are bound at once to divide with everybody. Not only are the capitalists bound to divide, but the labor unions. There are millions of men in Japan and China who earn only three or four cents a day: we ought to divide with them, — they will soon call upon us to divide with them; and they are well off, relatively, to multitudes in other parts of Asia and in Africa, with whom also we shall soon be called to divide. The fact is, this is a poor world, and if wealth be the condition of happiness, and the equal distribution of it the means of promoting happiness, then we, not only our millionaires, but our working people, are terribly wicked. For most of our American workingmen are millionaires compared with the masses of humanity. Indeed, so great is the world's poverty that a fair distribution would leave us each only enough to starve on, while industry, civilization, and education would all stand still together; and as the little that each man had would soon be spent, and there would be no capital to furnish employment, the distress would be greater than it is now.

Humanity has more than once faced this problem through her most thoughtful and dutiful minds, and has shrunk back aghast. Then she has asked herself the question, What does nature mean? We talk about the gifts of God, but in themselves considered these are a poor pittance. It is true that they may be made to yield untold wealth, but they must first be set free. One gift alone there is that can unlock the others: it is brains; and this gift nature has most unequally distributed, nor can it be developed into any kind of efficiency save by work. Men must work together, cultivating the earth for centuries before there is developed a brain like that of Fulton or Edison, and then we see what nature has been driving at. She has been developing a human stem of industry on which wealth may grow. Doubtless she still holds for us inconceivable treasures, but they are all securely hidden; before they can be ours there must be developed a new brain which shall unlock the secret door that conceals them. Nature never gives something for nothing. Her plan is organic;

she will give bread, but it must be grown on a wheat stem, through the labor of hands, but above all of brains. Furthermore, she keeps crowding us sharply on by our necessities. We must have more bread, and, in order to it, quicker hands and keener brains. For she is bent not so much on giving us external conditions of happiness as on making organs which shall be themselves sources of power and happiness. Neither is it her plan to make life easy. Indeed, it is by the direst pressure of necessity that she forces that sluggish animal, man, to wrestle with her for her gifts, and creates his manhood by a hard struggle for survival. Often she appears to fail to come to the rescue of her offspring in his utmost need. Sooner than withdraw the coercing force that develops manhood by a struggle for survival, she leaves the individual man to perish in his misery, like Lazarus at the gate of Dives; so unrelenting is she in the law by which she develops her organs, so careful of the type she seems, so careless of the single life, so bent is she on fashioning manhood into a corporate whole, on developing it into a society by her organic method, for thus she stamps the type upon the individual. Every attempt to resist her has been in vain. Every endeavor to distribute wealth other than by her organic method has come to grief. She will not tolerate sameness. Distribute wealth equally, and society becomes but the poorer for it. She herself is really at the bottom of the inequality between men, for she gives to men unequal brain-capacity, and hands are insignificant without brains. When she is left to herself, her irregularities are vast as those between oceans and ponds, between oaks and grass blades. But when we have looked on both sides, the advantage is often fearfully against Dives. The plutocrat has the most outward conditions of happiness, but Lazarus towers far above him as regards the inward sources of it.

To sum it all up, the question of humanity is an organic one. We often hear it said of a measure that it is generous, but it is not business. In other words, it is sacrificing the stem to the fruit, the plant to the produce. We also sometimes say that a man must be just before he is generous; that means, strictly speaking, that we must first pay our dues to the plant before we can give away the produce. And this is precisely the limitation of humanity. Christianity, altruism, whichever you name it, puts us under obligations to do for all mankind what we can do. We are to be generous even to the point of suffering for others, but we must first pay our dues to the organism on which everything depends. When those dues are paid, justice ends and generosity begins. Give your vine its due in fertilizers; take what is needed to support yourself, the cultivator; pay your hired laborer his wages; take care of your plant, and you may give away the rest of the produce. The plant and its progressive demands define the limitations of your humanity.

Now, nothing is more fundamental in the exercise of humanity than to keep clear this boundary line between justice and generosity. It is the lack of this plain distinction that lies at the bottom of our national peril; for there is a notion in the minds of our sentimental humanitarians that there is no such boundary line between rights and right, between our debt to the organism and our debt to humanity. To the minds of such people right is a line that shifts from age to age. Human progress is a battle between the "Haves" and "Have Nots," in which the "Haves" are wrong, and everything wrung from them a clear gain. It is the wicked rulers and capitalists who make the world's poverty. But the real quarrel of these agitators is with nature, or with its Author. Their position has been somewhat naively expressed by Mrs. Gougar, who wishes she could be in the Almighty's place for a few hours. This lady has an inkling of

the real obstacle: we have to do with a structure of things that does not lend itself immediately and absolutely to the human will. Nature has a method of her own; she develops first a central trunk or stem, and then the dependent branches. Through slow processes she evolves a great organic type, a creative solar man, a Charlemagne, William of Orange, Washington, or Lincoln. He is the statesman, the stem. By him unities are felt, grasped, and formulated; around him society coheres; his thought constitutes an atmosphere, a national spirit, that pervades men. He is nature's king, ruler, or head. Around him lesser statesmen cohere, as the branches cohere about the trunk; and so society is formed down to its last organ, the individual citizen, whose fruition in the direction of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is the object of the whole structure. Thus throughout the organic world nature specializes and differentiates her organs, and by this method builds her kingdoms and carries forward her evolutions. She creates a race through her stem Abraham, a language through her stem Dante. She creates the great republic through her stem Washington, restores it through her stem Lincoln; yes, and even far down into the lower unities does she work still upon this plan, creating commerce through merchant princes, business through great men of business, industry through inventive and commanding men of industry. In all departments she carries forward her developments of mankind, upon that plan of which the solar system itself is the type, by a central organ and dependent organs. Equality of interests is her idea. Her plan is as much concerned for the benefit of the feeblest organ as that of the greatest. In fact, it is for the last and feeblest organ, the tender blossom of the spring, that she creates the whole, and to that purpose she severely subordinates the whole, consuming by her fires the trunk that will not minister its energies to the leaf and fruit. But equality of function, organic structure, or position she will not tolerate. She will not have her trees all trunks, or her solar system all suns, or a body all head. Her irregularities are vast, but wondrously balanced; the organ that rules in one capacity serves in another. But against sameness she absolutely revolts.

Now from this standpoint it is possible to see that social development is not a mere struggle between the "Haves" and "Have Nots," with no forces to settle the question but the desire of liberty in one class, and the sympathy for that desire in another. As a matter of fact, social development consists in a progressive adjustment of interaction between the stem and the branches, between nature's ruler and his subjects, in which process we are continually learning, under the pressure of necessity, the great laws that govern it. Take, for example, the political world. First of all came the *necessity* for a stem about which society might cohere; nay, a stem with force enough to compel cohesion, — when, as Carlyle says, wild armed men lifted the strongest aloft on the buckler throne and said, "Be thou our acknowledged strongest, our king;" king, or *König*, meaning simply the man who is able, the man with energy strong enough and bold enough and rough enough to hold society together. That is the first grim primal necessity, a stem. Then came — for no stem can penetrate alone the varying needs of society — the branches, or ruling class, of the same material as the king. In the interaction that follows, this crude type of sovereignty, having vast physical force but small moral, sacrifices the interests of the dependent class, forgets nature's eternal equality, and tramples on her inalienable rights. The subject rebels against this, but not alone, for nature stands by his side with poverty and famine and disease, solemnly averring that faithfulness to the interests of the feeblest subject is a thing that she will re-

quire at the hands of every one of her rulers. Then, as the process of interaction has gone on under the pressure of necessity, certain exaggerated powers have been wrested from the ruler, because these were in clear excess of his organic function and trespassed upon the interests that he was ordained to serve. The limitation of kingly power thus secured has been vested in the form of a charter or constitution. Then, to support the rights of the constitution, there has been developed the parliament, an assembly of the governing classes, to represent the interests of the realm. Parliament itself has then grown into a constitutional organ of government, holding in its hands the money power of the nation, so checking still more the tendency to insubordination on the part of the ruler. Following this has come the lower house. The intelligent and powerful middle class, the kings of industry and commerce, finding themselves not fully represented by hereditary legislation, assumed the function already inherent in them, and declared that those who created the wealth should be represented in the disposal of it. In this way there came to be a house of commons, or representatives, and a body of electors. Soon the body of electors is increased, as it seems evident that there must be a wider representation of interest. At first this new organ of the electorate is confined to the business of selecting members of the lower house, the organs of government being determined by heredity. Finally, however, under the pressure of environment, the defects of heredity appear, and the question arises, Why should not this new organ, the electoral body, take the place of heredity? So the popular electorate becomes at last the final source of government.

Thus the whole process, which at a hasty glance seems to be a mere struggle for liberty, is, from the true point of view, a series of actions and reactions by which nature has been developing an organic political structure. Society has really been following the same process of growth as a tree. At first there was only the stem, with one or two subsidiary branches; all else was inorganic. But as the nation has developed, a vital reciprocity has opened up throughout its structure. Each atom has grown into a living cell. The organs of political vitality have been widely distributed, until every genuine interest of manhood is represented by an organ that can in some way control the centre of vitality. Clearly, the progress has been from inorganic unity to organic unity, liberty being a condition of the latter. Parallel with this process and equally essential to liberty has been the differentiation of the political stem organ from those of religion, education, and industry. The fact has been revealed that in each of these great social formations nature operates precisely as she does in the political realm. The religious side of this truth was first brought out by Jesus in his claim to spiritual headship, while at the same time he distinctly disavowed all interference with temporal authorities. Since his day experience has shown that the religious and the political spheres both have their respective sovereignty, and that while they are interdependent, they are best developed without interference. The same is true of the industrial and the educational. Political government can at best only help these great social forces by seeing to it that they have sufficient scope, and that the law of their development is not intermeddled with.

The essential thing in every department of the nation's life is that the creative stem, man, should have free chance for development. The freer nature is, the larger and grander the personalities she will develop, and these personalities are the stems of all social growth. The result has not, of course, been reached without much experiment, much governmental persecution of preachers, teachers, and newspapers, and much arbitrary crushing of institutions generally; as the

outcome of it all, a sufficient experience of the unprofitableness of such attempts, and a verdict that the above-mentioned social forces may, with small protection, be trusted to take care of themselves. This at least is Anglo-Saxon experience, and is our reason for holding that government should be reduced to the minimum practicable point. Apropos of this point, as we look at history we see that it is only in connection with the Anglo-Saxon race that this evolution of government has steadily progressed. The Anglo-Saxon has, in the hands of nature, been more susceptible to the organic method. He has absorbed its features; they have become a national characteristic, with salient traits, such as the love of justice, or, in other words, of what is due to the different organisms of the nation, and law-abidingness, or an inherent clinging to our national institutions. Probably one great secret of the Anglo-Saxon's susceptibility to nature's method has been the fact that in England and Scotland the spiritual stems have been strong. Religious leaders are often far more formal than spiritual, but from Wycliffe to Cromwell, and from Cromwell to Wesley, there have always been great spiritual types in England, — formative men who have stamped their impress upon the national character, who have generated an atmosphere of spirituality and created spiritual ideals. As a result, the masses of English and American people have been more penetrated than others with the sense of spiritual values and laws. The subjective has been with them a mighty force. The Puritan held the external conditions of happiness but a small thing; not Epictetus nor Marcus Aurelius was more philosophic concerning outward fortune. But with the Puritan it was more than a philosophy; it was a passion, and it extended to the humblest classes. Indeed, he was above all things law-abiding toward the spiritual realm; the great thing with him was, not the land tenure, but the man tenure. He held himself a steward and servant of God: he could therefore tolerate no paternalism in government; no power but God could be allowed to dictate to his conscience. Before such a stern and lofty idealism pope and prelate must needs give way; even industrialism must be left free to God's steward.

Thus the Anglo-Saxon has been the pith of the tree of liberty. His character has been the life of the organism. He has been inseparable from it, and it from him. This is the structure on which liberty has grown. The foundation of our freedom lies in the willingness of an Anglo-Saxon minority to submit to the majority; this is the cohesive force of the republic. Without this, anarchy would yawn before us. The Anglo-Saxon does not fear the triumph of the opposite party, because he knows it to have the same law-abiding characteristics as himself, and likewise because he knows that it will not attempt to rule except through the well-defined organism of government, which insures the protection of rights. The moment a party majority gives evidence of lacking in Anglo-Saxon characteristics, he begins to be anxious. He no longer thinks the government organism a sufficient protection. He trembles lest the official patronage should, in the hands of an un-American majority, pervert the government into a mechanism of tyranny. His fears have been justified; it is precisely what has happened. Free institutions, deprived of that type of life which is their sap and strength, have shown themselves capable of becoming a harborage of the worst political vermin.

To sum up matters, the question of humanity is the question of an organism. Nature is sternly coercive; if we give away her organisms, she will make us cultivate them again in tears and blood. She distributes her treasures through organism and through type, and it is the type, the ever evolving type, on which she is bent; for that everything else must

wait. To it she sacrifices not only the single life, but, if necessary, multitudes of lives, not because she is unmerciful, but because her mercy is in the type. Therefore she is patient. She counts not the age of slavery too long if through it she may evolve an Epictetus, and crucifixion not too dark a tragedy if through it she may bring forth her Christ; for by her Epictetus, and yet more by her Christ, does she give character to her lives, and on the stem of character she builds the organic nation, with its wealth, liberty, and happiness. Now it is this sacrifice of the life to the type against which the animal in us rebels. Nature exalts the type above the life; she exalts the subjective condition of happiness above the objective. Animalism has exactly the opposite creed: it believes in putting the life first, and the type afterwards; it values the objective condition above the subjective. In its impatience it cannot wait for the type; it insists on having the outward circumstances first. This is the rot of nations; it destroys the ethical manhood, which is the backbone of every free nationality. This creed appears in the business man, whose ideals are sensuous, who cares more for wealth than for citizenship, who refuses to see that his money makes him the organ of the state and the steward of humanity. He is the original generator of the anti-national spirit; he first spreads the sentiment that the life is worth more than the type. It is not the colossal fortunes that hurt us, but the brutalizing creed which they too often illustrate, that the external is worth more than the inward. It is the impious prostitution of wealth from nature's purpose; it is the lie that a rich man utters when he parades as though money actually exalted him above his fellows. For outward circumstances cannot of themselves make any such inequality among men: it is brains that make the real inequality; it is character that builds the awful heights. The gulf between Dives and Lazarus is fixed at last, not by fortune, but by Dives himself, who says by his ostentation, "See how far above that poor wretch I am; we do not belong to the same class." But nature is pitiful, and when the great gulf becomes at last fixed it turns out to be Dives who is at the bottom of it. The spectacle of to-day is the creative facility of wealth; and when rich people choose to create such a society for the world's edification as is depicted in Mr. Warner's Golden House, it is not wonderful that hasty human nature revolts with a spark of divine indignation, and hankers to pitch the whole edifice into Tartarus; nor can it be wondered at if even Christian philanthropists, when they contrast such a spectacle with the awful poverty at its gates, should avow that wealth is the devil, and that our only hope is in binding both him and his angels. But when we see, as we often do, a vast fortune in the hands of a noble creative man like Plutarch, or William of Orange, or Howard the philanthropist, we then understand that wealth is not only a bond of brotherhood, but the condition for the development of a great type of humanity.

Such types are the progenitors of a noble national life. Deny to the grand personality its office, and you destroy the type. Contract the womb, and you spoil the child. Nor would it do any good to abolish the forms of wealth; the lie would remain. It is animalism that creates the illusion; it is this that is undoing us; it is anti-national because it is anti-ethical; unable to see the value of the type, it mistakes the organism for a machine, and gives birth to machine politics. Occupying a false view point, it is always one-sided. In its eagerness for liberty, it insists that every person shall have the ballot: it is blind to the fact that liberty depends not so much on the possession of the ballot as on its being in liberty-loving and intelligent hands; that the electorate is in reality an organ of the government; and that the essential char-

acteristic of an organ is that it should be filled by the true type of vitality. Thousands of men have risen to power, enjoyed all the liberty they wanted, and changed the course of the world, without having the right of suffrage. Its possession by every man is not essential to the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness on his part, but its being held by trustworthy men, who are themselves true types of the nationality, is absolutely essential to everybody's welfare.

Again, in its eagerness after popular sovereignty, this one-sided humanity has attempted to exalt one organ of the state at the expense of another; it has made the elector everything, the legislator nothing; it has stripped from the statesman all statesmanship, making him a public servant in the lowest sense of the word, and developing in him the worst vices of servility. Men of that stamp are indeed servants of the people. They have ceased to be stems. In an hour of deadly peril like the Chicago strike, they wait to see which way the popular tide will turn. They degrade the national organ to which they belong. Destitute of the type of sovereignty, it ceases to be sovereign. Apropos of this is the notion that one man is as good as another, and that every man should have his turn at governing. Such an idea is not business; it would be death to a bank or a mercantile house to conduct it on such principles, and it is death to the nation; it is casting contempt on the type; it is emptying the organ of its life blood, and fearfully has it told upon us. Already are we a spectacle to foreigners; they say well that we have no respect for our own institutions, no faith in the people. Nor is it strange, since we have reversed nature's methods, so careless of the type we seem, so careful of the single life. This is truly an anti-American spirit, the opposite of that breathed forth by Washington and Lincoln; but it is the humanitarian aspect of this animalism that is most to be dreaded, for here the illusion is worst. Folly is transformed into an angel of light, yet, fool-like, it can see but a single interest. Formerly its eye was on the negro, its single aim to secure his liberty against his oppressor; now it is fixed on the workingman, but it is on one *kind* of workingman, and on one stage of his development. In the first stage, he must be so protected that he can let the labor of his hands for the largest price; he must be free to exercise generosity as he sees fit; nor must he be compelled to help his fellow-laborer, but as soon as he has a room in his tenement to let he becomes a landlord, and now this sentimental humanitarianism would dictate to him how he shall let, and when he must be generous. Still further, when he accumulates a little money, and so becomes a capitalist, there must be a law to dictate to him the terms on which he shall let his capital, and to arbitrate between him and his employee.

This one-sidedness is illustrated by the savage attacks upon Mr. Pullman. From the stage of labor he had risen to the stage of capital; he had become a stem of industry; into his hands hundreds of men put their savings, many of these stockholders being people of small means. Mr. Pullman was their trustee; the surplus of his company was their guarantee, it stood instead of a mortgage bond; nothing could be more desirable for the country than his reciprocity between the small savings and the industrial stem. Now the singular thing is that no one thought of attacking Mr. Pullman for want of generosity in the use of his private fortune, but there has been a universal howl against him for not being generous with other people's money; he should have reduced his rents though it cut into his surplus, invalidated the security, and lowered the stock at the cost of thousands of dollars to his stockholders. Not only should he have been generous at other people's expense, but he should have called it justice. Not

only ought he to have done it, but he should have been compelled by government to do it, and for want of governmental interference he should be compelled by anarchy to do it. Actually, the popular attitude towards these small investors has been simply this: Go to Canada with your small savings; you have no rights in the case which we are bound to respect. This is a duel between riches and poverty. The intermediate stages are "beyond the pale."

Such an attitude is not only anti-American, and opposed to the old Anglo-Saxon bill of rights, but it is essentially anarchical. Beside, the question how much is due to the workingman is not one of abstract justice, — no man gets his moral deserts in the industrial world; the question what a man's work is worth depends on how essential it is to the business organism. This is the only practical criterion for commercial justice; and taking it as the criterion, it is by no means certain that the workingman is not receiving more than his share. In that case, the question of help for him becomes one of generosity, not of justice, precisely as it would in the case of a poor author or physician. On the other hand, if we throw away the organism, in behalf of the American workingman, and attempt to give him his moral valuation or his worth as a brother man, we are equally bound by the principles of humanity to do it for the Chinese or "the poor authors." Doubtless the industrial organism is a slow instrument for distributing wealth, but it has the merit of being nature's institution; it develops the type, the man of business genius, who is nature's stem and wealth creator; furthermore, it coerces all men in the direction of industry, economy, and skill. True, it is hard on the shiftless and the incapable, but it is better we should reach them by charity than give up the organism which develops type and stem. Certainly there is great suffering, but the sooner we realize it is to be relieved by existing forces, and throw the responsibility upon them, the better. Organized benevolence will then become what it has never been before; and that brings us to the question which anti-Americanism has forced upon us.

Shall we develop the present forces, or shall we throw away nature's plan and give up the Anglo-Saxon organic nation in which law is reduced to a minimum? Shall we abandon free benevolence, and go back to paternalism and militarism? It takes genius to create a first-class illusion, and socialism has of late had genius on its side. We read Mr. Bellamy's Looking Backward, and feel the same drawing to his Utopia that we felt towards the patriarchal institution when we read the first volume of Uncle Tom's Cabin. The devil really is not in it; no bill of rights seems necessary; the institution produces nothing but Uncle Toms, little Evas, and St. Clares. It is not till Legree appears that we realize how entirely this benign aspect was due to the concentration of light on a certain negative type of character. It must be the type, after all, even in socialism, that decides our happiness. Some one ought to write a second volume of Looking Backward, in which Mr. Bellamy's colorless officials should take the background, and the *political* organs of the industrial army should appear, with Mr. Debs as commander in chief. The opening chapter should deal with the last Anglo-Saxon struggle for liberty against the resistless patronage of the socialistic party which held in its hands all the railroads, telegraph lines, and mines in the country. It should describe the immensely preponderating foreign element in this new party; the loss of confidence on the part of the Anglo-Saxon minority; the resulting anarchy and bloodshed; the final seizure of the government by trades unions, under the leadership of some crafty "boss." It should go on to describe the political structure of the new nation: how, in the new paternalism, an ignorant foreign ma-

jority took the place of the papacy, dictating to men's consciences when they should be generous; how it soon became necessary that religion and education should come under the paternal system, since the power which controls altruism must likewise control the social forces that lead to it; how one step toward tyranny led to another; how tyranny inevitably tended toward autocracy; and how at last that same single, forcible, shrewd head of the Cæsar once more appeared on the throne of the temporal and spiritual world, and so the "look backward" was complete. There should be a chapter, too, on the *personal* aspects of the inorganic Altruria: how men sank into mere automata; how personal interest in work died out because everything fell into a dead sameness; how individuality ceased because no man had any breadth of field in which to exercise it; how creative power failed for want of property; how men shirked because they were doing government work; how manliness perished because every man was taken care of by the state; how life became feeble because all the great types failed; how character became inert because nature ceased to be coercive; how altruism itself at last collapsed because it was enforced, and generosity died out because the secret of generosity is liberty.

I do not say that Altruria is impossible; on the contrary, I believe it is coming; what I do say is that the type must come first, and we are very far yet from the type. We have not yet an electorate pure enough or intelligent enough to be trusted with the first step towards socialism, the control of the railroads; our political stems, our Murphys and our Debses, have still too much murderous ambition. Nor do I believe that Altruria, when it comes, will be a reversal of the order of evolution, and a return to the inorganic nationality. I believe it will come, not through paternalism and militarism, but through larger liberty, through wider spheres of personal development, through greater individual wealth and nobler creative types. But the immediate peril of socialism is that it furnishes the animating spirit for anarchical societies. It creates a fiery illusion by putting things in a false light. This is dangerous because we are confronted with an enormous mass of men who do not think things out for themselves. They are organized into trades unions. These socialistic theories are to them what the loose ideas of the aristocratic and literary reformers were to the Jacobin clubs of France before the Revolution. But there is this vast difference in the times: liberty with us has already gone further than the structure of the organism can safely permit; to stretch it yet more means the loss of it. Yet these trades unions are wild for advance; they are a vast disciplined army, ready at a moment's notice to precipitate a war. They are inflamed by their false creed; they fancy themselves grievously wronged. Even if a wrong exists but in fancy, no one will sit quietly under it, nor will they. They are determined to right themselves, peaceably if possible, but should it require force they do not mean to fail; they do not wish anarchy, but, as the Chicago strike revealed, they prefer it to failure, and their madness at the President's interference reveals the direction in which they mean to move. They propose to have presidents and governors who agree with them.

As John Adams said when he heard the guns at Lexington, "It is a glorious morning." Nature has brought us into a place where we must lose our liberty or develop a new citizenship. That new citizenship has already appeared, thank God. It has had its proto-martyr. It now has, in New York city at least, its determined leader. Men are rallying around it; they are being recruited from all nationalities; it is a unifying hour; the great battle of liberty has at last come. There is genuine goodness in the country, but it has been nebulous and inert; it has been fiddling while Rome burnt; it

is now awaking to facts. The call is for a party of the republic which, like Robert Ross, shall hold the type above the life; whose motto shall be, like his, Perish all lesser interests, if we can have a purified nation. Good will it be for us if we know in this our day the things that pertain to our peace, for nature will not step aside out of her course from deference even to the greatest of her republics; she has one law for them all, the law of the organism; nor does she ever suffer the national pyramid to stand upon its apex. The unintelligent do not rule the intelligent for long. Of two evils, men always choose the less. They fly from anarchy. Society must cohere, and it always coheres about a man who is able. Personality must come to the front. If there is enough of the national stock with which to furnish her organs, nature will have a republic as she did in Rome. If the stock runs short, she contracts her organs, and men pass under the tutelage of an empire. It is the organic that is possible. Whatever we have developed fit organs for we can reach; nothing else.

There sat in the imperial seat of Rome, long after the republic had passed away, a type of the old stock, whom nature had preserved for her beneficent work. For him the republic had existed and passed. Of him Frederick Maurice says: "Marcus Aurelius wrote in Greek, he dwelt in all the effeminacy of a court, but he desired above all things else, he says, to be a male and a Roman." "What he meant by that we can understand by his acts, and also from his thoughts; for he is one of those who lets us into the secrets of his life; who has told us what he was striving to be, and what helps and hindrances he met with in his strivings. He had evidently taken account of the causes which had made the Roman the ruler of the world; he had seen that self-restraint had been one main secret of his power; that reverence for the relations in which he found himself had been another; that out of both had come the habit of obedience, the only security for the fidelity of the citizen. His meditations exhibit a man who is striving by all means that he knows of to recover something which he feels has departed or is departing from his country, from those who are governing in it, from those who are serving in it."

Wonderful is this care of nature for the type; its own prolonged struggle, too, for survival, though reduced to a single man, a solitary headland against the tide of anarchy, the sole governmental organ of that state which could no longer be a republic, not even a limited monarchy, because there was not enough of the governing type left out of which to make constitutional organs. Years before, the transcendent intellect of Julius Cæsar had grasped the situation and foreseen the only possible form of government left for Rome. Two organs alone were possible, an imperator and an army. This was the fact that the eloquent Cicero and the noble Brutus were not clear-headed enough to see. They thought they could reverse history; unfortunately, it was natural history, and the battle of Pharsalia showed the irreversibility of organic law. The Roman stock was gone, the live tissue dead, and the Roman constitution which had conquered the world fell like a rotten trunk in a storm.

John H. Denison.

ALCYONE.

In the silent depth of space,
Immeasurably old, immeasurably far,
Glittering with a silver flame
Through eternity,
Rolls a great and burning star,
With a noble name,
Alcyone!

In the glorious chart of heaven
It is marked the first of seven;
'T is a Pleiad;
And a hundred years of earth
With their long-forgotten deeds have come and gone,
Since that tiny point of light,
Once a splendor fierce and bright,
Had its birth
In the star we gaze upon.

It has traveled all that time —
Thought has not a swifter flight —
Through a region where no faintest gust
Of life comes ever, but the power of night
Dwells stupendous and sublime,
Limitless and void and lonely,
A region mute with age, and peopled only
With the dead and ruined dust
Of worlds that lived eternities ago.

Man! when thou dost think of this,
And what our earth and its existence is,
The half-blind toils since life began,
The little aims, the little span,
With what passion and what pride,
And what hunger fierce and wide,
Thou dost break beyond it all,
Seeking for the spirit unconfined
In the clear abyss of mind
A shelter and a peace majestical.
For what is life to thee,
Turning toward the primal light,
With that stern and silent face,
If thou canst not be
Something radiant and august as night,
Something wide as space?

Therefore with a love and gratitude divine,
Thou shalt cherish in thine heart for sign
A vision of the great and burning star,
Immeasurably old, immeasurably far,
Surging forth its silver flame
Through eternity;
And thine inner heart shall ring and cry
With the music strange and high,
The grandeur of its name,
Alcyone!

Archibald Lampman.

JOINT OWNERS IN SPAIN.

The Old Ladies' Home, much to the sorrow of its inmates, "set back from the road." A long, box-bordered walk led from the great door down to the old turnpike, and thickly bowering lilac bushes forced the eye to play an unsatisfied hide-and-seek with the view. The sequestered old ladies were quite unreconciled to their leaf-hung outlook; active life was presumably over for them, and all the more did they long to "see the passing" of the little world which had usurped their places. The house itself was very old, a stately, square structure, with pillars on either side of the door, and a fanlight above. It had been unpainted now for many years, and had softened into a mellow lichen-gray, so harmonious and pleasing in the midst of summer's vital green that the few artists who ever heard of Tiverton sought it out, to plant umbrella and easel in the garden, and sketch the stately relic; photographers also made it one of their accustomed haunts. Of the artists the old ladies disapproved, without dissenting voice. It seemed a "shaller" proceeding to sit out there in the hot sun for no result save a wash of unreal colors on a white ground, or a few hasty lines indicating no solid reality; but the photographers were their constant delight, and they rejoiced in forming themselves into groups upon the green, to be "took" and carried away with the house.

One royal winter's day there was a directors' meeting in the great south room, the matron's parlor, a spot bearing the happy charm of perfect loyalty to the past, with its great fireplace, iron dogs and crane, its settle and entrancing corner cupboards. The hard-working president of the board was speaking hastily and from a full heart, conscious that another instant's discussion might bring the tears to her eyes: —

"May I be allowed to say — it's irrelevant, I know, but I should like the satisfaction of saying it — that this is enough to make one vow never to have anything to do with an institution of any sort, from this time forth for evermore!"

For the moment had apparently come when a chronic annoyance must be recognized as unendurable. They had borne with the trial, inmates and directors, quite as cheerfully as most ordinary people accept the inevitable; but suddenly the tension had become too great, and the universal patience snapped. Two of the old ladies, Mrs. Blair and Miss Dyer, who were settled in the Home for life, and who, before going there, had shown no special waywardness of temper, had proved utterly incapable of living in peace with any available human

being; and as the Home had insufficient accommodations, neither could be isolated to fight her "black butterflies" alone. No inmate, though she were cousin to Hercules, could be given a room to herself; and the effect of this dual system on these two, possibly the most eccentric of the number, had proved disastrous in the extreme. Each had, in her own favorite fashion, "kicked over the traces," as the matron's son said in town meeting (much to the joy of the village fathers), and to such purpose that, to continue the light-minded simile, very little harness was left to guide them withal. Mrs. Blair, being "high-sperited," like all the Coxes from whom she sprang, had now so tyrannized over the last of her series of room-mates, so browbeaten and intimidated her, that the latter had actually taken to her bed with a slow fever of discouragement, announcing that "she 'd ruther go to the poor-farm and done with it than resk her life there another night; and she 'd like to know what had become of that hunderd dollars her nephew Thomas paid down in bills to get her into the Home, for she 'd be thankful to them that laid it away so antic to hand it back before another night went over her head, so 't she could board somewheres decent till 't was gone, and then starve if she 'd got to!"

If Miss Sarah Ann Dyer, known also as a disturber of the public peace, presented a less aggressive front to her kind, she was yet, in her own way, a cross and a hindrance to their spiritual growth. She, poor woman, lived in a scarcely varying state of hurt feeling; her tiny world seemed to her one close federation, existing for the sole purpose of infringing on her personal rights; and though she would not take the initiative in battle, she lifted up her voice in aggrieved lamentation over the tragic incidents, decreed for her alone. She had perhaps never directly reproached her own unhappy room-mate for selecting a comfortable chair, for wearing squeaking shoes, or singing "Hearken, ye sprightly," somewhat early in the morning, but she chanted those ills through all her waking hours in a high yet husky tone broken by frequent sobs. And therefore, as a result of these domestic whirlwinds and too stagnant pools, came the directors' meeting, and the helpless protest of the exasperated president. The two cases were discussed for an hour longer, in the dreary fashion pertaining to a question which has long been supposed to have but one side; and then it remained for Mrs. Mitchell, the new director, to cut the knot with the energy of one to whom a difficulty is fresh.

"Has it ever occurred to you to put them together?" asked she. "They are impossible people; so, naturally, you have selected the very mildest and most Christian women to endure their nagging. They can't live with the saints of the earth. Experience has proved that. Put them into one room, and let them fight it out together."

The motion was passed with something of that awe ever attending a Napoleonic decree, and passed, too, with the utmost good breeding; for nobody mentioned the Kilkenny cats. The matron compressed her lips and lifted her brows, but said nothing; having exhausted her own resources, she was the more willing to take the superior attitude of good-natured skepticism.

The moving was speedily accomplished, and at ten o'clock, one morning, Mrs. Blair was ushered into the room where her forced colleague sat by the window knitting. There the two were left alone. Miss Dyer looked up, and then heaved a tempestuous sigh over her work, in the manner of one not entirely surprised by its advent, but willing to suppress it if such alleviation might be. She was a thin, colorless woman, and infinitely passive, save at those times when her nervous system conflicted with the scheme of the universe. Not so Mrs. Blair.

She had black eyes, "like live coals," said her awed associates, and her skin was soft and white, albeit wrinkled. One could even believe she had reigned a beauty, as the tradition of the house declared. This morning she held her head higher than ever, and disdained expression except that of an occasional nasal snort. She regarded the room with the air of an impartial though exacting critic: two little beds covered with rising-sun quilts, two little pine bureaus, two washstands. The sunshine lay upon the floor, and in that radiant pathway Miss Dyer sat.

"If I 'd ha' thought I should ha' come to this," began Mrs. Blair, in the voice of one who speaks perforce after long sufferance, "I 'd ha' died in my tracks afore I 'd left my comfortable home down in Tiverton Holler. Story-'n'-a-half house, a good sullar, an' woods nigh by full of sarsaparilla an' gold thread! I 've moved more times in this God-forsaken place than a Methodist preacher, fust one room an' then another; an' bad is the best. It was poor pickin's enough afore, but this is the crowner!"

Miss Dyer said nothing, but two large tears rolled down and dropped on her work. Mrs. Blair followed their course with gleaming eyes endowed with such uncomfortable activity that they seemed to pounce with every glance.

"What under the sun be you carryin' on like that for?" she asked at last, giving the handle of the water pitcher an emphatic twitch to make it even with the world. "You ain't lost nobody, have ye, sence I moved in here?"

Miss Dyer put aside her knitting with ostentatious abnegation, and began rocking herself back and forth in her chair, which seemed not of itself to sway fast enough, and Mrs. Blair's voice rose again, ever higher and more metallic: —

"I dunno what you 've got to complain of more 'n the rest of us. Look at that dress you 've got on, — a good thick thibet, an' mine 's a cheap, sleazy alpaca they palmed off on me because they knew my eyesight ain't what it was once. An' you 're settin' right there in the sun, gettin' het through, an' it 's cold as a barn over here by the door. My land! if it don't make me mad to see anybody without no more sperit than a wet rag! If you 've lost anybody, why don't ye say so? An' if it 's a mad fit, speak out an' say that! Give me anybody that 's got a tongue in their head, *I* say!"

But Miss Dyer, with an unnecessary display of effort, was hitching her chair into the darkest corner of the room, the rockers hopelessly snarling her yarn at every move.

"I 'm sure I would n't keep the sun off'n anybody," she said tearfully. "It never come into my head to take it up, an' I don't claim no share of anything. I guess, if the truth was known, 't would be seen I 'd been used to a house lookin' south, an' the fore-room winders all of a glare o' light, day in an' day out, an' Madeira vines climbin' over 'em, an' a trellis by the front door; but that 's all past and gone, past and gone! I never was one to take more 'n belonged to me; an' I don't care who says it, I never shall be. An' I 'd hold to that, if 't was the last word I had to speak!"

This negative sort of retort had an enfeebling effect upon Mrs. Blair.

"My land!" she exclaimed helplessly. "Talk about my tongue! Vinegar 's nothin' to cold molasses, if you 've got to plough through it."

The other sighed, and leaned her head upon her hand in an attitude of extreme dejection. Mrs. Blair eyed her with the exasperation of one whose just challenge has been refused; she marched back and forth through the room, now smoothing a fold of the counterpane with vicious care, and again pulling the braided rug to one side or the other, the while she sought new fuel for her rage. Without, the sun was lighting snowy knoll and hollow, and printing the fine-etched

tracery of the trees against a crystal sky. The road was not usually much frequented in winter time, but just now it had been worn by the week's sledding into a shining track, and several sleighs went jingling up and down. Tiverton was seizing the opportunity of a perfect day and the best of "going," and was taking its way to market. The trivial happenings of this far-away world had thus far elicited no more than a passing glance from Mrs. Blair; she was too absorbed in domestic warfare even to peer down through the leafless lilac boughs, in futile wonderment as to whose bells they might be, ringing merrily past. On one journey about the room, however, some chance arrested her gaze. She stopped, transfixed.

"Forever!" she cried. Her nervous, blue-veined hands clutched at her apron and held it; she was motionless for a moment. Yet the picture without would have been quite devoid of interest to the casual eye; it could have borne little significance save to one who knew the inner life history of the Tiverton Home, and thus might guess what slight events made up its joy and pain. A young man had set up his camera at the end of the walk, and thrown the cloth over his head preparatory to taking the usual view of the house. Mrs. Blair recovered from her temporary inaction. She rushed to the window and threw up the sash. Her husky voice broke strenuously upon the stillness: —

"Here! you keep right where you be! I'm goin' to be took! You wait till I come!"

She pulled down the window, and went in haste to the closet, in the excess of her eagerness stumbling recklessly forward into its depths.

"Where 's my bandbox?" Her voice came piercingly from her temporary seclusion. "Where 'd they put it? It ain't here in sight! My soul! where 's my bunnit?"

These were apostrophes thrown off in extremity of feeling; they were not questions, and no listener, even with the most friendly disposition in the world, need have assumed the necessity of answering. So, wrapped in oblivion to all earthly considerations save that of her own inward gloom, the one person who might have responded merely swayed back and forth in martyrized silence. But no such spiritual withdrawal could insure her safety. Mrs. Blair emerged from the closet, and darted across the room with the energy of one stung by a new despair. She seemed about to fall upon the neutral figure in the corner, but seized the chair-back instead, and shook it with such angry vigor that Miss Dyer cowered down in no simulated fright.

"Where 's my green bandbox?" The words were emphasized by cumulative shakes. "Anybody that 's took that away from me ought to be biled in ile! Hangin' 's too good for 'em, but let me get my eye on 'em an' they shall swing for 't! Yes, they shall, higher 'n Gil-'roy's kite!"

The victim put both trembling hands to her ears.

"I ain't deef!" she wailed.

"Deef? I don't care whether you 're deef or dumb, or whether you 're nummer 'n a beetle! It 's my bandbox I 'm arter. Isr'el in Egypt! you might grind some folks in a mortar an' you could n't make 'em speak!"

It was of no use. Intimidation was worse than hopeless; even bodily force would not avail. She cast one lurid glance at the supine figure, and gave up the quest in that direction as sheer waste of time. With new determination, she again essayed the closet, tossing shoes and rubbers behind her in an unsightly heap, quite heedless of the confusion of rights and lefts. At last, in a dark corner, behind a blue chest, she came upon her treasure. Too hurried now for reproaches, she drew it forth, and with trembling fingers untied the strings. Casting aside the cover, she

produced a huge scoop bonnet of a long-past date, and setting it on her head with the same fevered haste, tied over it the long figured veil which made an inseparable part of her state array. She snatched her stella shawl from the drawer, threw it over her shoulders, and ran out of the room.

Miss Dyer was left quite bewildered by these erratic proceedings, but she had no mind to question them; so many stories were rife in the Home of the eccentricities embodied in the charitable phrase "Mis' Blair's way" that she would scarcely have been amazed had her terrible room-mate chosen to drive a coach and four up the chimney, or saddle the broom for a midnight revel. She drew a long breath of relief at the bliss of solitude, closed her eyes, and strove to regain the lost peace which, as she vaguely remembered, had belonged to her once in a shadowy past.

Silence had come, but not to reign. Back flew Mrs. Blair like a whirlwind. Her cheeks wore each a little hectic spot; her eyes were flaming. The figured veil, swept rudely to one side, was borne backwards on the wind of her coming, and her thin hair, even in those few seconds, had become wildly disarranged.

"He 's gone!" she announced passionately. "He kep' right on while I was findin' my bunnit. He come to take the house, an' he 'd ha' took me an' been glad. An' when I got open that plaguy front door he was jest drivin' away; an' I might ha' hollered till I was black in the face, an' then I could n't ha' made him hear."

"I dunno what to say, nor what not to," remarked Miss Dyer to her corner. "If I speak, I 'm to blame; an' so I be if I keep still."

The other old lady had thrown herself into a chair, and was looking wrathfully before her.

"It 's the same man that come from Sudleigh last August," she said bitterly. "He took the house then, an' said he wanted to again when the leaves were off; an' that time I was laid up with my stiff ankle, an' did n't git into it, an' to-day my bunnit was hid, an' I lost it again."

Her voice changed. To the listener it took on an awful meaning.

"An' I should like to know whose fault it was. If them that owns the winder, an' set by it till they see him comin', had spoke up an' said, 'Mis' Blair, there 's the photograph man. Don't you want to be took?' it would n't ha' been too late! If anybody had answered a civil question, an' said, 'Your bunnit box sets there behind my blue chist,' it would n't ha' been too late then! An' I ain't had my likeness took sence I was twenty year old, an' went to Sudleigh Fair in my changeable *visite* an' leghorn hat, an' Jonathan wore the brocaded weskit he stood up in the next week Thursday. It 's enough to make a minister swear!"

Miss Dyer rocked back and forth.

"Dear me!" she wailed. "Dear me suz!"

The dinner bell rang, creating a blessed diversion. Mrs. Blair, rendered absent-minded by her grief, went to the table still in her bonnet and veil; and this dramatic entrance gave rise to such morbid though unexpressed curiosity that every one forbore for a time to wonder why Miss Dyer did not appear. Later, however, when a tray was prepared and sent up to her (according to the programme of her bad days), the general commotion reached an almost unruly point, stimulated as it was by the matron's son, who found an opportunity to whisper to one garrulous old lady that Miss Dyer had received bodily injury at the hands of her room-mate, and that Mrs. Blair had put on her bonnet to be ready for the sheriff when he should arrive. This report, judiciously started, ran like prairie fire; and the house was all the afternoon in a plea-

sant state of excitement. Possibly the matron will never know why so many of the old ladies promenaded the corridors from dinner time until long after early candlelight, while a few kept faithful yet agitated watch from the windows. For interest was divided: some preferred to see the sheriff's advent, and others found zest in the possibility of counting the groans of the prostrate victim.

When Mrs. Blair returned to the stage of action, she was much refreshed by her abundant meal and the strong tea which three times daily heartened her for battle. She laid aside her bonnet and carefully folded the veil. Then she looked about her, and, persistently ignoring all the empty chairs, fixed an annihilating gaze on one where the dinner tray still remained.

"I s'pose there 's no need of my settin' down," she remarked bitingly. "It 's all in the day's work. Some folks are waited on; some ain't. Some have their victuals brought to 'em an' set under their noses, an' some has to go to the table; when they 're there, they can take it or leave it. The quality can keep their waiters settin' round day in an' day out, fillin' up every chair in the room. For my part, I should think they 'd have an extension table moved in, an' a snowdrop cloth over it!"

Miss Dyer had become comparatively placid, but now she gave way to tears.

"Anybody can move that waiter that 's a mind to," she said tremulously. "I would myself, if I had the stren'th; but I ain't got it. I ain't a well woman, an' I ain't been this twenty year. If old Dr. Parks was alive this day, he 'd say so. 'You ain't never had a chance,' he says to me. 'You 've been pull-hauled one way or another sence you was born.' An' he never knew the wust on 't, for the wust had n't come."

"Humph!" It was a royal and explosive note. It represented scorn for which Mrs. Blair could find no adequate utterance. She selected the straightest chair in the room, ostentatiously turned its back to her enemy, and seated herself. Then, taking out her knitting, she strove to keep silence; but that was too heavy a task, and at last she broke forth with renewed bitterness: "To think of all the wood I 've burnt up in my kitchen stove an' air-tight, an' never thought nothin' of it! To think of all the wood there is now, growin' and rottin' from Dan to Beersheba, an' I can't lay my fingers on it!"

"I dunno what you want o' wood. I 'm sure this room 's warm enough."

"You don't? Well, I 'll tell you. I want some two-inch boards, to nail up a partition in the middle of this room, same as Josh Marden done to spite his wife. I don't want more 'n my own, but I want it mine."

Miss Dyer groaned, and drew an uncertain hand across her forehead.

"You would n't have no great of an outlay for boards," she said drearily. "'T would n't have to be knee-high to keep me out. I 'm no hand to go where I ain't wanted; an' if I ever was, I guess I 'm cured on 't now."

Mrs. Blair dropped her knitting in her lap. For an instant she sat there motionless in a growing rigidity; but light was dawning in her eyes. Suddenly she came to her feet, and tossed her knitting on the bed.

"Where 's that piece o' chalk you had when you marked out your tumbler quilt?" she called. The words rang like a martial order.

Miss Dyer drew it forth from the ancient-looking bag, known as a cavo, which was ever at her side.

"Here 't is," she said, in her forlornest quaver. "I hope you won't do nothin' out o' the way with it. I should hate to get into trouble here. I ain't that kind."

Mrs. Blair was too excited to hear or heed her. She was briefly, flashingly, taking in the possibilities of the room, her bright black eyes darting here and

there with fiery insistence. Suddenly she went to the closet, and diving to the bottom of a baggy pocket there, drew forth a ball of twine. She chalked it, still in delighted haste, and forced one end upon her bewildered room-mate.

"You go out there to the middle square o' the front winder," she commanded, "an' hold your end o' the string down on the floor. I'll snap it."

Miss Dyer cast one despairing glance about her, and obeyed.

"Crazy!" she muttered. "Oh my land! she 's crazy 's a loon. I wisht Mis' Mitchell would come in!"

But Mrs. Blair was following out her purpose in a manner exceedingly methodical. Drawing out one bed, so that it stood directly opposite her kneeling helper, she passed the cord about the leg of the bedstead and made it fast; then, returning to the middle of the room, she snapped the line triumphantly. A faint chalk mark was left upon the floor.

"There!" she cried. "Leggo! Now you give me the chalk, an' I 'll go over it an' make it whiter."

She knelt and chalked with the utmost absorption, crawling along on her knees quite heedless of the despised alpaca; and Miss Dyer, hovering in a corner, timorously watched her. Mrs. Blair staggered to her feet, entangled by her skirt as she rose.

"There!" she announced. "Now here 's two rooms. The chalk mark 's the partition. You can have the mornin' sun, for I 'd jest as soon live by a taller candle if I can have somethin' that 's my own. I 'll chalk a lane into the closet, an' we 'll both keep a right o' way there. Now I 'm to home, and so be you. Don't you dast to speak a word to me unless you come and knock here on my headboard, — that 's the front door, — an' I won't to you. Well, if I ain't glad to be alone! I 've hung my harp on a willer long enough!"

It was some time before the true meaning of the new arrangement penetrated Miss Dyer's slower intelligence; but presently she drew her chair nearer the window and thought a little, chuckling as she did so. She too was alone. The sensation was new and very pleasant. Mrs. Blair went back and forth through the closet-lane, putting her clothes away, with high good humor. Once or twice she sang a little — Derby's Ram and Lord Lovell — in a cracked voice. She was in love with solitude.

Just before tea, Mrs. Mitchell, in some trepidation, knocked at the door, to see the fruits of contention present and to come. She had expected to hear loud words, and the silence almost terrified her. Miss Dyer gave one appealing look at Mrs. Blair, and then, with some indecision, went to open the door, for the latch was in her house.

"Well, here you are, comfortably settled!" began Mrs. Mitchell. She had the unmistakable tone of professional kindliness; yet it rang clear and true. "May I come in?"

"Set right down here," answered Miss Dyer, drawing forward a chair. "I 'm real pleased to see ye."

"And how are you this morning?" This was addressed to the occupant of the other house, who, quite oblivious to any alien presence, stood busily rubbing the chalk marks from her dress.

Mrs. Blair made no answer. She might have been stone deaf, and as dumb as the hearthstone bricks. Mrs. Mitchell cast an alarmed glance at her entertainer.

"Is n't she well?" she said softly.

"It 's a real pretty day, ain't it?" responded Miss Dyer. "If 't was summer time, I should think there 'd be a sea turn afore night. I like a sea turn myself. It smells jest like Old Boar's Head."

"I have brought you down some fruit." Mrs. Mitchell was still anxiously observing the silent figure, now absorbed in an apparently futile search in

a brocaded workbag. "Mrs. Blair, do you ever cut up oranges and bananas together?"

No answer. The visitor rose, and unwittingly stepped across the dividing line.

"Mrs. Blair" — she began, but she got no further.

Her hostess turned upon her in surprised welcome.

"Well, if it ain't Mis' Mitchell! I can't say I did n't expect you, for I see you goin' into Miss Dyer's house not more 'n two minutes ago. Seems to me you make short calls. Now set right down here, where you can see out o' the winder. That square 's cracked, but I guess the directors 'll put in another."

Mrs. Mitchell was amazed, but entirely interested. It was many a long day since any person, official or private, had met with cordiality from this quarter.

"I hope you and our friend are going to enjoy your room together," she essayed, with a hollow cheerfulness.

"I expect to be as gay as a cricket," returned Mrs. Blair innocently. "An' I do trust I 've got good neighbors. I like to keep to myself, but if I 've got a neighbor, I want her to be somebody you can depend upon."

"I 'm sure Miss Dyer means to be very neighborly." The director turned, with a smile, to include that lady in the conversation. But the local deafness had engulfed her. She was sitting peacefully by the window, with the air of one retired within herself, to think her own very remote thoughts. The visitor mentally improvised a little theory, and it seemed to fit the occasion. They had quarreled, she thought, and each was disturbed at any notice bestowed on the other.

"I have been wondering whether you would both like to go sleighing with me some afternoon?" she ventured, with the humility which usually assails humankind in a frank and shrewish presence. "The roads are in wonderful condition, and I don't believe you 'd take cold. Do you know, I found Grandmother Eaton's foot-warmers the other day! I 'll bring them along."

"Law! I 'd go anywheres to get out o' here," said Mrs. Blair ruthlessly. "I don't know when I 've set behind a horse, either. I guess the last time was the day I rid up here for good, an' then I did n't feel much like lookin' at outdoor. Well, I guess you *be* a new director, or you 'd never ha' thought on 't!"

"How do you feel about it, Miss Dyer?" asked the visitor. "Will you go, — perhaps on Wednesday?"

The other householder moved uneasily. Her hands twitched at their knitting; a flush came over her cheeks, and she cast a childishly appealing glance at her neighbor across the chalk line. Her eyes were fast filling with tears. "Save me!" her look seemed to entreat. "Let me not lose this happy fortune." Mrs. Blair interpreted the message, and rose to the occasion with the vigor of the intellectually great.

"Mis' Mitchell," she said clearly, "I may be queer in my notions, but it makes me as nervous as a witch to have anybody hollerin' out o' my winders. I don't care whether it 's company nor whether it 's my own folks. If you want to speak to Miss Dyer, you come along here arter me, — don't you hit the partition now! — right out o' my door an' into her'n. Here, I 'll knock! Miss Dyer, be you to home?"

The little old lady came forward, fluttering and radiant in the excess of her relief.

"Yes, I guess I be," she said, "an' all alone, too! I see you go by the winder, an' I was in hopes you 'd come in!"

Then the situation dawned upon Mrs. Mitchell with an effect vastly surprising to the two old pensioners. She turned from one to the other, including them both in a look of warm loving-kindness. It was truly an illumination. Hitherto,

they had thought chiefly of her winter cloak and nodding ostrich plume; now, at last, they saw her face, and read some part of its message.

"You poor souls!" she cried. "Do you care as much as that? Oh, you poor souls!"

Miss Dyer fingered her apron and looked at the floor, but her companion turned abruptly away, even though she trod upon the partition in going.

"Law! it 's nothin' to make such a handle of," she said. "Folks don't want to be under each other's noses all the time. I dunno 's anybody could stan' it, unless 't was an emmet. They seem to git along swarmin' round together."

Mrs. Mitchell left the room abruptly.

"Wednesday or Thursday, then!" she called over her shoulder.

The next forenoon, Mrs. Blair made her neighbor a long visit. Both old ladies had their knitting, and they sat peacefully swaying back and forth, recalling times past, and occasionally alluding to their happy Wednesday.

"What I really come in for," said Mrs. Blair finally, "was to ask if you don't think both our settin'-rooms need new paper."

The other gave one bewildered glance about her.

"Why, 't ain't been on more 'n two weeks," she began; and then remembrance awoke in her, and she stopped. It was not the scene of their refuge and conflict that must be considered; it was the house of fancy built by each unto herself. Invention did not come easily to her as yet, and she spoke with some hesitation.

"I 've had it in mind myself quite a spell, but somehow I ain't been able to fix on the right sort o' paper."

"What do you say to a kind of a straw color, all lit up with tulips?" inquired Mrs. Blair triumphantly.

"Ain't that kinder gay?"

"Gay? Well, you want it gay, don't ye? I don't know why folks seem to think they 've got to live in a hearse because they expect to ride in one! What if we be gettin' on a little mite in years? We ain't underground yet, be we? I see a real good ninepenny paper once, all covered over with green brakes. I declare if 't wa'n't sweet pretty! Well, whether I paper or whether I don't, I 've got some thoughts of a magenta sofy. I 'm tired to death of that old horsehair lounge that sets in my clock-room. Sometimes I wish the moths would tackle it, but I guess they 've got more sense. I 've allers said to myself I 'd have a magenta sofy when I could get round to it, and I dunno 's I shall be any nearer to it than I be now."

"Well, you *are* tasty," said Miss Dyer, in some awe. "I dunno how you come to think o' that!"

"Priest Rowe had one when I wa'n't more 'n twenty. Some of his relations give it to him (he married into the quality), an' I remember as if 't was yesterday what a tew there was over it. An' I said to myself then, if ever I was prospered I 'd have a magenta sofy. I ain't got to it till now, but now I 'll have it if I die for 't."

"Well, I think you 're in the right on 't." Miss Dyer spoke absently, glancing from the window in growing trouble. "Oh, Mis' Blair," she continued, with a sudden burst of confidence, "you don't think there 's a storm brewin', do you? If it snows Wednesday, I shall give up beat!"

Mrs. Blair, in her turn, peered at the smiling sky.

"I hope you ain't one o' them kind that thinks every fair day is a weather breeder," she said. "Law, no! I don't believe it will storm; an' if it does, why, there 's other Wednesdays comin'!"

Alice Brown.

THE SYMPHONY ILLUSTRATED BY BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH IN C MINOR.

A COMMON saying of the Philistine is that music makes no appeal to the intellect: it neither deals with definite ideas, nor arrives at exact results; it is clearly nothing but an amusement of the senses.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, there are no accepted definitions in art philosophy. At any rate, there is an easier defense for the musician than a disputation. Appealing to the agreement of all listeners as to their impressions of a representative work, he may then suggest the significance and capacity of the form in which the work is cast, and thus of the art itself. He cannot hope as yet to give a philosophic demonstration. But after all, he can afford to neglect others than the listeners. If they agree, their ranks will speedily grow. Then, by choosing a work of broad scope, he has the advantage of the internal evidence, as the lawyers put it, from the four corners of the document, — the harmony of purpose between remote regions of the composition.

There is, no doubt, in music a seeming preponderance of purely physical or sensuous effect. This might naturally be expected more especially in earlier stages of the art. An historic view will, here as elsewhere, make the present clearer. It shows that there is, in general, a progress from the vague towards the definite. But great irregularities in this movement appear whenever sudden changes of experience cause successions of "schools" of the art.

It must be remembered that the entire growth of the art of music — what was really the slow manufacture of its elements and forms — was wrought within the Church. This development began when to the unison chant was added the servile accompaniment of a second voice, keeping always its unaltered respectful distance. It ended when all the changes of fugal counterpoint had been rung with mathematical ingenuity. But until the modern centuries there had not been a thought of music without words, of unsung music. The only use of an instrument was to guide the voices. How pure organ music first arose can easily be imagined. When the absurdly artificial forms were abandoned by mutinous singers, the organ took the place of the unwilling voice, and invited further composition for its special performance.

But all this had nothing in common with secular instrumental music and its origin. For the elements, we must go back to the strange attempts at opera by Italian amateurs. The very convenient date of the first opera, 1600, is an excellent landmark in gauging the growth of unsung secular music, — the year when Peri's Eurydice was produced in Florence. It is in the formless preludes and interludes of the players that the germ of the symphony lies. The first conception of the flowing *cantabile* melody, which is the very fibre and tissue of every movement, came in these early operas. (There is absolutely no connection between this *melody* and the fugal *theme* of the Church school.) With these, the dance, of obscure origin, completes the foundation on which sonatas and symphonies were reared.

If we enter the forge in which these materials were being welded into the great forms of the symphony, — the sonata, rondo, and minuet; in other words, if we study the precursors of the masters, we find, indeed, little promise of intellectual significance, or, for that matter, of pleasurable amusement. But in art, periods of exclusively formal growth always lack imaginative power. It is like latent heat,

when ice changes to water. Great men, it would seem, are content with the form they find, hiding the lines with their fullness of thought. Shallower minds, sensitive to popular demand, tinker at new devices of outward novelty. Thus, Sebastian Bach did not find the sonata sufficiently perfected. Haydn was the first master to approve. Therefore, in a review of the history of musical thought rather than of musical structure, it may fairly be said that the sonata and the whole school of secular instrumental music did not begin before Haydn.

The analogy between Bach and the secular masters is striking. In his earlier generation, he found nothing but the strict forms of the Church school. He gave them their essential artistic purpose; he crowned their development by endowing them with the highest expression of religious feeling. When a master thus reaches the greatest height, a lower level must be started in another direction, leading to a second master.

If we take a survey of this new stream of worldly composition, — melodies with artificial accompaniment, digressions of rippling scales or tripping arpeggios and suddenly intruding crashes of full chords, — and contrast it with what is found in the Church school with its precise, dignified, and elaborate structure of voices, independent in melody, yet interdependent in harmony, the question comes, What new spirit moves here? How can there be, almost at the same time, two opposite phases of the same art, both honored by the greatest masters?

Clearly, here is the latest though not the weakest wave of the Renaissance pulse. The same rebellion against the all-absorbing intellectual domination of the Church, the same resistless wave of earthly feeling and its expression, apparent in painting and in the literatures of England, France, and Italy, is here manifest in the youngest of the arts. Why the movement is so late in music need not be discussed beyond again saying that the art was jealously and exclusively fostered by the Church. All its forms, its whole framework, had been devised solely for worship. An entirely new garb must be created before it could venture from the cloister into the gay world without great awkwardness and stiffness. Much depth of feeling or intellectual emphasis must not be expected of the first century of this new phase. The early works show their reactionary origin by utter frivolity and shallowness. Until an actual fitting form was obtained, there was a constant striving after a satisfaction of this very need, a self-conscious kind of emphasis of mere sound; the composer sought to fill in as many black notes as possible.

The beginning of Haydn's career marks the final attainment of this form, and at the same time a sudden spring of true poetic feeling. The result was what is commonly called the sonata, which is really what we are considering; for a symphony is nothing else than a sonata written for the orchestra. In the light of the absolute newness of unsung music is seen the fitness of the name "sonata," that which is merely sounded, in contrast with that which is sung, the "cantata." Nowhere, I venture to say, in any phase of art, is the shock greater than of this burst from the sombre, confined, careful, intellectual process of the cloister to the free, irresponsible fancy dancing first over the meadows and in the forests, then into the life of men, the turmoil and the triumph of war, the romance and ecstasy of human affection.

It is clear, then, why the expected order — first of the less defined, secondly of the more clearly significant phase of the art — should be reversed. Within the cloister, music had reached a high and complex power of expression of those feelings which were there sanctioned. Without, all was new and vague; there were no words or forms of expression for the new life. It must begin with the A B C of a new language. To condemn

the first fruits of this stage for lack of definiteness of meaning would be to misunderstand the very purpose of all art. While definite language is not impossible to art, this is not its chief function; no more is mere beauty of outline. If a sentiment be expressed and transmitted, the medium of transmission will be entitled to its place as an art form. The language of prose has not the power thus to express and transmit all sentiment, though it may entitle its field in a rough sort of way. What prose cannot, the other arts must do, each in its peculiar region, not perhaps without encroaching mutually. Each art, beginning with primordial feelings, will translate more and more delicate shades in a constantly refining process, the form always reacting on the sentiment and suggesting an advance.

This must account for the vagueness of the earlier great works for instruments. But even in Haydn the pastoral element, the poetry of nature, discovered anew, is unmistakable, as is the peculiar playfulness of his humor. In fact, the appearance of humor of any kind in music in the eighteenth century is as absolutely new as anything can be under the sun. Imagine how utterly inconceivable it would have been to the long line, stretching through many centuries, of the worthy fosterers of music in the Church.

The sonata was said by a German critic to be intended by the early writers to show, in the first movement what they could do, in the second what they could feel, in the last how glad they were to have finished. The simplicity of this interpretation — and no doubt it is accurate — emphasizes the vagueness of the real sentiment. In the hands of great men, the form very soon attained a much more dignified plan.

A symphony (which etymologically means a sounding together, using, as it did, all the resources of instrumental sound, and in Beethoven's Ninth even pressing voices into service) had, from the time of Mozart, the ambitious purpose of expressing a sort of modulation through three or four moods of one dominating feeling. I use the word "feeling" for lack of a better. In its highest phase, this purpose sometimes is a kind of poetic view of life, colored by what is at the time the individuality of the composer. An unentitled symphony, which is the true type, does pretend to this purpose. A poet's individuality may so far change that, in a subsequent year, a substantial difference of sentiment may produce a symphony of quite another effect. It is almost inconceivable that a man should compose more than one great symphony in a year; and the record of all the great symphonies from the time the form had fully developed confirms this view. Beethoven wrote nine, Spohr nine, Schumann four, and the other masters, in almost all cases, less than the Muses' number. Mozart's forty-nine and Haydn's one hundred and eighteen were written in the period of development; the number of those which are by common consent thought to embody a content worthy of performance are in each case less than Beethoven's.

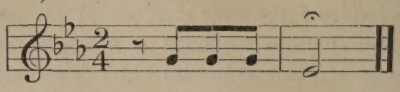
But this purpose may be called the highest; in many works the range of feeling is narrowed in some way; and there is always a title which shows the limitation. Thus Beethoven wrote a Pastoral Symphony "on the memories of life in the country," and a Heroic Symphony expressly "to celebrate the memory of a great man." In modern works, such titles as Spring, Forest, Winter, Rhenish, are prominent; but in all, this universality of conception is apparent.

It is doubtful whether the importing of titles into the symphony, the introduction of what is called programme music, in itself has at all added to its dignity or power. The best example that can possibly be cited is the Pastoral, which Beethoven has annotated thus: first movement, Pleasant Feelings Awakened

on Arriving in the Country; second, Scene at the Brook; third, Jovial Meeting of Country People; interrupted by, fourth, Thunder and Storm; in turn interrupted by the final movement, entitled Sentiments of Benevolence and Gratitude to God after the Storm. Of course, it is impossible not to accept the composer's interpretation. But it must be remembered that in his sketches an appended note was found directing the hearer to find the situations for himself; and further, that in the final programme he added to the title the words "Rather an Expression of Feeling than a Picture." If we should be obliged to dispense with any one of Beethoven's symphonies, I venture to say that in the Pastoral least would be lost. It is, moreover, impossible to agree with Sir George Grove that the annotations add any real advantage to the simple title.

In choosing from the rich field a single work as a type for illustration, from the limits of the untitled class, I have thought the fifth of Beethoven's symphonies, in C minor, the most broadly representative. This work was produced in 1808, having been for years in course of composition. No title appears on the programme except Symphony No. 5, in C minor, op. 67. 1. Allegro con Brio. 2. Andante con Moto. 3. Allegro (Scherzo). 4. Allegro. Presto.

There is one prejudice to the unassisted interpretation of the notes. It is Beethoven's reported casual declaration of his meaning; but for the present that may be disregarded. The symphony is characterized by a sublime dignity, vigor, and breadth. At the first hearing, it is impossible not to feel that there is a very real purpose behind the notes. The entire absence of frivolous dallying with themes, the striking contrast of the succeeding melodies (especially towards the end of the third and fourth movements, which, against all tradition, succeed each other without a stop), above all, the iteration from beginning to end of a certain short passage, but four notes,



with the whole orchestra at times hidden in the basses and drums, — now in its grim, terrible bareness, again in a fearless dancing measure, again in a timid mysterious discord, until it ends in the clearest note of triumph, — can it be said that all this means nothing, until or unless it be translated, word for note, into the language of commonplace?

As in all truly great works of the human brain, there must be a certain degree of intelligent perception. Further, a certain maturity is absolutely necessary to understand Beethoven. He is not for the young, above all not for the shallow. For these he is often no more than ugly and ominous noise, which makes them uneasy. They should shun him. His listeners must be capable of feeling the grimness, the terror, the fight of life. Then they can feel with him the triumphant joy of the undaunted.

Before analyzing in detail, it will be well to mention the character of the four movements which are the usual divisions of a symphony. The chief distinction is the *tempo*. The first movement is, generally, moderately fast; the second, slow; the third, tripping; the fourth, rushing. The first is always the fully developed sonata form. A description of this, the most highly wrought of all musical forms, could not escape technicalities. Its essence is its binary character, a certain balance between two melodies and between the keys in which they lie. The principal and second melodies first appear in the tonic and in a subordinate key, respectively. Their final appearance is in the same order of melodies, but in the reversed order of keys. Thus while the principal melody has the advantage of the first appearance in the tonic key, the second has the last word in the same tonal territory. The development of this

form was Haydn's great achievement, though Beethoven much enlarged its capacity. It is called the sonata form, and is almost invariably found in the first movement of the sonata or symphony. Rapid though well poised in its pace, it is ambitious in elaboration, and emphasizes the leading thought of the work. With this the second movement is always in contrast, in rhythm, melodic character, and key. Its technical form is that of the song, with two melodies alternating, ending with the opening melody. Perhaps nowhere is the depth of Beethoven's genius better shown than in his andantes. There is always that profound, broad sympathy, so distinct from the statuesque pathos of Haydn or the stately grace of Mozart. It was Beethoven's highest trait, that which bound men to him most strongly.

It was in the third movement that Beethoven made the greatest change in outline. Originally, with Haydn and Mozart, it was an idealized dance, — the minuet with its second part, the trio, each in strictly repeated sections. With the two earlier masters it was a cheerful relief from the grandiose effect of the opening allegro, and from the pathos of the andante. Beethoven made it a humorous phase, fitting with the whole plan. But the humor was typically sardonic. He changed its name, too, from minuet to scherzo. The last movement could be either sonata form or rondo: where the various melodies alternated in a continuous round, with a periodical intervention of the principal melody. In the Fifth Symphony this movement is in sonata form.

One of the most vital questions is that of the attitude of the listener; and it is closely connected with the purpose of this essay. For it is a common idea that the proper way to listen to a concert is to banish all mental activity, and to submit yourself to the effect of the sounds just as you would to a narcotic. It would be equally rational for an audience to resign itself entirely to the personal charm of its orator, the timbre of his voice, the grace of his gestures, the outline of his countenance, without the least attention to the substance of his thought. This attitude is the chief source of modern musical misconceptions, and of the exaggerated *furore* over certain schools. It is an assumption *a priori* that there can be no underlying purpose. It is like the brigand in Fra Diavolo, who, his eyes lazily fixed on the sky, says he does not see the captain anywhere.

The first object is to grasp the themes, fixing the principal melody in the mind as literally the text or motto of the whole, then awaiting the appearance of the second melody. The contrast of these in the first part, which is always repeated, their harmonic and thematic variation in what is called the working out (*Durchführung*), and the restatement of the melodies in the *reprise* make up the structure of the first movement. Here it is important to notice a peculiarly significant advance of Beethoven. With his predecessors, the impression is of graceful flowing melodies, separated by passages of stiff conventional figures, somewhat like a sparsely strung necklace of gems. Beethoven not only made his connecting passages almost invariably of thematic material; he gave quite a new meaning to the working out. Pertinent here is the remark of a recent writer on the fact of the diatonic character of Beethoven's themes, the simplicity of their original conception. The second theme of the andante is an example.

Both these facts accentuate the change in the process of composition. The era of childlike simplicity of emotion had passed. A more intellectual and more virile age had arrived, in which the leading melody in itself was not so important as its use literally and strictly as a theme, — an age of musical thinking as against musical dreaming, of cerebration as against inspiration, of a logical

sequence of thought rather than a blunt alternative; a tendency which has resulted in a school in which the theme is no more an essential part of a work than is the title of a story.

Here the opening phrase is that strange motto of four notes of which I have spoken above, played by the full orchestra, from which the principal melody presently rises: first softly; then ending with crashing chords, preparing for the second melody — strangely and mysteriously in the same warning, now more decided and rational — by the horns, followed by a beseeching answer from the violins. But the four notes are approaching in the background of the basses, ending the first part with a determined statement of the motto. On the movement goes with the same motive, — now the whole melody, now feverish and fitful suggestions, until the *reprise* is reached, preceded by the whole orchestra ringing in the warning again. The repetition of the first part is varied by a passage which has been likened to the hammer and anvil. There is no mercy as yet.

The second movement — the andante — is chiefly a variation on one melody of great beauty; it has a peculiar restfulness. The structure is simple. There is a distinct spirit of prayer about the entire movement, with but one or two distant reminders of the haunting motive. These occur at the close of each appearance of the second melody, which, simpler in conception than the first, — of the diatonic character mentioned above, — droops timidly before the advancing motto. First it rushes into a bold cadence, but, quickly relapsing, modulates, still followed by the motto, trustingly and hopefully into the first melody again. The movement ends in a reassured, confident spirit.

The third movement is probably the most interesting and beloved of Beethoven's scherzos. Berlioz says of it: "The scherzo is an extraordinary composition. The very opening, though containing nothing terrible in itself, produces the same inexplicable emotion that is caused by the gaze of a magnetizer. A sombre, mysterious light pervades it. The play of the instruments has something sinister about it, and seems to spring from the same state of mind which conceived the scene in the *Brocksberg* in Faust. A few bars only are *forte; piano* and *pianissimo* predominate throughout."

But this is only the introduction. Now appears a familiar spectre in a new guise. The same rhythm of the first ten bars of the symphony forms the melody of, no longer a bare warning, but a resistless, dancing, sweeping emotion. It is most difficult to penetrate the entrancing mystery. Sometimes it is clearly a bold, almost impious trifling of man with destiny, — reckless, wrecking; at other times the humor vanishes before the terrible earnestness of the *fortissimo* chords; again Berlioz's sinister theme; followed in turn by the mocking voice; finally, a passage of timid, ominous beating of the same motive by the drums, the strings holding an uncertain chord, until, against the tradition requiring a full stop, the mystery resolves into a mighty swell in the leading chord of the key of C major, into which the fourth movement breaks in a triumphant march. Berlioz calls it a pæan of victory. Curiously, it does not break at first into a pronounced melody, as if the joy were too great to find, for a while, a clear utterance. So there are really two principal melodies; likewise there are two secondary ones: one, feminine, graceful; the second, more serious, but with no uncertainty or drooping. In fact, the note of confidence is maintained through the first repeated part and a portion of the working out, until, without warning, just before the *reprise*, there is, contrary to all rules, once more the mysterious melody of the scherzo, as in its close, — a sort of reminiscence of the early terror, in order to make sure of the

reality of the victory. Again it bursts out into the melodies of the finale with great freedom, — especially in the continuously sounded ring of the second subordinate melody, now in the tonic key, at *presto* speed, concluding which, in heavy chords in C major, the symphony ends.

I have said that Beethoven gave casually an interpretation of the motto. As it was casual, it can legitimately be disregarded. His words were, "So klopft das Schicksal an die Pforte" (Thus fate knocks at the door). Starting with this, it is quite possible to build up a complete picture of the strife of spirit with fate. Actually, this is not useful. As soon as the mind occupies itself with the details of an imaginative picture, the musical attention flags. The reality of the sentiment cannot be mistaken. It cannot be translated. The object is not a picture for entertainment; it is the communication of a sentiment such as that under which great deeds are done and genuine greatness is achieved, which does not depend for its force on its definability.

In closing, it is necessary to repeat the warning against the fallacy of finding a "meaning" in music. It seems to be the battledoor and shuttlecock of amateur critics to hold either the theory of mere sensuous sound effect or that of objective description. The true essence of music is its unconscious, subjective betrayal of a dominating emotion, in contrast with the conscious, objective depiction in poetry and in the plastic arts. In this unconsciousness lies its overwhelming power.

To return once more to Beethoven: there is no pretense of a conscious *a priori* purpose in the master to translate a message into his work. But, in the purely musical appreciation, it is impossible not to feel the force and quality of his spirit, rebelling, even as he stretched the fetters of his form, against the tyranny of his age, and struggling with the best of his time in other lands for the assertion of man's individual nobility.

Philip H. Goepp.

THE MEANING OF AN EISTEDDFOD.

"Why should n't gallant Taffy
Have his relics and his bones,
Llewellyns and Cadwallos
And Griffyevanjones?
To say nothing of the question
Whether Taffy's mother-tongue
Was n't quite a fine old language
When all of ours were young?"

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

I.

THE FOLLOWERS OF HU GADARN, AND THE LANGUAGE THEY BROUGHT WITH THEM.

FROM the "summer land" they came, over the "hazy sea:" so tradition in the form of the Triads tells us. The foggy German Ocean (Môr Tawch) was doubtless a depressing exchange for the mild Euxine region with its golden atmosphere. We wonder what must have been the pressure of over-population, or what the enterprise and curiosity on the part of these strenuous, restless, forward-pushing sons of Gomer, that drove them from sunny Defrobani across a continent and a sea to a country of fens, forests, and heavy-hanging clouds. That they were not driven by mere wandering instincts is plain. The Aryan was no nomad; when he traveled he generally went a great way, but once having chosen a spot to settle in, he was likely to stay in his new quarters. It was perhaps a

prearranged thing that the portion earliest broken off from the parent stock should move on until it came to the jumping-off place, and then stop. Certain is it that all the Celtic races are found in the extreme west of Europe, and there is good showing to prove that they were the very foremost in the wonderful march of Aryan emigrants. As to the particular branch of Celts that we are now considering, when they reached the island of Britain (Inys Prydain) they sat down there contentedly enough, and nobody has ever been able to oust them.

Hu Gadarn — whom we may as well believe in, for I fancy he is no more mythical than Cadmus — strikes us as a sort of primeval Moses, teaching the ways and arts of peace to the smallest details, yet a strong leader withal; meek, but not milk-livered; a man to infuse courage, tenacity of purpose, and patience of everything save cruelty and injustice.

His followers — Gomeri, Cymry, Welsh, call them what you will — have been from first to last unconquerable. Henry II. of England, writing to the Emperor of Constantinople, said: "There is, in a corner of this island, a people called Cymry, who are so courageous in defense of their country that they will even dare to fight, open-handed and without weapons, an enemy armed with spear, sword, and shield." More than a thousand years before the English king wrote thus, Julius Cæsar had encountered the same rash courage in this people. That vanquisher of worlds failed to vanquish the Cymry, and though Claudius afterwards succeeded in winning the island as a Roman province, that it was ever really subdued to the Roman power cannot be truthfully stated. Nor could the Anglo-Saxon make such a boast regarding the Britons, nor even the masterful Norman.

When Henry II. had lain dead for a century, another English king "guaranteed to a people he could not conquer" the continuance of their ancient laws and usages. Rhuddlan Castle yet contains a huge stone bearing the following inscription: —

THIS FRAGMENT IS THE REMAINS
WHERE KING EDWARD I. HELD HIS
PARLIAMENT, A. D. 1283,
IN WHICH THE STATUTE OF RHUDDLAN WAS
ENACTED,
SECURING TO THE PRINCIPALITY OF WALES ITS
JUDICIAL RIGHTS AND INDEPENDENCE.

This is hardly the record of a conquest.

To-day, the Welsh are, to the ordinary view, a subdued race. They no longer immure themselves in their mountain fortresses, and fling defiant words and arrows at the hated "Saeson." Offa's Dyke has long ceased to be even a moral barrier. The yellow hair of the early Britons has turned brown, and their fierce blue eyes now gleam with a mild earnestness. They apparently have accepted once and for all that sop in the shape of a royal prince, first thrown to them in a kind of desperation by Edward Longshanks. We do not hear their voices clamoring for the high places in public life; as a race they are singularly devoid of political ambitions. Yet in all the essentials that go to make a people they lack not one, unless it be the possession of a separate government. From the time when, shieldless, bucklerless, helmetless, without any strong implement of warfare, he drove back the mailed Roman army, until now, the Welshman has never ceased to be a Welshman.

Such persistence of race qualities, after so many centuries of struggle, of despoliation, of disintegration, is perhaps unmatched in history save in the instance of the Jews. The latter people have maintained their marvelous social integrity through their religion. A yet stronger — dare I say a deeper? — bond unites the scattered remnants of the followers of Hu Gadarn. This bond is twofold: it consists of a land and a language. Both of these have been their possessions for twenty-four hundred years, "which," says Sir Thomas Jones, "is the greatest argument that can be given of a people's

never having been subdued to a foreign power."

It is very doubtful if the common Hebrew heart of the nineteenth century responds with one throb of national enthusiasm to the name of Palestine, or to any suggestion of return thither; the Hebrew language, though forming a part of the education of every Jewish child, is as dead as the Latin or the Greek. But Cambria, land of music and of song, "paradise of bards," land of renowned warrior patriots who through thirteen hundred years shed their blood to maintain its freedom, — Cambria the mountainous, to which "the sea is a wall," — this land is to every Welshman the world over, "Hen wlad fy nhadau" (Land of my fathers); and the refrain of the song in which he utters his pure, warm, undying patriotism is a plea that "while the sea remains a wall, the old language may live."

The plea is no vain one; the old language does live, not in books merely, but in the mouths of those to whom it is almost the dearest of inheritances. Cymraeg is as much alive to-day as any one of its Aryan sisters; and whereas philologists formerly held it to be, among that great family of languages, the one most transformed from its original source, some of them now seriously question the extent of this transformation; so that it is quite possible that in listening to modern Cymric we may be hearing more than faint echoes of the tongue spoken by the great mother of nations in her Caucasian (?) home.

The Welshman himself will tell you that his beloved accents were spoken in Eden; that Adam was a Welshman; that Eve never would have understood the devil had he not addressed her in Welsh; nay, one has soberly written it in a book that Jupiter and Saturn and Apollo were Welshmen. Perhaps they were. Perhaps Juno and Venus and Minerva were Welshwomen. I myself am nearly certain that the god of love must have been Welsh-tongued. If so, these gods and goddesses could not have desired a more dignified, richly expressive, high-sounding language in which to converse, quarrel, sing, make love, or fulminate, than the pure Cymric affords. It has been well called the most extraordinary monument of antiquity extant. Both in its structure and affinities it evidences a most remote origin, and is undoubtedly one of the oldest living languages in Europe; while its literature carries us further backward than any modern tongue except the Gaelic. Its unique system of versification — which will be more fully spoken of further on — is found in manuscripts five hundred years old, and had attained its highest degree of perfection when every European tongue that we now know of was in "the dark womb of barbarity." A stately speech it is, a trifle stilted at times. The Welsh always having been a literary people, imaginative rather than practical, their speech has naturally been more or less controlled by literary standards, and has retained its poetic form and flavor. It presents some curiously opposite traits. That it is essentially the most jaw-breaking of tongues must be named an impolite fiction for which apology is owing. No tongue is beautiful in the mouths of all its speakers; the "sweet bastard Latin" may be vulgarized into a frightful hiss, and in our Southwest I have heard Spanish which sounded like the crackling of thorns under a pot. Cymric well spoken is not unlike the Greek; in fact, the first time I listened to an address in it I was strongly reminded of the latter language, so rhythmical was it, so velvety smooth, then again so full of resonant, *big-mouth* words. Yet it has at least one poetical composition that is known as "the shibboleth of sobriety," because no man who is drunk can possibly repeat it. In music itself discord may be piled on discord, until both ear and soul are rent asunder; and it is the unlimited capacity of the

Welsh language for producing musical combinations of sounds that also gives it its extraordinary power of cacophony. A synthetic and highly inflected tongue, rich in compounds which have the sudden, direct, and telling quality of the Greek compounds, it is capable at the same time of great conciseness and of an almost indefinite expansion and elaborateness of phrase. In its numberless inflected forms it shows, of course, a lack of full development, but much of its fluidity and beauty is owing to these inflections, which enable the writer of Welsh poetry to perform capers in versification quite beyond the reach of the versifiers of any other nationality.

Not the least remarkable thing about this remarkable language is the love lavished upon it by those to whom it belongs. The sound of his mother-tongue is truly dear to every one, especially when he is away from his country and hearing unknown accents. But this sentiment is apt to be a mere instinctive one, expressed in some superficial way, as, "How good to hear the old home words again!" It is something entirely different from the appreciative, critical admiration which the Welshman bestows upon his dear Cymraeg. The language is a cult with him; he not only loves, he reverences and adores it, — not just because it is his own, but for itself. He thinks it the most beautiful thing in the world; he rolls out its mellifluous and resounding words, and asks, "Did you ever hear anything so glorious?" Perhaps it is not too much to say that he would die for it.

I am inclined to think that the root of this fervent devotion may be found in the language itself. Men of equal excellence possess widely varying powers of attractiveness; it is the subtle thing personality that draws or repels. Why may not a language have a personality? We English-speaking people value our language, and, I believe, rate it rightly. We admire it chiefly for its fine working capacity. We say it is the best business language on earth; and we boast that it is better suited to telegraphy than any other. Having produced the invaluable word "hello," it naturally claims the telephone for its own. But it does not inspire us with a great enthusiasm on its personal account. When Shakespeare, or Swinburne, or Tennyson juggles with it, and makes music, pictures, and even poetry out of it, we marvel, saying, Is it not wonderful what can be done with the English language?

But the Welshman does not marvel at his own poetic jugglers, for the spell of his enchanting tongue is ever upon him. The literary sense has not been developed so universally in the Anglo-Saxon as in the Welsh Celt. The aim of the former — unless he be specifically a man of letters — is to express his thoughts as clearly as possible in the fewest words, regardless of form. Almost every Welshman is, in a sense, a man of letters; for though he may not write essays or poetry himself, he is constantly listening, in the weekly or monthly literary societies, or in the yearly Eisteddfod, to those who at least are striving to be men of letters. He hears his language discussed; he hears the would-be poets turn and twist its sounds and grammatical forms; he comes to realize that there is something in it beyond its mere use; that it is also capable of misuse; moreover, that it is capable of beautiful, graceful, melodious use. He becomes filled with a sense of its inherent grandeur and importance. No wonder that he cannot be induced to give it up; that he has introduced the study of it into the common schools of Wales; and that in the United States, where the danger of its disappearance is still greater, classes are formed in the literary societies in order that the children may learn it. You can part a true Welshman from his skin as easily as you can part him from his language. The last perfect relic of the ancient Celtic

tongues, its use is increasing, not diminishing. The Cornish dialect is now extinct; so, practically, is the Manx; in Brittany there yet linger among the peasants words and forms of Celtic origin, so that a Welshman can there make out to be understood; the Gaelic is fast dying out in Ireland. But Welsh is daily spoken by a million people, and has a large living literature. At the national Eisteddfod in 1886, it was reported that there were seventeen newspapers, twenty-five monthly magazines, and six quarterlies printed in Welsh, and it is not likely that their number has lessened in these eight years; from what I know of the almost passionate efforts on the part of Welshmen to resist the oncoming flood of English which threatens to engulf the whole globe of nations, I can well believe it to have grown.

This love and admiration and zealous defense of the language is no new, modern thing. Dr. Dafydd John Rhys, of the sixteenth century, a grammarian, a linguist, and a poet, wrote a Latin Treatise on the Grammar of the Welsh Language, wherein, while strenuously upholding the capacity of the Welsh for delicacy and subtlety of expression, he also gloats over its euphoniousness and flexibility, with astonishing shamelessness comparing it in these respects to the Italian. In his Introduction, Dr. Rhys laments the neglect of this beautiful tongue, and condemns those who, following the fashion of the time, are giving it up to speak other tongues "when they are but imperfectly acquainted with them." He has no mercy for these misguided persons, but calls them "vain and shallow upstarts," "a degenerate race and *outcasts* of society." He says they are like "a surly, ill-natured cur who will neither gnaw the bone himself nor suffer any other dog to have it." He justifies such strong terms by asserting that the Welsh language can never be extinguished without utterly destroying the Welsh nation.

Dr. Rhys's censures and warning were no doubt timely, yet he surely overestimated the danger; Cymraeg has enough inherent vitality to revivify itself from its own ashes, but it is too strong, too full of energy, too well organized, to die.

This language, — ancient, rich in associations, and highly organized as we find it to be, — while in itself an object worthy of a keen and profound interest, is also, in the very fact of its existence, an indication of the character of those who have spoken it so long. The Encyclopædia Britannica, speaking of the Welsh, says, "The speech of Gaul and of Spain is at this day Latin; . . . the Roman tongue has in Britain no place at all." Why is this? Why but that these wild Cymry, though obliged to yield a physical submission to the nations assailing them who possessed a superior genius for government, were yet in certain mental and moral directions not a whit inferior to those nations; that so active and forceful was their intellectual life as to keep their free spirits unenslaved by the powers which in turn managed to coerce and bind, though never to absorb them. The Roman, the Saxon, the Norman, the Teuton, has set out, each in his own way, to gobble up this rarebit; it remains in the nineteenth century an unassimilated mass. We do not read that it was ever attempted to extinguish the Briton's native speech; the thought alone of doing so would have brought discouragement with it; a terrible obstinacy makes itself felt both in speech and people; but it was a mistake on the part of the encroaching nations not to have done so. You may take away a people's name; you may demolish their political institutions; you may deprive them of every liberty, civil or religious; but leave them their language and you can never make them your slaves; you cannot even make them your brothers, in the sense of turning all their interests and aims into the one channel of your own national family life. This is one of the truisms of history.

II.

THE ORDER OF THE SKY-BLUE ROBE.

The modern as well as the ancient world has for the most part underrated the importance of early Celtic civilization, particularly the Cymric portion of it.[1] Popular and superficial historians are largely to blame for this, passing over with a word, perhaps with a sneer, comprehensive and significant facts. The scientists, especially the philologists, are doing much to make amends for this historical injustice. Knight speaks of the Welsh of the thirteenth century as "a brave but imperfectly civilized people," and seems to think he has sufficiently characterized them; but the unmodified statement is misleading. What people were perfectly civilized at that time? If we but for a moment reflect upon what Europe in general was doing in the thirteenth century, and contrast those doings with the doings of a certain rugged, remote little corner of it, some of us will perhaps be surprised.

The truth is that when the Cymro first peeps out of the darkness, he is reading and writing and composing poetry. He writes in Greek characters, to be sure, — taught him by Brutus, says tradition, a thousand years before Christ, — and sometimes, centuries later, in Irish characters; but his thoughts are his own, individual and marked as is his physiognomy. The Romans found him with cities, arts, manufactures, with knowledge of metallurgy as well as of letters. Moreover, this barbarian in a white linen tunic and gold torques had attained a point in civilization which we in this *fin de siècle* are agonizing vainly to reach: his "women folks" shared with him the elective franchise.

As to the Cymro of whom Knight so slightingly speaks, he was at that very time at the height of his intellectual vigor. The era comprised in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, from Gruffydd ab Cynan to Llewellyn, last native Prince of Wales, is the boast of bardic annals; it formed the Augustan age of early Cymric literature. Nor, as on the Continent and in England, was learning here esteemed the privilege of the few and presumably better sort, to be acquired only through the medium of dead foreign languages; in Wales, any man whose tastes so led him might strive for the blue mantle, and in his own noble tongue.

In the midst of politically busied peoples, Wales is like the "accomplished" daughter of the family, who does not scrub, bake, and sew, but spends her elegant leisure in the drawing-room with books and music. We are too much accustomed to think of the early Britons as exclusively engaged in fighting. Some of us, I fear, have pictured them as having the Berserker's periodic rage for blood. Good fighters they were, — let Cæsar and Agricola bear witness, — but they fought not for war's sake, never for conquest, save to gain back their own lost land. When Buddug fought the Romans, it was what Hosea Biglow would have called "pison-mad, pig-headed fightin'." It was brutal work, no doubt, brutal as the she-bear's work when her cubs are attacked. But the danger over, and the pressure of foreign foes removed, the peaceful arts of music, literature, and science reassumed their sway over intellects no less alert than the spear-hands had been when spear-hands were needed.

[1] Baldwin, in his Prehistoric Nations, says, "Their (the Celts') civilization was greater than history has admitted." And he adds, "If Roman scholars had carefully studied the Celtic languages, literatures, and antiquities, we should not now begin our histories of Great Britain with the invasion of Cæsar;" and furthermore, that "it may well be doubted whether the Celts, at the time of the Roman invasion, were much inferior to the Romans themselves in anything save unity and military organization," — two very important things under the circumstances!

Among all Celts we find a literary order, — the bards, guardians of traditionary learning, collectors and preservers of genealogies, eulogists of princes and their deeds. But of the several members of this division of races, the Welsh alone have retained anything approaching in character to the ancient bardic system. A very elaborate system it was in the olden time, and still is; far too comprehensive in its scope and intricate in its workings to be much more than referred to here. It arose, according to the Triads, out of the black mists of time immemorial, apparently from the mere human desire for self-expression. Gwyddon Ganhebon enjoys the distinction of being the first man in the world to compose vocal song (poetry). Gwyddon seems to have had no *arrière-pensée* when he invented this pleasant method of telling what he knew or believed for the benefit of his kind. But Hu Gadarn, the utilitarian leader of the Cymry, had a thought beyond that simple one of Gwyddon Ganhebon's. He it was "who first adapted vocal song to the preservation of memory and record." After him came one yet greater, Tydain Tad Awen, Father of the Muse. In Tydain was that rare combination of the poetical and the practical. He "conferred art on poetic song, and system on record." Hence originated bardism, and later the three primary bards, Plenwydd, Alawn, and Gwron, created "a system of privilege and discipline."

The system embraced three orders, bards, druids, ovates. The ovate — an honorary degree — wore a green robe, thereby symbolizing the natural sciences; the druids, or priests and instructors, wore white, as representatives of holiness; the "privileged bards" — including poets and musicians — were clad in blue, the blue of the firmament, showing both their character and their mission, purity and peace. Triad 233 tells what are the indispensable qualifications of a bard (hardly to be improved upon in this generation): "a poetical genius, a knowledge of the bardic institutes, and irreproachable manners."

It was only after twenty years of study and practice that a bard was considered perfectly graduated. We shall not be greatly astonished at this when we discover that all learning was taken for his province. Our astonishment will be still less when we get a glimpse of what the bare technique of Welsh poetry means. Before admission to the order, the disciple must commit to memory every precept and every branch of knowledge embraced by his teachers. That these branches were not few in number may be inferred from the following list of subjects treated by the ancient Welsh poets: metaphysics (theology and vaticination), history, heraldry, elegy, ethics, art, physiology, mechanical and pastoral matters. Astronomy, also astrology, music, and even geometry and arithmetic were taught through their verses.

The scope of the true poet's art is thus shown in the Triads: —

"Three things to form a poet: genius, knowledge, and incentive."

"The three branches of versifying: sound learning, sound composition, sound judgment."

"The three intentions of poetry: the increase of good, the increase of understanding, the increase of happiness."

"The three splendid honors of the bards of the isle of Britain: the triumph of learning over ignorance, the triumph of reason over irrationality, the triumph of peace over depredation."

There are many such maxims, but all are summed up in the following: —

"Three things which a bard ought to maintain: the Welsh language, the primitive bardism, the memorial of everything good and excellent."

The high moral end of poesy was to be assured in the poet's own person and character. No corrupt tree could be trusted to bring forth good fruit. A bard must utterly renounce the seven

mortal sins, "for sin tends to make barren the Muse, the memory, and the imagination." He was preëminently a man of peace, being employed in embassies and negotiations. As a symbol of his peaceful character, no weapon might be held naked in his presence.

The ancient Briton had arrived at an ideal state in one regard, at least: those favored by the Muses were the darlings of the community. They were exempted from personal attendance in war; they had permission to pass everywhere unmolested in time of war; their persons were held sacred in battle; they were entitled to five acres of land and to exemption from land-tax; and every plough in the district where they taught owed them a contribution. Where shall we of to-day look for such enlightened patronage of those gifted ones who, while delighting our senses and instructing our minds, are too often unendowed with the ability to earn unbuttered bread! But, as if to accent the more forcibly the glory of that estate to which a bard was called, "one convicted of any crime was to be degraded forever."

The bards comprised three orders: the itinerant, or minstrel; the family, or herald, bard; and the poet proper. The minstrels were public satirists, going from place to place to elevate morals "by censure, by ridicule, by precept," — a responsible and dangerous position to fill. It is to be feared that the average *clerwr* relied more upon satire than upon wise and sober precepts, and that his example was not always what it should have been. The office of wandering minstrel was naturally liable to abuse. But the clerwr was not the only censor of morals. The *teulüwr*, or family harpist, enjoyed something of the jester's privilege of plain speaking, while even the chief bard (*prydydd*), who was supposed to represent the highest rank in art and morality, often dealt in satirical denunciations that were little less than fatal.

One story told of Dafydd ab Gwilym, the most famous of the fifteenth-century bards, calls to mind the frequent tragic effect ascribed to the Greek iambics. Dafydd, then a youth, being at the house of a nobleman, was insolently called upon by Rhys Meigan, a rival poet and a much older man than Dafydd, to take his horse and give it some oats. Whereupon Dafydd challenged Rhys to a poetic contest as to a duel. The contest must have been characterized less by poetry than by truth, truth of the most bitter sort. Frightful was the interchange of insults, the youthful Dafydd always gaining on his adversary. His last stone of vituperation took the Welsh Philistine fairly between the eyes. Rhys Meigan fell forward from his chair, dead.

And now I come to the task of giving to English readers a far-off, momentary view of the bewildering complexities of that department of Welsh poetical composition which is known as "restricted versification;" for it must be understood that, except when competing for bardic honors, the Welsh poet is as free as any English versifier to choose both his metres and his syllables.

The very root and being of restricted versification is in alliterative consonance (*cynghanedd*), and the highest possibilities of alliterative consonance are to be found in the Welsh language. It is safe to say that no other tongue possesses a similar equipment in its sounds. The salient characteristics which fit it thus peculiarly for symphonic composition are: (1) the absence of silent letters; (2) that each letter has everywhere the same sound; (3) that the accents are invariably regular, falling on the penultimate; (4) the homogeneity of its construction; being rich in roots, it is likewise rich in the similarity of its consonantal sounds; (5) the mutation of initial consonants. This law would seem primarily to have had a euphonic basis. It applies to all words — except the particles — beginning with *c*, *p*, *t*, *g*, *b*, *d*, *m*, *ll*, *rh*, the changes occurring according to the sense

in which the word is used, its position in the sentence, or the word which immediately precedes it. There are three classes of these mutations, so that each word is subject to one, two, or three initial changes. It will at once be seen how this virtual multiplying of words enriches the language for purposes of "alliterative symphony and concord." Welsh alliteration bears small resemblance to what is recognized by that name in English, and which consists chiefly in beginning several successive or neighboring words with the same letter. The cynghanedd is something infinitely more elaborate. One of the Triads states that these symphonies may be of three kinds: pencerddol (*magistralis*), dysgyblaidd (*disciplinaris*), and iselraddol (*vulgaris*).

It is difficult to imagine a *vulgar* production, in any sense of the word, which should conform to rules expressed by such terms as, the trailing, attractic, or unirhyme symphony; the transilient, or unindented transverse symphony; the conjunctive transverse by retroversion; the unirhyme and transilient sonorous; the descending trailing transilient; the ascending catenated sonorous transverse; the reciprocal transilient transverse; with many another yet more unspeakable and unexplainable, and all of them endlessly varied. These complications of alliterative and syllabic consonance are capable of adaptation to every form of verse, from doggerel to the highest poetry, being entirely accordant with the nature and structure of the Welsh language.

Then there are the twenty-four metres in which every aspirant to the bardic chair must show himself expert. What poet's head would not burst to produce stanzas (*englynion*) that should be pronounced poetry, in such measures as, the undeviating unirhyme, or the recurrent homoerhythmic sustich, or the combined catenated alternity, or the catenated blending recurrent; and so on to the end of the twenty-four. It would be wearisome to dwell upon the descriptions of these measures; variations in metre are no new thing, though the Venedotion Canons might have some novelties for us. It is enough to say that many of them are hardly rhythmical, according to English notions of rhythm; the number of syllables in a line being of more importance than the balanced and recurrent accent which helps to make the music of our verse. In fact, the lines are not to be measured by feet at all, but by single syllables.

Not that all Welsh poetry is unrhythmical; let it be remembered that we are now speaking only of restricted versification, which may be likened to the writhings, contortions, and "Anglo-Saxon messenger attitudes" of the Delsarte system, to be gone through with as an exercise for the sake of muscular development and for the modifying of natural awkward movements, but not intended of themselves to enter into our daily behavior. Alliterative consonance, however, is a unique fact in the history of verse; and although a complete understanding of its complications is possible only to a Welshman, it is quite worth the effort to have acquired even a faint conception of so curious a product of poetic ingenuity.

The following illustrations are taken from a prize essay written for the national Eisteddfod in Wales a few years ago, in which the writer heroically attempts to give an example in English of every class of Welsh metres and consonances. One wanders through a hundred pages to gain at the end confusion of intellect; not because the writer has done his work unsystematically, but because of the infinite tortuosity of the system.

The examples here given are for the most part empty of meaning; for since English is to so limited an extent phonetically written, equivalents in form to the true alliterative symphony and concord are far to seek. It is important to keep in mind that symphony and concord

imply the satisfaction of the eye as well as of the ear; also, that consonance consists not merely in rhyming endings, or in occasional mid-line rhymes; it is "an agreement of symbols and sounds in a prescribed order and form." In the line,

She doth rue that she threw a heart away,

the sound of *th rue* is echoed in *threw*, but the symbols do not correspond; therefore the line could not pass according to the rules of cynghanedd.

The first of the symphonies is the attractic or unirhyme, of which there are two kinds, the smooth attractic and the attractic by conjunction. The former is very simple, consisting of a single rhyme ending with a single consonant: —

He may fr*own* on thy cr*owning*.
In their gr*eed* they hate fr*eed*om.

It will be observed that the rhyme here must always fall on the penult, and that the word rhyming with the penult must fall upon some natural pause or rest in the line. Such a symphony is not highly prized, being considered weak. A variation of the smooth attractic calls for a double consonant rhyme, as: —

In f*act* he was *act*ive.
He paced the Str*and* in gr*and*eur.

There are also triple consonant rhymes:

From the f*irst* he felt th*irst*y.

In the attractic by conjunction, the first letter of one word is joined to the final letter of another to form the symphony, thus: —

The Vic*ar d*ied reg*ard*ing.
Tr*im b*uilt with finest t*imb*er.

There are very artful forms of this order called "hidden conjunctions," because not always readily discoverable by either the eye or ear. In these the symphony is composed of vowels and consonants: —

To the *lea* past me *leap*ing.

A transilient symphony is one in which certain consonantal sounds in the middle of a line are passed over, or leaped over, and remain unanswered. The syllables passed over can have only a secondary accent, the strong accent falling upon the concordant syllables. It has many varieties, distinguished by different combinations of consonantal sounds. The most curious of these is the furcated, or cloven transilient, so named because one sound is divided, or made up of two sounds. In Welsh, two soft consonants coming together and sounded separately are regarded, for symphonic purposes, as equivalent to one hard sound. Thus, "I *p*ainted a cu*b h*unting" is a cloven transilient by conjunction; the *cleavage* being made by joining part of one word to part of another, the soft labial and the aspirate together, *bh*, making a sound equal to the hard labial *p*.

The sonorous symphony consists chiefly of concordant *syllabic* sounds in regular sequences, but it also requires a consonantal correspondence and a change of vowels: —

No long*er* a *str*ang*er str*ives.

Here we have a syllabic symphonic symphony ending two pauses, *er;* a correspondence of consonantal combinations, *str;* a vowel change from *a* to *i*. The accent in this form must fall on the last syllable of the line. The pauses, also, have their special places appointed them. There are five varieties of the sonorous symphony, and a very slight study of them fills one with immense respect for the nicety of the Welsh ear which can detect and enjoy such subtle harmonies and rhythms, as well as for the language which unstintedly supplies material for these cunning combinations.

The transverse is considered the strongest and most elegant of all the symphonic orders. Every consonant in the former part of the line must be answered in the latter part. Here are a few examples of its very simplest variety: —

*S*ee how I c*ut* his co*at*.
Oh, *b*eware how you *b*orrow.
*T*o *th*e arch tie *th*e urchin.
*L*o, how *long* will he *ling*er.

To attempt an analysis of all its possible changes — ascending, descending, conjunctive (complete and incomplete),

reciprocal, etc. — would be distracting to the writer and unsatisfactory to the reader. I have given the merest glimpse of this vast system of concordance, avoiding many details, passing over much of importance and interest, fully aware of the inadequacy of our own irregularly formed and rather unmusical language to represent the diversity and fullness of sounds which the Welsh affords, and which are so necessary to the making of these literary symphonies. I should like, however, to give a single instance of the mixed symphonies. These are endlessly intricate, being compounds of the different alliterative and syllabic concords. The following is a transilient sonorous with a furcated reciprocal transverse: —

Draw your paw, dare you rob here?

The alliterative symphony is *d r r p — d r r bh.* It is transverse, because of the complete answering of consonantal sounds in the two parts of the line; sonorous, because of the repetition of syllabic sounds in *draw* and *paw;* reciprocal, in that the two parts of the line may be transposed without altering the symphony; and furcated, on account of the sound *p* being divided into *bh.*

After these unpleasing, not to say senseless examples in the English, it may be gratifying to some readers to see a sonorous transverse symphony in its natural setting. Those who are so fortunate as to be able to read it properly may hear, as well as see, its peculiar beauties:

"Llio Eurallt lliw Arian,
Llewch Mellt, ar y lluwch mân;
Mai ar y phenn seren serch
Llio rhuddaur Llio Rhydderch."

Observe that the consonantal symphony in the first line runs, *ll r;* in the second, *ll wch m;* the third has the sonorous correspondence in *ser*en *ser*ch; the fourth is especially rich, *ll rh dd r.* The vowel changes also are very beautiful, balancing and accenting throughout the echoing consonants.

I shall surely be excused for not going into an exposition of all the other laws of restricted versification, though a column might be easily devoted to poetical resumptions, which indicate the mode of transit from one line to another; a page to the variations thereof; and many pages to the Venedotion Canons, or rules relating to the twenty-four metres, compiled in the fifteenth century; then it would take an entire article to explain the differences between these and their rivals, the Glamorgan Canons.

If it be asked whether such overelaborateness of technique does not tend to interfere with the free spirit of poesy, the answer will come from the bards themselves that it does. Cynghanedd has been well called "the incubus of Welsh poetry." Inevitably must sense at times go overboard when words are made to perform such wonders of lofty tumbling. The Chief Bard (*Pencerdd*) is he who has least sacrificed sense to syllables; and a genuine bard, one born as well as made, with the Welsh language for the instrument of his Muse, would seem to have little excuse for not producing verse to edification. Lack of study and practice could alone cause him to fall short, and without study and practice he might never hope to be a bard. We have seen that his term of probation was twenty years, and we have glanced at the general course of learning required of him. It may be interesting to know what was the special poetic curriculum which was set up for him half a millennium ago, and, so far as I am able to discover, has not been modified since that time.

(1.) A Probationary Disciple was required to have a competent knowledge of the five forms of the stanza or sustich. His teacher, who was to be a Chief of Song, must pledge *his word and conscience* in attestation of the disciple's ability to compose in these metres. (2.) The Articled Disciple had to be proficient in twelve metres. Besides the five stanza forms, he must master four ode metres and three poem metres. He

must be able to avoid the fifteen ordinary faults which are prohibited, and give an example of his own composition in each metre, displaying in every one a genius befitting a disciple. (3.) The Qualified Disciple was required to know all the metres, to be able to avoid all alliterative faults, and to compose coherently and regularly in twenty-one of the metres. (4.) A Chief of Song was to be an adept in all the metres, and be able to compose in them after the most approved style and with the most intricate characteristics. In short, he was expected to be a perfect master of all the bardic canons, and to be capable of producing superior poetry in all the metres, that he might be adjudged qualified to teach others.

III.

THE EISTEDDFOD, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The Eisteddfod has been said to be the pivot on which the whole system of bardism turns. It is much more than this: it is the pivot of the national life of the Welsh people; it is the very symbol of their separateness, of their so-called clannishness, in which we perhaps see a survival of the Aryan "village kinship" feeling, a feeling that in its excessive form the more roomy-hearted peoples have relinquished. In the Welsh there is an inextinguishable pride of ancestry, and though they have long since lost all of the outward glamour that once made them the most romantic subjects for song and story, they continue to cherish this pride. It has become an inward thing, however; it still counts its kings and its nobles, but these high ones "feed not upon earth nor pelf;" the realms they inherit and the realms they strive to gain are of the mind. The proudest memories of the Welshman to-day are not of "his Llewellyns and Cadwallos," but of his Iolo Gochs and his Dafydd ab Gwilyms. His living heroes are they whose voices are the sweetest, whose renderings of great music by voice or instrument are the noblest, whose own musical compositions are pronounced by competent judges the most worthy; they whose oratorical delivery of fine passages most stirs the multitude and defies the minute censure of skilled critics; or they of the golden pens, whose work shall meet every requirement of the strictest standards. And the field whereon these heroes win their honors is the Eisteddfod.

Where, when, and how the first Eisteddfod took place no man can even guess. The earliest record we have of this assembly is one regarding its reformation by Gruffydd ab Cynan and Bleddyn ab Cynfyn, before the Norman conquest; so we may safely conclude that the institution could not have been either in its youth or middle age at this time. Some of the rules of the new arrangement give more than an inkling of the condition which rendered reform needful. The Eisteddfodau were to be held every three years (this gave ample time for preparation and insured regularity); no man was to be accounted a bard who had not passed through an Eisteddfod, and no work might be accounted poetry except under its laws. Also, the professions of poet and harpist were separated, it being strictly forbidden that one man should follow both. (It would appear from this that wandering players had laid claim to full bardic glory.) It was likewise enjoined that no one should set himself up to be a bard or a minstrel without previously gaining the *consent of his lord*, or the written testimony of his teacher, who should answer for him as an able man at the *legal stated time*.

The earliest intimation of copyright on record is found in this code: the bard is forbidden to use the songs of any other man without a special license from the owner. Gruffydd's code of laws for music proves that science to have been already in an advanced state

of cultivation among the early Britons. The would-be musician found it no easier than the poetical aspirant to establish a reputation in the Congress of Bards; amateurship met with small encouragement at the hands of that congress. In Dr. Dafydd John Rhys's account of the qualifications necessary to take the degree of Pencerdd, we learn that the probationary pupil must know ten concords, one fundamental, five concords of accompaniment, and eight tunes. The disciplined pupil must know twice as many; the master pupil three times that number, and be able to explain them. The chief minstrel must know four times as many, and be acquainted with all the canons; also with the system of canons set forth in the book of science. He must be able to compose a piece of music, and give an explanation of every part of it, so that the doctors and chief minstrels may conscientiously adjudge him to be a composer and master in science. The code, moreover, prohibited candidates who proved unfit for the profession of music from following it at all, and torturing the ears of unoffending folk by their wretched performances, — showing, for the dark ages, a truly broad and enlightened conception of the question, "Who is my neighbor?"

There is extant a license bestowed upon one Gruffydd Hiraethog, admitting him to the rank of bard in the year 1546. In this, the whole gentry and commonalty of Wales are apprised by the chiefs of song — all of whose names appear — that by virtue of the commission of his Grace King Henry VIII., etc., said Gruffydd is "capable without any lack" to attain to the degree of Professorial Disciple, according to the Five Books of the Profession of the Act of Vocal Song.

But notwithstanding all these forms and ceremonies, and in spite of the appearance of maintaining such lofty standards of excellence, abuses were already creeping in, which by the time of Queen Elizabeth had grown intolerable; whereupon a royal injunction was issued, wherein it was stated that "vagrant and idle persons naming ymselves mynstrells, Rithmors and Barthes are lately growen into such an intollerable multitude within ye principalitie of North Wales yt not only gentlemen and others by their shameless disorders are oftentimes disquieted in their habitations, but also ye expert mynstrells and mussicons in town and country thereby much discouraged to travail in the exercise and practice of their knowledge, and also not a little hyndred in their lyving and preferments." Therefore a commission was "apointed and auctorized" to summon "every person and persons that entend to maynteigne their lyving by name or color of Mynstrells, Rithmors and Barthes," to appear on a certain day, "to shew forth their learnings" before "such expert men in ye faculte of Welsh musick as shall be thought convenient." Those found unworthy were to be commanded "that they returne to some honest labour such as they be most apte unto, upon pain to be taken as sturdie vagabonds."

In consequence, some say, of this proclamation the bardic congresses were discontinued for about two hundred years. This would seem to be an evidence of a very serious lowering of standards; as if truly "expert mynstrells and mussicons" had grown so scarce, and sham "Rithmors and Barthes" so plentiful, that the arts of music and poetry themselves lost ground in public estimation, rendering it an unprofitable thing to hold an Eisteddfod. I am inclined to attribute the suspension of this national festival less to the proclamation and its enforcement than to a temporary change in the spirit of the Welsh people. The Reformation had come, and was working its way more or less rapidly in the isle of Britain. Its tendency was towards seriousness, towards a consideration of the things of the soul rather than of the mind. In the wake of the Reformation came Puritanism, with its positive hatred

of earthly aims and vanities, with its utter lack of sympathy for the æsthetic aspect of things. The Welsh have from the first been singularly open to what are technically known as evangelical influences. The stern, narrowing doctrines of Puritan Calvinism took ready root in their hearts, and I can well imagine that during this long period of religious storm and stress psalm-singing and a sober contemplation of eternity and its awards may for them have come quite to supersede the "devilish delights" afforded by a pursuit of the arts, and by the trivialities of contests for preëminence in worldly music or in that idle word-mongering called poetry.

They are still an essentially religious-minded people, but in common with the rest of Christendom they have arrived at a more steady and whole view of life. With a correct perspective, in life as in pictures, objects fall into their right places; and among many other things which modern times have brought into focus, the Eisteddfod has resumed its position as the natural expression of a people's national feeling, the normal outgrowth of their æsthetic nature.

The institution was revived in the eighteenth century with great enthusiasm, — an enthusiasm so genuine that the past hundred years have seen no diminution of it. The national Eisteddfodau are now held yearly, alternating between North and South Wales. They are under the patronage of the highest in the land, beginning with the sovereign, and the judges are sought for among the most distinguished and competent in their respective departments.

The modern Eisteddfod has a very wide scope. It includes competitions in the composition and performance of music, in poetry, prose essays, fiction, and translations; it offers prizes, also, for specimens of artistic work and for manufactures. At the meeting held in Carnarvon last August, a £3 award was made for the design for a bardic chair; £10 and a silver medal were given for the chair itself, of carved oak; £20 and the chair for the "chair poem." The "crown prize" was for a poem on Lord Tennyson. Other subjects for poetical competition were a pastoral, patriotic songs, verses suitable to be sung with the harp, a drama, besides stanzas and several other forms of verse. Among the numerous subjects for prose treatment were: Historical and Critical Notes upon the Poems of Iolo Goch; A Critical Essay on the Welsh Poetry of the Present Century; An Essay on the Roman in Wales, and his Influence on the Welsh People and Language; A Serial Story Illustrative of Welsh Life; and An Essay on the Establishment of a National Museum for Wales. The musical prizes offered were thirty in number, ranging from £150, for a great choral composition, down to £1; this last for a violin solo by a child not over twelve years of age. Perhaps the most interesting, because the most characteristic of these musical numbers, was the performance of a distinctively Welsh composition upon the triple-harp of Wales, so called on account of being three-stringed. Brinsley Richards, in establishing his theory that the peculiar characteristics of a people's music are attributable to their national instrument, dwells upon the fact that Welsh music is essentially harp music, showing everywhere the influence of that instrument upon its development. Within the last quarter of a century the three-stringed harp, long neglected, has again come into use, adding yet another to the many indications that the Cymric spirit is not on the decline.

In art Wales is far behind, notwithstanding the fact that a number of the most famous modern British architects and painters have been Welshmen. Constantly are art prizes withheld at the Eisteddfodau because of an entire lack of merit in the objects sent up for competition. At a recent Eisteddfod, one of the speakers amusingly asserted that

"nothing is more indicative of the *powerful imagination* of our race than the way in which we continue to offer prizes for works of art, while Wales is almost destitute of the ordinary means of securing the most rudimentary instruction." Such blind persistence is indicative rather of the same bulldog courage noted by King Henry in writing to the Emperor regarding "a people in a corner of this island" who fought an armed host without weapons.

In the United States the Eisteddfod is almost exclusively a musical festival. A few recitations are always on the programme, but the poem and the essay rarely find a place there. A Welsh friend of mine attributes this to what he rightly regards as a prostitution of the high ends of the Eisteddfod, namely, the growing tendency to make it the occasion, after the American fashion, of raising money for various outside purposes; hence, banishing from it whatever is not of immediate popular interest, which musical contests are sure to be. The real reason probably lies deeper; it would seem to be this: that in our country there are not enough bards to maintain a branch of the National Eisteddfod Association, with authority to confer degrees, and with the encouraging influence lent by numbers and acknowledged preëminence to the pursuit of those more difficult aims of the poet and essayist.

Those who would attain to the rank of bard must send their work to Wales. If a sufficient number are found deserving of honors, and if they cannot go to the old country to receive them, a commission of bards comes over here and bestows the bardic accolade with appropriate ceremonies. These ceremonies require a circle of stones, very suggestive of druidical days, a book of runes, to be read in hearing of the people, and an ancient sword, to be laid upon the shoulders of the kneeling candidate. Men very ordinary in outward seeming take this degree. They are found in the mines and in many other obscure walks of life. The blue robe has shrunk to a blue ribbon, but the little silk knot stands for glory all the same, the sort of glory that a Welshman most prizes.

In musical gifts the Welsh have no peers. Their natural voices are uniformly good, sometimes exceedingly beautiful; so perfect, indeed, that one would almost dread training for them. Though a highly sensuous and emotional people, their tones are remarkably pure and steady, the timbre being brilliant, often cold, and in their art they evince a self-restraint which is quite Grecian; for while their mode of singing is fervency itself, particularly in the great chorals wherein they excel all other nationalities, yet the intensity of their fervor never causes a loss of purity of tone, such as is too frequently heard in the provincial German singing societies.

About fifteen years ago, Dr. Damrosch came to the town in which I live, having been invited as one of the musical adjudicators in an Eisteddfod. I shall never forget his unfeigned delight at the singing by our own local choir of some of the Messiah choruses. He said afterwards, "I wish I could get my choral society to sing in that way."

It was a vain wish. None but a Welsh choir can sing in that way. At the last Eisteddfod in this neighborhood I listened to a rendering of Mendelssohn's "Oh, great is the depth," which literally took me off my feet: the firm, honest manner of singing; the solidity of tone; the warmth of harmonic coloring; the effective phrasing, — strong, not delicate, as befitted the music and the words; and then the spirit of it! The singers were one and all of the lower classes; some of them I knew to be quite uneducated. The leader was a plain man, who stood upon a chair that he might see all the faces of his large choir. One of the first contraltos was a little woman who sang holding a very young baby in her arms. This was the great event of the year to

her, for which she had spent many months in practicing, and no doubt the baby attended every rehearsal. Its presence at the great festival did not prevent that choir from taking the first prize; and who shall say what may be the effect upon its future of those mighty strains pouring into its tiny ear from birth!

The Welsh are never too young to sing, — nor too old, as would appear from the fact that lately, in Wales, a woman of ninety competed in the Penillion contest.

The Welsh youth get an early public training in the weekly "Literary Society," a diversified form of entertainment and instruction which, in a way, may be regarded as a preparation for the Eisteddfod. Here they learn in infancy to face an audience, and to hear their own voices without fear. I have seen children of five or six nonchalantly skip up on a platform, deliver their little "pieces" with admirable feeling and emphasis, and skip down again with a pretty air of belonging by right to the body politic. These little ones sit with exemplary patience through the performances of their elders, listening to speeches, essays, and long debates; these dry matters being interspersed with songs and recitations contributed in a go-as-you-please manner by any who may feel moved to "shew forth their learnings."

The fondness of the Welsh for the higher pursuits is the most noteworthy thing regarding this strange people. While producing little, perhaps, — in literature, at least, — that is of definite and universal importance, they have always been able to show a greater proportion of individuals, in all ranks, who are interested and more or less versed in music and poetry than any other people, save one, on the face of the earth. In this fact is to be found the true meaning of an Eisteddfod.

I have made exception of one people, the Greeks, but it is a question whether intellectual activity was so widely diffused among them as among the Celts of Cymry. Public taste in Greece, in all matters artistic and literary, was immensely higher; actual participation in artistic and literary pursuits, save as spectators, was probably far less common. The Eisteddfod has been likened to the Olympic games, and in spirit the two institutions are not dissimilar. Leaving out the physical contests which formed the basis of the Greek festival, we find in both the same evidence of a passionate racial sentiment; the same desire to keep alive the national customs, traditions, language, and literature; the same appeal to the glories of past times, and to the glorious ones who gave those times their character. Each is essentially representative of the respective nature, tastes, and strivings of the people who founded it; a gathering together of all who can *do* to display their *doings* before a cloud of witnesses, and for whose reward public acclaim is no less necessary than a crown.

But physical grace and strength, so prized by the Hellene, do not enter into the list of the Cymro's ambitions: his lyrics are not written for the dancers; his odes celebrate no mighty boxer, wrestler, runner; to him beauty means brains; his sole vanity is in intellectual superiority. This vanity is a wholesome one; it keeps him a happy being. In his favorite pursuits he finds a sure preservative against discontent. Not overthrifty nor ambitious for riches, he asks for little so long as he has opportunity to study, write poetry, practice and compose music, and match his mind with his neighbor's. Above all, he wishes to be let alone to do as he chooses. To him freedom and independence of mind are not luxuries, but stern necessities. Roger Williams, who may stand to Americans as the symbol of every liberty they enjoy, is a worthy type of the Cambrian race. A fascinating, baffling study, this race, whether we follow it along the lines of history, or, standing face to face with the living man, we strive to penetrate the curious caul that envelops him, and

read his mystery at first hand. Clannish in his ways of life, he is often hard to approach, yet underneath the repelling surface it is not unusual to find a genuine *bonhomie*, and a certain reserved friendliness that has a charm of its own. He makes a good friend, does "gallant Taffy," for he will never tell you a lie; his offense, if he offend, will more likely be in the other direction. His motto has always been "Y Gwir yn erbyn y Byd," — Truth against the World; and truth he will maintain even at the expense of your dearest feelings. It must be confessed that Taffy has not the *suaviter in modo* of his Celtic brother Patrick. This lack has doubtless helped to keep him back in the race with nations, and from taking the position for which, by his superior mental gifts, he would seem to be qualified. Yet his very aloofness of spirit, wherein he moves as in a separating atmosphere, has enabled those mental gifts to retain their unique flavor untainted by the promiscuous elements of the surging nationalities about him.

Edith Brower.

A VILLAGE STRADIVARIUS.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

I.

"Goodfellow, Puck and goblins,
Know more than any book.
Down with your doleful problems,
And court the sunny brook.
The south-winds are quick-witted,
The schools are sad and slow,
The masters quite omitted
The lore we care to know."

EMERSON'S *April.*

"FIND the 317th page, Davy, and begin at the top of the right-hand column."

The boy turned the leaves of the old instruction book obediently, and then began to read in a sing-song, monotonous tone: —

"'One of Pag-pag'" —

"Pag-a-ni-ni's."

"'One of Paggernyner's' (I wish all the fellers in your stories did n't have such tough old names!) 'most dis-as-ter-ous triumphs he had when playing at Lord Holland's.' (Who was Lord Holland, Uncle Tony?) 'Some one asked him to im-provise on the violin the story of a son who kills his father, runs a-way, becomes a high-way-man, falls in love with a girl who will not listen to him; so he leads her to a wild country site, suddenly jumping with her from a rock into an a-b-y-double-s'" —

"Abyss."

"'— a — rock — into — an — abyss, where they disappear forever. Paggernyner listened quietly, and when the story was at an end he asked that all the lights should be distinguished.'"

"Look closer, Davy."

"'Should be *ex*tinguished. He then began playing, and so terrible was the musical in-ter-pre-ta-tion of the idea which had been given him that several of the ladies fainted, and the sal-salon-*sa*lon, when relighted, looked like a battlefield.' Cracky! Would n't you like to have been there, Uncle Tony? But I don't believe anybody ever played that way, do you?"

"Yes," said the listener, dreamily raising his sightless eyes to the elm-tree that grew by the kitchen door. "I believe it, and I can hear it myself when you read the story to me. I feel that the secret of everything in the world that is beautiful, or true, or terrible, is hidden in the strings of my violin, Davy, but only a master can draw it from captivity."

"You make stories on your violin, too, Uncle Tony, even if the ladies don't faint away in heaps, and if the kitchen does n't look like a battlefield when you 've finished. I 'm glad it does n't, for my part, for I should have more housework to do than ever."

"Poor Davy! you could n't hate housework any worse if you were a woman; but it is all done for to-day. Now paint me one of your pictures, laddie; make me see with your eyes."

The boy put down the book and leaped out of the open door, barely touching the old millstone that served for a step. Taking a stand in the well-worn path, he rested his hands on his hips, swept the landscape with the glance of an eagle, and began like a young improvisator:

"The sun is just dropping behind Brigadier Hill."

"What color is it?"

"Red as fire, and there is n't anything near it, — it 's almost alone in the sky; there 's only teenty little white feather clouds here and there. The bridge looks as if it was a silver string tying the two sides of the river together. The water is pink where the sun shines into it. All the leaves of the trees are kind of swimming in the red light, — I tell you, Nunky, just as if I was looking through red glass. The weather vane on Squire Bean's barn dazzles so, the rooster seems to be shooting gold arrows into the river. I can see the tip top of Mount Washington. The peak of its snow cap touches the pink sky. The henhouse door is open. The chickens are all on their roost, with their heads cuddled under their wings."

"Did you feed them?"

The boy clapped his hand over his mouth with a comical gesture of penitence, and dashed into the shed for a panful of corn, which he scattered over the ground, enticing the sleepy fowls by insinuating calls of "Chick, chick, chick, chick! *Come*, biddy, biddy, biddy, biddy! *Come*, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick!"

The man in the doorway smiled as over the misdemeanor of somebody very dear and lovable, and rising from his chair felt his way to a corner shelf, took down a box, and drew from it a violin swathed in a silk bag. He removed the covering with reverential hands. The tenderness of the face was like that of a young mother dressing or undressing her child. As he fingered the instrument his hands seemed to have become all eyes. They wandered caressingly over the polished surface as if enamored of the perfect thing that they had created, lingering here and there with rapturous tenderness on some special beauty, — the graceful arch of the neck, the melting curves of the cheeks, the delicious swell of the breasts.

When he had satisfied himself for the moment he took the bow, and lifting the violin under his chin, inclined his head fondly toward it and began to play.

The tune at first seemed muffled, but had a curious bite, that began in distant echoes, but after a few minutes' playing grew firmer and clearer, ringing out at last with velvety richness and strength until the atmosphere was satiated with harmony. No more ethereal note ever flew out of a bird's throat than Anthony Croft set free from this violin, his *Liebling*, his "swan song," made in the year he had lost his eyesight.

Anthony Croft had been the only son of his mother, and she a widow. His boyhood had been exactly like that of all the other boys in Edgewood, save that he hated school a trifle more, if possible, than any of the others; though there was a unanimity of aversion in this matter that surprised and wounded teachers and parents.

The school was the ordinary "deestrick" school of that time; there were not enough scholars for what Cyse Higgins called a "degraded" school. The difference between Anthony and the other boys lay in the reason as well as the degree of his abhorrence.

He had come into the world a naked, starving human soul; he longed to clothe himself, and he was hungry and ever hungrier for knowledge; but never within the four walls of the village schoolhouse could he get hold of one fact that would yield him its secret sense, one glimpse of clear light that would shine in upon the "darkness which may be felt" in his mind, one thought or word that would feed his soul.

The only place where his longings were ever stilled, where he seemed at peace with himself, where he understood what he was made for, was out of doors in the woods. When he should have been poring over the sweet, palpitating mysteries of the multiplication table, his vagrant gaze was always on the open window near which he sat. He could never study when a fly buzzed on the window-pane; he was always standing on the toes of his bare feet, trying to locate and understand the buzz that puzzled him. The book was a mute, soulless thing that had no relation to his inner world of thought and feeling. He turned ever from the dead seven-times-six to the mystery of life about him.

He was never a special favorite with his teachers; that was scarcely to be expected. In his very early years, his pockets were gone through with every morning when he entered the school door, and the contents, when confiscated, would comprise a jew's-harp, a bit of catgut, screws whittled out of wood, tacks, spools, pins, and the like. But when robbed of all these he could generally secrete a piece of elastic, which, when put between his teeth and stretched to its utmost capacity, would yield a delightful twang when played upon with the forefinger. He could also rig a very interesting musical instrument in his desk by means of spools and catgut and bits of broken glass. The chief joy of his life was an old tuning-fork that the teacher of the singing-school had given him, but, owing to the degrading and arbitrary censorship of pockets that prevailed, he never dared bring it into the schoolroom. There were ways, however, of evading inexorable law and circumventing base injustice. He hid the precious thing under a thistle just outside the window. The teacher had sometimes a brief season of apathy on hot afternoons, when she was hearing the primer class read, "*I see a pig. The pig is big. The big pig can dig;*" which stirring phrases were always punctuated by the snores of the Hanks baby, who kept sinking down on his fat little legs in the line and giving way to slumber during the lesson. At such a moment Anthony slipped out of the window and snapped the tuning-fork several times, — just enough to save his soul from death, — and then slipped in again. He was caught occasionally, but not often; and even when he was, there were mitigating circumstances, for he was generally put under the teacher's desk for punishment. It was a dark, close, sultry spot, but when he was well seated, and had grown tired of looking at the triangle of elastic in the teacher's congress boot, and tired of wishing it was his instead of hers, he would tie one end of a bit of thread to the button of his gingham shirt, and, carrying it round his left ear several times, make believe he was Paganini languishing in prison and playing on a violin with a single string.

As he grew older there was no marked improvement, and Tony Croft was by general assent counted the laziest boy in the village. That he was lazy in certain matters merely because he was in a frenzy of industry to pursue certain others had nothing to do with the case, of course.

If any one had ever given him a task in which he could have seen cause working to effect, in which he could have found by personal experiment a single fact that belonged to him, his own by divine right of discovery, he would have counted labor or study all joy.

He was one incarnate Why and How,

one brooding wonder and interrogation point. "Why does the sun drive away the stars? Why do the leaves turn red and gold? What makes the seed swell in the earth? From whence comes the life that is hidden in the egg under the bird's breast? What holds the moon in the sky? Who regulates her shining? Who moves the wind? Who made me, and what am I? Who, why, how, whither? If I came from God but only lately, teach me his lessons first, put me into vital relation with life and law, and then give me your dead signs and equivalents for real things, that I may learn more and more, and ever more and ever more."

There was no spirit in Edgewood bold enough to conceive that Tony learned anything in the woods, but as there was never sufficient school money to keep the village seat of learning open more than half the year the boy educated himself at the fountain head of wisdom and knowledge the other half. His mother, who owned him for a duckling hatched from a hen's egg, and was never quite sure he would not turn out a black sheep and a crooked stick to boot, was obliged to confess that Tony had more useless information than any boy in the village. He knew just where to find the first May flowers, and would bring home the waxen beauties when other people had scarcely begun to think about the spring. He could tell where to look for the rare fringed gentian, the yellow violet, the Indian pipe. There were clefts in the rocks of the Indian Cellar where, when every one else failed, he could find harebells and columbines.

When his chores were done, and the other boys were amusing themselves each in his own way, you would find Tony lying flat on the pine needles in the woods, listening to the notes of the wild birds, and imitating them patiently, till you could scarcely tell which was boy and which was bird; and if you could, the birds could n't, for many a time he coaxed the bobolinks and thrushes to perch on the low boughs above his head and chirp to him as if he were a feathered brother. There was nothing about the building of nests with which he was not familiar. He could have taken hold and helped if the birds had not been so shy, and if he had had beak and claw instead of clumsy fingers. He would sit near a beehive for hours without moving, or lie prone in the sandy road, under the full glare of the sun, watching the ants acting out their human comedy; sometimes surrounding a favorite hill with stones, that the comedy might not be turned into tragedy by a careless footfall. The cottage on the river road grew more and more to resemble a museum and herbarium as the years went by, and the Widow Croft's weekly house-cleaning was a matter that called for the exercise of Christian grace.

Still, Tony was a good son, affectionate, considerate, and obedient. His mother had no idea that he would ever be able, or indeed willing, to make a living; but there was a forest of young timber growing up, a small hay farm to depend upon, and a little hoard that would keep him out of the poorhouse when she died and left him to his own devices. It never occurred to her that he was in any way remarkable. If he were difficult to understand, it reflected more upon his eccentricity than upon her density. What was a woman to do with a boy of twelve who, when she urged him to drop the old guitar he was taking apart and hurry off to school, cried, "Oh, mother! when there is so much to learn in this world, it is wicked, wicked, to waste time in school."

About this time Tony spent hours in the attic arranging bottles and tumblers into a musical scale. He also invented an instrument made of small and great, long and short pins, driven into soft board to different heights, and when the widow passed his door on the way to bed she invariably saw this barbaric thing locked to the boy's breast, for he often played himself to sleep with it.

At fifteen he had taken to pieces and put together again, strengthened, soldered, tinkered, mended, and braced, every accordion, guitar, melodeon, dulcimer, and fiddle in Edgewood, Pleasant River, and the neighboring villages. There was a little money to be earned in this way, but very little, as people in general regarded this "tinkering" as a pleasing diversion in which they could indulge him without danger. As an example of this attitude, Dr. Berry's wife's melodeon had lost two stops, the pedals had severed connection with the rest of the works, it wheezed like an asthmatic, and two black keys were missing. Anthony worked more than a week on its rehabilitation, and received in return Mrs. Berry's promise that the doctor would pull a tooth for him some time! This, of course, was a guerdon for the future, but it seemed pathetically distant to the lad who had never had a toothache in his life. He had to plead with Cyse Higgins for a week before that prudent young farmer would allow him to touch his five-dollar fiddle. He obtained permission at last only by offering to give Cyse his calf in case he spoiled the violin. "That seems square," said Cyse doubtfully, "but after all you can't play on a calf!" "Neither will your fiddle give milk, if you keep it long enough," retorted Tony; and this argument was convincing.

So great was his confidence in Tony's skill that Squire Bean trusted his father's violin to him, one that had been bought in Berlin seventy years before. It had been hanging on the attic wall for a half century, so that the back was split in twain, the sound-post lost, the neck and the tailpiece cracked. The lad took it home, and studied it for two whole evenings before the open fire. The problem of restoring it was too great for his abilities. He finally took the savings of two summers' "blueberry money" and walked sixteen miles to Portland, where he bought a book called The Practical Violinist. The Supplement proved to be a mine of wealth. Even the headings appealed to his imagination and intoxicated him with their suggestions, — On Scraping, Splitting, and Repairing Violins, Violin Players, Great Violinists, Solo Playing, etc.; and at the very end a Treatise on the Construction, Preservation, Repair, and Improvement of the Violin, by Jacob Augustus Friedheim, Instrument Maker to the Court of the Archduke of Weimar.

There was a good deal of moral advice in the preface that sadly puzzled the boy, who was always in a condition of chronic amazement at the village disapprobation of his favorite fiddle. That the violin did not in some way receive the confidence enjoyed by other musical instruments, he perceived from various paragraphs written by the worthy author of The Practical Violinist, as for example: —

"Some very excellent Christian people hold a strong prejudice against the violin because they have always known it associated with dancing and dissipation. Let it be understood that your violin is 'converted,' and such an objection will no longer lie against it. . . . Many delightful hours may be enjoyed by a young man, if he has obtained a respectable knowledge of his instrument, who otherwise would find the time hang heavy on his hands; or, for want of some better amusement, would frequent the dangerous and destructive paths of vice and be ruined forever. . . . I am in hopes, therefore, my dear young pupil, that your violin will occupy your attention at just those very times when, if you were immoral or dissipated, you would be at the grogshop, gaming table, or among vicious females. Such a use of the violin, notwithstanding the prejudices many hold against it, must contribute to virtue, and furnish abundance of innocent and entirely unobjectionable amusement. These are the views with which I hope you have adopted it, and will continue to cherish and cultivate it."

II.

"There is no bard in all the choir,
. . . . . .
Not one of all can put in verse,
Or to this presence could rehearse
The sights and voices ravishing
The boy knew on the hills in spring,
When pacing through the oaks he heard
Sharp queries of the sentry-bird,
The heavy grouse's sudden whir,
The rattle of the kingfisher."

EMERSON'S *Harp.*

Now began an era of infinite happiness, of days that were never long enough, of evenings when bedtime came all too soon. Oh that there had been some good angel who would have taken in hand Anthony Croft the boy, and, training the powers that pointed so unmistakably in certain directions, given to the world the genius of Anthony Croft potential instrument maker to the court of St. Cecilia; for it was not only that he had the fingers of a wizard; his ear caught the faintest breath of harmony or hint of discord, as

"Fairy folk a-listening
Hear the seed sprout in the spring,
And for music to their dance
Hear the hedge-rows wake from trance;
Sap that trembles into buds
Sending little rhythmic floods
Of fairy sound in fairy ears.
Thus all beauty that appears
Has birth as sound to finer sense
And lighter-clad intelligence."

As the universe is all mechanism to one man, all form and color to another, so to Anthony Croft the world was all melody. Notwithstanding all these gifts and possibilities, the doctor's wife advised the Widow Croft to make a plumber of him, intimating delicately that these freaks of nature, while playing no apparent part in the divine economy, could sometimes be made self-supporting.

The seventeenth year of his life marked a definite epoch in his development. He studied Jacob Friedheim's treatise until he knew the characteristics of all the great violin models, from the Amatis, Hieronymus, Antonius, and Nicolas, to those of Stradivarius, Guarnerius, and Steiner.

It was in this year, also, that he made a very precious discovery. While browsing in the rubbish in Squire Bean's garret to see if he could find the missing sound-post of the old violin, he came upon a billet of wood wrapped in cloth and paper. When unwrapped, it was plainly labeled "Wood from the Bean Maple at Pleasant Point; the biggest maple in York County, and believed to be one of the biggest in the State of Maine." Anthony found that the oldest inhabitant of Pleasant River remembered the stump of the tree, and that the boys used to jump over it and admire its proportions whenever they went fishing at the Point. The wood, therefore, was perhaps eighty or ninety years old. The squire agreed willingly that it should be used to mend the old violin, and told Tony he should have what was left for himself. When, by careful calculation, he found that the remainder would make a whole violin, he laid it reverently away for another twenty years, so that he should be sure it had completed its century of patient waiting for service, and falling on his knees by his bedside said, "I thank Thee, Heavenly Father, for this precious gift, and I promise from this moment to gather the most beautiful wood I can find, and lay it by where it can be used some time to make perfect violins, so that if any creature as poor and as helpless as I am needs the wherewithal to do good work, I shall have helped him as Thou hast helped me." And according to his promise so he did, and the pieces of richly curled maple, of sycamore, and of spruce began to accumulate. They were cut from the sunny side of the trees, in just the right season of the year, split so as to have a full inch thickness towards the bark, and a quarter inch towards the heart. They were then laid for weeks under one of the falls in Wine Brook, where the musical tinkle, tinkle, of the stream fell on the wood already wrought

upon by years of sunshine and choruses of singing birds.

This boy, toiling not alone for himself, but with full and conscious purpose for posterity also, was he not worthy to wear the mantle of Antonius Stradivarius?

"That plain white-aproned man who stood at work
Patient and accurate full fourscore years,
Cherished his sight and touch by temperance,
And since keen sense is love of perfectness,
Made perfect violins, the needed paths
For inspiration and high mastery."

And as if the year were not full enough of glory, the school-teacher sent him a book with a wonderful poem in it.

That summer's teaching had been the freak of a college student, who had gone back to his senior year strengthened by his experience of village life. Anthony Croft, who was only three or four years his junior, had been his favorite pupil and companion.

"How does Tony get along?" asked the Widow Croft when the teacher came to call.

"Tony? Oh, I can't teach him anything."

Tears sprang to the mother's eyes.

"I know he ain't much on book learning," she said apologetically, "but I 'm bound he don't make you no trouble in deportment."

"I mean," said the school-teacher gravely, "that I can show him how to read a little Latin and do a little geometry, but he knows as much in one minute as I shall ever know in a year."

Tony crouched by the old fireplace in the winter evenings, dropping his knife or his compasses a moment to read aloud to his mother, who sat in the opposite corner knitting: —

"Of old Antonio Stradivari, — him
Who a good century and a half ago
Put his true work in the brown instrument,
And by the nice adjustment of its frame
Gave it responsive life, continuous
With the master's finger-tips, and perfected
Like them by delicate rectitude of use."

The mother listened with painful intentness. "I like the sound of it," she said, "but I can't hardly say I take in the full sense."

"Why, mother," said the lad, in a rare moment of self-expression, "you know the poetry says he cherished his sight and touch by temperance; that an idiot might see a straggling line and be content, but he had an eye that winced at false work, and loved the true. When it says his finger-tips were perfected by delicate rectitude of use, I think it means doing everything as it is done in heaven, and that anybody who wants to make a perfect violin must keep his eye open to all the beautiful things God has made, and his ear open to all the music he has put into the world, and then never let his hands touch a piece of work that is crooked or straggling or false, till, after years and years of rightness, they are fit to make a violin like the squire's, a violin that can say everything, a violin that an angel would n't be ashamed to play on."

Do these words seem likely ones to fall from the lips of a lad who had been at the tail of his class ever since his primer days? Well, Anthony was seventeen now, and he was "educated," in spite of sorry recitations, — educated, the Lord knows how! Yes, in point of fact the Lord does know how! He knows how the drill and pressure of the daily task, still more the presence of the high ideal, the inspiration working from within, how these educate us.

The blind Anthony Croft sitting in the kitchen doorway had seemingly missed the heights of life he might have trod, and had walked his close on fifty years through level meadows of mediocrity, a witch in every finger-tip waiting to be set to work, head among the clouds, feet stumbling, eyes and ears open to hear God's secret thought; seeing and hearing it, too, but lacking force to speak it forth again; for while imperious genius surmounts all obstacles, brushes laws and

formulas from its horizon, and with its own free soul sees its "path and the outlets of the sky," potenial genius forever needs an angel of deliverance to set it free.

Poor Anthony Croft, or blessed Anthony Croft, I know not which, — God knows! Poor he certainly was, yet blessed after all. "One thing I do," said Paul. "One thing I do," said Anthony. He was not able to realize his ideals, but he had the "angel aim" by which he idealized his reals.

O waiting heart of God! how soon would thy kingdom come if we all did our allotted tasks, humble or splendid, in this consecrated fashion!

III.

"Therein I hear the Parcæ reel
The threads of man at their humming wheel,
The threads of life and power and pain,
So sweet and mournful falls the strain."

EMERSON'S *Harp.*

Old Mrs. Butterfield had had her third stroke of paralysis, and died of a Sunday night. She was all alone in her little cottage on the river bank, with no neighbor nearer than Croft's, and nobody there but a blind man and a small boy. Everybody had told her it was foolish for a frail old woman of seventy to live alone in a house on the river road, and everybody was pleased, in a discreet and chastened fashion of course, that it had turned out exactly as they had predicted.

Aunt Mehitable Tarbox was walking up to Milliken's Mills, with her little black reticule hanging over her arm, and noticing that there was no smoke coming out of the chimney, and that the hens were gathered about the kitchen door clamoring for their breakfast, she thought it best to stop and knock. No response followed the repeated blows from her hard knuckles. She then tapped smartly on Mrs. Butterfield's bedroom window with her thimble finger. This proving of no avail, she was obliged to pry open the kitchen shutter, split open a mosquito netting with her shears, and crawl into the house over the sink. This was a considerable feat for a somewhat rheumatic elderly lady, but this one never grudged trouble when she wanted to find out anything.

When she discovered that her premonitions were correct, and that old Mrs. Butterfield was indeed dead, her grief at losing a pleasant acquaintance was largely mitigated by her sense of importance at being first on the spot, and chosen by Providence to take command of the situation. There were no relations in the village; there was no woman neighbor within a mile: it was therefore her obvious Christian duty not only to take charge of the remains, but to conduct such a funeral as the remains would have wished for herself.

The fortunate Vice-President suddenly called upon by destiny to guide the ship of state, the general who sees a possible Victoria Cross in a hazardous engagement, can have a faint conception of Aunt Hitty's feeling on this momentous occasion. Funerals were the very breath of her life. There was no ceremony, either of public or private import, that, to her mind, approached a funeral in real satisfying interest. Yet, with distinct talent in this direction, she had always been "cabined, cribbed, confined" within hopeless limitations. She had assisted in a secondary capacity at funerals in the families of other people, but she would have reveled in personally conducted ones. The members of her own family stubbornly refused to die, however, even the distant connections living on and on to a ridiculous old age; and if they ever did die, by reason of a falling roof, shipwreck, or conflagration, they generally died in Texas or Iowa, or some remote State where Aunt Hitty could not follow the hearse in the first carriage. This blighted ambition was a heart sorrow of so deep and sacred a character that

she did not even confess it to "Si," as her appendage of a husband was called.

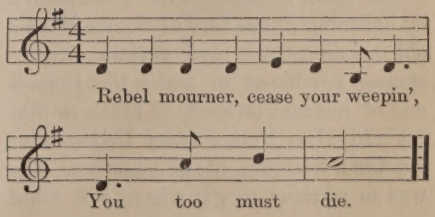
Now at last her chance for planning a funeral had come. Mrs. Butterfield had no kith or kin save her niece, Lyddy Ann, who lived in Andover, or Lawrence, or Haverhill, Massachusetts, — Aunt Hitty could n't remember which, and hoped nobody else could. The niece would be sent for when they found out where she lived; meanwhile it was warm weather, and the funeral could not be put off.

She glanced round the house preparatory to locking it up and starting to notify Anthony Croft. She would just run over and talk to him about ordering the coffin; then she could attend to all other necessary preliminaries herself. The remains had been well-to-do, and there was no occasion for sordid economy, so Aunt Hitty determined in her own mind to have the latest fashion in everything, including a silver coffin plate. The Butterfield coffin plates were a thing to be proud of. They had been sacredly preserved for years and years, and the entire collection — numbering nineteen in all — had been framed, and adorned the walls of the deceased lady's best room. They were not of solid silver, it is true, but even so it was a matter of distinction to have belonged to a family that could afford to have nineteen coffin plates of any sort.

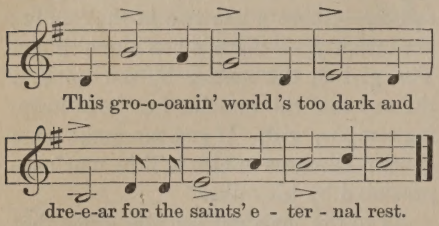
Aunt Hitty planned certain dramatic details, as she walked down the road to Croft's. It came to her in a burst of inspiration that she would have two ministers: one for the long prayer, and one for the short prayer and the remarks. She hoped that Elder Weeks would be adequate in the latter direction. She knew she could n't for the life of her think of anything interesting about Mrs. Butterfield, save that she possessed nineteen coffin plates, and brought her hens to Edgewood every summer for their health; but she had heard Elder Weeks make a moving discourse out of less than that. To be sure, he needed priming, but she was equal to that. There was Ivory Brown's funeral: how would that have gone on if it had n't been for her? Was n't the elder ten minutes late, and what would his remarks have amounted to without her suggestions? You might almost say she was the author of the discourse, for she gave him all the ideas. As she had helped him out of the wagon she had said: "Are you prepared? I thought not; but there 's no time to lose. Remember there are aged parents; two brothers living, — one railroading in Spokane Falls, the other clerking in Washington, D. C. Don't mention the Universalists, — there 's ben two in the fam'ly; nor insanity, — there 's ben one o' them. The girl in the corner by the clock is the one that the remains has been keeping comp'ny with. If you can make some genteel allusions to her, it 'll be much appreciated by his folks."

As to the long prayer, she knew that the Rev. Mr. Ford could be relied on to pray until Aunt Becky Burnham should twitch him by the coat tails. She had done it more than once. She had also, on one occasion, got up and straightened his ministerial neckerchief, which he had gradually "prayed" around his saintly neck until it was behind the right ear.

These plans proved so fascinating to Aunt Hitty that she walked quite half a mile beyond Croft's, and was obliged to retrace her steps. She conceived bands of black alpaca for the sleeves and hats of the pallbearers, and a festoon of the same over the front gate, if there should be any left over. She planned the singing by the choir. There had been no real choir-singing at any funeral in Edgewood since the Rev. Joshua Beckwith had died. She would ask them to open with



This was a favorite funeral hymn. The only difficulty would be in keeping Aunt Becky Burnham from pitching it in a key where nobody but a soprano skylark, accustomed to warble at a great height, could possibly sing it. It was generally given at the grave, when Elder Weeks officiated; but it never satisfied Aunt Hitty, because the good elder always looked so unpicturesque when he threw a red bandanna handkerchief over his head before beginning the twenty-seven verses. After the long prayer, she would have Almira Berry give for a solo —



This hymn, if it did not wholly reconcile one to death, enabled one to look upon life with sufficient solemnity. It was a thousand pities, she thought, that the old hearse was so shabby and rickety, and that Gooly Eldridge, who drove it, would insist on wearing a faded peach-blow overcoat. It was exasperating to think of the public spirit at Egypt, and contrast it with the state of things at Pleasant River. In Egypt they had sold the old hearse house for a sausage shop, and now they were having hearse sociables every month to raise money for a new one.

All these details flew through Aunt Hitty's mind in fascinating procession. There should n't be "a hitch" anywhere. There had been a hitch at her last funeral, but she had been only an assistant there. Matt Henderson had been struck by lightning at the foot of Squire Bean's old nooning-tree, and certain circumstances combined to make the funeral one of unusual interest, so much so that fat old Mrs. Potter from Deerwander created a sensation at the cemetery. She was so anxious to get where she could see everything to the best advantage that she crowded too near the bier, stepped on the sliding earth, and pitched into the grave. As she weighed over two hundred pounds, and was in a position of some disadvantage, it took five men to extricate her from the dilemma, and the operation made a long and somewhat awkward break in the religious services. Aunt Hitty always said of this catastrophe, "If I 'd 'a' ben Mis' Potter, I 'd 'a' ben so mortified I believe I 'd 'a' said, 'I wa'n't plannin' to be buried, but now I 'm in here I declare I 'll stop!'"

Old Mrs. Butterfield's funeral was not only voted an entire success by the villagers, but the seal of professional approval was set upon it by an embalmer from Biddeford, who declared that Mrs. Tarbox could make a handsome living at undertaking anywhere. Providence, who always assists those who assist themselves, decreed that the niece "Lyddy Ann" should not arrive until the aunt was safely buried; so, there being none to resist her right or grudge her the privilege, Aunt Hitty, for the first time in her life, rode in the next buggy to the hearse. Si, in his best suit, a broad weed and weepers, drove Cyse Higgins's black colt, and Aunt Hitty was dressed in deep mourning, with the Widow Buzzells's crape veil over her face, and in her hand a palmleaf fan tied with a black ribbon. Her comment to Si, as she went to her virtuous couch that night, was: "It was an awful dry funeral, but that was the only flaw in it. It would 'a' ben perfect if there 'd ben anybody to shed tears. I come pretty nigh it myself, though I ain't no relation, when Elder Weeks said: 'You 'll go round the house, my sisters, and Mis' Butterfield won't be there; you 'll go int' the orchard, and Mis' Butterfield won't be there; you 'll go int' the barn, and Mis' Butterfield won't be there; you 'll go int' the shed, and Mis' Butterfield won't be there; you 'll go int' the hencoop, and Mis' Butterfield won't be there!' That would 'a' drawed tears from a stone,

most 'specially sence Mis' Butterfield set such store by her hens."

And this is the way that Lyddy Butterfield came into her kingdom, a little lone brown house on the river's brim. She had seen it only once before when she had driven out from Portland, years ago, with her aunt. Mrs. Butterfield lived in Portland, but spent her summers in Edgewood on account of her chickens. She always explained that the country was dreadful dull for her, but good for the hens; they always laid so much better in the winter time.

Lyddy liked the place all the better for its loneliness. She had never had enough of solitude, and this quiet home, with the song of the river for company, if one needed more company than chickens and a cat, satisfied all her desires, particularly as it was accompanied by a snug little income of two hundred dollars a year, a meagre sum that seemed to open up mysterious avenues of joy to her starved, impatient heart.

When she was a mere infant, her brother was holding her on his knee before the great old-fashioned fireplace heaped with burning logs. A sudden noise startled him, and the crowing, restless baby gave an unexpected lurch, and slipped, face downward, into the glowing embers. It was a full minute before the horror-stricken boy could extricate the little creature from the cruel flame that had already done its fatal work. The baby escaped with her life, but was disfigured forever. As she grew older, the gentle hand of time could not entirely efface the terrible scars. One cheek was wrinkled and crimson, while one eye and the mouth were drawn down pathetically. The accident might have changed the disposition of any child, but Lyddy chanced to be a sensitive, introspective bit of feminine humanity, in whose memory the burning flame was never quenched. Her mother, partly to conceal her own wounded vanity, and partly to shield the timid, morbid child, kept her out of sight as much as possible; so that at sixteen, when she was left an orphan, she had lived almost entirely in solitude.

She became, in course of time, a kind of general nursery governess in a large family of motherless children. The father was almost always away from home; his sister kept the house, and Lyddy stayed in the nursery, bathing the brood and putting them to bed, dressing them in the morning, and playing with them in the safe privacy of the back garden or the open attic.

They loved her, disfigured as she was, — for the child despises mere externals, and explores the heart of things to see whether it be good or evil, — but they could never induce her to see strangers, nor to join any gathering of people.

The children were grown and married now, and Lyddy was nearly forty when she came into possession of house and lands and fortune, — forty, with twenty years of unexpended feeling pent within her. Forty, — that is rather old to be interesting, but age is a relative matter. Have n't you seen girls of four-and-twenty who have nibbled and been nibbled at ever since they were sixteen, but who have neither caught anything nor been caught? They are old, if you like, but Lyddy was forty and still young, with her susceptibilities cherished, not dulled, and with all the "language of passion fresh and rooted as the lovely leafage about a spring."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

THE GENIUS OF FRANCE.

I HAVE lately been making a map of France on a rather novel plan. On this map, instead of place names there are only names of men, all together over one hundred and fifty of the most illustrious Frenchmen of the last five centuries. Each man is placed on the spot, not necessarily his birthplace, in which there is reason to believe that he had sent down his deepest ancestral roots. When his father belonged to one region and his mother to another, his name is to be seen in both places: this is, for instance, the case with Victor Hugo, who may sometimes, perhaps, have characteristically imagined himself, with one foot on the mountains of the Vosges and another by the sea in Brittany, striding across the whole of France. Again, omissions have been made in the case of individuals whose ancestry is so mixed that it is difficult to find anything like a taproot: this may be said to be the case with Molière and Saint-Simon; there are doubtless many such instances which we cannot detect. For a similar reason, I have omitted many eminent persons who are not only of mixed, but largely of foreign ancestry: Ronsard, Alexandre Dumas, George Sand, and Zola are a few of those excluded by this rule. Finally, all Parisians are omitted, for the fact that a man was born in any large capital, or even that his parents were born there, tells us nothing as to his racial affinities. François Coppée, for instance, belongs on his father's side to a family which has been settled in Paris for several generations, but it is perhaps not fanciful to trace in his poetic work the characteristics of the Belgic race to which he ultimately belongs. Such austerity in omission is necessary if we wish confidently to place a man among his own people. In the selection of names, the only criterion has been fame: the names of earlier days have been sifted by posterity; in selecting from the names of our own day, a foreigner may share some of the privileges of posterity.

On looking at this map, one is struck in the first place by the barren character of the interior of the country. If we take the triangle formed by Paris at the apex, with Bordeaux and Lyons at the base, and covering about a fourth of the whole country, we find that outside this triangle the genius population is thick, more especially in the northwest, in the southwest, and along the whole eastern frontier. Within it only a few scattered names are to be found: the chief of these are Rabelais, Regnier, and Pascal, all three near the edges of the triangle, and all three set down merely on the strength of the uncertain guarantee of their birthplace. The barrenness in genius of this central region, which contains some of the richest and most picturesque parts of France and some of the finest monuments of architecture, is not unaccountable, but it is certainly surprising to find it so well marked.

If we look again at the map, we find that the names fall into numerous more or less distinct groups: the Breton group, the large Norman group, in the northeast the vaguely outlined Belgic or Flemish group fluctuating around Rheims and Valenciennes, the three allied groups of Lorraine, Burgundy, and Dauphiny along the eastern frontier, the Provençal or Ligurian group along the Mediterranean, and the extensive southwestern group, including Guienne, Gascony, and part of Languedoc, which may be called Aquitanian. I propose to investigate these groups in turn.

We may start at the northwestern peninsula with the men of Brittany. They form a strong and well-defined group; even between the Bretons and the neigh-

boring Normans there is a broad, vacant band on the map. The Bretons are a vigorous, tenacious race, fierce in their conservatism, sometimes fierce in their radicalism; while very religious, sacrilege has also flourished among them; their chief vice is drunkenness. They are a blue-eyed people, on the whole rather dark, but in some parts fair, especially on the coast, which is probably inhabited by the Britons who long ago fled from England, and in the Morbihan, which is the second fairest department in France. They are a seafaring folk, and the spirit of the sea has passed into their blood; they are adventurers, initiators in thought, — above all, idealists, dreamers, and poets. Saint-Malo, their great seaport, was founded by British colonists, but the English, in spite of many attempts, have never been able to take it. The men of Saint-Malo have sent out discoverers all over the world; they discovered Canada, the Falkland Islands, took possession of Rio Janeiro, visited so many lands that English sailors, whenever they lighted on some remote island, came to call it a *maloon*. In the region of thought, especially a kind of impassioned and poetic thought, Brittany has produced Abélard, Descartes, Maupertuis, La Mettrie, Broussais, Lamennais, and Renan, — a more brilliant group of thinkers than any other part of France can show. The Bretons are not painters, and they lack the plastic and architectonic qualities of art, though they have produced one notable sculptor, Michel Colomb, while the original and eccentric artist, Odilon Redon, a kind of French Blake, belongs to Brittany on his father's side. Of recent years, however, numerous painters, mostly of the third rank, have come from this part of the country, and have clannishly banded themselves together in a society. The Bretons are above all a race of poets. Their land is harsh and barren and granitic; the *fleur d'Armor* is the gorse, and, as one of their own poets has said, that flower that one never gathers is indeed the symbol of the Breton people: —

"Cercle de dards autour d'un cœur d'or."

Chateaubriand, a very characteristic child of the soil; Victor Hugo, by his Breton mother; Villiers de l'Isle Adam; Leconte de Lisle, of Breton race, though born abroad; Pierre Loti, belonging to La Vendée, are among the chief names in the literary annals of Brittany; there are very many of less note. The Breton may soak himself in brandy, but the ideal is always with him. Brittany is the great Continental centre of Celtic glamour. Souvestre, himself a Breton, celebrated this fact in his Derniers Bretons; and more recently, Renan has, in numberless ways, given expression to the latent poetry of Brittany. The latter, a blue-eyed Celt belonging to the old British colony at Tréguier, while inheriting all the gifts of his native land, had in him also something of the southern vivacity of his Gascon grandmother, which enabled him to survey the Breton within him from outside, with such incomparably delightful results.

The blank gulf which separates on the map the men of Brittany from their neighbors of Normandy corresponds to the radical difference in the character of the two races and of their lands. The Bretons, among the menhirs and dolmens of their bleak moors, are idealists, living with their traditions and legends. The Normans, a large and well-favored race, living in a rich and picturesque country, one of the most prosperous parts of France, are sturdy materialists. Stendhal, who himself belonged to the opposite side of France, thought that while Normandy was not the most *spirituelle* part of France, it might be considered the most civilized. While very prosperous, as usually happens, it has also been from very early times the most obstinately criminal region of France; certain parts of Brittany, like the Morbihan, on the other hand, being among the freest from criminality. Normans are

not great poets. Songs, indeed, they possess in abundance, — their *chansons*, it has been said, are almost as numerous as their apples, — but one misses the profound poetic emotion of the Bretons. Tiersot, who has exhaustively studied the popular songs of France, has sought in vain from Avranches to Dunkerque for the song of sentiment; the Norman's *chanson d'amour* is merely a *chanson de galanterie*. Usually, when the men of Normandy have wanted to sing, it has been of their apples and their cider; they are "*fort experts en beuverie*," and Olivier Basselin, the poet of perpetual drinking, is perhaps the most characteristic Norman singer. In recent days, the writer who has chiefly undertaken to sing of Normandy and its people, André Lemoyne, is himself a Breton. Malherbe, Delavigne, and Vacquerie are among the Normans, but the greatest of Norman poets is certainly Corneille. He is the majestic representative of all that is finest in the proud, individualistic, self-sufficing Norman. The answer in Médée to the question, "What protection have you against so many enemies?" "Myself!" contains the essence of the Norman spirit; and it is a spirit not unfamiliar to the Englishman, who both by his virtues and his vices is in many respects allied to the Norman. The land itself recalls to us neighboring parts of England, and in the Cotentin peninsula, which stretches out towards England, and is inhabited (as Topinard has shown) by the fairest people in France, we find on every side names which are familiar to us in England and in English history. The Normans are great painters, and the temper of their art has usually been found congenial to the Anglo-Saxon spirit. Millet, who belonged to the part of Normandy nearest to England, is the chief of the later Norman painters. But Poussin was also a Norman, as was Géricault, and from Normandy and allied districts up the coast come Jules Breton, Cazin, and many well-known painters of recent times. Normandy has been fertile in distinguished writers. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Fontenelle, Mademoiselle de Scudéry, Octave Feuillet, Barbey d'Aurevilly, are among the Normans. Molière can scarcely be called a Norman, but the Poquelins belonged to Beauvais, which lies in a district closely allied to Normandy in character. Guy de Maupassant, with his solid materialism and concentrated laconic art, was a true Norman. The greatest of Norman writers, however, is Flaubert; half a Norman by blood, he was more than half a Norman by the temper of his work. Laplace and Le Verrier are first among the Normans in science. Charlotte Corday was a Norman, as also was her victim, Marat.

The Norman men of genius do not entirely coalesce with those of Picardy. We may, however, regard the latter as representing the extreme left of the Norman spirit. Picardy is not an attractive country, and its inhabitants, as a race, are not, perhaps, among the most lovable in France. They are rough, independent, taciturn, not apt to cultivate the social graces of life, with a reputation for *mauvaise tête;* though quarrelsome, they are not so fond of litigation as the Normans; at the same time they lack the Norman's audacity and his love of adventure. They are a very positive race, with much good sense and perseverance, sound at the core, but with an element of savagery in them sometimes, not easily aroused, but hard to subdue when once it is aroused. Zola laid the scene of his Germinal in this district. They are observant and caustic, good story-tellers; they possess a picturesque *patois*, now disappearing, and are said by those who know them well to represent the old *esprit gaulois*. It may well be that there is a strong aboriginal Celtic element among the Picards; they are certainly not ethnically identical with the Normans, for while the department of the Eure-Inférieure on the Norman side of them is the third

fairest in France, and the Pas-de-Calais on their Flemish side stands fifth, the Somme, which corresponds to the greater part of Picardy, stands twenty-second on the list. Henri Martin, the historian, a Saint-Quentin man, — cold, shrewd, narrow, a firm believer in the virtues of individualism, — is a typical representative of Picardy, and has been described as a typical Celt. From Picardy, and even more from the neighboring Artois, where the Picard blends with the more sympathetic Fleming, have come many able writers, thinkers, and men of affairs: Sainte-Beuve, English on his mother's side, belonged to Boulogne through his father; Condorcet was half a Picard; Malebranche belonged to Artois, as also Suger and Daunou. The somewhat sombre, narrow, and fervent Picardy spirit is favorable to religion, though of late fervid belief has largely given way to fervid unbelief, without, however, abolishing superstition. France, on the whole, is far from being a land of fanatics, but the Picard's moral character is the soil on which fanaticism flourishes. It can hardly be an accident that the three most famous and influential fanatics of Europe were all born within fifty miles of one another, in Picardy or on its borders: Peter the Hermit belonged to Amiens, Calvin to Noyon, Robespierre to Arras. Damiens, the would-be regicide, also came from this region. The men of Picardy are not poets. There is no province in France, says Tiersot, where the popular song is so neglected; the only *chanson* held in honor is the *chanson grivoise*. It was not so always; Picardy was once a centre of musical evolution, but this was probably due to Flemish influence, which has now receded. Gresset and Voiture are the chief poets Picardy has to show, patient artisans of language, whose work reminds us, it has been said, of the skillful and delicate handicrafts of Picardy and Artois. In recent times, Bourget was born at Amiens. It seems to me, on the whole, that the artistic impulse in this region is due chiefly to the Flemings. In the Middle Ages, all Artois and half Picardy up to Amiens, perhaps to Abbeville, were Fleming. In the seventeenth century, according to Reclus, the Flemish zone still reached Boulogne, and north of a line from Boulogne to Saint-Omer this Teutonic speech was general. Arras still has the characters of a Flemish town.

The people of French Flanders are a brave, industrious, and independent race, more sociable than the Picards. A tall, full-bodied, fair race, — as they were long ago described, and as they remain to-day, — they are fond of good cheer, and are the chief beer-drinkers in France. Soon angry, they are soon appeased; easily won by gentleness, they have never yielded to force. The women are beautiful, with more *esprit* than the men, enjoying the same freedom as the men, and with all the Flemish passion for cleanliness. It is noteworthy that Flanders has produced more distinguished women than any other part of France. Marceline Desbordes-Valmore, the poet, whose reputation is still growing, came from here; so did Madame Bourignon, a mystic of the finest temper, as well as several actresses whose fame still lives, including Clairon; Madame Adam, also, who has for many years been the most conspicuous woman in France, belongs to Picardy. This race has strong artistic aptitudes both for poetry and design. During four centuries these northern provinces of France, together with Belgium, were the field in which modern music developed. The most celebrated *trouvères* of the Middle Ages also belonged to this country, and a rich harvest of ancient popular melodies, sacred and profane being here closely allied, has been found. In old times the Flemish weaver used to accompany his solitary task with a song, often plaintive in character; to-day, in no part of France are choral societies and concerts of all kinds so popular. There is also a great love of pic-

tures in Flanders. Picture galleries are numerous, and Baudrillart assures us that an innate love for drawing and color is frequently found among the young peasants; this quality has often been displayed in the delicate fabrics of Flanders. The Fleming or Belgic race which possesses this quality has produced a group of the greatest masters of subtle and delicate art which France can show. Froissart, who chronicled mediæval chivalry so delightfully, was a native of Valenciennes, while Monstrelet belonged to Cambrai, not far off. John of Bologna, the sculptor, belonged to Douai. Watteau, the chief representative of the Belgic spirit in painting, belonged to Valenciennes, and J. B. Pater was born close by. Racine came from over the border in the Isle of France; La Fontaine, who was born still farther south, is perhaps related to the group; while Coppée belongs to a Walloon family who came from Mons over the Belgian frontier, and Félicien Rops, one of the most original of modern artists, is also Belgian, and spiritually allied to the same group. The chief recent representative of the group is Verlaine ("*espèce de mauvais Racine*," as he has called himself), who belongs to Arras by his mother, to the forests of Ardennes by his father, whose name is that of a Belgian town not far over the frontier. It seems, to me at least, that this group possesses a peculiarly distinctive individuality as a group. Their art is not robust, not usually profuse or expansive, but it is never weak or insincere; it is singularly free from any mixture of base artistic alloy. It is the art of a race of weavers and musicians, seeking more or less unconsciously to express their racial traditions. Both Watteau and Verlaine, the most typical men of their tribe, seem to have been haunted by some ideal of musical harmony. *Nuance* is their chief canon of technique, and Verlaine's L'Art Poétique sets forth the real aspirations of the whole group. At the same time, we feel that this exquisite art is a flower that has coarse roots deep down in the exuberant energy of a rough and vigorous race. We are reminded sometimes of the savagery that has been seen in Picardy, and the terrible gayety of Rubens's Kermesse. All such delicate flowers of art, vital enough to live, have roots below that are coarse enough.

As we leave Flanders we come down the eastern side of France, where we find at least three main groups of names on the map in Lorraine, in Burgundy, and in Dauphiny. Here we find a different race, a large, fair people, though less fair than the men of the northern coast, in many respects Teutonic. They also differ from the people of the west of France in traditions. Thus, while the Aguilaneuf fête, that of the winter solstice, between Christmas and Epiphany, is celebrated chiefly in the western provinces from Normandy to Gascony, in the east May Day is the most solemn festival. This fair race came into France by the valley of the Moselle, leaving a much darker race in the north of Lorraine (protected from invasion by the Ardennes), spreading out in Champagne, and mingling with the fair people of Flanders near the eastern frontier. The Alsatians are a thoroughly mixed race, now practically homogeneous. The undoubtedly large Germanic element in the mixture is perhaps well indicated by the fact that the national dance of Alsace is the waltz, which could scarcely take popular root in a less Teutonic region. The people of Lorraine are also mixed, though less thoroughly. As Collignon has shown, they are tall and fair like their eastern neighbors, broad-headed like their western neighbors. The tallest Frenchmen come from the highlands of the Jura at the south of Lorraine. These eastern people generally are a solid, deliberate race, fond of work, and very tenacious of their freedom; they succeeded in preserving their autonomy until a much later date than the people in any other part of France. The free com-

munities of the Jura energetically resisted the armies of Louis XIV.; Franche-Comté became really French only at the Revolution. We do not find that violent political revolutionaries come from this part of France (although some extreme idealistic social revolutionaries), but rather the men of sturdy republican principle, not apt for mere revolt. The main character of the Lorraine genius, as one contemplates the map, seems to be a certain pure idealism, little touched by that earthiness which often gives sanity, and sometimes a certain coarseness of fibre, to the French genius. It is not the concrete poetic idealism of the melancholy seafaring Bretons, but the more abstract idealism of an independent mountain-dwelling people, and it is sometimes combined with mathematical ability. Joan of Arc is the typical heroine of Lorraine; and in modern days, Louise Michel, another notable woman of Lorraine, represents something of the same spirit. The names of Proudhon and Fourier are to be seen a little to the south in Franche-Comté. Joinville, the biographer of St. Louis, as has lately been pointed out, had not a little in common with Joan, who was born in his domain, and like her he had fallen under the influence of Franciscan mysticism, which had then lately reached France. The chief artists of Lorraine — Claude Lorraine, Callot, and Bastien Lepage — show much of the same spirit. Victor Hugo, on his father's side, sprang from peasants in the Vosges, thus combining the two most idealistic races in France. The Goncourts also come largely from this part of France. Theuriet, among recent writers, represents much of the spirit of his native Lorraine. My map shows few soldiers or men of science in Lorraine; the idealists, painters, and poets rule undisturbed. But men of science abound in Burgundy, a little farther south.

The German Burgunds, in spite of their height and strength, were distinguished from the Franks by their relative mildness; in Burgundy, however, we find a small, dark, lively, round-headed race as well as the fair and tall people, and it is doubtless to the mixture of the two that the fine qualities of the Burgundian genius are due. There is a breadth and many-sided exuberance in the Burgundian genius, a generosity of power which some enthusiasts like Stendhal have not hesitated to attribute to the generosity of the native wines. In literature the Burgundian possesses a certain majestic eloquence tinctured with moral fervor, which I find to be peculiar to his province. St. Bernard and Diderot, Bossuet and Buffon, are the four great spiritual pillars of Burgundy. Lacordaire came from here. Lamartine, statesman and poet, who occupies an epoch-marking place in the evolution of modern French literature, is a characteristic example of the passion, exuberance, and versatility of the Burgundian genius. Edgar Quinet came from the southern part of the province (Bresse), which has an individuality of its own, a certain melancholy and intensity, a strong love of nature. Despériers, the audacious author of the Cymbalum Mundi, was a Burgundian, as were Piron and Crébillon. Burgundy, like Lorraine, shows well in the arts; Rameau, Greuze, Prud'hon, Rude, and Courbet (over the western border) are among the names to be seen in this district. The neighborhood is especially rich in great scientific men. They include Monge, De Brosses, Buffon, Diderot, Lalande, Bichat, Pasteur just over the Franche-Comté frontier, Cuvier a little further east still, Paul Bert just over the Berri frontier. South of Burgundy lies Lyons, a city which stands at the junction of too many roads to be considered profitably from the present point of view; but Lyons has produced at least three great scientific men — Jussieu, Ampère, Claude Bernard — who seem to belong to the same group. On the whole, there is a fine solidity about the

Burgundian spirit; it is sound and juicy to the core. Very independent, these men have rarely run to insane eccentricity or excess. Even in their physical aspect, as we see them in their portraits, there is a certain nobility, though they have often sprung from the peasant class, for Franche-Comté and the neighboring regions have always been practically democratic. Moreover, Dijon, the capital of Burgundy, never a very large town, was in its best days intellectually self-centred, not waiting to take its fashions from Paris, and no French provincial city has produced so large a crop of genius.

In Dauphiny we find a peculiarly vigorous and sturdy race of men, differing in many respects, as all observers agree, from neighboring races. They are robust in physique, in character, and in intellect, a cautious, inquiring, energetic, stubborn race, — the Scotchmen of France. "Prudence and energy," said Berlioz, a true Dauphiny man, "those are the only means of success in the world." These men are tenacious of their freedom, — the great Revolution began in Dauphiny, — but petty revolts are rare. At a very early period Protestantism took root in Dauphiny, and the tendency has persisted to the present day. It is a mountainous district, once inhabited by Cæsar's Allobrogi, but, unlike most mountainous districts, it has been a great meeting-ground for the mingling of races, and many armies have passed through it. Romans, Burgundians, Lombards, and Saracens have all left their marks here. On glancing at the map, one is struck by the number of great soldiers produced by Dauphiny: Lesdiguières, Barnave, Mounet, come from here, and at the head of them stands Bayard, the type of all knightly perfection. The philosophers, however, are hardly less numerous: Condillac and Mably are found here; Condorcet was at least half Dauphinois, as was D'Alembert by his mother. Observation and keen analytical power mark the Dauphiny spirit, as well as tenacity and practical common sense. It is scarcely an accident that Champollion, the man who found the key to the mysteries of Egypt, came from here. Vaucanson, the mechanician, and Dolomieu, the geologist, are also seen. Farel, the practical-minded reformer, belongs to this region. Berlioz, the greatest of French composers, was a thorough Dauphinois; the family can be traced back for at least six hundred years. Stendhal is the chief literary representative of a race not greatly enamored of literature for its own sake. An acute observer, with a close analytic grip of life, Stendhal was also a soldier, and his racial instincts made him prefer action to art, so that at last his contempt of his own literary activity became a mere pose. The Perier family of merchants and statesmen illustrates the Dauphiny character on its practical, sagacious side; to-day this family has shown the continued vigor of its stock by furnishing France with a "strong" president. The inhabitants of Dauphiny are a vigorous blend of men, remarkably uniform in their psychic characters, though less so in their physical characters. That they win us by their charm can hardly be said, but they hold us by their strength.

Geographically, we have only to cross the Dauphiny border to reach Provence, but from the present point of view it is a far journey. Here we enter the old Ligurian country, and for the first time we meet a thoroughly southern dark-haired and dark-eyed race, a slender, supple, long-headed race, with a suggestion of the Arab about them. We realize that we are approaching North Africa, and that for a long time the Saracens had their strongholds here. The race is as distinct on the psychic side, mobile and emotional, energetic talkers, but inclined to languor, possessing facile æsthetic perceptions, and reminding us somewhat of the Andalusians, who also have the Moorish strain. When we compare them with

the robust peoples of eastern and northern France they strike us as feminine, though sufficiently charming in their femininity. Marseilles is more picturesque and alive than any other large French city; there is a touch of Naples about it. In London, Paris, and other great European cities one is always conscious of a vast rumble of wheels, as it were the roar of a huge engine-house. In Marseilles the human tongue seems to dominate every other sound; one hears the everlasting roar of voices. It is what in France they call "meridional vivacity." Such is the impression which Provence makes on the visitor. A glance at my map confirms, on the whole, this impression. No great revolutions have appeared in southern France, except Protestant movements which belong particularly to Languedoc, but nowhere else is the *vox populi* so loudly heard. Provence is especially a land of orators, although some of the greatest names are not entirely native. It seems scarcely an accident that Gambetta was born and bred in Provence; Mirabeau came from here, though his mother was born farther north, and far back he belonged to a Florentine family; Massillon was a Provençal. Great names are not very numerous in Provence. Many men of ability in art or literature have come of late from Provence and the south generally, to a greater extent, seemingly, than from any other part of France, — literary men from Nismes, sculptors from Aix, painters from Toulouse, — but they seldom reach the highest rank, though their work is often charming and interesting, their personalities remarkable. Puget and Daumier, two notable names, may be seen at Marseilles. A much more eminent band of painters, with Puvis de Chavannes at their head, have come from Lyons and its neighborhood, farther north. There seems to be in Provence a high general level of intelligence and capacity, belonging to an old and heterogeneous race living beneath a genial sky, but little aptitude for great initiative or achievement. It is noteworthy that in Provence, during recent years, there has been a genuine re-birth of the popular dialect. Roumanille, Mistral, and Aubanel, the leaders of this movement on the literary side, have attained a reputation which is far from undeserved. Gautier, who belonged to Avignon, though born near the Pyrenees, is the most perfect literary craftsman of Provence; Armand Silvestre, his comrade in race and craft, may also be mentioned, and Sardou is half a Provençal. Daudet, however, who belongs to Nismes, is the truest representative of the literary spirit of the south, with all its fine qualities and its limitations. A man of charming and accomplished talent, very facile and receptive, without any true originality, his touch on every subject is inevitably artistic and adroit; and in his study of Numa Roumestan and in the delineation of the humors of Tartarin he has felicitously embodied the Provençal spirit. There are, however, some names on the map which may surprise the casual visitor to Provence. The Greeks obtained a footing here, and Marseilles was a Greek colony. It seems reasonable to lay to Greek influence a marked tendency in the Provençal to philosophize. Gassendi, a thinker whose broad and sane outlook on human life won Molière's adherence, came from here. So, too, at the present day, does Renouvier. Vauvenargues, the ethical epigrammatist, who possessed the Greek spirit in a high degree, belonged to Provence. De Vogüé, whom we have so often heard of lately as the accomplished literary leader of a Neo-Catholic movement, is a Provençal who is at the same time the son of an English mother. In this region, also, particularly in Languedoc, we have a very serious, even sombre Protestant spirit, of which, in the present century, Guizot has been perhaps the most conspicuous representative. We have to recognize here an old Ostrogothic

element, and in Hérault, Aveyron, Lozère, and among the Cévennes in the midst of Languedoc the people become fairer, more especially as regards the lighter color of the eyes. Catholic and Protestant fought here with a ferocity which seems less explicable than the rather similar fanaticism aroused by Orange movements in Ulster.

As we move westward and northward in Languedoc the Protestant influence becomes more conspicuous on the map, while taking on a more free-thinking character. At the same time the dark Ligurian race mingles with another rather less dark race coming from the Pyrenees; distinctly darker, however, than the Protestants of central Languedoc. We now enter the large Aquitanian region. On Topinard's ethnical map, according to color of hair and eyes, this region is very clearly bounded: it occupies the whole southwestern corner of France, including all Gascony and parts of Guienne and Languedoc. The Garonne separates it from the home of the fairer race to the northward. It is evident that, as Topinard points out, this dark race came from Spain, partly by the pass of Cap Cerbère, chiefly by San Sebastian, and that they were stopped by the Garonne, perhaps also by Protestant and English influence at Rochelle and in Saintonge. Strabo noted that the Aquitanians were more like the Iberians than the Gauls, both in body and speech; and there can be little doubt that the intercourse between Spain and Aquitaine continued to a late date. We learn from the Gascon Rolls of the fourteenth century that the mountaineers of Navarre sent their flocks to the *landes* of Bordeaux. On my map there is a well-distributed mass of genius corresponding very closely with this dark race, except that a band, fifty miles broad, north of the Pyrenees, where the population is scanty, is bare of genius, and that the men of genius have to some extent crossed the Garonne at one point in Guienne and reached Périgord. As one reads the names on the map, one quickly gains the conviction that the psychic characters of the Aquitanian race are fully as characteristic as its anthropological characters. There is a certain tendency to braggadocio among these people, we are always told; but these braggarts are simply a free-spoken people whose deeds come up to their words. The Gascons have always been a brave and martial race. To a larger extent than any other part of France they have produced great soldiers, — Lannes, Soult, Murat, Bernadotte, etc. There is a touch of the trooper's license and audacity in the Aquitanian spirit generally, a swashbuckling which is rendered very charming, however, by the penetrating intellectuality of the race, their singular sincerity and humanity, and their instinct in literature for racy style. Montaigne, Montesquieu, and Broca perhaps stand out as the typical representatives of the race; all inquisitive, audacious, wide-ranging spirits, and as charitable and charming as they were inquisitive. Nor do they stand alone. Palissy, the potter, who was so much beside a potter, is another characteristic representative of the country; Bayle, the encyclopædic free-thinker, came from here, with Fermat, the mathematician, and Agrippa d'Aubigné, as well as Gratiolet and Dupuytren, for it is a country of great surgeons as well as of great soldiers. On the purely literary side, the qualities of the race have found expression, sometimes rather riskily, not only in Montaigne, but in Brantôme, La Calprenède, and, more recently, Cladel. There are also two names of the first rank which probably ought to be mentioned here, although both on the map and in temperament they stand outside the group: Balzac (with a Parisian mother) is found a little to westward in Languedoc, and the turbulent temper of his work doubtless belongs to Languedoc; Voltaire came from an otherwise barren region northward in Poitou, where the Aquitanian spirit is chastened by

northern influences. The Reclus family, of whom Élisée, and to a less extent Élie, are best known, are characteristic representatives of this district; they belong to Périgord and the Gironde. Their father (as has happened with many of the eminent free-thinkers of this region) was a devout Protestant minister, and he gave Biblical names to a large family of sons who have shown eminent intellectual ability, especially in scientific research, an instinctive faculty for literary style, very bold and uncompromising social opinions, together with perfect equanimity in accepting the penalties attached to such opinions. The saintliness of these Aquitanians equals their martial and literary audacity. Without disparagement to the fiery idealists of Brittany or the stern fanatics of Picardy, it must be said that the most perfect saints France has produced—Fénelon and Vincent de Paul — came from this region, while Francis Xavier was born just over the Spanish border, and was educated in France. I cannot help thinking that the Aquitanian temper generally, as well as the dialect and physical characters, is related to Spain, where we often find the same charmingly mingled audacity, saintliness, and humanity. The Aquitanian, however, has been more fortunate than the Spaniard, on whom the heavy hand of Castile and the Inquisition has been laid with such fatal effect. Stendhal, without reference to this point, somewhere remarks that the Gascon can read Don Quixote sympathetically, while a Norman would see in it only a few judicious remarks by Sancho Panza. The Gascon, too, like the Spaniard, has always been rich in those fine spiritual possessions which are called "castles in the air."

We have now briefly examined all the chief clusters of names to be seen on the map. There are various interesting points which the map suggests for discussion, but these must be left. It would, for instance, be instructive to inquire to what causes the barrenness of the central part of France is due; how far it is owing simply to scantier population; and whether, so far as genius is concerned, the racial soil has been exhausted; for it is remarkable that the few great names that are found in the centre of France all belong to an early period.

The genius of France, when we analyze it, breaks up into the widely different genius of the various regions — often corresponding to the old provinces — of which France is made up. As we watch the process, we realize that nationality, in its merely political and military sense, is a very unstable and fleeting thing. A country like France is a collection of smaller countries, and includes the most widely diverse races. Just as unification has gone on in the past by conquest, so we may expect it will continue in the future by federation, producing at last a huge, loosely connected political unity. But a large superficial unity does not tend to obliterate easily the real racial distinctions. Brittany and Normandy have long formed part of France, but their psychic individualities remain. Political boundaries are shifting and unimportant; the influence of race is fundamental. This influence has remained much the same, although England and Germany have ruled for centuries over various provinces of France. And just as race is little affected by merely political influences, so it remains uninfluenced by the various waves of opinion — Catholic, Protestant, and free-thinking — which pass over it. A man's character is part of his racial heredity, and is his most aboriginal possession.

Havelock Ellis.

GALLIA REDIVIVA.

A CRAVING for justice is one of the strongest instincts of the human soul. Great catastrophes remain unintelligible to us until we succeed in considering them as deserved retributions. Especially is this true when the main sufferers are, not individuals, but large aggregations of men, armies, political parties, nations. When, in 1870, the military power of France was shattered to splinters by the armies of Germany; when one province after another was invaded by the victorious hosts; when the brilliant and proud capital that considered itself the light of the world, *la ville-lumière*, was, before being compelled by hunger to surrender to the enemy, separated for months from the rest of the world, and the world continued to move, both the suddenness and the size of the catastrophe led many to believe that the tree which seemed all but rooted out by the storm was wholly rotten, and had no longer any power of recuperation. Only a thoroughly corrupt country, so it appeared, would thus pass from dazzling splendor to the blackness of such disaster, and history teaches what becomes of such countries. Was France to go the way of Babylon, of Greece, of the Byzantine Empire? Many had no hesitation in answering that it was. Not in Germany alone, the victorious country, was the doom of France held to be simply the deserved and final retribution of a career of wickedness. In England, Dr. Macleod, in the presence of the court, preached a sermon in which he described the awful fate that is sure to overwhelm nations when they wander from the ways of righteousness; and Queen Victoria wrote in her journal that although no nation was named, everybody understood the celebrated preacher to be speaking of "poor, unhappy France." Had any one at that time drawn a picture of what France now is, described the country as prosperous and strong, enjoying a degree of political liberty that it had never known, in possession of a commanding position in the world of art, science, and letters, peaceful and yet formidably equipped for war, as earnest and as successful as ever in the pursuit of everything that tends to national greatness, and had he said that such a picture would be a true representation of France before a quarter of a century had elapsed, he would have created serious doubts as to his mental sanity. The general belief was that France would frantically seize the first opportunity that presented itself of rushing again into war, and would then be overtaken by new defeats which would result in an end of her national existence. Moreover, the Parisian insurrection which followed hard upon the conclusion of the war, even before the German troops had left the vicinity of the city, led many to believe that no new foreign war would be necessary; that internal feuds would be sufficient to rend the country asunder, and forever blot its name out of the list of the controlling forces of modern civilization.

Even to-day it would not be quite unnatural, perhaps, for some superficial observer to entertain doubts as to the permanent character of France's magnificent recovery. On the whole, what is most striking, at first sight, in the country's improved condition is wealth and artistic supremacy. Wealth is not strength. Carthage regained her wealth so rapidly after the second Punic war that Rome was fairly frightened. But the third Punic war quickly showed how little real strength lay behind the recovered splendor of Rome's African rival. Neither is artistic and literary supremacy a necessary sign of strength. Did not Greek art and literature conquer Rome after Rome had totally overcome Greece?

"Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio."

The present paper is an inquiry into the nature of the changes that have taken place in France since *l'année terrible* (1870–71). It is thought that the result of such an inquiry will be to demonstrate that the disasters of that year were the result of temporary circumstances much more than of permanent faults of the French character, and that the present condition of France is due to a healthier tone pervading nearly every branch of national life and activity.

He who would cure a disease must first know its nature, and, if possible, its cause. That France at the time of her disasters was in a diseased condition no one could deny. There were some who believed that the disease was purely political. Some Republicans thought that the proclamation of a republic was a sufficient guarantee of returning national health, and most of the Royalists insisted that the first step towards recovery must be the reëstablishment of a monarchy. The wisest statesman that France then possessed, Adolphe Thiers, scouted both ideas, and said, as soon as put at the head of affairs, to Royalists and Republicans, "We have something more important to do than to make a constitution: we must reorganize France." Here was the disease with which France was afflicted: she was disorganized, and therefore threatened with dissolution. The search after purely personal gratification had been for well-nigh a quarter of a century almost the sole occupation of nearly every class of society, and impending disruption was the result.

Fortunately, the heart of the nation was sound. We are never so conscious of our love for those we love, never so ready to show them our devotion, as when threatened with loss of them. The French still loved their country, and a startling proof of that love was given when the French government issued the first of the two great loans destined to provide the funds needed for the payment of the enormous war indemnity required of France by Germany. That the government would find capitalists ready to lend it money at six per cent nobody doubted, but what caused universal surprise was that the whole amount required, a billion dollars, and even more, came out of the hoarding-places of the French peasantry. The whole world stood aghast at such a demonstration of national wealth, and a feeling of admiration began to take the place of the pity which had filled the souls of the best friends France had. The moral phenomenon, however, was still more remarkable than the financial one. The peasants who had taken their money to the tax receivers had had no idea that they were loaning it, that they would receive their half-yearly interest as punctually as the soldier receives his pay. They had no ideas of investment. All they had trusted thus far was coin and land. They knew no other forms of property. They were told that money was needed in order to get the German armies out of the country, and they brought all they had saved. Great was their surprise when they discovered that even from a business point of view they could have made no better use of their money.

But more than money was required from the citizens of France. The collapse of the military establishment of the Bonapartist Empire made a reorganization of the army one of the most urgent questions. Compulsory military service was established; no explanation was needed to make the nation accept it. On this point it may be said that the people went ahead of their representatives. Grievous indeed would public disappointment have been if the National Assembly had failed to proclaim the duty of every able-bodied Frenchman to prepare himself in time of peace for any labors, any sacrifice, that might be required of him at other times.

Since that time, the money tax, the blood tax, have both been ungrudgingly

paid by France. The French budget of expenditure has now reached the appalling total of thirty-seven hundred million francs, and yet no country pays its taxes more regularly, more cheerfully, than France. Several times the military burdens of the nation have had to be increased, and yet there is no movement whatever of emigration from the country due to a desire to escape military service.

In none of these acts, or series of acts, however, was there implied any acknowledgment of past errors, and without such acknowledgment no serious recuperation is ever possible. When we turn to the policy of France towards popular education, the confession is not simply implied; it is openly made. "We were defeated by the German schoolmaster," was a saying commonly heard between 1870 and 1875; and many also recalled Jules Simon's famous words, uttered several years before the war: "The nation that has the best schools is the first nation in the world. If it is not so to-day, it will be so to-morrow." And thus the reform of popular education was undertaken. It was a work of no small difficulty. The nation was not unanimous. ~~The Catholic Church~~ resisted the enactment of any law making education compulsory. It felt that the public schools were gradually becoming emancipated from its influence, and well understood that compulsory education would, in most cases, mean education in the public schools. Then, also, there were financial obstacles. The burdens of the people had been immensely increased by the necessity of meeting the interest on the enormous debt created by the payment of the war indemnity to Germany, and of supporting the great military establishment considered as the sole safeguard of national independence. Every obstacle was overcome. A whole system of laws was enacted, which surrounded the educational service with every kind of protection. Compulsory education was decreed for both sexes. Every village had to have its own schools; if too poor to build them, money would be loaned and subsidies granted by the state. Better pay was given to the teachers; normal schools were erected in every department; the schoolmasters were granted representation in the various educational councils, including the Conseil Supérieur de l'Instruction Publique, which is presided over by no less a person than the Minister of Public Education; finally, education in the public schools was made wholly secular. From this brief record of the perseverance shown by the Republican party in the accomplishment of its most serious task it would be unjust to omit the names of the men who led in the fight and solved most of the problems, Léon Gambetta, Paul Bert, and Jules Ferry.

So much for popular education. Great and arduous as it was, however, the work was undoubtedly helped by several circumstances. First, free compulsory secular education had been for a long time, even before the fall of Napoleon III., one of the war cries of the Republican party. The campaign carried on for its establishment derived no small encouragement from the fact that behind it lay the whole set of traditions of the party to which France, in 1876, decided to entrust the care of her political destinies. Then the opposition of the Church, though in many instances throwing local obstacles in the path of the new system, on the whole provided its advocates with a powerful weapon. The Church had been unwise enough to link its fortunes with those of the anti-Republican factions. In doing so, it had entirely misunderstood the temper of the country and overestimated its own influence. The country was determined to have a republic, and ecclesiastical opposition only weakened the Church itself. It not only weakened the Church; it strengthened all that the Church opposed. The peasants of France were far from clear as to the desirability of free compulsory secular education; but when told that the Church opposed not only the Republic, but also the educational

policy of the Republican party, they concluded that it opposed that policy only because its success would strengthen the Republic, and their support was won for a policy the full scope of which they were far from realizing.

But other educational reforms were needed, very little if at all inferior in importance to the establishment of a good system of primary education. The condition of higher education in France during the reign of Napoleon III. was far from creditable to the country. Hardly any foreign students considered it worth their while to go to a French university for the purpose of studying philology, literature, philosophy, history. In most cases, all they would find there was a chance, at best, to hear some brilliant lecture full of witticisms, of well-turned sentences, some gem of crisp academic oratory; but for thorough drill in any sort of literary, philological, or historical investigation, it was well understood that they would, in some small German town like Giessen for instance, find their wants much better attended to than at Lyons, Bordeaux, or Toulouse; better, perhaps, than in Paris itself. In the scientific and professional faculties things were undoubtedly better; there were fine laboratories under the management of great chemists and physicists, there were great law and medical schools, but the spirit of original investigation, which may be called the soul of university education, received on the whole very little encouragement. One man, Victor Duruy,[1] the celebrated historian, had indeed, during his tenure as Minister of Public Education, tried to arouse the French universities; but he had been understood by only a few, and although allowed to found sundry institutions intended to bring about an improvement in methods, such as the École Pratique des Hautes Études, he had been unable to provide them with adequate means

Here the reform was difficult of accomplishment. It is never very easy to give to a democracy an appreciation of the importance of branches of education of which only the few can directly avail themselves. Moreover, enormous sums were already absorbed by the payment of the debt, the reorganization of the army and navy, and the development of primary education. Finally, there was something galling to the pride of the nation in having its intellectual leaders represent as totally inadequate a system of instruction which undoubtedly fitted in with some of the most permanent traits of the national character. To have been beaten by the Germans was bad enough; it was worse still to have to admit that *ces lourds Allemands* led France in intellectual pursuits as well as in military organization. The acknowledgment was made, however. Year after year grants of money were asked from the Chambers, with the plainly expressed purpose of raising the French universities to the level of those in Germany. Young French scholars and professors were sent across the Rhine to study the university system of the conquering country, and the methods of her teachers. Many more went in the same direction on their own account, and returned home to do missionary work in the good cause. Once in a while, some timid voice would try to bring forward the characteristic argument that German universities were well enough for the Germans, but that the brilliant Frenchman would only be a loser if he tried to assimilate the methods of his duller and plodding rival. The answer at once came from those best entitled to be heard that true patriotism required an acknowledgment of national weaknesses, as well as the courage to go to work to remedy them. So great courage had its reward. The grants for higher education were increased fourfold, new buildings were erected, new libraries established, new laboratories opened; the older institutions woke up

[1] He died November 25, 1894.

from their prolonged slumber, and entered upon a new era of development. Hosts of young teachers demonstrated that German thoroughness of research could be united with the merits of clear exposition and literary form which had always distinguished the French scholar. And what is to-day the result? Wherever there are scholars, French scholarship is held to be second to none, — in some branches to hold unquestionably the first rank. Twenty-five years ago a French philologist was almost a rarity. It is but yesterday that France was called upon to mourn the untimely death of a scholar who, though taken away before completing his forty-fifth year, had outstripped all his rivals in one of the most difficult branches of Oriental philology, while his vigor of thought and perfection of literary style made him, as was said by one of his former teachers, "one of the voices by means of which France spoke to the world." No Oriental scholar will need to have suggested here the name of the lamented James Darmesteter. This simple tribute will be forgiven, coming as it does from the sad heart of one of the friends of his childhood. There cannot be many James Darmesteters, but how many French scholars of high rank have in the last twenty years served their country well by serving science well! Gaston Paris, Paul Meyer, Alfred Morel-Fatio, Léon Clédat, Arsène Darmesteter, who have reclaimed for France the ground formerly tilled almost exclusively by Germans, although it ought never to have ceased to be French, — that is, Romance philology; in classical languages, Paul Girard, Alfred and Maurice Croiset, Salomon and Théodore Reinach, Victor Henri, Gustave Bloch, etc.; in Sanskrit and comparative grammar, Michel Bréal, Abel Bergaigne, Barthe, Paul Regnault; in historical criticism, Fustel de Coulanges, Gabriel Monod, Giry, Émile Bémont, Alfred Chuquet. The same movement for better things is visible in pure literature. The French literary critics of the present day are not only literary artists, they are scholars whose theories are based upon the most accurate knowledge of facts; an article by Brunetière is not simply a masterpiece of logical reasoning, it is a magazine of well-sifted statements, a display of well-presented evidence that would rejoice the heart of an Anglo-Saxon jurist. Formerly German criticism was all that was feared by the slovenly literary worker; now he has to pass the scrutiny of the Revue Historique, the Revue Philosophique, the Revue Critique, the Romania, the Revue d'Histoire Littéraire de la France, the Revue Sémitique, etc. And all this work has been accomplished without for a moment causing France to lose the prestige of literary taste and excellence. As purely literary periodicals, the Revue des Deux Mondes of to-day, the Revue de Paris, the Revue Bleue, do not yield to anything that ever came from the pen of the French *littérateurs*.

What need be said of science proper when two of the most terrible diseases known to the human race, rabies and diphtheria, have been conquered by the application of French methods; when the laboratory of Louis Pasteur may be said to be the shrine towards which every fighter against human suffering is constantly looking for inspiration? In every branch of human learning France stands to-day far higher than she did twenty-five years ago; far higher than she would stand had she not been willing to learn from Germany the lesson taught originally by her own fabulist, that patience and industry are stronger than any obstacle: —

> "Patience et longueur de temps
> Font plus que force ni que rage."

From England, too, France was willing to learn, though in spite of the pangs of defeat it was easier, perhaps, for France to learn from Germany than from a country from which she so much differs, not in habits of life simply, but in her moral estimate of human actions, of vices and

virtues. Beyond the Channel were no methods of scholarship to be studied, but the art of making men physically strong and morally self-reliant. Though far from placing football on the same plane as historical criticism, we cannot shut our eyes to the admirable results obtained by the League for Physical Education. The reports of the military authorities show that the average height of French recruits during the last two years has been decidedly greater than for years before.

For few faults have the French in the past been more severely rebuked than for their willful ignorance of what was done by foreign nations. It is hard to see how such an accusation could be leveled at them now. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu's master work upon Russia stands without an equal, and the English-speaking peoples read the history of that country in a translation from the French of Alfred Rambaud. Jusserand's books upon English life and letters are almost as widely read north as south of the British Channel; Angellier's and Chevrillon's exhaustive works upon Robert Burns and Sydney Smith are held to be masterpieces of literary presentation. The works of Philippe Daryl (Paschal Grousset) and Francis de Pressensé upon Ireland have called forth words of high praise from Mr. Gladstone. Of books — we mean good books — about Germany there is no end; Spain has been studied by Alfred Morel-Fatio; the United States by Émile Levasseur, who visited them twice, and by Alfred Moireau. A stanch Republican may be permitted to inscribe here the name of a Royalist pretender, the late Comte de Paris, whose History of the Civil War has been pronounced one of the best books on the subject. France now knows her neighbors and all the civilized nations of the world at least as well as she is known by them. She follows their work even in the fields which the world was willing to admit to be peculiarly her own. The superiority of her dramatic writers does not blind her to what is done elsewhere. Ibsen has as many admirers in France, and is as well known there, as anywhere outside of his own country. The adaptations of Shakespeare's plays, which follow each other from year to year, and the success of Wagner's works, both in the concert-room and on the stage, may be quoted also in demonstration of the broadening of the national taste.

Years ago, a Frenchman was described as a man who wore mustaches and knew no geography. He still wears a mustache, but his ignorance of geography is a thing of the past. Élisée Reclus's monumental Géographie Universelle has been planned, written, and published entirely since the establishment of the Republic.

In short, there has been a clear determination in France to demonstrate that the faults for which the country was blamed (and if punished, how severely!) in 1870 were due to temporary circumstances, not to any ineradicable national vice of constitution.

We have dealt thus far with sets of facts to which the attention of the country was drawn either by the disasters of *l'année terrible* or by the comments called out by these disasters. Let us see now how the country has dealt with new and unforeseen contingencies.

For centuries the vineyards of France have been one of the most important sources of her wealth. Their extraordinary productiveness in the years immediately following the Franco-German war was one of the main causes of her wonderfully rapid financial recuperation. Her wine production then averaged over fifteen hundred million gallons. In 1875 it reached the almost incredible figure of twenty-five hundred million gallons! Suddenly the country heard that it was threatened with a total loss of this magnificent source of revenue. A small insect, the *phylloxera vastatrix*, was destroying the vine, and even (so it was

thought for a long time) unfitting the soil for the growth of new plants. The production fell to eight hundred and fifty million gallons, and once even to seven hundred and fifty million. The vine-growers then showed whether those critics were good judges of the French character who said that it was incapable of perseverance. They tried every possible way of conquering their invisible enemy. They poisoned it; they drowned it; they pulled up their plants, and substituted for them the sturdier product of American soil; some of them left their native places, and searched in Algeria for districts where the vine would grow. For a long time success seemed impossible; production remained stationary. Only after long and persevering efforts was victory achieved; not until 1893 were former figures again reached, — fourteen hundred million gallons for France, one hundred million for Algeria.

The same energy, the same determination to conquer obstacles, lies at the bottom of the new colonial policy of France. The French heard and everywhere read that they were no colonizers. They resolved to demonstrate that only governmental blunders had in former centuries robbed the country of the fruits of its colonizing efforts. Canada and India had been lost, not by any lack of perseverance in the nation, but by the criminal carelessness of Louis XV. The policy that added to their possessions Tunis, Tonkin, part of the Congo country, most of western Sudan, and to a certain extent Madagascar was no mere governmental whim. It has gone hand in hand with a development of exploring enterprise that almost reminds one of the great discoveries of the sixteenth century. Stanley's French rivals can hardly be numbered; they have certainly contributed more than any other set of men to our better knowledge of the centre of Africa; and fully as much successful energy was displayed in the peninsula of Indo-China.

Thus in every field we find the French of to-day careful to avoid the mistakes which, twenty-five years ago, came so near ruining their country forever. Their changed attitude in governmental matters, their increased political wisdom, are merely the natural result of the improved tone noticeable in all the separate manifestations of their activity. What is done in separate branches is the work of individuals; government is the work of all; or else why should historians always devote most of their labors to an examination of the doings of governments? France is no longer the land of revolutions. More than once since the establishment of the present Republic circumstances have arisen which in former times would have resulted in a complete overthrow of government. Still the Republic lives. It conquered the Paris Commune; it thwarted the plots of the fusionists in 1873, and those of Mac-Mahon's supporters in 1877; it shook off Boulanger and Boulangerism, and weathered the storm aroused by the revelation of the Panama scandals. Last of all, it withstood without a tremor the terrible strain that is caused in any country by such an event as the murder of the executive. When President Carnot fell by the dagger of Caserio, there was no thought of seeking help outside of the lines marked by the Constitution. The excitable Frenchmen remained as steady as the calmest people on earth could have done. Congress convened, and elected the man who would have been elected five months later, if Carnot had been allowed to serve out his full term.

Another instance of increased political wisdom may be seen in the attitude of the people towards the abolished institution of life senatorships. Life senators are no longer elected. Yet no one asks for a wholesale dismissal of the present incumbents. They are allowed to keep their seats until gathered to their ancestors, and gradually give way to their elected and temporary successors.

Not simply is the attitude of the people to the government changed. The same is true of the attitude of the government to the people. The duty of the state to adjust its burdens so that they may weigh least upon the least fortunate part of the population is clearly recognized. When it became possible, a short time ago, to abolish the tax of ten per cent on railroad tickets, which had been established after the Franco-German war, the Minister of Public Works insisted that the railroad companies should at the same time reduce their fares in the following proportion: on first-class tickets, ten per cent; on second-class, twenty per cent; on third-class, thirty per cent; thus making the masses the greatest beneficiaries of the reform, thanks to which the cost of railroad traveling has now been brought down, for the greater part of the population, to one and a half cents a mile, and even to one and an eighth cents on round-trip tickets.

A more serious tone is thus felt to be pervading all the manifestations of the national life of France. It is visible in the efforts made on all sides, among the adherents of all shades of philosophical opinions, Protestants, Catholics, free-thinkers, to emphasize the need of devotion to some ideal; it is visible in the success that rewards every attempt of the kind, the Protestant writings of Charles Wagner, the Neo-Catholic exhortations of Paul Desjardins and Vicomte de Vogüé, the magnificently bold and sincere philosophical treatises of the lamented Guyau. Whether France will ever again, as a national body, adhere to the dogmatic tenets of Christianity seems, to the writer at least, more doubtful than ever; but she is undoubtedly in search of some ideal form of inspiration, in the comforting sunshine of which all sincere minds may meet and rejoice; and is not such a search to be answered by the beautiful words of France's deepest religious thinker, Pascal, "If thou seekest Me, thou hast found Me already"?

Adolphe Cohn.

SOUL, WHEREFORE FRET THEE?

Soul, wherefore fret thee? Striving still to throw
Some light upon the primal mystery
Through rolling ages pondered ceaselessly,
Whence thou hast come, and whither thou shalt go!
Some deepest, secret voice gives thee to know
How, older than created earth and sea,
Thou hast been ever, shalt forever be,—
Unborn — undying! Thy own life doth show,
Yester, to-day, to-morrow, but a chain
Of dusky pearls, whereof we seek in vain
End or beginning, though perchance the one
We call To-day gleams whitest in the sun.
Ay, Soul, thy very Self is unto thee
Immortal pledge of Immortality!

Stuart Sterne.

A WISH FULFILLED.

I.

THE streets were full of white uniforms, and the calling of bugles, and the rumbling of artillery. The armies of Japan, for the third time in history, had subdued Korea; and the imperial declaration of war against China had been published by the city journals, printed on crimson paper. All the military powers of the Empire were in motion. The first line of reserves had been summoned, and troops were pouring into Kumamoto. Thousands were billeted upon the citizens; for barracks and inns and temples could not shelter the passing host. And still there was no room; though special trains were carrying regiments north, as fast as possible, to the transports waiting at Shimonoseki.

Nevertheless, considering the immensity of the movement, the city was astonishingly quiet. The troops were silent and gentle as Japanese boys in school hours; there was no swaggering, no reckless gayety. Buddhist priests were addressing squadrons in the courts of the temples; and a great ceremony had already been performed in the parade-ground by the Abbot of the Shinshū sect, who had come from Kyōtō for the occasion. Thousands had been placed by him under the protection of Amida; the laying of a naked razor blade on each young head, symbolizing voluntary renunciation of life's vanities, was the soldier's consecration. Everywhere, at the shrines of the older faith, prayers were being offered up by priests and people to the shades of heroes who fought and died for their Emperor in ancient days, and to the gods of armies. At the Shintō temple of Fujisaki sacred charms were being distributed to the men. But the most imposing rites were those at Honmyōji, the far-famed monastery of the Nichiren sect, where for three hundred years have reposed the ashes of Kato Kiyomasa, conqueror of Korea, enemy of the Jesuits, protector of the Buddhists; Honmyōji, where the pilgrim chant of the sacred invocation, *Namu-myō-hō-renge-kyō*, sounds like the roar of surf; Honmyōji, where you may buy wonderful little *mamori* in the shape of tiny Buddhist shrines, each holding a minuscule image of the deified warrior. In the great central temple, and in all the lesser temples that line the long approach, special services were sung, and special prayers were addressed to the spirit of the hero for ghostly aid. The armor and helmet and sword of Kiyomasa, preserved in the main shrine for three centuries, were no longer to be seen. Some declared that they had been sent to Korea, to stimulate the heroism of the army; but others told a story of echoing hoofs in the temple court by night, and the passing of a mighty Shadow, risen from the dust of his sleep to lead the armies of the Son of Heaven once more to conquest. Doubtless even among the soldiers, brave, simple lads from the country, many believed, just as the men of Athens believed in the presence of Theseus at Marathon. All the more, perhaps, because to no small number of the new recruits Kumamoto itself appeared a place of marvels hallowed by traditions of the great captain, and its castle a world's wonder, built by Kiyomasa after the plan of a stronghold stormed in Chōsen.

Amid all these preparations the people remained singularly quiet. From mere outward signs no stranger could have divined the general feeling. The public calm was characteristically Japanese; the race, like the individual, becoming to all appearance the more self-contained the more profoundly its emotions are called into play. The Emperor had sent

presents to his troops in Korea, and words of paternal affection; and citizens, following the august example, were shipping away by every steamer supplies of rice wine, provisions, fruits, dainties, tobacco, and gifts of all kinds. Those who could afford nothing costlier were sending straw sandals. The entire nation was subscribing to the war fund; and Kumamoto, though by no means wealthy, was doing all that both poor and rich could help her do to prove her loyalty. The check of the merchant mingled obscurely with the paper dollar of the artisan, the laborer's dime, the coppers of the *kurumaya*, in the great fraternity of unbidden self-denial. Even children gave; and their pathetic little contributions were not refused, lest the universal impulse of patriotism should be in any manner discouraged. But there were special subscriptions also being collected in every street for the support of the families of the troops of the reserves, — married men, engaged mostly in humble callings, who had been obliged of a sudden to leave their wives and little ones without the means to live. That means the citizens voluntarily and solemnly pledged themselves to supply. One could not doubt that the soldiers, with all this unselfish love behind them, would perform even more than simple duty demanded. And they did.

II.

Manyemon said there was a soldier at the entrance who wanted to see me.

"Oh, Manyemon, I hope they are not going to billet soldiers upon us: the house is too small. Please ask him what he wishes."

"I did," answered Manyemon; "he says he knows you."

I went to the door and looked at a fine young fellow in uniform, who smiled and took off his cap as I came forward. I could not recognize him. The smile was familiar notwithstanding. Where could I have seen it before?

"Teacher, have you really forgotten me?"

For another moment I stared at him, wondering; then he laughed gently, and uttered his name, "Kosuga Asakichi."

How my heart leaped to him as I held out both hands! "Come in, come in!" I cried. "But how big and handsome you have grown! No wonder I did not know you."

He blushed like a girl, as he slipped off his shoes and unbuckled his sword. I remembered that he used to blush the same way in class, both when he made a mistake and when he was praised. Evidently his heart was still as fresh as then, when he was a shy boy of sixteen in the school at Matsue. He had got permission to come to bid me good-by: the regiment was to leave in the morning for Korea.

We dined together, and talked of old times, — of Izumo, of Kitzuki, of many pleasant things. I tried in vain, at first, to make him drink a little wine; not knowing that he had promised his mother never to drink wine while he was in the army. Then I substituted coffee for the wine, and coaxed him to tell me all about himself. He had returned to his native place, after graduating, to help his people, wealthy farmers; and he had found that his agricultural studies at school were of great service to him. A year later, all the youths of the village who had reached the age of nineteen, himself among the number, were summoned to the Buddhist temple for examination as to bodily and educational fitness for military service. He had passed as *ichiban* (first class) by the verdicts of the examining surgeon and the recruiting-major (*shōsa*), and had been drawn at the ensuing conscription. After thirteen months' service he had been promoted to the rank of sergeant. He liked the army. At first he had been stationed at Nagoya, then at Tōkyō; but finding that his regiment was not to be sent to Korea, he had petitioned with

success for transfer to the Kumamoto division. "And now I am so glad," he exclaimed, his face radiant with a soldier's joy: "we go to-morrow!" Then he blushed again, as if ashamed of having uttered his frank delight. I thought of Carlyle's deep saying, that never pleasures, but only suffering and death are the lures that draw true hearts. I thought also — what I could not say to any Japanese — that the joy in the lad's eyes was like nothing I had ever seen before, except the caress in the eyes of a lover on the morning of his bridal.

"Do you remember," I asked, "when you declared in the schoolroom that you wished to die for his Majesty the Emperor?"

"Yes," he answered, laughing. "And the chance has come, — not for me only, but for several of my class."

"Where are they?" I asked. "With you?"

"No: they were all in the Hiroshima division, and they are already in Korea. Imaoka (you remember him, teacher: he was very tall), and Nagasaki, and Ishihara, — they were all in the fight at Sŏng-Hwan. And our drill-master, the lieutenant, — you remember him?"

"Lieutenant Fujii, — yes. He had retired from the army."

"But he belonged to the reserves. He has also gone to Korea. He has had another son born since you left Izumo."

"He had two little girls and one boy," I said, "when I was in Matsue."

"Yes: now he has two boys."

"Then his family must feel very anxious about him?"

"*He* is not anxious," replied the lad. "To die in battle is very honorable; and the government will care for the families of those who are killed. So our officers have no fear. Only — it is very sad to die if one has no son."

"I cannot see why."

"Is it not so in the West?"

"On the contrary, we think it is very sad for the man to die who has children."

"But why?"

"Every good father must be anxious about the future of his children. If he be taken suddenly away from them, they may have to suffer many sorrows."

"It is not so in the families of our officers. The relations care well for the child, and the government gives a pension. So the father need not be afraid. But to die is sorrowful for one who has no child."

"Do you mean sorrowful for the wife and the rest of the family?"

"No: I mean for the man himself, the husband."

"And how? Of what use can a son be to a dead man?"

"The son inherits. The son maintains the family name. The son makes the offerings."

"The offerings to the dead?"

"Yes. Do you now understand?"

"I understand the fact, not the feeling. Do military men still hold these beliefs?"

"Certainly. Are there no such beliefs in the West?"

"Not now. The ancient Greeks and Romans had such beliefs. They thought that the ancestral spirits dwelt in the home, received the offerings, watched over the family. Why they thought so we partly know; but we cannot know exactly how they felt, because we cannot understand feelings which we have never experienced, or which we have not inherited. For the same reason, I cannot know the real feeling of a Japanese in relation to the dead."

"Then you think that death is the end of everything?"

"That is not the explanation of my difficulty. Some feelings are inherited, — perhaps also some ideas. Your feelings and your thoughts about the dead, and the duty of the living to the dead, are totally different from those of an Occidental. To us the idea of death is that of a total separation not only from the living, but from the world. Does not

Buddhism also teli of a long, dark journey that the dead must make?"

"The journey to the Meido, — yes. All must make that journey. But we do not think of death as a total separation. We think of the dead as still with us. We speak to them each day."

"I know that. What I do not know is of the ideas behind the facts. If the dead go to the Meido, why should offerings be made to ancestors in the household shrines, and prayers be said to them as if they were really present? Do not the common people thus confuse Buddhist teachings and Shintō beliefs?"

"Perhaps many do. But even by those who are Buddhists only, the offerings and the prayers to the dead are made in different places at the same time, — in the parish temples, and also before the family *butsudan*."

"But how can souls be thought of as being in the Meido, and also in various other places at the same time? Even if the people believe the soul to be multiple, that would not explain away the contradiction. For the dead, according to Buddhist teaching, are judged."

"We think of the soul both as one and as many. We think of it as of one person, but not as of a substance. We think of it as something that may be in many places at once, like a moving of air."

"Or of electricity?" I suggested.

"Yes."

Evidently, to my young friend's mind the ideas of the Meido and of the home-worship of the dead had never seemed irreconcilable; and perhaps to any student of Buddhist philosophy the two faiths would not appear to involve any serious contradictions. The Sutra of the Lotus of the Good Law teaches that the Buddha state "*is endless and without limit, — immense as the element of ether.*" Of a Buddha who had long entered into Nirvana it declares, "*Even after his complete extinction, he wanders through this whole world in all ten points of space.*" And the same Sutra, after recounting the simultaneous apparition of all the Buddhas who had ever been, makes the teacher proclaim, "*All these you see are my proper bodies, by kotis of thousands, like the sands of the Ganges: they have appeared that the law may be fulfilled.*" But it seemed to me obvious that, in the artless imagination of the common people, no real accord could ever have been established between the primitive conceptions of Shintō and the much more definite Buddhist doctrine of a judgment of souls.

"Can you really think of death," I asked, "as life, as light?"

"Oh yes," was the smiling answer. "We think that after death we shall still be with our families. We shall see our parents, our friends. We shall remain in this world viewing the light as now."

(There suddenly recurred to me, with new meaning, some words of a student's composition regarding the future of a just man: *His soul shall hover eternally in the universe.*)

"And therefore," continued Asakichi, "one who has a son can die with a cheerful mind."

"Because the son will make those offerings of food and drink without which the spirit would suffer?" I queried.

"It is not only that. There are duties much more important than the making of offerings. It is because every man needs some one to love him after he is dead. Now you will understand."

"Only your words," I replied, "only the facts of the belief. The feeling I do not understand. I cannot think that the love of the living could make me happy after death. I cannot even imagine myself conscious of any love after death. And you, you are going far away to battle: do you think it unfortunate that you have no son?"

"I? Oh no! I myself *am* a son, — a younger son. My parents are still alive and strong, and my brother is caring for them. If I am killed, there will be many

at home to love me, — brothers, sisters, and little ones. It is different with us soldiers: we are nearly all very young."

"For how many years," I asked, "are the offerings made to the dead?"

"For one hundred years."

"Only for a hundred years?"

"Yes. Even in the Buddhist temples the prayers and the offerings are made only for a hundred years."

"Then do the dead cease to care for remembrance in a hundred years? Or do they fade out at last? Is there a dying of souls?"

"No, but after one hundred years they are no longer with us. Some say they are born again; others say they become *kami*, and do reverence to them as *kami*, and on certain days make offerings to them in the *toko*."

(Such were, I knew, the commonly accepted explanations, but I had heard of beliefs strangely at variance with these. There are traditions that, in families of exceeding virtue, the souls of ancestors took material form, and remained sometimes visible through hundreds of years. A *sengaji* pilgrim[1] of old days has left an account of two whom he said he had seen in some remote part of the interior. They were small, dim shapes, "dark like old bronze." They could not speak, but made little moaning sounds, and they did not eat, but only inhaled the warm vapor of the food daily set before them. Every year, their descendants said, they became smaller and vaguer.)

"Do you think it is very strange that we should love the dead?" Asakichi asked.

"No," I replied, "I think it is beautiful. But to me, as a Western stranger, the custom seems not of to-day, but of a more ancient world. The thoughts of the old Greeks about the dead must have been much like those of the modern Japanese. The feelings of an Athenian soldier in the age of Pericles were perhaps the same as yours in this era of Meiji. And you have read at school how the Greeks sacrificed to the dead, and how they paid honor to the spirits of brave men and patriots?"

"Yes. Some of their customs were very like our own. Those of us who fall in battle against China will also be honored. They will be revered as kami. Even our Emperor will honor them."

"But," I said, "to die so far away from the graves of one's fathers, in a foreign land, would seem, even to Western people, a very sad thing."

"Oh no. There will be monuments set up to honor our dead in their own native villages and towns, and the bodies of our soldiers will be burned, and the ashes sent home to Japan. At least, that will be done whenever possible. It might be difficult after a great battle."

(A sudden memory of Homer surged back to me, with a vision of the antique pain, when "the pyres of the dead burnt continually in multitude.")

"And the spirits of the soldiers slain in this war," I asked, "will they not always be prayed to help the country in time of national danger?"

"Oh yes, always. We shall be loved and worshiped by all the people."

He said "we" quite naturally, like one already destined. After a little pause he resumed: —

"The last year that I was at school we had a military excursion. We marched to a shrine in the district of Iu, where the spirits of heroes are worshiped. It is a beautiful and lonesome place, among hills; and the temple is shadowed by very high trees. It is always dim and cool and silent there. We drew up before the shrine in military order; nobody spoke. Then the bugle sounded through the holy grove, like a call to battle, and we all presented arms; and the tears came to my eyes, I do not know why. I looked at my comrades, and I saw they felt as

[1] A *sengaji* pilgrim is one who makes the pilgrimage to the thousand famous temples of the Nichiren sect, — a journey requiring many years to perform.

I did. Perhaps, because you are a foreigner, you will not understand. But there is a little poem, that every Japanese knows, which expresses the feeling very well. It was written long ago by the great priest Saigyo Hōshi, who had been a warrior before becoming a priest, and whose real name was Sato Norikyo:

"*Nani go to no*
Owashimasu ka wa
Shirane domo
Arigata sa ni zo
Namida kobururu." [1]

It was not the first time that I had heard such a confession. Many of my students had not hesitated to speak of sentiments evoked by the sacred traditions and the dim solemnity of the ancient shrines. Really, the experience of Asakichi was no more individual than might be a single ripple in a fathomless sea. He had only uttered the ancestral feeling of a race, the vague but immeasurable emotion of Shintō.

We talked on till the soft summer darkness fell. Stars and the electric lights of the citadel twinkled out together; bugles sang; and from Kiyomasa's fortress rolled into the night a sound deep as a thunder peal, the chant of ten thousand men: —

Nishi mo higashi mo
Mina teki zo,
Minami mo kita mo
Mina teki zo:
Yose-kuru teki wa
Shiranuki no
Tsukushi no hate no
Satsuma gata.[2]

"You have learned that song, have you not?" I asked.

"Oh yes," said Asakichi. "Every soldier knows it."

It was the Kumamoto Rōjō, the Song of the Siege. We listened, and could even catch some words in that mighty volume of sound: —

Tenchi mo kuzuru
Bakari nari,
Tenchi wa kuzure
Yama kawa wa
Sakuru tameshi no
Araba tote
Ugokanu mono wa
Kimi ga mi yo.[3]

For a little while Asakichi sat listening, swaying his shoulders in time to the strong rhythm of the chant; then, as one suddenly waking, he laughed and said: —

"Teacher, I must go! I do not know how to thank you enough, nor to tell you how happy this day has been for me. But first," taking from his breast a little envelope, "please accept this. You asked me for a photograph long ago: I brought it for a souvenir."

He rose, and buckled on his sword. I pressed his hand at the entrance.

"And what may I send you from Korea, teacher?" he asked.

"Only a letter," I said, "after the next great victory."

"Surely, if I can hold a pen," he responded. Then straightening up till he looked like a statue of bronze, he gave me the formal military salute, and strode away in the dark.

I returned to the desolate guest-room and dreamed. I heard the thunder of the soldiers' song. I listened to the roar of the trains, bearing away so many young hearts, so much priceless loyalty,

[1] "What thing [cause] there may be I cannot tell. But [whenever I come in presence of the shrine] grateful tears overflow."

[2] This would be a free translation, in nearly the same measure: —

"Oh! the land to south and north
All is full of foes!
Westward, eastward, looking forth,
All is full of foes!
None can well the number tell
Of the hosts that pour
From the strand of Satsuma,
From Tsukushi's shore."

[3] "What if earth should sundered be?
What if heaven fall?
What if mountain mix with sea?
Brave hearts, each and all,
Know one thing shall still endure,
Ruin cannot whelm,
Everlasting, holy, pure,
This imperial realm."

so much splendid faith and love and valor, to the fever of Chinese ricefields, to gathering cyclones of death.

III.

The evening of the same day that we saw the name "Kosuga Asakichi" in the long list published by the local newspaper, Manyemon decorated and illuminated the alcove of the guest-room as for a sacred festival; filling the vases with flowers, lighting several small lamps, and kindling incense-rods in a little cup of bronze. When all was finished, he called me. Approaching the recess, I saw the lad's photograph within, set upright on a tiny *dai;* and before it was spread a miniature feast of rice and fruits and cakes, the old man's offering.

"Perhaps," ventured Manyemon, "it would please his spirit if the master should be honorably willing to talk to him. He would understand the master's English."

I did talk to him; and the portrait seemed to smile through the wreaths of the incense. But that which I said was for him only, and the gods.

Lafcadio Hearn.

COÖPERATIVE PRODUCTION IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

It may be as well to observe that the term "coöperative" is applied, in Great Britain and her colonies, to two distinct methods of production: the one in which profits (after payment of interest, etc.) are divided wholly or in part amongst the workers; the other in which they are divided amongst purchasers, in proportion to their purchases, generally on the basis of full profits to those who have contributed towards share capital, and half profits to those who have not. The two classes of bodies, together with those established for the purpose of coöperative consumption only, are registered under the same acts, and represented in a federation, itself a registered body, known as the "Coöperative Union." There was a time when the principle of the right of the worker to at least a share in the profits of his work was pretty generally recognized, if only as a pious opinion. But the enormous success of bodies formed originally for coöperative consumption only, and the ease with which these can slide into production without altering their methods of apportioning profits, have gradually created a very strong vested interest in the coöperative consumer as against the claims of the worker to anything beyond his wages, and able writers have not been wanting to justify the former, and to represent the method as that of a true democracy. Abundant details on societies of both classes are to be found in a work recently published by the London manager of the Coöperative Wholesale Society,[1] — a work which, I am persuaded, was intended by its author to be impartial, but which cannot be safely used without bearing in mind the necessary bias of his mind towards that form of coöperation on which he is employed. A well-got-up monthly journal, Labour Copartnership, published on behalf of the Labour Association, established for "the promotion of coöperative production based on the copartnership of the worker," may serve as a corrective to Mr. Jones's presentment of the case. Both forms of coöperative production, as

[1] Coöperative Production. By Benjamin Jones. With Prefatory Note by the Rt. Hon. A. H. Dyke Acland, M. P., Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education. Oxford, Clarendon Press. 1894. Two volumes.

well as the practice of profit-sharing between employers and employed, had their advocates before the late Royal Commission on Labour, whose conclusions are, morally at least, very favorable to coöperative production by and for the worker. Whilst, with strict impartiality, they say that "such enterprises have shown in their early stages an even larger percentage of failures than other forms of coöperation in the same stages, and perhaps might appear to have little chance of succeeding in existing conditions except in industries of a very simple character, or when they possess some especial *clientèle*," yet they admit that "the recent history of the movement is not altogether discouraging. Besides many smaller societies, there are about a dozen, each of which produces from £20,000 to £80,000 worth of goods annually, has much expensive machinery, and employs a great deal of skilled labor." To the moral value of such coöperation they bear emphatic testimony in one of the last paragraphs of their "concluding observations:" —

"We have seen that industrial peace is promoted by the knowledge acquired by workmen and capitalists meeting in conference together, and we look for strong influences tending towards harmony from the investment by workmen of their savings in different enterprises, and the experience which they thus gain as capitalists on a small scale. *Such teaching is, however, most efficiently and powerfully secured in the working of strictly coöperative associations, where the relative remuneration of labor and capital, and the conditions of employment, have to be settled by workmen themselves, who are both employers and employed. The influence of such societies spreads far beyond those who are members of them, by producing among the industrial classes a common knowledge of the principles governing the remuneration of work.* Similar effects to those to which we have last referred are caused by the extension of the principle of profit-sharing among many establishments, of which we had gratifying and encouraging testimony."

Space would fail me here even to sketch the history of coöperative production in Great Britain. In a crude shape it dates back to the end of the last century, when the Hull Anti-Corn-Mill Society was established for corn-milling (1795), to last about a century, reaching its maximum of commercial prosperity in 1878, when its membership was 4797, and its sales were £71,744. These early societies were, so to speak, coöperative only in intention, and it was only in 1856 that the Hull Anti-Corn-Mill Society began to divide profits on consumption; it seems never to have allowed any share of the profits to workers. Indeed, the capital required for corn-milling, according to modern practice, is so large, compared with the number of men employed, that the claim of the latter to a share of profits is easily overlooked. The only milling society which recognizes the claim is an English one of comparatively early date (1816), the Sheerness Economical, which, by the last accounts, did during the year a business of £29,041, making a profit of £3483, out of which £43, or a trifle over one per cent, was apportioned to labor.

Let us now examine coöperative production as carried on for the benefit of the consumer under its most highly developed form, that of the Coöperative Wholesale Society. There are a large number of bodies, established originally as mere coöperative stores, to retail articles of consumption for the benefit of purchasers, which have, as we may say, drifted into production; beginning, it may be, with the employment of a tailor or a shoemaker for supplying the wants of the members, or the setting up of an oven to bake bread for them, and which have ended by carrying on large manufacturing or baking businesses. But the two great coöperative wholesale socie-

ties (for England and for Scotland) tower so completely above all individual societies that it is not worth while, for the purposes of this short paper, to consider any other. The two, however, differ between themselves in one important feature, — the English society withholding from the worker, the Scottish allowing to him, a share in the profits which he has helped to create. Both societies are strictly federal; that is, composed only of other societies or companies recognized as being of a coöperative character.

The present Coöperative Wholesale Society Limited was founded in 1863, as the North of England Coöperative Wholesale Society Limited. For nearly ten years it confined itself to the business of purchasing articles wholesale, and selling them retail to coöperative societies and companies, whether members or not, at a small profit, which is divided half-yearly amongst all customer-societies in proportion to their purchases, mere customers receiving only half dividends, customer-members whole. Its sales in 1865 (the first complete year of its working) were £120,754. In 1872 these had reached £1,153,132. The society now began to turn its attention to production, purchasing some biscuit works, and starting in Leicester a boot factory in 1873, then soap works in 1874, other boot works at Heckmondwike in 1880. Leather-currying was entered on in 1886, a woolen mill taken over in 1887. Cocoa works were opened in 1887, a ready-made clothing department in 1888 (clothing having been already made up in two branches as an adjunct to the woolen cloth and drapery departments); a corn-mill was opened in 1891, jam-making entered on in 1892, and a printing department undertaken, besides building departments in the society's three English branches, Manchester, London, and Newcastle (there is also a branch at New York). In addition to these there is a shipping department, the society having quite a little fleet of its own. During the quarter ending June 30, 1894, the society purchased a factory at Leeds for the manufacture of ready-made clothing.

The success of the society as a whole has been prodigious. Its business in the distributive departments during the last quarter (ending June 30) was £2,272,946, or at the rate of upwards of £9,000,000 a year, making it one of the largest commercial establishments in the world; although the quarter's business was one per cent less than in the corresponding one of last year, and the profits were nearly eighteen per cent less. In its manufacturing departments the sales amounted for the quarter to £196,407, or at the rate of nearly £800,000 a year, an increase of not far from twelve per cent on last year. But the society has not been uniformly successful in its ventures upon the field of production, and a considerable loss incurred in the working of its flour-mill has reduced the net profits of the quarter by over seventy-nine per cent on last year.

When production was first entered upon by the Coöperative Wholesale Society, care was taken not to interfere with the business of existing productive societies, and bonus on wages was to be given. In 1876 bonus was abolished, and gradually, with success, all consideration for existing coöperative bodies for productive purposes was swept away, as the instance of its printing department, set up in practical opposition to a well-established society carrying on business in the very same city in which the Coöperative Wholesale has its headquarters, sufficiently shows, — a proceeding which, Mr. B. Jones candidly admits, "will ultimately take a large amount of trade from the Coöperative Printing Society." On the other hand, membership of the Wholesale has been refused to a society allowing a share of profits to labor, numbering many societies amongst its shareholders, and actually doing two thirds of its sales through the Whole-

sale, on the ground, amongst others, that some of its goods came into competition with those of the Wholesale, although it is alleged that in most cases the latter had actually followed the Sundries Society in undertaking the production of such goods. The Wholesale thus practically claims the right not only of crushing out by competition any society already existing for coöperative production, but of refusing membership to any society which does not give up whatever branch of production it pleases his Wholesale majesty to take up. *Quia nominor leo.* Nor is this all. Whilst the cry of "loyalty to the Wholesale" is raised at every meeting of the body against any society whose purchases show a falling off, or simply do not come up to a figure which satisfies its gigantic caterer, the Wholesale itself has set a signal example of disloyalty to the Coöperative Union to which it belongs, and which is considered to have the moral direction of the movement, in ignoring a resolution passed at the Bristol Coöperative Congress in 1893, reaffirming "the principle of copartnership of labor as an essential of industrial coöperation," and earnestly urging "upon the English wholesale and other federal bodies to adopt a measure equally generous towards their employees" with that of the Scottish Coöperative Wholesale, to be presently noticed. It is true that a somewhat similar resolution proposed at the Congress of 1894 was not carried, the show of hands being indecisive. One is indeed happy to say that although the Cooperative Wholesale has not been free from strikes, by all accounts its work is well done, in commodious and well-ventilated workshops, and at the best wages in the trade.

The Scottish Coöperative Wholesale Society was established in 1868. It entered upon production in 1880 with a shirt factory, followed in the same year by a tailoring department (the two were united in 1888), by a cabinet factory in 1884, boat works in 1885, currying works in 1888, a slop factory in 1890, and a mantle factory in 1891. A printing office had been opened in 1887, to which business ruling and bookbinding were afterwards added. Preserve-making and tobacco-cutting have also been entered on. Many of the productive departments have been grouped together on twelve acres of land at Shieldhall on the Clyde, about three miles from Glasgow. The requisite buildings have been put up by the building department of the society, as well as several of its warehouses; and latterly a large flour-mill at Chancelot, near Leith, I believe the latest productive venture of the society, has been built by it.

The Scottish Wholesale has paid bonus to labor since November, 1870. The principle on which such bonus has been granted has varied, but by an alteration of rules made in 1892 bonus is credited to all employed at the same rate on wages as on purchases, half the bonus remaining on loan at four per cent. What is more, a Coöperative Investment Society has been formed for enabling those who are employed, if over twenty-one, to become members of the Wholesale, taking from eight to twenty shares. The shares held by those employed, on their leaving the society's service, have to be transferred to other persons in its employ. The worker shareholders have the right to send a delegate to the meetings of the society, and an additional one for every one hundred and fifty of their number who are shareholders. The claims of the worker to a share both in the profits and in the government of the society are thus distinctly recognized.

The business of the Scottish Wholesale is no doubt much less extensive than that of the English one. The sales for the quarter ending June 30, 1894, were, in the distributive department, £790,186, or at the rate of over £3,000,000 a year, a falling off of about one per cent on the corresponding quarter of

last year, with a very trifling decrease of profit. The sales in the manufacturing departments were £82,120, or at the rate of over £328,000 a year, an increase of three and a half per cent, with an even larger increase of profit. Moreover, all the investments of the Scottish Coöperative Wholesale are themselves coöperative.

It is not to be concealed that the Scottish Wholesale has been subject to several strikes, and has had many difficulties with its workers; nor yet that, like the English one, it has had no scruple in taking up a branch of productive business already carried on by a coöperative body, that of printing, — there being an important Edinburgh Printing Society, in existence since 1873, doing (by the last account) a trade of nearly £9000 a year, and paying bonus to labor at the rate of one shilling to the pound. But the views expressed by the president of the Scottish Wholesale, Mr. Maxwell (which stand in strong contrast to those of Mr. Mitchell, president of the English Wholesale), are entirely in favor of the producer; his "highest ideal" of productive industry, as stated in evidence before the Labour Commission, is that of the producers being themselves the shareholders, and finding "the capital," and taking "as the reward of their industry the resulting profit."

Such a form of coöperative production is no doubt far more difficult to carry on than that which simply grows out of consumption, hiring its labor like any other employer. That failure after failure should occur in such attempts need cause no surprise. But the number of such failures has been grossly exaggerated. According to a list drawn up in 1880, 163 productive societies, registered since 1862, had then ceased to exist, — a frightful mortality at first sight. But a careful analysis of the facts by Mr. E. O. Greening showed that only twenty-four of the number, by their rules, proposed to give any definite proportion of profits to the workers; two or three proposed to do something for them by education or other philanthropic means; forty-four were based upon the division of profits with customers; and all the others, so far as appeared, merely divided profits on capital. On the other hand, a table printed in the first number (August, 1894) of Labour Copartnership shows that eleven societies in England and four in Scotland (not reckoning the Scottish Wholesale), established between 1862 and 1880, still exist, and are every one of them making profits.

According to the last-mentioned authority, the societies allowing profit to labor rose from 15 in 1883 to 109 in 1893, their sales for the year from £160,751 to £1,292,550, their capital from £103,436 to £639,884, their net profits from £8917 to £64,679. These figures, however, appear to be a little misleading, as the Scottish Coöperative Wholesale is included only in the later ones, although, as has been seen, some sort of bonus to labor has been allowed by it almost from the beginning. The detailed table on the same page, for a somewhat earlier period, includes, besides, bodies reckoned by other authorities as merely profit-sharing establishments, and some (like the Sheerness Economical, already mentioned) in which the share of labor in profits is almost infinitesimally small. But in addition to the societies contained in the list there appear to be some eighty firms or companies which recognize the principle of giving a fixed share of profits to labor, to say nothing of those which merely allow a bonus not fixed beforehand.

Many interesting histories might be given of productive societies allowing profits to labor, but, for want of space, I will confine myself to one which has actually grown out of the English Coöperative Wholesale Society, and in opposition to its practice, and to a group of smaller bodies in the same trade which may be said to cluster round it.

The Leicester boot factory of the Coöperative Wholesale has been, commercially, a splendid success. It had in 1892 worked for fifty-nine quarters at a profit, for sixteen at a loss; the total net profit, after deducting losses and providing for interest and depreciation, amounting to £55,654. It sold in the quarter ending September 30, 1892, 307,969 pairs of boots and shoes, of £68,769 value. The works have been repeatedly extended; new workshops were built in 1891 on six acres of land, besides a branch factory constructed in 1888 at Enderby. Starting with about 100 workmen, it employed 2249 in September, 1892. Two strikes have occurred at the works: one only partial, in 1886, when about 200 men went out; the other in 1892, when all the workers left. Yet it was the partial strike which had the gravest consequences.

On this occasion, some of the men in the employ of the Wholesale Society, in order "to share in the profits and the management of the business," started a productive society on their own account, the Leicester Coöperative Boot and Shoe Manufacturing Society Limited (registered January 11, 1887). After payment of five per cent per annum on share capital, forty per cent of the profits was to be paid to the workers in proportion to their earnings, twenty per cent on purchases, twelve per cent to the committee, ten per cent to a provident fund, the same to share capital, five per cent to a social and educational fund, and three per cent for special services by members. Three hundred and eighty pounds share capital was subscribed by working men and women, and £100 by the local branch of the trade union. The business commenced with the manufacture of women's goods, and was extended after some months to those for men and boys. Except during the few initial weeks and one quarter of 1890, the society seems always to have worked at a profit. In February, 1891, it employed 170 persons, all shareholders, of whom 130 worked on the premises, and the rest at home. Two thirds of the committee were in the employ of the society. According to the table in Labour Copartnership, it had, by the end of 1892, £9451 capital, had done a trade for the year of £32,994, making a profit of £1379, out of which ninepence farthing on the pound had been allowed on wages. It has indeed been asserted by a writer of no mean authority (Mr. D. F. Schloss) that the men employed by the Leicester society have not earned, in wages and bonus together, more than they did in wages alone, working for the Coöperative Wholesale; but this is denied on behalf of the men, except with respect to the "early history of the society."

Stimulated mostly by the example of the Leicester society, though two are of earlier date, a group of societies in the boot and shoe trade have sprung up, ten in all (besides one now winding up), which allow profits to labor. These, according to Labour Copartnership, did (apparently), at the end of 1892, a collective trade of £42,954, and made, collectively, after deducting losses, a profit of £1682, out of which £659 was assigned to labor. If to these figures we add those of the Leicester society, we find that, in the boot and shoe trade, productive societies did a business of £75,948, and made a net profit of £3061. Poor as these figures are beside those of the Leicester boot and shoe factory of the Coöperative Wholesale, they show something of what can be done by labor in its struggle against capital within the coöperative movement. The whole group in turn supplies much of the business of another productive society, the London Leather Manufacturers' Society, established in 1892, which indeed is also largely dealt with by the two wholesale societies.

The movement towards production in the coöperative world is, moreover, a growing one. According to the last published report (for 1893) of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, "of the

societies registered in 1893 under the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, thirty-five were of the productive class" as against forty "ordinary distributive stores" (besides seventeen miscellaneous bodies), showing a near balance between production and distribution. It does not indeed follow that all productive associations registered are established for the benefit of the worker.

Great help has been afforded to the movement by the Labour Association, already referred to, established in 1884, which, after issuing, since January, 1893, a printed monthly letter to its members, has, within the last two months, begun publishing Labour Copartnership, besides providing lectures on subjects connected with coöperation. In conjunction with the Agricultural and Horticultural Association the Labour Association undertakes every year, at the Crystal Palace, a flower show, exhibition of coöperative productions, and coöperative festival, which have proved very popular. Again, a body called the Coöperative Institute Society Limited has established, in London, a depot for the sale of goods produced in coöperative workshops, where workers share in profits and management. With this has been connected a tailoring department, and the success of the establishment is such that the sales for the third quarter of 1894 almost exactly double those of the corresponding quarter of 1893, and that removal to larger premises must soon take place. Lastly, there is a Coöperative Productive Federation, to assist productive societies, through united action, to open up a market for the sale of their productions, and at its last meeting at the Crystal Palace, on August 20, 1894, seventeen societies were represented.

In short, everything tends to show that the British workman is bent on carrying out some form of coöperation in which he shall be no mere hired servant of capitalist or consumer, and that, in his dogged way, he is stumbling on, through failure after failure, to success.[1]

J. M. Ludlow.

THE WANT OF ECONOMY IN THE LECTURE SYSTEM.

It is the object of this paper to point out that the lecture system, unaccompanied by what may be called laboratory work, is an uneconomical method of imparting information, when the intellectual outlay and the results attained are compared.

There are those who firmly believe in the lecture system unsupported by any practical work on the part of the listeners. They have apparently unbounded faith in the ability of a great man to put one on the road to knowledge by lectures; and they are ready to exclaim with a distinguished modern French writer on St. François d'Assisi, "Rien pour communiquer la pensée ne vaut la viva vox." Undoubtedly a great man may succeed in communicating an enthusiasm for knowledge, but it can be said of enthusiasm, as it has been said of faith, without works it is dead. Of what use, it may be asked, are lectures on modern whist without practice with the cards? What young lady cares to listen to lectures on embroidery? Of what avail are lectures

[1] In dealing with the subject of coöperative production, I have not thought it necessary to distinguish between the producer and the distributer proper (shopman, clerk, etc.), who, speaking broadly, may fairly be classed with the producers, and holds the same interest with them as towards the consumers. It would be otherwise in dealing with coöperative consumption, on the field of which the distributer stands mostly alone over against the consumer.

on cookery unaccompanied by practical work? Yet we still see in certain medical schools the endeavor to teach surgery by lectures, and in some law schools the attempt to teach law by lectures, without practice in the investigation of cases.

When we carefully examine the educational methods of the present time, and compare them with those of twenty years ago, we can perceive, however, that a slow but steady progress has been made in substituting economical methods of instruction for uneconomical ones. Thus, the recitation from textbooks in chemistry and physics is largely giving place to laboratory methods. Law lectures in the best law schools are subordinate to the investigation and study of cases, and hospital work and laboratory work in medical schools are steadily demanding more attention than recitation and lecture work. It is said that the superior excellence of medical instruction in Germany largely resides in the fact that bedside instruction has taken the place of general lectures on pathology. If we consult the catalogues and announcements of studies of our principal American colleges and universities, we find few purely lecture courses offered to students. In almost every case it is stated that the lecture course will be supplemented by certain practical exercises, such as the preparation of theses, the comparison of authors, and the looking up of cases and authorities.

There is, however, an innate fondness in the human breast for lecturing our fellow-men. When a man by long study has conquered the difficulties of a subject, and has made, it may be, a discovery, he desires, chanticleer-like, to give the world the benefit of the light that has come to him. This desire, of course, is highly commendable; but does not the lecturer often forget that he arrived at his intellectual elevation by a slow educating process of practical experiences, and is he not mistaken in supposing that his audience can appreciate the importance of his work without some practical work on the road which he has traveled?

The lecture system may be said to be a relic of the Middle Ages, and undoubtedly arose from the difficulty of obtaining manuscripts, or what might answer to printed directions for the acquisition of knowledge. Knowledge then was in the hands of a few. The lecture system has been perpetuated like many processes of law, having been made respectable by age, and having been practiced by scholars whose training is the opposite of that of business men, and who have not made a careful study of economical methods.

At this time, when schemes of university extension are very much discussed, the question of the utility of the lecture method becomes an important one. The university extension plan resembles in some respects the system of lyceum lectures which once marked an era in the intellectual life of New England; though it should be said that the most capable advocates of the university extension method insist upon accompanying work and examination. It may be interesting, however, to examine the rise and fall of the New England lyceum.

As early as 1823, there was a movement in Massachusetts to establish lyceum courses of lectures, and in 1830 there were at least seventy-eight in the State. Sir Thomas Wyse, in a paper published in London in 1838, On the Lyceum System in America, with a Consideration of its Applicability to Mechanics Institutes in England, estimates that in 1831 there existed one thousand town lyceums, and fifty or sixty county lyceums, in America. The chief function of the lyceums was to provide courses of lectures, although in some cases, like the Essex Institute at Salem, collections in natural history were formed. In most cases, the lyceums as a centre for the diffusion of knowledge by means of collections in science died out, and were replaced by courses of lectures, independent of any widespread organization like

that contemplated by the founders of the lyceums. The lyceum maintained its hold, however, for more than fifty years in certain towns, and an earnest attempt was made to preserve its simplicity and austerity. It was gravely debated whether music and the stereopticon or dramatic readings should be allowed to encroach upon its intellectual character. The student of the lyceum can probably find the best example of its work in the records of the town of Concord. At the fiftieth anniversary of the Concord Lyceum, January 7, 1879, Judge Hoar said: "I ask you to pause with me a moment and think what this simple institution has done for this town; what an impression it has made upon this community; what an instrument of education, of culture, of social acquaintance, it has been. For fifty years, through successive winters, the old and the young have come here together to see each other's faces, — the young men and maidens sometimes, perhaps, with other views than strictly intellectual culture; but all of us friendly, neighborly, and engaged in a pursuit innocent and wholesome. And there has been poured out before us, received into our minds and hearts, instruction the value of which no statement of mine can possibly overestimate. The institution has been conducted in the most catholic spirit. Every shade of opinion has been presented and respectfully entertained. After Dr. Brownson, the accomplished Catholic scholar, we had Dr. Manning of the Old South and Dr. Stone of Park Street, the Baptist Dr. Neale, Dr. Hedge, Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Chapin, Starr King, Edward Everett Hale, James Freeman Clarke, Mr. Weiss, Theodore Parker, sounding the gamut from one end of the scale to the other. Our lyceum has heard lectures from two presidents of Harvard College, Mr. Felton and Dr. Hill, from Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven, from Dr. Huntington, from Dr. Gannett, from Dr. Sears, from Professor Horsford, from Waterston and Quincy, from Horace Greeley and John P. Hale, from George Thompson of England, from Dr. Palfrey, Dr. Francis, Dr. Ellis, from Agassiz and Holmes, Lowell and Dana, Whipple and Fields, from Jones Very, George T. Davis, Joseph T. Buckingham, and Dr. Charles T. Jackson." The judge gives the names of eminent jurists, also. The list shows the aims and the activity of the lyceum; and although the lyceum organization was early abandoned, courses of lectures continued to be established in most New England towns. Such courses were perhaps most flourishing between 1850 and 1860; for the great question of the abolition of slavery and the issues of the civil war brought forward earnest orators, and people thronged to public halls to hear them lecture.

The necessity of attending at least one course of lectures may be said to have haunted the Puritan conscience as late as 1866. Up to this period lectures on serious topics were well attended. Professor Lovering, my predecessor at Harvard University, told me that he often had to repeat his lectures on physics before the Lowell Institute in Boston, in order that the overflow might hear them. To-day even a Helmholtz would be painfully conscious of the array of empty benches after the public had satisfied their curiosity in seeing a distinguished man. There are few towns in America in which, at the present time, there are courses of lectures which may be called intellectual. Where Emerson and Phillips and George William Curtis once lectured, there are now occasional lectures on the wonders of electricity, stereopticon views of the World's Fair, or journeys through Spain with a kodak. The reason for the decay of the systematic courses of lectures in the lyceums I leave to the student of sociology; merely expressing my own conviction that the public found the results attained were not commensurate with the effort they made in attending the lectures. Then, too, the great increase in the number of public entertainments, the circula-

tion of illustrated magazines, and the Sunday newspapers have had their influence.

While the effort to provide systematic instruction by lectures has died out in the lyceums, the lecture system is still strongly rooted in many of our normal schools and colleges. Certain young men and young women still feel a source of satisfaction in enrolling themselves in lecture courses, and count their advance in intellectual training by the number of these lectures and by the size of their notebooks. In the subject of physics, the qualification of being a good lecturer is considered a fundamental one in the appointment of a professor. I occasionally receive letters from trustees of educational institutions, asking if I can recommend a candidate for a professorship in natural philosophy who would also be capable of conducting morning prayers and of giving instruction in chemistry. I feel that I may be guarded in my commendations on all these points save on that of the qualification of being a good lecturer. This must be testified to without reserve. It is apparent that, notwithstanding the advance that has been made in laboratory methods of instruction, the attempt is still made, even in our leading universities, to convey a body of systematic instruction by means of lectures. Is it not well to ask ourselves if this attempt leads to economical results?

If lectures are unaccompanied by some kind of laboratory work, some practice in looking up cases, or some method of investigation, I believe that they are uneconomical. A lecture in science, with illustrations and experiments, requires at least two hours of preparation on the part of the professor. In the course of this arduous work, the latter is doing exactly what the student who is to hear the lecture should do in order to appreciate it. The professor does all the work, and the minds of his listeners, not being prepared as his has been, are not in a receptive state, and the amount of instruction that is assimilated is vanishingly small. We see often, in our colleges and technical schools, the spectacle of a worn and wan professor, exhausted by the labor of delivering courses of lectures, returning to his home more tired than a ploughman and sower of seed; for he has not the certainty the latter feels that the ground has been well fitted for the reception of the germs.

I have said that the professor, in the preparation of his lectures, gets the chief intellectual advantage of the course of lectures; the contact with things and the diligent examination of the conditions of the experiments give him an intense interest in the subject matter of the lecture. The audience, on the other hand, judge of the success of the lecturer by the smoothness and ease of his experimentation. The experiment is soon over. Everything is made simple, and the mind is not rudely arrested and confronted with difficulties; indeed, the difficulties are often concealed by the facile lecturer. Even an intelligent student may listen with the best intentions to obtain the utmost from a course of lectures, for instance on light; but when he engages in amateur photography he finds that he learns more in a day in regard to the properties of lenses and the intensity of light than he had learned in an entire course of lectures on optics. After a season of practice in photography he could attend a lecture on optics with interest and profit. I am inclined to think that if a student should try to imitate the style of the best prose writers before he attends a lecture on style, he would be in the condition of assimilation of the amateur photographer. The professor who attempts to give systematic instruction by courses of lectures, unaccompanied by some kind of laboratory work on the part of the students, I repeat, is largely doing the work which the student should do. Is it economical, for instance, to spend much time and a considerable sum of money in freezing water on the top of a red-hot crucible, when the

audience have never tried the simplest experiment on latent heat, specific heat, or the tension of vapors? How much intellectual progress is stimulated by showing electrical sparks three feet in length, if the audience have never obtained by systematic experiments a realizing sense of what electro-motive force, resistance, and current signify? The minds of the audience are in the condition of those of children at a Christmas pantomime. The professor is worn out by the burden of lecturing with small results; and the school committee or the trustees gauge his success in teaching by the fluency of his exposition and the aptness of his experiments. No greater praise, apparently, can be given than the remark, "Professor So-and-So never fails in his experiments." I am inclined to think that his labor is uneconomical, because he is doing the work that his audience ought to do in order to appreciate the difficulties of the subject.

But we have not represented fully the severe burden undertaken by the lecturer. In many cases, forgetting the invention of printing, he covers the blackboards with notes, and himself with chalk, and then proceeds to lecture to an audience busily occupied in copying a paragraph just preceding that which he is elucidating. The young instructor, fresh from Germany, proceeds a step farther. Throwing aside the scaffolding by which he rose to his mental height, he invites his audience to ascend, by making those untrained in the art of taking notes fill their notebooks with a mass of directions in which their minds are apt to be irretrievably lost. I often pick up in the laboratory notes of lectures on various subjects, and I remember a book which contained on one page a careful statement of what the topics were to be in a course on philosophy; on the next page were the notes of the first lecture, which were fairly good, except that the lecturer was quoted in an affirmative proposition where he undoubtedly stated a negative one; on the following page was an account of the second lecture, half as long as that of the first; on the fourth page there was simply the title of the third lecture; and on the fifth a diagram of the relative positions of the quarter backs and full backs on the football field. If one is successful in filling a notebook with fairly good accounts of a course of lectures, how desirable are they in comparison with even a poor textbook? The latter has the merit of being in print, and of being therefore legible. The poor textbook is apt to cover more ground than the notebooks, and if it is properly criticised and annotated can be made a more valuable possession as the years go on than the imperfectly taken notes. I sometimes survey my pile of notebooks, relics of the days of my early education. They are musty now; the writing is illegible, and pages are wanting here and there. I never consult them; and the only permanent advantage of the lectures of which the books are reminders is a list of books of reference which one of the notebooks contains. The chance remark of the instructor that certain data could be found in print has outlived in usefulness all my elaborate notes. If I had been told where to go for information, and how to use my tools when I found them, and had been set to work with them, I should have been saved the labor of taking useless notes, and should not have the memory of an overworked and nervously exhausted teacher, who was annoyed by vapid yawning, snapping of watch cases, and who beat the air in vain.

The lecture system in our universities leads, moreover, to a system of cramming for examinations. Many students neglect entirely to take notes on certain lectures, and rely upon obtaining the notes of some student who makes a business of selling his information, and preparing indolent men to pass examinations on a year's course of lectures by a two hours' cram. To my mind the remedy is plain.

The audience should be set to work, by some method of investigation which will compel the mind to fix itself upon a subject in order to become interested in it and to appreciate the lectures upon it.

I hear, however, my antagonist and critic murmur, this is the argument of a narrow specialist. Lectures can be made liberalizing, and a general view of a subject can be given without the close and special attention which tends to narrow the mind, and prevent it from taking broad views of the subject. I believe that there is much false sentiment on the subject of what is a liberal education. A learned professor told me once that one of the chief liberalizing advantages, to his mind, of the study of the classics was the ability it gave him to unravel the etymology of scientific words, and therefore to afford him an inkling of what the subject represented by the term treated of. For instance, the word "bolometer" he deduced from *βολή*, a throw, or cast, and *μέτρον*, a measure. "Dynamo" came from *δύναμις*, power, some apparatus for producing power. He was content, being liberally educated, to skim the subject thus, and felt great satisfaction in his liberal knowledge. My critic will say, the student performs a certain experiment on sound, and, with his mind concentrated on the experiment, does not obtain a liberal view of the whole subject of sound which he might obtain from a systematic course of lectures. He looks up a special case, and the great philosophical bearings of the subject never enter his mind. I am afraid that my critic and I can never get upon a common ground; for I believe that a superficial view of a subject is not liberalizing, and that accurate work even in a corner of a subject fits the ground to receive the seeds for a greater growth. A student, I repeat, who has actually worked with lenses — who has taken photographs, and has measured the intensity of light — will read books on optics with a certain avidity unknown before, and will be in the best position to gain a larger knowledge; while the general listener and the general reader never understand what is important and what is unimportant in a subject. Their liberal ideas are often inaccurate ideas, and therefore far from being liberalizing.

Again, I can hear my critic say, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, walked from Woburn to Cambridge, eight miles, to attend the lectures of Professor Winthrop on physics, and who can tell how much influence they had on his remarkable career as a philosopher? He remembered the college by a liberal benefaction to the subject on which he heard lectures. Other examples can be adduced of the interest which popular lectures have had in turning a boy's mind toward science; but, I reply, the youth Benjamin Thompson and other boys of similar tastes had experimented before they attended the lectures, and were therefore in a condition to profit by the lectures. My remarks are largely directed to the great body of the audience, which has, I am tempted to say, the immoral desire of obtaining something without being willing properly to work for it.

A lecturer on physics, according to my experience, cannot expect to talk intelligently to more than ten students out of a hundred in his audience. These ten men will be those who have taken photographs, experimented with dynamos or telephones, or made some mechanical invention. They are the youthful Rumfords, and their minds have been fitted by actual experience in dealing with the difficulties of the subject to profit by the labors of the professor. The rest of the audience may receive a stimulus, a momentary exhilaration of enthusiasm, but it is a temporary effect unless the hands and eyes are immediately set to work. The professor is lecturing economically only when he lectures to his assistants who know the difficulties of the subject, and who are ready to profit

by the smallest suggestions. To my mind, Rembrandt's School of Anatomy is a great moral lesson to the university professor. The professor, with the subject before him, is giving his interpretation of the processes which his audience have studied with the same instruments and through the same lenses. They are therefore ready to see what the eye of experience points out. The painter has shown a group of faces, full of attention and thought, and the conversion of energy from the dynamo to the motors is well-nigh perfect. Let us suppose that an instantaneous photograph should be taken of a large, untrained audience listening to a lecture on physics. You would see in it listless heads, vacant expressions, puzzled faces which say plainly, "You are lecturing over my head," faces which betray impatience at what they consider elementary propositions, and faces wrapped in slumber. Here is no resemblance to Rembrandt's picture. If, on the other hand, an instantaneous photograph should be taken of a laboratory section who are listening to a fifteen-minute lecture on the work of the morning before they go to the laboratory tables, almost every face will be thoughtful, bent upon the demonstrator, who is pointing out the precautions that must be taken and the facts that should be observed; and there is a look in the eyes of the students which is analogous to that in the group of physicians painted by Rembrandt.

Realizing fully the danger of reasoning that the best method of procedure in one's own subject would necessarily prove advantageous in other domains of knowledge, I am tempted, however, to dogmatize, and to maintain, from my experience of the advantages of laboratory work, that there should be a minimum of lecturing, and a maximum of audience work, in all subjects. Might not the student of the history of art, even, be in less danger of accepting limiting creeds if he engaged in what is analogous to laboratory work, — the testing of processes which have been used by masters of the art of sculpture and painting, the moulding of objects into classical forms?

The metal worker strikes and moulds the objects he desires to fashion, when they are hot, and not when they are cold and unfit to take impressions. It is encouraging to see a slow but sure substitution of laboratory methods of instruction for lecture methods.

John Trowbridge.

THE AUTHOR OF QUABBIN.

I PROPOSE to write some random recollections of a friend of many years, and of the early days of the magazine he was largely instrumental in establishing. I remember well the occasion of my first meeting with him, much better than I recall the month, or even the year, although I think it must have been late in the autumn of 1853. It was on a Monday morning, and he had been but an hour or two at the desk newly placed for him in the counting-room of Phillips, Sampson & Co., then the most active publishing house in Boston. As I entered on some errand (the firm was then issuing a series of small books for me), the strange face at the new desk looked up with a surprised, interested, penetrating expression, which kindled into cordial recognition as the urbane head of the firm approached and introduced us. From that moment Francis Henry Underwood and I were friends.

He was then in the flower of early manhood, not quite twenty-nine years old (born January 12, 1825), with a fine ruddy complexion, good nose, and handsome eyebrows, frank yet dignified manners, and an admirable aplomb which made him a noticeable man in any company. He had had his share of the varied experiences commonly attending the career of a typical self-made American. A native of Enfield, in the heart of western Massachusetts, reared in a rural community, and receiving the rudiments of his education in the ungraded district school of those days, — the best part of him developed and trained in the usual hard struggle of a poor but ambitious New England boy striving to better his condition, — he had managed somehow to prepare himself for entering Amherst, and had there made some advance in a collegiate course, which, however, a lack of means prevented him from completing. A good uncle offered to supply the means for that and a subsequent theological course, conditioned on his promise to devote himself to the ministry. This he at one time seriously contemplated doing; but his mind awakening to doubts as to the doctrines he would be expected to preach, he took the only honest course open to him, announced his change of views, and forfeited the proffered advantages with his uncle's favor. On quitting Amherst he went to Kentucky, where he taught school, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. He also found a wife there, an estimable woman, who was to become the mother of his four children.

Life in Kentucky, instead of lulling to rest some New England prejudices he entertained against the institution of slavery, only confirmed and strengthened them. He returned to Massachusetts in 1850, enlisted in the Free Soil movement, made friends among its leaders, and was elected clerk of the state Senate in the stirring "coalition" days of 1852, when stalwart Henry Wilson was president of that body, and Banks and Hoar and other notable members of the House were in training for the wider arena of national politics.

But Underwood's aspirations were always more literary than political, and after a year's service in the Senate he had found a more congenial position in the great publishing house, where his chief duties were to examine manuscripts offered for publication, and conduct correspondence with authors. I found him extremely companionable, warming quickly to a new acquaintance; and I envied in him the entire absence of that shyness which in me too often repressed the ardor of social impulses. He had many friends among all sorts of people, but principally among artists and writers. There was one, particularly, of whose intimacy he was justly proud, the brilliant wit and poet of Cambridge, — "my friend Mr. Lowell," as he commonly spoke of him with undisguised satisfaction.

I saw him almost daily at his office, but our real intimacy began when first he invited me to his house. "Come and dine with me on Sunday," he said, "and in the afternoon we will walk over to Elmwood." It was a red-letter day for me, when I went out from Boston at the appointed time, found him in his modest home (he was living in Cambridge), and after dinner walked with him to the home of the Lowells.

I had never yet seen the author of the Biglow Papers and A Fable for Critics, then in the refulgent morning of his fame; and the anticipation of meeting him sensitized my mind for sharp and enduring impressions. I retain a distinct picture of Elmwood as it looked that morning: a spacious, square, old-fashioned mansion, standing in the midst of snow-covered grounds, and surrounded by tall trees and clumps of ragged lilacs, all bare of foliage except the pines lifting their golden-green tops in the wintry sunshine. My guide entered like a familiar guest, and led the way up

three flights of stairs to a large front room, which was the poet's study. Mere words often convey to the mind impressions of form and color; and I had conceived of Lowell — not that I am aware from anything he had written, but solely from the sound of the two syllables of his name — as a tall, dark, dignified person, with a thin face, ample forehead, and prominent nose. Very great, therefore, was my surprise when I was ushered into the presence of a compact little man in short velvet jacket, with wavy auburn hair parted in the middle over a full, fair forehead that appeared neither broad nor high, and a bright, genial face more expressive of the vigorous and humorous Hosea than of the exalted Sir Launfal.

The easy cordiality of his greeting put me at once at my ease, and prepared me for the enjoyment of a delightful occasion. He was accustomed to receive, at that hour on Sunday afternoons, a small circle of friends, among whom he was the shining central figure. Soon after our arrival Robert Carter came in, a short, sturdy man, with a big head spanned by a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, a walking cyclopædia of information. Dr. Estes Howe, Lowell's brother-in-law, and two or three others made up the company, and a quiet, desultory conversation ensued; not at all that of gods discoursing "from peak to peak all about Olympus," but very much like the talk of men of sense and culture anywhere. Some good stories were told, there was now and then a meteoric pun, or a wise observation illumined a subject like the sudden flash of a search-light; but what interested me most was the reading by Lowell of some verses which I do not remember ever to have seen in print. The talk turning upon French poetry, he took from a shelf of ponderous volumes a work of Voltaire's, from which he first read us a part of Hamlet's soliloquy in the great Frenchman's attenuated and flexible alexandrines; a version as much like the original as some luxuriant vine is like a rugged trunk it climbs and hides. This paraphrase Lowell had retranslated into English quite faithfully, giving it, however, some sly turns to bring out with ludicrous effect its graceful feebleness in contrast with the sententious Shakespearean lines.

It was late in the afternoon when the company separated, and I went home to tea with Underwood. Seeing a friend for the first time in the society of his familiars is like placing him in a room full of mirrors that reflect his different sides; and to know him in his home is still a different revelation. As I walked back to Boston in the evening, and stopped on the bridge — one of "the caterpillar bridges crawling with innumerable legs across the Charles" — to watch the stars mistily wavering in the dark, full river, and to think over the events of the afternoon, I felt that I had come to know Frank Underwood better in those few hours than in all the previous weeks of our acquaintance.

Besides these Sunday afternoons at Lowell's there were Friday evening gatherings, — "ostensibly for whist, at the house of each of the party in turn," as Underwood tells us in The Poet and the Man. The whist club included Lowell, Carter, John Bartlett, John Holmes, and other friends and neighbors of Underwood. Then there were very informal dinners in Boston, nearly always attended by him and Lowell, and often by Edmund Quincy, Francis Parkman, and Dr. Holmes. Such were some of his associates, and all who knew him will attest how generous he was in sharing old friendships with new friends. If never any false pride deterred him from making his friends useful to him, he had the right of one who was equally ready to serve them or to make them useful to one another. One especial favor which he would have done me I recall with mingled gratitude and regret. Hearing that I was intending to go abroad in the spring of 1855, he interested himself in

my plans, and one morning met me with a significantly uplifted finger, and the startling announcement, "It is all arranged; you are going with Mr. Lowell!"

Startling indeed, for although I knew that Mr. Lowell, lately appointed professor of modern languages in Harvard University, to succeed Mr. Longfellow, was to have a year of study in Europe before assuming the duties of that position, I had not conceived the possibility of having him for a fellow-passenger.

"I have talked it over with him. He is going in a sailing-vessel, and you two will probably be the only passengers. Don't say a word against it!" Underwood went on, as I murmured something about different arrangements. "Take my advice, — cancel them; give up everything else for this rare chance."

Alas, those different arrangements! A very close friend of mine was going abroad with three Spanish-American youths to superintend their education in Paris, and I had engaged to accompany them. Neither he nor they could speak French, and my small familiarity with that language was depended upon to aid in establishing them in the great foreign metropolis. Time was more important to them than it was to me, and they were to make the voyage in a steamer. I should myself have preferred the more leisurely and less expensive passage; and I knew how delightful as well as profitable to me, with my imperfect education and unsettled literary aims, would be a month's daily intercourse with a finished man like Lowell, in the vast and unbroken seclusion of the ocean. But I could not well change my plans. Underwood called me an idiot, as perhaps I was. But he did not weary of serving me; and I cannot forbear the pleasure of recording another instance of his active friendship. When I came home, a year later, with the manuscript of Neighbor Jackwood in my trunk, he took a lively interest in putting it through the press; and it was afterwards through his mediation that I was engaged to make a dramatic version of it for the Boston Museum stage.

Boston had as yet no magazine that could command the united support of the best writers and of an appreciative public. The Dial, started in 1840, with such contributors as Emerson, Theodore Parker, and Margaret Fuller, was designed as a vent to the new wine of Transcendentalism, and commended itself chiefly to the few who had felt the fine intoxication of that ferment. It was near its last days when, in 1843, Lowell and his friend Robert Carter started The Pioneer, with Poe and Hawthorne in its list of contributors; which also failed for the lack of something behind it more substantial than enthusiasm and genius. Up to the time I write of there had been no other noteworthy venture of the sort. There was, indeed, the scholarly and exclusive North American Review, an able quarterly, which had not yet metamorphosed itself to a monthly and emigrated. Philadelphia had its three graces, Graham's, Godey's, and Sartain's, and New York its old Knickerbocker, new Harper's, and Putnam's; why then should not Boston be represented by a monthly of her own, worthy of her literary reputation, and of the authors who stood ready to contribute to its pages? This was a question one often heard discussed; the idea was in the air, as they say, like so many ideas that wait for the right hour and the right man for their materialization.

The man in this case was Underwood, whose position made him a connecting link between a circle of brilliant writers and a publishing firm of enterprise and reputation. He was ardently in favor of such a publication: he talked it over with his literary friends, on the one hand, particularly with Professor Lowell; and with Phillips, Sampson & Co., on the other, particularly with the "Co." Mr. Sampson was then in feeble health, and

practically out of the business. Mr. Phillips, affable but dignified, had a glacial atmosphere when urged to consider propositions which his judgment failed to approve, and Underwood found his cold side when he talked to him of the magazine. The "Co." in these days was Mr. William Lee, then a young man, now the veteran publisher of the firm of Lee & Shepard. He and Underwood were on intimate terms; and when Underwood came in, charged, from conferences with his Cambridge friends, he found Lee a good conductor. The two partners were in the habit of going out to lunch together; and in that hour of relaxation the junior would sometimes bring up the subject of the proposed magazine, arguing that they ought not to miss so magnificent an opportunity. The coöperation of Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, — a dazzling array of names, — was assured; and no doubt that of the then most popular writer in the world, a woman, could be obtained. Warming by degrees, the senior at last said he would consult Mrs. Stowe.

Four or five years before, the manuscript of Uncle Tom's Cabin, or rather the scrapbook containing the newspaper chapters clipped from the National Era, had been offered to Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. for publication in book form. The firm had at that time a large Southern trade, which they feared would be imperiled by the appearance of their imprint on the title-page of that flaming anti-slavery tract in the guise of fiction. Nobody could have foreseen that Uncle Tom was to create for itself a book trade of more value in a single year than the ordinary trade of any house for a decade; so that we need not marvel at the seeming short-sightedness of Mr. Phillips when, after a brief consultation with his partners, he declined the proffered book with his customary courtesy and "with thanks." It went to an obscure Boston bookseller, who had little to risk by the undertaking, and, as it proved, fortune and immense publicity to gain. Its success not only revolutionized public sentiment on the subject of slavery; it also converted booksellers from their conservative views of the relative value of a Southern trade. Mrs. Stowe could well afford to forgive the slight put upon a performance that had vindicated itself so triumphantly; and receiving an intimation that Mr. Phillips would not decline a second work of hers, she had, in 1854, given the firm her Sunny Memories, following it in 1856 with the great anti-slavery novel Dred.

The publisher and the authoress were on exceedingly friendly terms, and Mrs. Stowe rarely came to town without calling upon Mr. Phillips. It was noticeable that while she gave some of the humble frequenters of the Winter Street store one or two careless fingers, the whole of the little hand that had written the most famous book of modern times went out very graciously to him. When he mentioned to her the project of the new magazine, she received it with instant and cordial approval, and promised it her earnest support. The publisher hesitated no longer; a chain of agencies had accomplished what might never have come to pass had either one of them been absent. I well remember Underwood's radiant countenance when, one morning, he announced to me in strictest confidence that the proposed publication was finally decided upon; that Lowell was to be editor in chief, and that he was to be Lowell's assistant. I dare say my own face grew radiant, too, when he went on to say that a contribution from me would be expected for the first number.

The new venture was not yet named, and while all of us who were in the secret were ransacking our wits for a good title, Dr. Holmes, who seemed ever ready with the right thing at the right moment, christened it The Atlantic Monthly.

Early in June, 1857, Underwood went abroad in the interest of the forthcoming

magazine, taking letters to the foremost British from the best known American writers. Emerson alone, in a characteristic note, declined to furnish the desired introductions. "Since my foreign correspondents have ceased sending their friends to me, it seems hardly fair," he wrote, "that I should accredit any of mine to them." It was Underwood's first trip to Europe, and the mission was very greatly to his mind.

It was the intention to issue the initial number a month or two before it actually appeared, and it was to open with the first chapters of a serial story by Mrs. Stowe. This she was unable to furnish, hindered, I think, by some domestic calamity. Then came the financial panic of that year, and it was feared the publication might have to go over to the next year, or be postponed indefinitely, — a peculiarly dismal prospect to writers whose contributions had been accepted. Few people were aware how narrowly the great publishing house escaped collapse in that tempestuous time. It was October when the delayed first number appeared, bearing date November, 1857.

In this age of magazines, great and small, when nobody is surprised to hear of new ones starting up every few months, it is difficult to conceive of the wide interest excited by the advent of the long-expected Atlantic. The articles were unsigned, which Mr. Phillips himself thought a mistaken policy, with so resplendent a group of names that might have served to emblazon the announcements. The publishers' self-denial found compensation, however, in the interest of the riddles of authorship which the public was each month invited to solve. That of some of the principal articles was generally an open secret, while the guesses as to others were often amusing enough; as when a poem by a little known writer was copied and went the rounds of the press attributed to Longfellow or Emerson, — an incident not calculated to please either him who was thus deprived of his due credit, or the other who had a doubtful honor thrust upon him.

In place of the hoped-for chapters of a serial, Mrs. Stowe had in the first number only a short story, The Mourning Veil, which was disappointing. When asked why so slight a sketch had been admitted, Underwood replied, "When a boy goes a-fishing and catches a small fish, he puts it into his basket for luck, hoping to catch a big one by and by." The magazine caught a big one indeed when, a few months later, The Minister's Wooing began to appear in its pages.

To that first number Emerson contributed, besides an essay, four short poems, one of them the mystical Brahma, which was to be more talked about and puzzled over and parodied than any other poem of sixteen lines published within my recollection. "What does it mean?" was the question readers everywhere asked; and if one had the reputation of seeing a little way into the Concord philosophy, he was liable at any time to be stopped on the street by some perplexed inquirer, who would draw him into the nearest doorway, produce a crumpled newspaper clipping from the recesses of a waistcoat pocket, and, with knitted brows, exclaim, "Here! you think you understand Emerson; now tell me what all this is about, — '*If the red slayer think he slays*,'" and so forth.

Longfellow contributed his beautiful tribute to Florence Nightingale, Santa Filomena; Lowell had a versified fable and a sonnet; and there was a paper by Motley, whose early novels of Morton's Hope and Merry Mount had been forgotten, while his Rise of the Dutch Republic had suddenly placed him in the front rank of living historians. But the great surprise of the number was a contribution which, if not by a new hand, showed that a new force had entered into our literature; the first of a series of papers of inimitable wit and brilliancy, by a hand that never seemed to grow old nor to lose its wonderful facility, until it

was laid to rest the other day in Mount Auburn, — the hand of the kindly and beloved Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.

The writer of this present article was the youngest of the contributors, and, with the exception of Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, he is now the sole survivor.

Underwood enjoyed greatly his position on the magazine. Every article offered passed through his hands, but though he possessed unlimited power of rejection, the power of final acceptance rested solely with Lowell. Yet Underwood was not merely the coarse sieve this might imply. He often made up the numbers, subject, however, to Lowell's approval; he conferred with authors, and he was himself also a contributor. He had done a useful work in uniting the forces that combined to originate the magazine, but the character of it was entirely the creation of Lowell.

The death of Mr. Phillips and the subsequent breaking up of the firm in 1859 resulted in the conveyance of the magazine to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, and the severance of Underwood's connection with it. This was a grief to him for reasons quite other than pecuniary ones. At his years, with his prepossessing personality and his many friends, there was no doubt of his being easily able to make good any loss of that nature. He soon found a sufficiently lucrative position as clerk of the Superior Court in Boston, the fees of which often bulged his pocket in a most satisfactory fashion as he carried them home at night. He was then living in South Boston, the office he held having necessitated his residence within the city limits, and his removal from the delightful neighborhood in Cambridge where the seven best years of his life had been passed. This position he retained eleven years, after which he unfortunately invested his savings in an established business that promised to pay him dividends on his stock and a salary as secretary. The salary was paid for a while, but no returns from his investment did he ever see, either as dividends or principal, and he at last retired from the concern altogether. Meanwhile his literary activity continued, and in 1871 and 1872 he published his two Handbooks of British and American Authors, to which he had given an immense amount of conscientious labor. He also published two or three works of fiction: and to show how full a life he must have lived, it should be added that he was an active member of literary and musical clubs, and for many years a member of the Boston school board.

Mrs. Underwood dying in 1882, the South Boston home was broken up not long afterwards. In 1885 Underwood was given a consulship at Glasgow, the duties of which he must have performed satisfactorily, since he was reappointed consul by the second administration of President Cleveland, this time at Edinburgh, in 1893. But of far deeper interest to us than the conduct of his office is the life he lived abroad as a representative American and man of letters. His fine presence, his public addresses and after-dinner speeches, and more particularly his lectures on American Men of Letters made him a prominent figure in society; and the University of Glasgow recognized his distinction by conferring upon him the degree of LL. D. His reputation had prepared for him a warm reception in Edinburgh. He was comfortably settled there with the young Scotch wife he had brought with him to America, and taken back with him to her native land; and his friends here had received barely an intimation of his breaking health, when a brief cabled dispatch announced his death, which took place on the 8th of August last, in his seventieth year.

He had had a varied, an interesting, and on the whole an enviable career. It was not without its disappointments, which he was latterly too much inclined to dwell upon, forgetting that they are the common lot of all. He desired for-

tune for the generous uses to which he would have devoted it; but in the full flood of his prosperous years he failed to attain independence, and the ebbing tide found him still pulling the oar of an unflagging industry. He had literally troops of friends, — no man had more, — as was enthusiastically shown at the farewell banquet tendered him on the occasion of his first departure for Scotland; yet on returning to Boston, after a brief interval of years, he felt himself forgotten and neglected. Without seeming to overrate his own talents, well aware that he lacked the creative gift of genius, he was ambitious of attaining a permanent place in his country's literature; yet while his books had always a certain success, and were commended by the judicious, they did not secure the general recognition he felt they deserved. His sense of these discouragements was not, however, so bitter as might be inferred from letters of his written when he was poor and ill and old, strictly confidential communications, which were hurried into print at the time of his death. Beneath some superficial inconsistencies he had a simple, sound, and cheerful philosophy, which taught him to do with all his skill his daily task, and make the best of life as it sped. He found unfailing enjoyment in literature, music, and art, in friendship and in congenial labor; and his love of nature remained fresh and vigorous to the last, as evinced by his letters to a few friends, and by the loving, lingering touches of description in the pages of Quabbin.

He wrote popular biographical sketches of Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell; and his later work on Lowell, The Poet and the Man, has the interest and value of personal recollections. His Handbooks are characterized by critical acumen and conciseness in the brief prefatory sketches of the authors illustrated, and by excellent judgment in the selections made from their works. He was not a born story-writer, yet his fiction was always readable, and one of his novels, Lord of Himself, has merits of a high order. Undoubtedly, his representative work, the work by which Dr. Underwood will be best remembered, is Quabbin, the Story of a Small Town, his own native Enfield, written in Glasgow in an interval of leisure between his two consulships. To this home of his hopeful boyhood the memory of the much-tried man went back across a thousand leagues of sea and a wider gulf of years, and solaced itself amid scenes which are here recalled with tender affectionateness and absolute fidelity. A genuine labor of love, he brought to it all the resources of his ripened mind. It cannot be classed as fiction, although there are stories within the story which have the form of fiction, sketches of characters and manners touched with pathos, humor, and a realism softened by sympathetic art. It is a study of the interior life, outward aspects, and social evolution of a New England town; a work altogether unique in its plan, showing unusual powers of observation, and a painstaking accuracy in portraying the customs and costumes, sayings and doings and individual traits of a community typifying a phase of rural life which is swiftly passing away, or has already passed. Our chief concern with it here is the revelation it gives of the man; and passing over quaint or curious or beautiful things in every part, we shall content ourselves with a single quotation. It is from the concluding chapter, which describes the Return of the Native, an old man, to the haunts of his youth: —

"In the cool evening, by the margin of the wood, he hears the plaintive whip-poorwill; and it seems that it must be the same bird that he listened to with strange pleasure when a boy. Night comes with the train of ancient stars which know no change. What unutterable thoughts come as he looks up at the shining host! In the morning he is awakened by the sun peering over the eastern hill and touching the vane of

the steeple. There is a new day, and the world begins its toil. And so it will be when he does not rise at the call, and the grass is beginning to grow over him."

In the work on which he was engaged at the time of his death, The Builders of American Literature, only one volume of which was completed and published, occur these words regarding an earlier man of letters: "The literary world has need of such accomplished and industrious writers, and could often spare more brilliant men," — words that will apply with equal justice to Francis Henry Underwood himself.

J. T. Trowbridge.

MR. WINTHROP'S REMINISCENCES.

To have one's memory of other people good for much, one must have done something one's self; for people of distinction do not in the main display that for which they are distinguished except to those who stand on somewhat the same footing. It is true that now and then a man like Mr. Nassau W. Senior will cultivate to so high a degree the art of taking down conversation by memory as to give himself an honorable place in the society of the great, and it is true also that those who have shared the best society because they have given as good as they got are not generally very eager to hand down what has been a familiar experience; still it remains that the best point of view from which to see greatness is a measurable equality of rank, and that to overhear the casual talk of a man of mark about his fellows is to receive a pleasure by no means dependent on the actual addition it may bring to our knowledge of the men commented on.

Some such pleasure as this may be derived by those who have access to the privately printed volume which contains Mr. Winthrop's Reminiscences of Foreign Travel.[1] In the easy but never careless style which belongs to one who throughout a long life has been wont to respect his audience, whether that audience was one or a multitude, Mr. Winthrop sets down methodically such reminiscences as occur to him, very much as he might deliver them in talk to a friend, and passes so simply through his gallery of portraits that his companion might not stop to consider till it was over to what a collection of famous men he had been lightly introduced. When Mr. Winthrop first crossed the Atlantic, in 1847, he was in his thirty-ninth year, had been a member of Congress for six or seven years, and as a member of the Committee of Foreign Affairs had been brought into official and personal association with members of the diplomatic corps in Washington. Perhaps of more service still was his friendly relation to Webster, Everett, and Bancroft, the last of whom was Minister in England, the second having just returned from holding the same office. Through these, as well as by his own distinction and family connections, he had at once entry into the best houses. On his very first day in London he went to see the Lyells, whom he had known in Boston, and was taken to hear Faraday, at whose lecture he met Dean Milman and Dr. Edward Stanley, the Bishop of Norwich. This was on Saturday.

"On Monday," he writes, "I began to make use of my notes of introduction, and one of my earliest calls was upon Sir Robert Peel. Stopping at his door in

[1] *Reminiscences of Foreign Travel.* A Fragment of Autobiography. By Robert C. Winthrop. Privately Printed. 1894.

Whitehall Gardens in a somewhat shabby equipage, I remember well the peremptory tone in which I was told by his servant, in answer to my inquiry, that Sir Robert was not at home. But I remember too how speedily that tone was changed when I handed him my card with the note of introduction, on the back of which was written, in his own clear and well-remembered chirography, the name of Edward Everett. 'Oh, Mr. Everett, — I beg pardon, sir!' exclaimed the footman. 'If you will wait a moment, I will take in the letter and card and see if Sir Robert may not have returned.' In another minute the welcome sound was heard: 'Sir Robert is at home, and will be very glad to see you.'

"This great statesman, who only a year or two before had been Prime Minister, was now in retirement, if indeed the position of an active and leading member of the House of Commons can ever be called retirement. But he had no other official position, and was free from the absorbing labors and overwhelming responsibilities of a Premier. The name of Mr. Everett, for whom Sir Robert had a great regard, secured for me a reception which I could not otherwise have enjoyed, and I was soon disabused of the impression I had carried with me from hearing so often of 'the proverbial coldness of Sir Robert Peel.' After a few moments' conversation about Everett and about American affairs, he said to me: 'You find me engaged at this moment in filling out cards' — for he was doing this with his own pen, and had a pile of them on the table at which he was sitting — 'for an exhibition of my pictures next Saturday. I must write your name on one of them, and you must come. You will find the pictures worth seeing; and besides, you will meet many of our best artists, and not a few of our most distinguished persons. But where are you going to-night? Have you been to the House of Commons? There is a debate in which you cannot fail to be interested.' I told him at once that I had already made arrangements to go with Mr. Bancroft, who had kindly proposed to take me with him to the Diplomatic Box. 'I am glad of that,' said he. 'I shall know where to find you.' And so I took my leave, and proceeded on my round of visits.

"At an early hour of the evening I went with Mr. Bancroft to the House of Commons, and after some preliminary business had been gone through, the Education Bill was taken up. Several of the members came out from their seats to talk with Bancroft, and one of them — Sir William Molesworth, if I remember right — took him off to their refreshment room for a cup of tea, leaving me alone. Just then I observed Sir Robert, who was at the farther end of the house, lifting his eyeglass and looking intently toward me. He presently rose, and marching in his somewhat deliberate and stately way the whole length of the chamber, came up and took the seat next to me which Bancroft had left. His conversation was charming, as he recalled some of the incidents of his long service in the Commons, and pointed out to me the seats of some of the older glories of the House, as well as some of those most distinguished at the moment. He had then been in Parliament almost as long as I had lived, having been first elected in the year I was born (1809), and having served with almost all the men best known to the modern history of England, except Pitt and Fox, who died three years before he was old enough to be chosen. During the half-hour he remained at my side several members of note had entered into the debate, among them Mr. Roebuck. But suddenly 'the Right Honorable member for Edinburgh' was announced by the Speaker, when Sir Robert said quietly but quickly to me, 'You must excuse me now; Macaulay has the floor, and I never fail to attend closely to what he says.' And so he marched back to his seat.

"A night or two afterward I was again at the House of Commons, when the debate was closed, long after midnight, by Lord John Russell and Sir Robert himself. Sir Robert spoke for an hour and a half in a masterly manner, fulfilling all my expectations, and impressing me deeply with his power and persuasiveness as a debater. With a clear and telling voice and a figure of striking dignity, without studied rhetoric or flights of fancy, simple, earnest, and at times almost impassioned, he seemed peculiarly fitted for a parliamentary leader. I know not how it may have been with him on other occasions, but on that night he exhibited hardly anything of the hesitation which was then one of the proverbial attributes of English speakers. His course upon the Corn Laws the year before had not only cost him his place at the head of the government, but had broken up his party, and made many of his old friends look coldly, and even angrily at him. But he bore himself as bravely as if he were still the idol of the hour, and commanded the unbroken attention of a crowded house."

Mr. Winthrop went to the exhibition of Sir Robert's pictures, and besides the pictures saw painters of pictures in Leslie, Landseer, Turner, Eastlake, Stanfield, and Westmacott; men of letters and science, as Hallam, Rogers, Faraday, Buckland, and Dickens, with such men of political fame as Lord John Russell and the Duke of Wellington. He afterward heard the duke in Parliament, and met him more than once in private. He had the distinction, even, of refusing an invitation to dinner with the duke. He gives several agreeable glimpses of the great soldier and statesman, but perhaps none has more interest than that which is incidental to his recollection of Rogers:

"I cannot remember whether my introduction to Samuel Rogers, the poet, in connection with whom, as the author of the Pleasures of Memory, nothing ought to be forgotten, was from Webster or Everett, but he did full honor to whichever it was by calling at once and offering me the kindest attentions. Nothing could be more characteristic than one of his first notes to me: —

"'My Dear Mr. Winthrop, — Pray come and breakfast with me at quarter before ten any morning or every morning.

'Yours ever, S. Rogers.'

"And so I breakfasted with him repeatedly: twice absolutely alone; more frequently with five or six others.

"One great advantage to a stranger in breakfasting alone with Rogers was this: he could tell over again his oldest and best stories with the assurance that they had not been heard before. In a mixed party, on the other hand, one or more persons were certain to have heard them previously, and this restrained and disconcerted him.

"At one of these tête-à-têtes, I remember that he dwelt almost entirely on the Duke of Wellington. He told me that, many years before, when he was dining in company with the great English hero, the duke said: 'I wonder why it is that nobody ever invites me to dine on Sundays. I get three or four invitations for every other day of the week, but on Sunday, after going to church' (for the duke was a regular attendant on public worship), 'I have only a late lonely dinner at home, and a desolate evening.' As soon as Rogers reached home he sat down and wrote two or three invitations on this wise: —

"'Mr. Rogers requests the honor of the Duke of Wellington's company at dinner on Sunday next at 7½ o'clock.'

"'Mr. Rogers requests the honor of the Duke of Wellington's company on Sunday week' (giving the date of the following Sunday) 'at 7½ o'clock.'

"Sending them both together to Apsley House, an affirmative answer to both was received without delay; and the duke dined habitually with Rogers for many Sundays in succession during that season,

and perhaps during more than one season.

"Rogers took care to avoid introducing strangers or ceremonious company to these dinners, asking only two or three of the particular friends of the duke, so that he should converse entirely without restraint. Of these conversations Rogers made careful record, and on one of the mornings I was with him alone he sent his confidential servant upstairs for his journals of that period, and read to me many interesting passages from them, particularly one of the duke's account of his resigning his post in 1830, 'rather,' as he said, 'than be the head of a faction.' This was about the time of his greatest unpopularity, when his windows were broken by the mob. Rogers ended by telling me what I could not have imagined before, that the duke never saw Napoleon Bonaparte. He may have brought the focus of his field glass to bear upon him in looking at some group at Waterloo, but he never consciously saw the Emperor."

At Rogers's breakfasts Mr. Winthrop met Milman, Whewell, and Thirlwall, the Countess of Orford and her daughter Lady Dorothy Walpole, afterward Lady Dorothy Nevill, the Dowager Lady Lyttleton, and Lady Bulwer-Lytton. On another occasion he was lunching with Rogers at Miss Burdett-Coutts's, when Wordsworth was announced and took his seat with the company. "While we were at table," says Mr. Winthrop, "Miss Coutts chanced to inquire after a favorite servant named James whom she had seen at Rydal Mount. 'He is with me,' said Wordsworth. 'With you! Where?' asked Rogers. 'At the door,' said Wordsworth. 'James at the door!' exclaimed Miss Coutts. 'Why, I must go and see him.' 'So must I,' said Rogers. And thereupon the whole party hastened out to the street door in Stratton Street to greet the faithful attendant of the poet, who had won upon all their hearts by the care which he took of his aged master.

"Wordsworth was then in his seventy-eighth year, and looked quite infirm, with a spiritual look like our Washington Allston's. He was in the first anxiety, too, for a beloved daughter, who died in a few weeks from that time, just as I was passing along Windermere with a view of calling to see her father, agreeably to his request and my promise. I was unwilling to intrude upon so fresh a grief, and wrote him a note of sympathy and apology. The luncheon at Miss Burdett-Coutts's was thus my only interview with Wordsworth. He died in 1850. Ten years after his death I was again among the Lakes, and as I was passing his house I saw a red flag at the gate, betokening an auction sale. I stopped, and found that Wordsworth's library was being sold in the barn, to which it had been removed. I went in, and found quite a company of book-fanciers. I saw one parcel knocked off, but could not resist the temptation of the second parcel. I made a bid, and was successful; but on being called on for my name, I asked leave to take the books and pay for them at once, and to my consternation was refused. So I had to make a little speech in Wordsworth's barn, saying that 'I was an American, accidentally passing by, and that my family were awaiting me in the rain at the door; that I had enjoyed the privilege of knowing Mr. Wordsworth personally, and desired only to obtain a souvenir of one I had so much admired.' The auctioneer at last gave a surly assent, taking my money and giving me the books, but stoutly declaring that it was the only such interruption he would tolerate. So I paid my money, and carried off my prize rejoicing.

"The books were quite miscellaneous, and of no great intrinsic value; but almost all of them had Wordsworth's autograph, and had evidently been read by him. Indeed, one of them proved to be a book of which he had a high opinion. Crabb Robinson, in his Remi-

niscences, says of George Dyer, 'He wrote one good book, the Life of Robert Robinson, which I have heard Wordsworth mention as one of the best books of biography in the language;' adding that 'Dr. Samuel Parr pronounced the same opinion.' This was one of the books which I purchased so accidentally in Wordsworth's barn at Rydal Mount, and it has an additional interest from its quaint calico binding. Happening to show it to Lord Houghton, when he was one day lunching with me in Boston, he told me that it was probably bound by Mrs. Southey, whose habit it was to bind her husband's books with fragments of her chintz or calico dresses, and who may have treated one of her neighbor's books to a similar covering. The volume is thus doubly redolent of the Lake poets."

Mr. Winthrop used his opportunities for hearing as well as meeting men of mark in the Church, as Blomfield, Bishop of London, whom Webster singled out as one of the most impressive speakers in the House of Lords; Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford; Dr. Harold Browne, who succeeded him at Winchester; Trench, Lord Arthur Hervey, Bishop Tait, and Dean Stanley; but he has most to say of a prelate who shines more now with a reflected light than he did in 1847, when he was a very notable figure in his own right, — Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin.

"I met him first at a breakfast at Nassau W. Senior's, to whom Webster had given me a letter. When I entered the room, where the other guests had arrived before me, I saw a tall, gaunt figure in a straight-bodied coat, with tightly gaitered legs and an apron appended to his waistcoat, standing with his back to the fire, and holding up a small puppy by the nape of its neck, upon which he was discoursing most humorously. I was hardly prepared for meeting one of the great thinkers and writers of the English Church in such an attitude. But Whately had a vein of drollery which could not be controlled, and which he did not care to control. He was full of anecdote and witty repartee during the breakfast, and made me quite at home with him by his personal cordiality and kindness. He insisted on taking me to my hotel, after breakfast was over, in his chariot, and made me promise to come and see him in Dublin, if I should cross over to Ireland in the summer.

"I met him next at a big dinner at the Marquis of Lansdowne's (then president of the Council), where several Cabinet ministers were present. It was pleasant and sumptuous, but had a little of the coldness and formality which might be imagined in a banquet hall almost lined with antique marble statues. Whately, however, did not fail to 'set the table in a roar' now and then, until he retired with Lady Lansdowne and the other ladies, while the gentlemen remained for half an hour to try the qualities of the Lansdowne cellar. When we went up to the drawing-room, I found the archbishop, with cards and scissors in hand, lecturing on the principle of the *boomerang*, cutting out little semicircular strips, and blowing or snapping them so as to make them return upon his own nose or head. He was in great glee, and the ladies quite wild with merriment."

Of statesmen and men of great affairs, Mr. Winthrop has agreeable reminiscences of Lord Lansdowne, the Earl of St. Germans, Sir Richard Pakenham, Sir John Crampton, Sir Henry Bulwer, Lord Napier, Lord Palmerston, the Marquis of Dufferin, and Gladstone, among others. On his first visit to England he was presented at court, as afterward on successive visits.

"Mr. Bancroft, our Minister, was unfortunately taken ill a few days before the Drawing-Room, and I accompanied Mr. Brodhead and Mr. Moran, his secretaries, having been admitted by Lord Palmerston to the diplomatic circle,

where Van de Weyer, the Belgian Minister, took me kindly in charge. After making my bow, I was thus privileged to remain in the court circle and witness the presentations from beginning to end. The Queen was then in the full enjoyment of youth and health, and was surrounded by all the beauties of her court, — the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Douro, and Lady Jocelyn among the most conspicuous. Prince Albert was at her side, and the young Grand Duke Constantine of Russia near him, while the old Duke of Wellington was not far off. It was a splendid scene. Soon afterward I was at a ball at Buckingham Palace ; and before leaving London I attended the Birthday Drawing-Room, and was again witness to the grace and dignity of the Queen's manner. But the best opportunity I had of seeing and hearing her was in the House of Lords, when she prorogued Parliament in person. Nothing could have been more brilliant than that occasion, — the peers in their robes, the peeresses in all their jewels, floor and gallery crowded with all the distinction and beauty of the realm, the Queen herself in her state attire, with a crown upon her head. But more impressive than anything else was the distinct articulation and exquisite voice with which she read her speech. Fanny Kemble in Portia was not more effective. The whole scene was dramatic, and no part could have been better played than that of her Majesty ; while the solemnity and sincerity of her tone sufficiently evinced that she was not playing a part at all, but discharging a duty with simple, unconscious earnestness."

After all, England, to most persons who would take pleasure in Mr. Winthrop's reminiscences, means the England of literature rather than of the court, and the reader is likely to look with most interest on the mention of those Englishmen who by their writings have been naturalized in the United States, — Thackeray, Dickens, Browning, Macaulay, Walter Savage Landor, Grote, Lockhart, and Lord Houghton.

After leaving England Mr. Winthrop went to France, and as he had been presented at the English court, so he made his bow at the French court also.

"I was presented to Louis Philippe by Mr. Martin, our Chargé d'Affaires (after Mr. King, of Alabama, had left Paris, and before Mr. Rush had arrived), at the palace of Neuilly. It was a quiet evening reception, and I was invited, out of regular course, as a member of Congress. The British Ambassador (Lord Normanby) and Leverrier, then in the first flush of his celebrity as the discoverer of the new planet, were almost the only visitors, besides myself and Mr. Martin. There were two or three aides-de-camp in uniform ; but the King was in plain clothes, and the Queen and Madame Adelaide and the Duchess of Orleans were sitting at a little table, sipping their tea, and then turning to their embroidery. Nothing could have been more simple and unaffected than the manners of them all. The Duchess of Orleans, with whom I conversed most, was particularly graceful and gracious, and gave me an impression of goodness and loveliness which was fully confirmed by her Life and Letters as published after her death. Her son, the Comte de Paris, was a little boy then, and had doubtless gone to bed ; but I have known him since in London and in Boston, and he has been good enough to send me his volume on the Trades-Unions of England, and his valuable History of our Civil War. He has always impressed me as the worthy son of so excellent a mother. Louis Philippe himself was cordial and chatty, asking after Americans whom he had known when in the United States as an exile. 'Did you know Tim Pickering?' said he, and then went on to say more than I can remember of him and others of our old-time statesmen. He followed me almost to the door of the room,

in the easiest way, when I took my leave, and told me emphatically that I must come and see him again. Mr. Martin said this was a royal command, and must be obeyed; and so the next week I went again, this time in plain clothes, for I was in uniform before. Another conversation with the Duchess of Orleans renewed my impression of the sweetness and sincerity of her manner and character, and the King was as jaunty and as cordial as before. In seven or eight months more, he and his family were banished from France, and the palace in which I had seen them was sacked and burned.

"My pleasant associations with the royal family of Orleans were revived and intensified thirty-five years later, in September, 1882, by being privileged, through the kind offices of M. Laugel, to lunch with that distinguished soldier and historical writer, the Duc d'Aumale, at his well-known Château of Chantilly, where he was good enough to show me in person many of the priceless works of art which it contains."

One other potentate is referred to by Mr. Winthrop as coming within the range of his personal experience. "I was first presented," he says, "to Pius IX. in 1860. The late Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, had given me a friendly and flattering letter to Cardinal Antonelli, and I was granted a private audience. The American Minister, Mr. Stockton, accompanied me; and we were ushered into the Pope's private room, where he was sitting in his white flannel or merino robe, with a beautiful crucifix and a jeweled snuffbox on the table at his side.

"Immediately on our entrance, his Holiness said to me in French, 'Vous avez été Président de la Chambre et Sénateur?' and on my replying affirmatively he continued, 'Asseyez-vous, Monsieur,' and then launched out into a most excited discourse on the then threatened removal of the French troops from Rome. He spoke altogether in French, and talked freely and fluently on public affairs on both sides of the ocean. In the course of his remarks upon America as 'a great country, of great destinies, and enjoying a great liberty,' I reminded him that he was the first and only pontiff who had ever crossed the ocean. He said it was true that as a young priest he had been in Chili, and no other Pope had gone so far; but he did not know what might happen hereafter. 'We are in the midst of great events, great changes. I rest tranquil,' said he, 'amid them all, trusting in God. I have no ambition of earthly sovereignty, and am content to part with temporal power whenever God so wills it. But I do not wish, nor is it my duty, to accept the decrees of mortal kings or emperors as indications or instruments of God's will.'

"He more than intimated his belief that the Emperor of the French had already, at that very moment, given orders to Marshal Vaillant to withdraw his troops from Italy. Mr. Stockton suggested that it was probably only from the north of Italy. The Pope replied that he supposed the troops might not be removed quite so summarily from Rome; the Emperor ought certainly to give more than two hours' notice, — a week or two was the least that should be given. But he was not altogether at the mercy of foreign troops, and he trusted all would be safe whether they went or stayed. And then he made an eloquent and impassioned allusion to the exquisite fresco of Heliodorus by Raphael, and to the intervention of a Divine Protector portrayed in that grand picture. Nothing could have been more impressive than this part of his conversation, and I regret that I cannot recall more of it. He spoke with great approbation of a recent speech or letter of the late Archbishop Hughes, and of some manifestation which he himself had just received from Buffalo. But he seemed not to know exactly where Buffalo was, until I referred to it as

being not far from the great Falls of Niagara. He spoke most gratefully of the sympathy which had been manifested for Rome, not merely by Catholics, but by Protestants throughout the world; alluding particularly, if I mistake not, to some recent act of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, among others."

We have aimed rather at giving excerpts from this agreeable fragment of autobiography, but though we have failed to mention many names that were on Mr. Winthrop's visiting list in his occasional visits to Europe, the reader can scarcely miss noting how abundant and how rich is the storehouse from which he has drawn these memorabilia. Honorable in his own service, which has been given freely even in those years when he might fairly have been allowed to rest as emeritus, his association with men of mark abroad as well as at home for half a century illustrates that delicate network of international social relations which is not much taken into account by publicists, but is after all one of the strongest bonds which unite the peoples of Christendom.

The exigency of magazine publication has made the above to appear in the present tense. It remains only to add a word which could not so well be said here in Mr. Winthrop's lifetime. He gave an intimation in his book that he might write another section of autobiography covering his friendships in his own country. To write of some of his associates in public life could not have been hard, for his own service had been so long that many whom he had worked with had died long before. His commemorative addresses are studded with notable encomiums on them, and not unlikely this fact deterred him, in the wearisomeness of old age, from returning to themes he had already handled. But it would be a mistake to suppose that Mr. Winthrop was merely an interesting survivor of an interesting past. His official service in politics came to an end, indeed, many years ago. Yet as he represented high principles in political life, so, continuously after retiring from office, he was in a very notable sense a public man. He stood as a signal instance of the American citizen who recognizes his duty to the community in which he lives, and the opportunities which arise in that vast network of social, philanthropic, and educational activity which happily with us is dissociated from exclusively governmental function. It is idle to assume that ardent devotion to partisan politics exhausts the capacity for good citizenship, or that the only career for an American who desires to serve his country is in the political field. Mr. Winthrop demonstrated clearly that a man of scholarship and independent fortune could, year after year, give a large part of his time to the promotion of great public ends, and do this so unostentatiously that the newspapers did not keep his name standing in large capitals. When this magazine was founded, it bore for a device on the cover the head of the first Winthrop of Massachusetts Bay. That device was supplanted by the American flag when the war for the Union came. In its recognition of the enduring elements of American character and civilization, it regards this descendant of John Winthrop as a great and worthy exemplar.

A GERMAN APPRAISAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

SINCE the civil war, which disclosed the might of America, there has been begotten in Europe an intelligent curiosity as to the forms and meanings of American life. Scholars have turned to our great republic, and studied its law, history, and social characteristics, and men of practical politics and practical science have profited by our example or learned to shun our follies. Not to speak of more trivial investigations, Bryce, Carlier, and Von Holst have, in their respective languages, given to the world descriptions of the life, law, and history of the United States. Professor Ratzel's book [1] can well be classed with the works of these three; for he has written much more than a dead geography of America. The book is more than scientific; it is human. He feels that the United States has an immense moral influence upon the life of that new Germany which has begun to lift its head under the inspiring consciousness of a realized harmony, and to grope toward a social and industrial situation worthy of the nineteenth century, and befitting its political greatness and its political achievements. This feeling has given the book something of a German cast. His purposes have occasionally affected the accuracy of his scientific insight, but they have also brought his geography securely within the category of the humanities. He feels the meaning of American life so strongly that in his preface he thus confesses to his hopes: "It may be asserted that the political intelligence of a people can be measured to-day by the amount of knowledge and appreciation they may possess of what is occurring, and is likely to occur, in America. We must therefore take care that Germany, which has already derived so much benefit from its knowledge of the United States, shall not be excelled by any people in this knowledge." It is largely, also, because of such feeling that this second edition has become, as Professor Ratzel asserts, a new book. Not only have the facts and figures been altered to agree with the statistics of our last census; the spirit of the book has been changed as well. The author more fully sympathizes in our manifest destiny, and has more minutely studied the influence of topography on character.

The word "geography" may conceal rather than reveal the scope of the work to the reader who has not noticed the trend of modern geographical study. All science has of course come under the sway of the evolutionary idea; and thus geography is no longer an account of the dwelling-place of man, but of his growing-place. It strives to give the physical facts which are making for human development and progress. Even when the exact correspondence between man and his physical environment cannot be determined, new interest is given to topography and climate because of the realization that these are telling facts in human history. No problems in politics, in law, in sociology, are foreign to the student of the subject, because all are at the most but the converse side of geography, the effect of physical forces. All earthy facts assume a spiritual significance when touched by the wand of this most modern of sciences. Ratzel's book is built upon this comprehension of the geographic science. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that it contains

[1] *Politische Geographie der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika, unter besonderer Berücksichtigung der natürlichen Bedingungen und wirthschaftlichen Verhältnisse.* Von Dr. FRIEDRICH RATZEL, Professor der Geographie an der Universität zu Leipzig. Zweiter Band von des Verfassers Werk, — Die Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika. München: R. Oldenbourg. 1893.

not simply a description of the American topography and climate, but a discussion of the race problem and of the emigration question, and a consideration of politics and society, of the physical, mental, and moral structure of the American man.

Professor Ratzel has not endeavored to trace out laboriously the effect of climate upon the energy, fancy, and bodily vigor of European emigrants to America. This is not because he depreciates the value of climate as an historical factor, but because he appreciates that hundreds of other things go to make up man's environment. We find, also, little or no trace of the doctrine of the dynamic economists. And yet their ideas could, with no violence to the theories of the author, be classed as distinctly geographic rather than economic. Perhaps he does not see that an abundance of cheap food — evidently an earthy fact — has had at least as much force in our history as have rivers and lakes and snows. He has made, however, most valuable additions to our thinking upon the relations between physics and politics. As one reads the book, he is almost forced to the conclusion that American history must be rewritten, this time from the standpoint of geography, as before from that of politics or mysticism. Professor Ratzel states some well-known facts so clearly that they have at once a new meaning for us, and show us how inevitably nature has conditioned our history and will shape our destiny. We are, he states, a Pacific as well as an Atlantic power; and this simple statement, clearly and forcibly made, causes us to realize that the Eastern question is for us a Western one. How much political significance is there in the fact that Wyoming holds within her limits the source of irrigation for her Eastern and Southern neighbors? A land which has thus been bound together, the power of secession can never put asunder. But it is easy to give way too readily to the charm of finding sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks. All the energies of our history are not the immediate bequest of physical environment. We know full well, for instance, that the great motive ideas of Puritanism can no more be dug out of the New England drift than sunbeams can be made out of cucumbers.

Professor Ratzel has sought, perhaps not in vain, for one physical fact the effect of which will account for certain evident characteristics common to the whole American people. Spite of the diversities of climate and topography, the men of the United States, wheresoever they may live, are not unlike. He finds one all-pervading influence affecting the social, industrial, and purely intellectual life. This comes from the size or spaciousness (*Raum*) of the country. "The breadth of the land has given to the American spirit something of its own size." This conception of space has stimulated the imagination; it has begotten the idea of manifest destiny, and has thus directly affected our politics and our diplomacy; it has had its enlivening effect not only in commerce and government, but in morals and religion; it has stamped upon the mind of the common man a lasting brand of optimism; it has given to American democracy a peculiar fatalism, which makes us tolerant of political abuses and corruption, and hopeful in the midst of disaster; it has caused the people to give time, energy, and money to schools and colleges, and has made the typical American parent indulgent toward his children, because the manifest destiny of the undeveloped country lies in the mind and brain of the coming generation. The use which the author makes of this idea is so suggestive that one hesitates to criticise it. Yet it is doubtful if the proverbial good nature — I do not mean gayety or frolicsomeness — of the American people can be so intimately connected with spaciousness as Professor Ratzel would have us believe. Better and more abundant food, a more stimulating climate, more reason-

able political and social conditions, help to differentiate the American from the inhabitant of northern Germany. One who has passed a winter beneath the lowering skies of Saxony, or even Prussia, need not be told that sunshine has its direct physical effect upon the spirits. If the statistics of 1890 are trustworthy, suicides in the states of north and middle Germany are from five to six times as frequent as in the states of America. California alone approaches Germany in the percentage of suicides, but that is because the Chinaman has a peculiar facility in making his quietus with a bare bodkin.

Perhaps the most interesting portions of this book are those which treat of the social and intellectual characteristics of Americans. It must be said that Professor Ratzel is eminently fair, although at times he has failed to sympathize. In fact, one feels that he has seen, but not felt; that he has the cool insight of the surgeon without the compassionate appreciation of the physician. Bryce has shown us that sympathy need not insure commendation. Ratzel does not feel sympathy, fellow-feeling, even when he commends. Yet at times he is fairer toward us than are many of us toward ourselves. He does not hesitate to say, for instance, that the American is bodily and mentally more refined and mobile than the European; that he thinks and acts more quickly than the German; that he is richer in fantasy and less restrained by precedent; that although the American gentleman is often cross (*verdriesslich*), he is on the whole more coolly polished and polite than his European counterpart.

It is to be hoped that some of the plain statements of fact which this book contains may penetrate some German brain which firmly holds the illusion that all learning is Teutonic in origin. The author knows America too well to believe that our thoughts and our genius are all absorbed in petty ingenuity, in inventing new mousetraps or useless paraphernalia for kitchen shelves. The so-called American inventiveness is more than a perverted, paltry ingenuity. At times it is the application of common sense to the simplifying of problems of living; but much of it is genuine scientific research. In some fields, for instance electricity, it is not now necessary for the German savant to say, "It is good," before the world will recognize that something has been done. In astronomy, in geology, in many lines of pure science, the Americans are and have been making contributions to learning. Ratzel knows this, because he himself knew the great Agassiz. He knows enough, too, to repel the assertion of the *a priori* German who ridiculed the possibility of real historical work among us, because, forsooth, so many thousands of Gibbon's Rome were sold yearly in the United States. He spurns, also, the idea that the American mind is deficient in fancy; on the contrary, mobility and airiness are its characteristics. He believes that we love nature; our poetry is the poetry of nature, and our prose betrays its influence. This open-hearted love of nature, as one sees it in its simplicity and grandeur, gives to all our literature a flavor distinguishing it from the literature of modern Europe. Geography has impressed itself upon the heart and soul of the man of letters. We have no ruins or historic minsters, but we have inspiring anticipations of a coming empire, and thus the imagination feels the stimulus of hope.

That America is industrially one of the leaders of the world, and that Germany, much as she has profited by example, has much to learn, no thinking and reading German now denies. This superiority Professor Ratzel takes for granted. His explanation of its cause is somewhat unique. He attributes our industrial energy and productiveness not simply to the richness of the soil, and the unbounded opportunity our spacious country offers for remunerative work. The publicans of South America have

the same privilege. Even the stimulating climate and race mixture are not dwelt upon as the main causes. He seems to stop short of such physical reasons, and contents himself with what would appear to be a secondary rather than a primary cause. He finds the secret of our industrial energy in the early maturity of our young people. As producers in the economic field, our young men begin to work some five years earlier than in Germany. Statisticians in the latter country place the beginning of the productive age at twenty-five, but our author well says that here it is not later than twenty. "Therein lies the great industrial gain, — that the families are more quickly relieved from the burden of supporting the children, and the young people at an earlier age enter the lists of those who are working to increase the national wealth." If the evolutionary idea that progress has come from lengthening the plastic period of childhood hold true in the more advanced stages of evolution, we may perhaps doubt whether this early maturity is an advantage to our race. The author thinks, however, that the American character is expanded and enriched by the fact that youthful dependence, weakness, and irresolution do not extend far down into the age of manhood. The only evil which he sees is one which attests the fact that, with all his keenness and fairness, he is a foreigner, and a German foreigner still: he laments that the politician uses the youthful voter for his own sad ends, and that young men's political clubs have too much influence in guiding the ship of state. We all might wish that the thoughtlessness of youth were the greatest danger threatening the sensible navigation of our somewhat leaky craft.

Early maturity might establish a presumption of early decay. Professor Ratzel is somewhat misty on this subject. We have heard so much about the American man's burning his candle at both ends that the metaphor has been completely domesticated. Yet our author, while not denying that old age comes early here, asserts that this is true only of the body, not of the mind, — a curious piece of spiritualism to come from a physical scientist. We are asked to believe that after the physique is worn and battered by the stress and storm of life, the mind goes marching on in unabated vigor, — an assertion, in reality, that the cells of the brain have not felt the wear and tear that have broken down the rest of the body. The fact of the matter is, that these theories about the early death of the American man or his early decrepitude are still very nebulous. One would like to see in a scientific book some figures that would materialize or dissipate this misty superstition. The author quotes with apparent approval the remarks of Sir Charles Dilke, who is much shocked at the pale, strained, and haggard faces that he meets on the streets of Boston; but such a sigh might find its echo from the American who walks toweringly among the little men who haunt Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon to enjoy the music or listen to socialistic harangues. Do the figures of life insurance companies show that the European lives longer than the American? Do the reports from hospitals or the hospital tent show the American less enduring under suffering, a more delicate and dangerous subject for the surgeon? Do army measurements show that he is more narrow-chested and has less lung capacity in proportion to his size, — one of the crucial tests of vitality made by our professors of physical culture? The answer must needs be "no" to all these inquiries. Moreover, where the early English stock has been allowed naturally to develop unmixed with the recent emigrations from Continental Europe, the inhabitants of this continent are models of physical manhood. Professor Ratzel himself makes the statement that American babies are larger than those of Europe. Measurements taken at Harvard, Yale, and Cam-

bridge, England, prove that the New England collegian is larger than the scion of the old English university. All these facts must be admitted. And yet one is asked to believe that, figures to the contrary, these advantages of the American youth are early wasted and frittered away. It must be time to revise these statements about American leanness. Many of them had their origin sixty years ago, or more, when, it may be, the typical Yankee was not caricatured in the figure given to Uncle Sam as he has always appeared in comic cartoons. Possibly the picture was not a libel on many of the farmers and woodsmen, who, in the earlier history of our land, were not fed by the produce of a developed country, but nursed dyspepsia and neurasthenia on salt pork, corn bread, and maple syrup.

Professor Ratzel is seen at his best and at his worst in his chapter on the church: at his best, because it shows a most careful gathering and handling of material; at his worst, because it is impossible in one chapter to characterize the complicated religious life of America. There is something misleading even in the title of the chapter, Die Kirche. In no sense have we *the church*. We have neither a leading denomination nor an established hierarchy; and a combination of all the religious bodies does not form the church, if one gives to that term the meaning which it has in the life of any European state. At his worst he is, too, because the most liberal and open-minded foreigner cannot come to an appreciation of the vitality of American religion through a study of statistics. Yet the author's keenness of vision and philosophic aptitude for his task are so clearly shown that this chapter is fascinating; especially, it may be, because one is intensely interested in seeing the churches of America through the spectacles of a German professor. His opening sentences are amusingly antithetical and pungent. Turning from a gloomy sketch of the dark and devious labyrinth of American politics, he says: "It has been said that the Americans possess a talent for politics. Their talent for religion is perhaps greater. The American has received as an Anglo-Saxon heritage this gift closely connected with earnestness in living, fidelity to duty, and practical sense. Together with his political sense of freedom he has a regard for everything which is generally recognized as worthy of reverence."

The philosophical observer of America has at no time had difficulty in discovering that at least in our newer Western life the motives and impulses of men were closely associated with the moods and teachings of nature, their constant companion and friend. Professor Ratzel has thrown new light upon the subject, and even when stating ordinary facts has helped us to trace more exactly the subtle threads of influence which, coming from the tangible things about us, have been woven into the warp and woof of character. He shows that, although there is now no great unredeemed West to spur the imagination with the thought of material conquest, the consciousness of empire and visions of coming power have cast the warmth of optimism upon the American mind; and in describing our present industrial status, he too yields to the contagion of hopefulness. Especially to Americans geography should be a subject of continuing interest. It must take its place in our college curriculum as one of the fundamental studies in preparation for intelligent citizenship and public service. Modern as it is in its generous phase, it is in its essence the mother of physical sciences, and such a work as this proves that it is the mother of political and social science as well.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Illustrated and Holiday Books. Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen, their Work and their Methods, a Study of the Art To-Day, with Technical Suggestions, by Joseph Pennell. (Macmillan.) A second edition, revised and considerably changed, of a book published five years ago. Mr. Pennell writes and selects his illustrations for artists, and for them only. In his brusque, and one may even say at times ill-mannered text, he seems rather scornful of all other persons. He is, it is true, dealing exclusively with technique, and it is not surprising that an artist who has himself won high distinction in the field of pen drawing, and has made a constant study of the subject since his first edition, should speak with authority and confidence. Nevertheless, if Mr. Pennell, with his cocksureness, is meekly accepted by artists as a final court, things are different in the world of art from what they are in the world of letters. The book is a very handsome one, and the ignorant general reader will get a great deal of pleasure out of it on his own behalf. — The Life of Christ as Represented in Art, by Frederick W. Farrar. (Macmillan.) Archdeacon Farrar takes a somewhat more modest position in this work than in his The Life of Christ. He is but the showman of the painters, and he trusts wisely to the best historians and critics of art. It need scarcely be said that he is occupied quite exclusively with the subject and its treatment from a subjective point of view, and refrains from any technical criticism. The book, with its abundant illustration, becomes thus a convenient and most interesting study of the relation which art in the several great periods has borne toward the central figure of the world. It is possible that Archdeacon Farrar has not wholly considered the purely artistic side of his subject, and has referred sometimes to piety what was due to a painter's delight in his subject, or even to the demands of his patron ; and he has brought occasionally a nineteenth-century feeling to bear on products of an earlier period; but his book will be found serviceable.— A delightful edition of Jane Austen's Pride and Prejudice is that just issued, with a preface by George Saintsbury, and illustrations by Hugh Thomson. (George Allen, London; Macmillan, New York.) Mr. Thomson has reproduced capitally the characters of his figures, and given a grace and daintiness to the costumes which half suggests a masquerade of ladies and gentlemen, but has none of the histrionic look which is apt to mar pictures of a revived beginning of the century. It is a great pity that the publishers, in their commercial anxiety, have defaced so many of the pictures with a copyright motto. It is a pleasure to have one of Jane Austen's tales in such fair type and with such charming bits of illustration. — Hypatia, or, New Foes with an Old Face, by Charles Kingsley. Illustrated from Drawings by William Martin Johnson. In two volumes. (Harpers.) Mr. Johnson has in a measure, perhaps unwittingly, followed Kingsley in his illustrations to this stirring tale ; for though he has essayed to picture men, women, and objects in the fifth century, he has more than once, we think, used a model of quite distinctly the nineteenth-century type. Nevertheless, his drawing is always graceful and often full of spirit, and the decorative treatment is delightful and most fit. All books do not lend themselves so well as Hypatia to the marginal annotation pictorially, and the result is a singularly beautiful illustrated book. The portrait of Kingsley is taken wisely from one made at the age when he wrote Hypatia. — Their Wedding Journey, by W. D. Howells. With Illustrations by Clifford Carleton. (Houghton.) The light air of this charming book is happily felt by Mr. Carleton in his sketchy designs, which do not attempt too much, and remain, as it were, in the background of a book which is so delightfully real in its way that one almost unwittingly looks for photographic illustrations drawn from actual persons and objects. — Mrs. Wiggin's Timothy's Quest has been illustrated by Oliver Herford (Houghton) in what really may be called a new mode. Mr. Herford has used his playful fancy to give a sort of other-world decoration to the events of the story ; and instead of contenting himself with translating scenes and persons into pictures, he has given them a half-spiritual translation, and brought out the inner life of this pretty parable. — Portraits in Plaster, from the Collec-

tion of Laurence Hutton. (Harpers.) The illustrations of some seventy casts of mighty men and two women, taken after death, are in themselves interesting, and would be still more so could they be compared with portraits from life by really great artists. Those who have observed the face after death certainly must be aware of a change in many instances. One might almost say that the face retains the residuum of character; but it can hardly be said that the lighter qualities of life, the more joyous elements, ever have any presentation in the death mask. Mr. Hutton has accompanied his plates with agreeable text, in which he strays wisely beyond the immediate confines of his subject. — Child-Life in Art, by Estelle M. Hurll. (Joseph Knight Co., Boston.) Miss Hurll has treated her subject topically, but with a nice sense of the gradation of her theme; for, beginning with Childhood in Ideal Types, she goes on with Children Born to the Purple, The Children of Field and Village, The Child-Life of the Streets, Child-Angels, and finally The Christ Child. The illustrations are well chosen, and she has brought together a delightful group of interesting pictures in her descriptive passages. The theme is an admirable one, and this is almost a pioneer book. It might well be the starting-point for an interpretative study which should take account of the development of the human mind in its interest in the general subject. — Old English Songs from Various Sources. With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson, and an Introduction by Austin Dobson. (Macmillan.) The songs are all the songs of home-bred wits, such as Thomson delights to illustrate. Not one can be said to have a foreign smack to it, and the illustrations are full of humor, and of that legitimate addition to the text which makes a picture an illustration, and not a repetition. — Messrs. Lee & Shepard have brought out for holiday use four series of colored and illuminated cards after designs by Irene E. Jerome, — designs graceful and pleasing enough to make one regret that they should have been strung upon ribbons to form "banners." Three sets of the cards are dedicated respectively to Joy, Rest, and Every-Day; the fourth illustrates What Will the Violets Be? Easter verses by W. C. Gannett.

History and Biography. The History of the French Revolution, by Louis Adolphe Thiers. Translated by Frederick Shoberl. (Lippincott, Philadelphia; Bentley, London.) The History of the Consulate and Empire, by Louis Adolphe Thiers. Translated by D. Forbes Campbell and John Stebbing. (Lippincott, Philadelphia; Chatto & Windus, London.) Naturally, one of the results of the curious but marked revival of the Napoleonic legend would be the republication of the English versions of the histories of its greatest exponent. The translation of the French Revolution was first brought out by Bentley nearly sixty years ago, while the volumes of the Consulate and Empire closely followed the appearance of the French originals, the earliest of which was published in 1845, the latest in 1862. The present editions of the two works are uniform in style, the first being in five, the second in twelve handsome and exceedingly well-printed volumes. The steel engravings of former days have been retained, which as regards some of the portraits is well, but in the case of the scenic illustrations is not so well. It now hardly needs to be said that Thiers was not a philosophic historian, that he usually wrote as a partisan, and that his patriotism, if ardent and intense, was narrow as well. But his French Revolution, considering that he was the first historian of that convulsion, his youth at the time of writing, and the imperfect material at his command, is a remarkable, even if it long ago ceased to be an authoritative work. As for Thiers's *magnum opus*, The History of the Consulate and Empire, there must be, from present indications, a tolerably large body of readers prepared to give it a sympathetic welcome. The unsympathetic will be interested at least in the treatment of the statecraft of the time by a writer who was himself a maker of history. Both classes should feel grateful to the publishers for the admirably full and comprehensive index which supplements the work. — Songs, Poems, and Verses, by Helen, Lady Dufferin (Countess of Gifford). Edited, with a Memoir and some Account of the Sheridan Family, by her Son, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. (Imported by Scribners.) Lady Dufferin wrote a few graceful and charming songs, tender and pathetic like The Irish Emigrant, or tender and humorous like Katey's Letter; and some bright and often witty society verses, very successful in their own day, and still pleasantly readable, though they have

not the enduring quality which, despite other times, other manners, makes the verses of Praed still a delight. But after all, the poems are most interesting as additions to or illustrations of the memoir of their author which opens the volume, — surely one of the most beautiful and touching tributes ever paid to a mother by a son. Lord Dufferin has done his work with unfailing good taste as well as warmth of feeling, and his picture of a woman, rarely beautiful, accomplished, brilliant, but above all loving and lovable, illumined as it is by the self-revelation of some of the verses, makes a singularly vivid impression on the reader. The two widely differing letters, each so perfect in its way, which are given here, make the promised publication of an extended biography, including a selection from Lady Dufferin's correspondence, a thing to be desired. Mention should be made of the simplicity and dignity with which the story of Lord Gifford's life and death is told, — a story containing romance and heroism of a very noble sort, such as we should look for vainly in most contemporary works of imagination. — The Life of Jonathan Swift, by Henry Craik. In two volumes. (Macmillan.) A second edition of a work published a dozen years ago, and offering a fresh illustration of the scholarship and general fairness which characterize the literary biography of the past twenty or twenty-five years. The whole group of the English Men of Letters, though unequal in treatment, is on the whole a witness to that spirit of accuracy, of scientific method, and of generally sound judgment which has been laying the foundation, we feel sure, for a more generous and intelligent study of English literature. Students now find the paths cleared for them, and such a book as this of Mr. Craik's will do much toward giving them a right entrance into eighteenth-century ideas. — Diary of a Boston School-Girl. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) These quaint and charming records of Anna Green Winslow are most appreciatively introduced and amply annotated by Alice Morse Earle. Though the daily doings of an elegant little miss, barely in her teens, in 1771, could scarcely fail to have an historical importance by no means inconsiderable, yet the greatest interest and value of this dainty journal are surely sentimental In these degenerate days of indifference to sentiment, — to what can give life otherwise commonplace a distinction and a charm, — these winsome entries make an exquisite contribution to the scanty fringe of association about our workaday lives. A sentiment, then, to the memory of Nanny Green ! Not in punch, — though the sprightly little lady objected not to it, either hot or cold, — but in tea : the toast to this demure little maiden of twelve. — Selections from the Correspondence of Thomas Barclay, formerly British Consul-General at New York. Edited by George Lockhart Rives. (Harpers.) Mr. Barclay was a Loyalist who fought on the king's side, and when New York was evacuated went to Nova Scotia. He was one of the commissioners under Jay's Treaty to determine the river St. Croix, and in 1799 was appointed British Consul-General for the Eastern States of America, an office which he held until the war of 1812. Afterward he was agent for British prisoners, and finally one of the commissioners to settle the Northeast Boundary. His letters therefore cover interesting points, and they have been admirably edited, the editor's own text being also forcible and lively. The book is a very handsome one, and a capital addition to our stock of first-hand historical memoirs. — The Life of Charles Loring Brace, chiefly told in his own Letters. Edited by his Daughter. (Scribners.) Mr. Brace's name is identified in the minds of most with his pioneer work in the Children's Aid Society. Others will recall faintly his volume of travels and his interest in language ; but those who knew him only in one of his aspects will be surprised and delighted with a book which discloses him in his generous nature, his eagerness for new expressions of truth, and the hospitality which he showed as each new person or interest appealed to him. This Life will go far toward giving those who did not know him at all an acquaintance with a rich and lovable nature. It is a pity that the book should be sent out without an index. — The reader who has heretofore been girding up his loins before attacking Symonds's volumes on the Renaissance, and has stood irresolute before so mighty an enterprise, may engage with cheerfulness upon the single-volume work which has lately appeared, entitled A Short History of the Renaissance in Italy, taken from the work of John Addington Symonds by Lieutenant-

Colonel Alfred Pearson. (Imported by Scribners.) By a skillful process of elimination, Colonel Pearson has succeeded in leaving a compendium which is so flowing in style as not to suggest condensation, and the reader is early put in possession of that conception of the Renaissance as an expansion of the human spirit which is the clue to what otherwise might be a confused history. The same work is reproduced in more compact form by Henry Holt & Co.

Fiction. My Lady Rotha, by Stanley J. Weyman. (Longmans.) We have become so used to finding ourselves in the France of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when, with confident assurance of pleasure to come, we open a new book by Mr. Weyman, that it causes a slight shock, in beginning the narrative of Martin Schwartz, steward of the Countess Rotha of Heritzburg, to discover that we are in Thuringia, and about to be plunged into the midst of that most ruthless and desolating of conflicts, the Thirty Years' War. Perhaps we should prefer to remain in the country where we have been so well entertained, but we soon find that the author can move with perfect ease and naturalness in his new environment, and as surely as ever hold his reader. My Lady Rotha is admirably constructed, swift in movement and full of vigorous life. We must confess to finding the love-story of the heroine a matter of quite secondary interest; what most impresses the reader are the vivid glimpses given of devastated and demoralized Germany, the country one vast camp, and the wretched people crushed as between the upper and nether millstones. Mr. Weyman never dwells unduly upon the horrible, but the sketches of Tzerclas and his mercenaries, restrained as they are, will not be quickly forgotten. The illustrations are a regrettable feature of the book. — The Matchmaker, by L. B. Walford. (Longmans.) Admirers of Mrs. Walford's earlier work may, after much more or less disappointing experience in recent years, take heart again, for The Matchmaker, though it cannot share the honors of Mr. Smith or Pauline or The Baby's Grandmother, is in some ways an exceedingly clever story. The picture of the Carnoustie household is very truthful and vivid; every touch tells. Lord Carnoustie with his rustic *gaucherie*, and his wife with her narrow self-complacency and prim code of manners and morals, — the faults and weaknesses of both naturally being intensified by their position of supremacy in their own remote little world, — are realistic sketches of the best sort, full of insight and humorous perception. Especially skillful are the slight indications given of an underlying quality of birth and breeding, which, in emergencies, makes itself felt. The story, though a little drawn out, is told with spirit, and its interest seldom flags. — Highland Cousins, by William Black. (Harpers.) Mr. Black is here on the ground he long ago made his own, so that the setting of the scenes wherein pretty Barbara, with the mind, conscience, and heart of an untaught, petulant child, and Jessie, the personification of the good qualities her cousin lacks, play their parts is all that could be desired. Mr. Black's constant readers, if at all critical, must instinctively divide his later books into two classes, — those which have something of the charm or power of certain of his earlier novels, and those that are the perfunctory work of an experienced story-teller. In spite of one or two clever character studies and some interesting and spirited episodes, Highland Cousins must be counted in the latter category. — The Wings of Icarus, by Laurence Alma Tadema. (Macmillan.) Emilia Fletcher, in her beliefs and unbeliefs, especially the latter, is a *fin-de-siècle* heroine of the intenser sort. Throughout her story, which is given in the form of letters supplemented by a journal, she is effusively in love with Constance, her "poor sweet," a lady unhappily married. Emilia's earlier passion loses none of its ardor when another, still more absorbing, takes possession of her. Its object, Gabriel, who soon becomes her "poor dear," is a penniless poet, coldly looked upon by the relatives of his inamorata, — both well-established reasons that he should fill a hero's place; otherwise he is singularly unattractive. Of course Emilia joyfully brings her two loves together, and equally of course they speedily adore each other. Naturally, these complications end tragically, the *finale* being in execution the weakest part of the book. No gleam of humor gives the needed relief to the stress and strain of the tale; but the writer possesses so genuine an emotional power that we cannot but regret that it is not here used to better purpose. — Doreen, the Story of a Singer, by Edna Lyall. (Longmans.) A very emotional tale dealing with

Irish politics, the work of an ardent partisan, which will appeal chiefly to the thoroughgoing sympathizers of the causes advocated, with the usual result, — the convincing of those who are already convinced. — The Story of Dan, by M. C. Francis (Houghton), is an Irish novel of a different sort. It is a village tragedy told with rare simplicity, directness, and self-restraint. An honest, single-hearted lad's infatuation for a worthless girl, with all the sad and evil consequences which flow therefrom, is not in itself a fresh *motif*, but the writer treats it with originality as well as with delicate insight and true feeling. The country folk, whether peasant or farmer, are sketched vividly and with the certainty of touch which comes of intimate knowledge, and there is a very natural as well as artistic blending of humor and pathos. It is a story that is tolerably sure to be read at a sitting. — How Thankful was Bewitched, by James K. Hosmer. (Putnams.) We think Mr. Hosmer has unnecessarily embroidered a bit of stuff in itself fair to the eye. The story is a pretty one in its conception, but there is so much description, speculation, and reflection, the point of view changes so often, and the whole plan involves such a maze that the reader's interest is excited from time to time only to evaporate, and the result is thus somewhat unsatisfactory. — Miss Hurd, an Enigma, by Anna Katharine Green (Mrs. Charles Rohlfs). (Putnams.) The so-called Miss Hurd, a heroine of the impressive, queenly order, spends her time in running away from her husband, — who is liberally endowed with many of the gifts and graces which attract ordinary women, — and in being discovered by him in various ingenious hiding-places. To the reader the principal enigma will be, why should this long-suffering gentleman have cared to reclaim his errant spouse ? — The third and fourth issues of the Incognito Library (Putnams) are, Lesser's Daughter, by Mrs. Andrew Dean, and A Husband of No Importance, by Rita, and they prove, on the whole, less noteworthy than their predecessors. As to the latter tale, we think the idlest curiosity will rest satisfied with the pen name of the writer. The story is, in manner and matter, as "modern" as the wit of the author can compass, but its social studies are drawn from a certain class of contemporary novels rather than from life, and so will hardly prove very convincing even to the careless devourer of light fiction. Lesser's Daughter is a stronger tale, though very conventional in plot, and for the most part in characterization. The writer, however, has sufficient skill to hold the reader's attention to the end. — Austin Elliot, in one volume, and The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn, in two volumes, have been added to the Messrs. Scribners' attractive uniform edition of Henry Kingsley's works. — Charles Reade's novelette, Single Heart and Double Face, has been issued in paper covers in the Golden Gem Library. (Optimus Printing Co., New York.) — Also in paper are, The Birth of a Soul, a Psychological Study, by Mrs. A. Phillips (Rand, McNally & Co.), and Baron Kinatas, by Isaac Strange Dement (M. T. Need, Chicago). — Martin Hewitt, Investigator, is published in Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Literature. Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley has begun the translation of Molière, and two volumes have appeared : the first containing The Misanthrope and Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme ; the second, Tartuffe, Les Précieuses Ridicules, and George Dandin. (Roberts.) The two volumes are introduced by critical judgments of Balzac, Sainte-Beuve, and others, but Miss Wormeley has done the greatest service by her clear, idiomatic translation. Her English is dignified without being stiff, and she certainly succeeds in rendering her author into a form which does not suggest the labor, but the ease of translation. The books are tastefully bound in half leather, and will be of real service in giving Molière a naturalization in America. — Corinne, by Madame de Staël. (Dent, London ; Lippincott, Philadelphia.) This attractive reprint of a translation contemporary with the original, and now corrected by a presumably competent hand, is introduced by Mr. George Saintsbury in something less than his ordinary *ex cathedra* tone, but quite in his usual appreciative way. To Mr. Saintsbury's stern and severe literary sense Corinne is still interesting, and to the ordinary reader it will still be so, too ; but less, we believe, for its historical and literary value than for its revelation, between the lines, of the interesting character of Madame de Staël. — Catherine de' Medici is the latest volume added to Messrs. Roberts' edition of Balzac, so admirably translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. It is a sort of chron-

icle romance, covering as it does the whole period of the reigns of Francis II. and Charles IX., and its main purpose is the rehabilitation of Catherine, a task which no man's wit has yet been able to accomplish. The book impresses one rather as a series of dramatized historical studies than as a genuine novel, and, comparing Balzac with himself, it in all respects falls below his transcripts of contemporary life, though it undeniably contains certain vivid pictures of the Valois court, and some strong situations strongly treated. Incidentally, the work is interesting for the exposition it gives of its author's views on the course of modern history, his sentiments being not unlike those which must animate the devoted souls who now call themselves Jacobites. — Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., London (Macmillan, New York), add to their former reproductions of eighteenth and early nineteenth century literature Miss Ferrier's novels in six pretty volumes. We have already in The Atlantic treated of Miss Ferrier as seen in the light of Miss Austen, and we have noted also the attractive edition published by Roberts Brothers. This new applicant for favor has also good characteristic portraits and etchings. May our great-grandchildren enjoy our books in as pretty form. — As You Like It, in the charming Temple Shakespeare, has for frontispiece the Stratford House, and The Taming of the Shrew the Globe Theatre. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) — The pretty little Ariel edition of Shakespeare (Putnams), which we have had frequent opportunities to mention, since its forty volumes have come out in sections, is completed in its leather form, and now is offered at a still cheaper price in neat cloth-bound volumes. — My Study Fire, by Hamilton Wright Mabie. Second series. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A score or two of facile notes on books and on life seen in the light of literature. Mr. Mabie does not quote much, neither does he paraphrase, but one is made to believe that he has assimilated literary nutriment, and moreover that he has fed generously on large literature. He becomes thus an agreeable companion and a healthful one.

Books for the Young. Messrs. Lee & Shepard have brought out a handsome new edition of Bulfinch's Age of Fable, and we are sure that many readers will be glad to learn from it that the deserved popularity of that well-tried friend of their younger days is still undiminished. This volume is an enlargement of the enlarged and revised edition edited by the Rev. E. E. Hale in 1881, which somewhat extended the literary references in the original work, following faithfully the admirable plan of the author. A sketch of the history of Greek sculpture is added to the present issue, as well as a fuller index, and the publishers can justly assert that the volume will serve to explain all ordinary classical allusions in English literature. — The Century Book for Young Americans, by Elbridge S. Brooks. (The Century Co.) Mr. Brooks, availing himself of the convenient machinery of a party of young people, marshaled by an omniscient Uncle Tom, visiting Washington, tells in an animated fashion the story of the government in all its departments, mingling history and biography and law and poetry in a delightful hodge-podge. The grouping of subjects is good, and the book is spirited and full of excellent patriotic suggestion. — Imaginotions, Truthless Tales, by Tudor Jenks. (The Century Co.) Mr. Jenks has a very inventive fancy, and though he has scarcely the pervasive humor of Stockton, he writes stories which in their incidents may be mentioned alongside of that best of wonder-story tellers. The turns and surprises are capital, and the stories are quite sure to carry one on to the end, once they are begun. Some of the illustrations are admirable.

Nature and Travel. From Blomidon to Smoky, and Other Papers, by Frank Bolles. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Of these thirteen papers, the first four are the last literary work which Mr. Bolles did ; the other nine have appeared in different periodicals between 1890 and 1894. The former group record Mr. Bolles's minute and accurate observations of nature on a trip through Cape Breton. Some of these observations one who had never known Mr. Bolles might find insignificant ; but another who had known him could scarcely hold uninteresting any of the vacation doings of one of the kindliest and most helpful of men. — Shakespeare's Stratford, a Pictorial Pilgrimage, by W. Hallsworth Waite. (Imported by Scribners.) One of those attractive little volumes which serve both for guidebooks and souvenirs. Beside Stratford, the artist not only sketches in Shottery and Charlecote, but, we are glad to see, goes still further

afield, visiting some of those picturesque old-world villages where Shakespeare's country can be found much more truly than in his half-modernized birthplace, — villages where bits of local speech which we have learned from him can still be heard on rustic lips. Mr. Waite uses the pencil better than the pen, but his explanatory comment tells a good deal in a small space, and answers its purpose sufficiently well.

Music. Musicians and Music-Lovers, and Other Essays, by William Foster Apthorp. (Scribners.) Of this collection of nine papers, more than half appeared in The Atlantic. The readers of the magazine will be glad to renew their acquaintance with essays which represent not only scientific knowledge of music, but that power of interpretation which bridges over the space between music and literature. Mr. Apthorp has a pungent, direct attack upon his subjects which at once notifies the reader that the matter in hand is not to undergo a transformation from solid to fluid, and from fluid to gas, as so often happens with writers on music. — Everybody's Guide to Music, by Josiah Booth. (Harpers.) The introductory note to this little handbook expresses the belief that it will serve to introduce "everybody" to the theory, if not the practice of music. As far as so large a design can be accomplished in a small volume (though the task would be hardly less difficult in a book of any size), it is done here. Musical instruments; notation; measure, light and shade, and ornamentation in music; singing; the growth of music illustrated by brief sketches of the greater composers, are successively treated, and a dictionary of musical terms is appended, which will be likely to prove one of the most generally useful features of the book. The writer has followed the best authorities, and his suggestions are usually excellent, but for the effective comprehension of some of them, especially those on singing, an amount of previous training would probably be required that might render this guide unnecessary.

Poetry. Madonna, and Other Poems, by Harrison S. Morris. (Lippincott.) Refreshingly non-decadent. So far, indeed, are these poems from being in the spirit peculiarly distinctive of the present that they have a curiously timeless and placeless quality. Though not particularly profound or inspired, they have something of the simplicity and dignity and sanity of all lasting art. Two things, at least, have conspired to keep the artist simple, dignified, and sane: an honest love of nature — a love that grows fanciful whilst he strays in Arcady — and a fine feeling for the spirit of Greek art.

Books of Reference. The Century Dictionary, following the custom some time ago established of incorporating into the appendix of a dictionary biographical, historical, geographical, and other curious and useful information, has brought forth The Century Cyclopedia of Names (The Century Co.); and as the Dictionary was in six great volumes, this appendix is in one by itself. The plan of having one alphabetical list is undoubtedly the most convenient, and so in 1085 pages from A to Z the reader has names which occur in geography, biography, mythology, history, ethnology, art, archæology, fiction, and even titles of famous poems. It would have been very convenient to have the groups separated, but we suspect the practical purpose of such lists would hardly have been greater than that which attaches to the preposterous indexes at the close of Allibone's great book. It is not always easy to determine the principle of proportion or of selection, as for instance when five cities or towns of Washington are chosen out of the much larger number, and such subjects as Mahabharata and Mabinogion are given at considerable length; but apparently the editors, in the case of the former, selected the conspicuous places only, and in the case of the latter were disposed to go more into detail over the more recondite subjects. A cursory glance shows that a good medium has been secured between prolixity and jejuneness, and the care with which the work has been done, the attention to petty details, which are not petty when one uses the book as a reliable tool, are evident on every page.

Education and Textbooks. The Bureau of Education (Government Printing Office, Washington) has put out four numbers in its series of contributions to American Educational History: The History of Education in Connecticut, by Bernard C. Steiner; The History of Education in Delaware, by Lyman P. Powell; Higher Education in Tennessee, by Lucius Salisbury Merriam; and Higher Education in Iowa, by Leonard F. Parker. There are twenty universities

and colleges, besides the state university, in Iowa. In Tennessee there are ten universities and lots of colleges. Poor little Delaware has only five colleges and one State Normal University. Connecticut, again, has but two universities and one college. It will be observed, thus, that the younger the State and the farther west it is, the more amply it provides for the higher education of its citizens. We wish, by the way, the government could afford to sew its paper books, and not stab them. The barbed wire fence is a relic of advanced civilization. — A Text-Book of the History of Painting, by John C. Van Dyke. (Longmans.) Books such as this suffer somewhat in the same way as compends of literary history. To the beginner they offer little more than names and dates; they are clothed with an authoritative form which is dangerous, since the student frequently is getting the writer's personal judgment, and not well-tested, accepted opinion, and helps himself easily thus to ready-made decisions which do not fit him. It would have been well, for instance, for the writer of this book to have contented himself with a simple generalization on the subject of American art, instead of throwing out his little paper pustules of criticism. — Messrs. Putnam's Sons have issued a Students' Edition of Irving's Tales of a Traveller, in a comely, well-printed volume. The book, which follows the author's latest revisions, is edited by William Lyon Phelps, who furnishes an introductory sketch of Irving's life, with a brief consideration of his literary style and influence, and some account of the origin and first publication of the Tales. The book is very fully annotated, but not too fully, the editor urges. However this may be, the notes are commendably terse, clear, and explicit. The book is especially intended for the use of students preparing for college entrance examinations in English literature. — The Common Sense Copy Books, a System of Vertical Penmanship, by Joseph V. Witherbee. (A. Lovell & Co., New York.) A capital series of writing books, since they encourage a round, full, and perfectly clear transcription of words. The child that is trained in such a system ought, before he is through with it, to develop his own individual hand. Perhaps he will, if he is not made to write too fast. Much mischief is done to handwriting by calling for rapidity before a good hand is formed.

Law. Comparative Administrative Law, an Analysis of the Administrative Systems, National and Local, of the United States, England, France, and Germany, by Frank J. Goodnow. (Putnams.) This work, in two volumes, is in a measure a pioneer work as regards the United States, and is, aside from its great practical value, an admirable illustration of the predominant place which administration has in our present minds. It has to do with Organization and with Legal Relations, and though based on professional study is by no means addressed to professional students alone. The general reader will learn, both by direct testimony and by comparison with the administrations in other countries, the status of administrative law in the United States and the history of the several elements. The study is of special value now when there is so much unthinking demand for an enormous extension of the administrative function.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Some Negro Superstitions.

It is an error to suppose that the superstitions of the negro are all gentle, mildly ridiculous, and associated with the hooting of owls, the baying of house dogs, and the appearance of jay birds in unusual numbers. He has many legends more virile, and indicative of a higher order of invention. The characteristic reticence of the negro accounts for the fact that these are not more generally known. The Afro-American is quite aware that "white folks" laugh at his notions, and this knowledge has fostered in him a secretiveness concerning his inner thoughts which very effectually limits them to the narrow circumference of his own brain. A negro will seldom talk on the subject of his superstitions, or indeed admit that he has any superstitions. The sto-

ries which are told in negro cabins at night, by the light of pine-wood boughs appropriated from the neighboring forest, and under the influence of which the crinkled wool of the auditors gradually straightens out into bristles, are rarely overheard by Anglo-Saxon ears. To be admitted to one of these séances, it is necessary to gain the gratitude and confidence of some venerable representative of the race, and by your sympathy with his narratives to assure him that you come not in the character of a scoffer or merely to laugh at his fancies, but are yourself of the opinion that there is something in heaven and earth not dreamed of in the white man's philosophy.

The superstitions of the negro possess no logical order or sequence, and yet there is one central idea about which they all crystallize. This idea is contained in the word "warning." The negro interprets any unusual sight or mysterious sound not as a present threat, but as a warning of future danger. He is not in the least apprehensive that the uncanny things he sees will do him physical injury. An ex-slave, who encountered the ghost of his ante-bellum mistress on the road one evening, ran four miles at the top of his speed, and fell exhausted at the door of the barn on a Virginia farm where I was visiting; but he assured me the next morning that his panic was not due to the fear that the ghost would do him bodily harm, but solely to the fact that the appearance struck him as a warning of his own death, and that he fled from the idea rather than from the phantom.

We will eliminate from our discussion those superstitions which are distinctly referable to Anglo-Saxon sources. Many of the minor and a few of the more important superstitions of the negro are derived from the superior race to which he was so long in servitude. The darkies of Virginia and Maryland are firm believers in what they call the "hell hounds," a spectral pack of hounds coursing in the air; and woe to the belated wretch who hears the baying of these ghostly dogs, for he is certain to die within the year. A colored boatman on the Susquehanna River related to me, with fear-protruded eyes and trembling lip, that about a month before, being on the water after dark, he heard the hell hounds above him in the air, crossing from one bank of the river to the other. He was unshaken in the conviction that a period would be put to his life within the following eleven months; but in this uncomfortable opinion he was mistaken, for, after an interval of three years, he still lives. There can be no doubt that this superstition is simply a survival of the old English story of the Gabriel hounds, and that the negroes derived it from the English settlers of the middle colonies. The African has really made no change in the legend except to give these dogs a less celestial designation, and thus refer their origin to a region from which they might more logically be supposed to proceed.

The negro has no specific names for his ghosts, preferring to describe them by a circumlocution, but he is punctilious in assigning them to appropriate localities; or perhaps it would be better to say particular localities, for in many cases the appropriateness is hardly discoverable. Ghosts which haunt the highway never by any chance appear in a footpath, and the spirits which inhabit the forest are rarely or never manifest in visible form, but make their presence known by strange whisperings, groanings, and inexplicable noises.

It must also be understood by one who would thoroughly appreciate the superstitions of this race that the negro is a great traveler. His journeys are short, being limited to a few miles slowly accomplished on foot or in an ox-cart, but in his own mind these excursions rise to the dignity of pilgrimages. He is always going somewhere, and hence it happens that a very large proportion of his superstitions are in the line of warnings against journeys which he projects, or upon which he has actually entered.

The solitary and unlucky traveler who, as the evening shades are falling, sets out upon an inauspicious journey, designing to visit some remote cabin, or with his imagination filled with the anticipated pleasures of a cake-walk, may encounter a series of ghostly experiences, all of which are for the purpose of warning him that the spirits are opposed to his design. Should his road lie along the public highway, he will become conscious, directly after passing a roadside quarry or crossing a bridge, that he is followed by the man with the iron face, one of the most grisly and gigantic phantoms ever created by the African imagination. Glancing warily over his shoulder, the traveler sees a man of colossal stature, whose tre-

mendous and impassive features seem made of cast iron, following him with equal step, and sometimes imitating his actions. It is useless to run, for at the end of a breathless dash pursued and pursuer are in precisely the same relative position as at the start.

In spite of his name, it appears that the man with the iron face does not always preserve an absolute immobility of features. I am acquainted with an old negro who, on a secluded country road, was followed by this spectre for the distance of a mile, — which is unusual, as the pursuit does not generally extend beyond a few hundred yards. In this case the victim resorted to several expedients to baffle his ghostly attendant, and, finding these ineffectual, at last turned and faced him, when the mouth of the spectre expanded into an enormous and mirthless grin, which caused the negro to turn and fly without daring again to look behind him.

The striking incongruity connected with this and many other negro superstitions is that the spirits should be at the trouble of sending such a gigantic representative for the trivial purpose of cautioning a traveler against pursuing an unimportant journey. Should the person thus warned be too timid to return over the haunted ground, which he may do with absolute assurance of immunity from supernatural interruption, or should he be bold enough to persist in going forward, he may hear a snort, a shout, and a wild clatter of hoofs behind him, and as he shrinks to the side of the road this whirlwind of sounds will pass close beside him. This is the invisible horseman, another demon of the highway. The hoofs of his steed strike fire from the loose stones of the road and splash through the mud-holes, but horse and rider are alike unseen.

Should the trembling wight still continue to advance, he is liable to receive a third and last warning in the form of a streak or band of intense and midnight blackness lying across the road. If the night is dark and starless, the streak becomes luminous, and shines with a pale, unearthly glow. As the hesitating traveler stands and looks at it, the band is, as it were, rolled up by invisible hands ; and he is then at liberty to pursue his way, with the distinct understanding that he does so at his peril.

Strangely enough, I have conversed with a fairly truthful and intelligent white man who soberly and emphatically declared that he had himself seen this mysterious black streak. It was in the month of October, 1887, and the full moon bathed the landscape in a light almost equal to that of day. At an hour approaching midnight he was driving along the road, and, according to his account, thinking anything but ghostly thoughts, when suddenly his horse stopped and exhibited symptoms of intense fright. Looking out and ahead to learn the cause, he saw a band of indescribable blackness, about four feet in width, and extending from side to side of the road. He estimated that the appearance continued for five or six minutes, when, beginning at one end, it rolled up and disappeared.

Of course I advanced the theory of shadow, but he refuted this suggestion by inviting me to accompany him to the exact spot ; which I did, and there ascertained, to my complete satisfaction and his triumphant vindication, that there was no object within two hundred yards of the place which could by any possibility cast such a shadow as he described. Accordingly I have no solution to offer ; in fact could offer only one, and that one would cast a more than moonlight adumbration upon my informant's veracity.

But to return to our unfortunate pilgrim, painfully working his way to terpsichorean revel or to the humble shrine of dusky sweetheart, and by this time frightened considerably more than half out of his wits. Should he think to baffle the spirits by turning out of the highway into the fields, he is liable to encounter a spectre of gentler but still startling character. Wending his way along the footpath and approaching the middle of the field, he finds awaiting him a beautiful little girl, dressed all in white, and with long flaxen hair streaming to her waist. She looks at him with beseeching eyes, and her extended hand points in the direction by which he has come. Should he not instantly turn and retrace his steps, this little girl undergoes a series of remarkable transformations. Her dress and hair rapidly change from white to blue, and from that to green, to yellow, to red, to brown, and finally to black ; after which she vanishes in a mysterious and unaccountable way.

In certain sections of Virginia, the spirits, moved by some reason of their own, substitute for the girl a little white dog, which stands up on its hind legs, as well-trained

dogs do, and which manifests the same chameleon-like ability to invest itself with prismatic variations.

It is exceedingly difficult to induce the negro to discuss those omens which he regards as foretokens of death. Generally speaking, his esoteric belief is that ghostly manifestations of people he has known are to be thus interpreted. In addition to these there are a few particular and arbitrary phantoms which he regards as ominous of approaching dissolution.

I was informed, during a visit of some days to a Southern country house, that the negroes on the place were panic-stricken by the appearance to one of their number of a huge black dog with fiery eyes, which were described by the victim as being about the size of saucers. Going out to interview this man, a stalwart field hand, I found him engaged in the task of moulding a silver bullet out of a half dollar, and fitting it accurately into the muzzle of his antiquated shotgun. He authenticated the story of the spectral dog, and referred to it as a sign of his speedy death; but he declared that if he could get another sight of the dog and shoot it with his silver bullet the warning would fail. I regretted that an early departure prevented my witnessing what was doubtless a canine tragedy. I learned from him, however, that the fate foreshadowed by a spectral manifestation may be averted by the aid of certain mystic observances.

I was long puzzled to account for the fact that negroes avoid with scrupulous care the vicinity of certain round holes which are sometimes found on farms, and which are doubtless evidences of juvenile enterprise in the pursuit of ground hogs. The only explanation I could get was that these were places where the spirits had dug for hidden money, — a reason which hardly accounted for the absolute refusal of the negroes to approach them. By dint of patient inquiry I at last discovered the true solution. The negroes believe that at night these holes prolong themselves indefinitely into the recesses of the earth, and that mortals may at these times hear the noises made by the spirits in their subterranean home, and may perchance witness the ascent of some spectre to the surface of the earth, for it is by these holes that they have their usual exits and entrances.

The only negro who ever admitted to me that he had listened at the mouth of one of these bottomless pits was unable, on account of a limited vocabulary, accurately to describe the congeries of sounds which ascended to his ears. I gathered from his disconnected and somewhat incoherent sentences that it was made up of a sort of horrible grinding and groaning, interspersed with shouts, trampling, fiendish laughter, and the neighing of horses, and that these sounds continued to ring in his ears for hours after he had fled from the vicinity of the hole.

The spirits of the forest and of deserted cabins belong more appropriately to the subject of negro witchcraft, for these are the auxiliaries that witch and wizard, by means of incantations, summon to their aid; but as these spirits never lay aside the cloak of invisibility, our interest in them is correspondingly diminished.

The ghosts I have mentioned are only specimens of the phantoms invented by this superstition-ridden race. They might be multiplied almost indefinitely, and all the famous spectres might be exhibited in different garbs, characteristic of Virginia, Carolina, and Georgia.

An Imaginative Oath. — Many years ago, I, a little girl of eleven years, was visiting old friends of the family in a quiet country town. Two children, living near, and I, became great friends, and on stormy autumn days we played together in their rambling old house.

One afternoon we had been popping corn, and the fleecy white morsels suggested a flock of sheep. We appropriated a large table for a sheep ranch, slender sticks formed boundary lines, some chessmen were transformed into shepherds, and we played till supper time, eating up our flocks before we ended.

This game proved interesting, and was continued, with many additions, on succeeding days. Other chessmen were begged or borrowed, and arrayed in gay robes of tissue paper; and gradually, from a peaceful pastoral life three stately courts grew up, though always retaining their popcorn flocks, — a combination of mediæval castle life and a Montana sheep ranch. The red knights were princes, the white ones princesses, the pawns acted as domestics and shepherds, while our kings took an active

interest in farm matters, not disdaining to sally forth each morning to inspect the sheep and select those they wished served up for dinner.

Events followed in quick succession, — weddings, births, and funerals, picnics, riding parties, and visits. We became deeply conversant, also, with matters relating to our flocks ; we pored over encyclopædias and agricultural works, and I doubt if many little maidens could have been found who knew so well the fancy breeds and their market value, and the quality of mutton and wool. The finest, poppiest kernels were Southdowns (I cannot at this moment remember why) ; the next in quality, I believe, were Cotswolds ; but those least in favor, and often too numerous when the fire was hot, were the merinos. These were the browned and slightly charred kernels which had failed to pop fully. Merinos had a high market value, as we knew, and could not, conscientiously, be laid aside ; so we ate merinos patiently for every-day dinners, and used many in the servants' quarters, but our tenderest, biggest Southdowns were reserved for grand occasions. At such times the consumption was enormous. No Viking feast or Southern barbecue of antebellum days could compare with these festivities, when whole flocks were swept away.

But the days brought tragic events also to our courts. I remember one stormy day (so we "made believe") when the young and lovely wife of my prince was taken violently ill, and there was no doctor for miles and miles, — quite the other end of the table. With his own hands the distracted husband saddled a steed and galloped forth into the wild night. How real it was, that midnight ride ! Quite carried away by my own acting, I lost all sense of my surroundings. I was no longer a little girl playing "sheep," that autumn day ; I was the young prince riding in the darkness for my bride's life. With what slowness the distance was passed ! But at last I drew rein at the doctor's house, to find him (he was a stout red castle) in bed, fast asleep. He was old, and slow to comprehend the desperate situation, and in an agony of impatience I exclaimed, "*Oh, my God ! my God !* make haste ! my wife is dying !" Then came an awestruck silence as we three children looked at one another in dismay, — a silence broken at last by a tremulous small voice saying, "Oh-h-h ! *you swore !*" and instinctively we glanced up at the ceiling as if expecting divine wrath to fall upon us ; for had I not taken "his name is vain" by using it while playing "sheep" ?

We played no more that day, soon packed away farm and court, and the conscience-stricken culprit hastened home in the fast-gathering dusk, weighed down by a sense of her guilt.

That was long ago, and for years the old childish play had not been thought of, when to-night the children brought to me a newly bought popper, asking my aid in popping corn. The fire was too bright, many kernels were charred, and as I turned out the fragrant mass I found myself murmuring regretfully, "Dear me ! how many merinos there are here !"

Night on a Mountain. — An invincible repugnance to early rising seems to have become fixed in the habit of civilized man. He gayly throws away the freshest hours of his life, and tries in vain to make up for this reckless waste by inventing ever new devices for prolonging the hours of weariness. To see the sunrise is one of those delights which he is always promising himself, but never finds time to enjoy. Even when he throws off the other trammels of civilization, and betakes himself to the sweet refreshment of nature in her most charming moods, he still continues to deprive himself of the precious benedictions of the morning, or even counts upon lying a little longer in bed as one of his summer privileges. It is too late — or too soon — to struggle against this special madness ; one has only to own up to it, and now and then, in some of those moments of rare elevation of spirit which come to all of us, to wrench himself out of himself, and rise with his rising mood to an effort that is sure to bring its own great reward.

There is a solution of the problem of early rising which has probably occurred to but few persons, namely, not to go to bed at all. This solution has been practically applied now for several years by a group of persons who have found themselves brought together by the chances of the summer into one of those rare New England farm boarding-houses where commercial profit is hidden out of sight by a spirit of gentle living. All enthusiastic lovers of outward nature, they have not been content with her sunlight aspects in wood and field and moun-

tain, but have sought to win from her the secrets of the night as well. At least once in every summer, when the conditions of the day seem to point to a favorable night, they quietly determine to spend that night on the top of a certain mountain some two thousand feet above the sea. As soon as their plan is known they become objects of the deepest pity to their fellow-boarders. The piazza population wags its head and puts its finger to its forehead, as who should say, "A little queer, or they would stay in their beds like other Christians." The friends, however, take this as part of their enjoyment, and go steadily on with their preparations. A trusty man is sent up in the afternoon with a load of wraps and a few cooking utensils. He repairs the open shanty of spruce-trees, and cuts boughs for its floor and wood for a generous fire. On his way down he meets the party of from two to a dozen climbing up the beautiful wood path in time to catch the glory of the sunset.

I will confess that I too had been among the scoffers. Slave of my sleep as I am, the thought of a sleepless night brought only images of horror to my mind. So when I was actually invited to join this army of the elect, it was only on the express stipulation of a brief interval of slumber that I accepted. The day had been very warm, cloudless and clear. We gained the summit, a party of ten, in time to get our fires going and the coffee boiling before the sunset had reached a stage which forbade all thought of earthly things. As its light began to fade we finished our first supper, and began to divide by natural affinities into silent parties of two or three, or even one, if one so pleased. Toward the west our view spread for miles along a winding valley, the broad, swift river in the midst, with its wide "intervales" gleaming in the golden light, and its border of hills rising into the distance until the valley was closed by the great peaks of the White Mountains themselves. Toward the east we looked off into a vast sea of forest, whose waves, rising ever higher and higher, wrapped the hills in their endlessly varied green.

Not a breath of air stirred the smoke that rose straight up from the camp fire between our two cabins. Only the pleasant chill of a mountain evening made us draw our wraps about us whenever we settled for a time into some new corner of the rocks, to take in, in long draughts of enjoyment, the beauty of the scene. Before the sunlight had really faded from the sky the full August moon began to give faint signs of her appearance. In an hour she possessed the world.

The singular thing was that no one was even drowsy. It cannot have been the coffee, for that had been a flat failure. It was rather a curious exaltation of one's whole nature; the isolation from our kind, the silence, the gorgeous spectacle of the moon-illumined valley, the weird glow of our camp fire, all combined to make us forget our bodies. The usual merriment of a picnic party was subdued into a piercing joy that was too keen for any words. The hours sped by, as they do for all who brave the traditions of the night. Each hour brought its change, and each change was a fresh excitement. As the valley cooled after the heat of the day, we saw the river gradually covered by a low, clinging white mist which reached upward to the tops of the lowest hills, and there stopped, so that it was to us as if the river itself had risen two hundred feet above its highest level, and had become suddenly frozen. Above its even surface the air was so clear that, as the moon got higher, the shadows of little clouds began to be seen gliding over the silver expanse. It made us realize what the river must once have been in the dim geologic past, when its waters filled the valley as it was now filled by this solid mist. This was the chief sensation of the night, a thing few of us have ever experienced, — cloud shadows thrown by a full moon upon a surface of mist.

At midnight, some of us, not because we were weary, but from mere tradition, threw ourselves upon the fragrant pine boughs and slept. Others, unwilling to lose even one moment of their precious experience, plied the fire with logs upon logs, watched for the first hints of coming dawn, and then roused the sleepers. Three o'clock brought us all upon our feet again. In the far east a faint glimmer of light showed where the day was to begin. The sunrise was beautiful, but painful. Nothing could be more exquisite than the floating pink clouds against a blue so tender that it almost eluded the sense of color. Yet there was a feeling that it was growing each moment more pronounced, more like the skies of every day. The sunset

seemed to find its fitting end in the stillness of the night; the sunrise seemed somehow vulgarized by the glaring day that ended it.

As the sun rose higher the surface of the mist was troubled. As we watched it a fine cloud began to rise, and spread so rapidly that in a few minutes we were caught in it, and the whole world was shut from us. Again a few minutes and this mist cloud broke, driving up into the side valleys, and disappearing so utterly that the surface above the river lay as white and solid as when we had watched the moon shadows chasing over it. Then after an interval the same thing occurred, the valley filling and clearing again, and so it continued until the great mist river was completely broken up.

When we reached our home in the valley once more, the piazza folk overwhelmed us with sympathy that our trip had been such a dismal failure. They fancied that the solid mist in which they had lain all night had been about us too!

Under Hotspur's Battlements.

—Unless one has the good fortune to be linguistically learned one must go to Alnwick to find out what a "pant" is. There the smallest urchin who plays in the crooked, steep gray streets can inform one unerringly. There is danger, indeed, of his being reduced, by shyness and amazement at his questioner's ignorance, to the expedient of merely pointing one out with a short and sturdy forefinger. Not to know what a pant is, is quite as bewildering a peculiarity as it would be to pronounce the name of his native town with the sound of its letters in full. For is there not St. Michael's Pant in the market place, with the patron saint of "A'n'ick" himself on the top of the column, as well as Pottergate Pant on the way to lovely St. Michael's parish church, and Clayport Low Pant in Bondgate Within? And are there not seven others beside, more lowly in stature, but still doing cleansing and refreshing service in the face of modern waterworks? The ancient town under the Percies' castle walls drew bountiful supplies of water from these wells of enigmatical name long before the luxury of having it brought into their grimly solid, dark stone houses was ever dreamed of by Alnwick housewives.

The strange term these wells are known by is by no means all the traveler will find unique in the speech of the kindly, comfortable people of this delightful corner of north Northumberland. If he has no acquaintance among them, he will be likely to invent reasons for asking questions of the chance passer-by, just to have the pleasure of hearing the softly spoken tones of the answer. What curious transmutation of sound it is the letter *r* goes through on Northumbrian lips in being fashioned to the proper degree of North Country richness of tone, it needs a quick ear to determine. But its winning quality, coupled with the indescribably ingenuous and confiding effect of the rising inflection of voice that accompanies it, no ear will easily be able to resist.

Their speech is not necessarily the only surprise the people of Alnwick may have for the stranger who comes unprepared into their midst. Their town, over which Hotspur's massive gateway, stanch in scarred and blackened age, still keeps watch and ward, is one of ancient dignity, as its market cross alone might prove to any one who realizes all that the right to set up such a cross once implied of civic freedom and independence. Let no one fancy, therefore, that he will here meet with a race of subservient tradespeople, like the softer folk of southern blood, or that he will find man or woman ready to efface individuality in the presence of the person he or she may happen to be serving across a counter. How should this be expected in a community where one may buy cakes and tarts off fine old Delft platters which "were my grandmother's," and where his landlady, still "mistress" on the lips of those who use her name familiarly, may very well give him napkins with the date 1814 printed by her provident ancestress in their well-woven corners? It is not likely, indeed, that the kith and kin of townsmen who sit as jurors in the leet-court of the lord of the manor, and who kneel face to face with duke and duchess, earl and countess, in their parish church, should abate any of their proper importance before a new comer, even when engaged in transferring as many pounds, shillings, and pence as are their just right and due from his pocket to theirs. English though they are in blood and name, they nevertheless live near enough the Border to have acquired not a little of the unbending temper which the keen atmosphere of hill and moor has bred in their non-conforming neighbors just across it.

If, however, any one is in the unfortunate

condition of delighting neither in man nor woman, Alnwick may still perhaps meet his case, since there yet remain for his entertainment the multitude of stone men-at-arms peopling the battlements of the giant castle that rises so finely above the soft banks of its little sponsor in baptism, the Aln. There are no less than five of these blackened stony warriors over the barbican, others still on the frowning gateway behind it, while yet innumerable others, on the keep and on the vast circuit of surrounding towers, are in untiring act of hurling destruction on invaders from below. If one will take the time to grow intimate with them, they also will be found to have their distinct individuality. Worn and battered by time and weather, they stand out weirdly and grimly against the wonderfully low northern clouds, which now and then vouchsafe a blue background to their granite outlines, but more often shed soft shadows, or even pelting showers, on their stern shoulders. One may speculate at will upon their date and history, — so far, at least, as information obtainable at Alnwick is concerned. No place under the sun better illustrates the wise saying that the traveler in foreign parts will only be able to find there what he takes with him in his own eyes and mind. The several guidebooks that hold out false promises on their covers prove to have been specially planned to give no information whatever worth having, and their tantalized buyer has over and over again to repent that he has left unlearned so many of the things he ought to have learned, to make the records of mediæval architecture an open page to his eye.

The venerable porter, whose hale and well-fed old age would seem to insure him for some time to come as the traveler's guide around the inner and outer baileys of this feudal pile of the Dukes of Northumberland (Percies now only through maternal descent, and unforgiven by Freeman for having renounced the paternal Smithson), is entirely of one mind with the guidebooks. "The 'orse-block, to get on 'orseback," although it be to ordinary eyes but a wooden step-ladder, he may be relied on to point out, for some occult reason of his own, with pride and affection ; so, too, one after another, the small lights set in the turf to illuminate on its subterranean passage the thrice wondrous car of hot steel that carries its culinary burden from kitchen to dining-hall. But if steel car, steam heat, and even electric-light apparatus are not to the sight-seer's taste, he must be ready to spy out for himself the fine Norman doorway under the keep, the rougher bits of the old masonry in the much-restored "curtain" wall, and silently to note the immensity of proportion of this often assaulted and raided but bravely impregnable border fortress. By all means entreat the porter gently, however, and in spite of cockaded hat, shoulder straps, and impeccable broadcloth, he will lay aside authority sufficiently to allow one to climb into Hotspur's Seat, most picturesque of "garrets" or watch-towers in the outer wall, and to look at leisure through loophole and embrasure upon the serene beauty of the parks beyond.

It is after all the parks — the peaceful home park close under the walls, and the lordly deer and driving park beyond the graceful stone bridge where the Percy lion mounts guard — that keep the beholder in perpetual delight in Alnwick. As if the brimming Aln that winds through them, the wide-horned cattle wandering on its banks, the flock of Danubian geese that make sinuous lines of feathery white along the faultless turf, — which slopes first softly, then abruptly, up to the base of the gray commanding castle, — and the aged, noble trees were not enough to satisfy an omnivorous craving for beauty, nature has added as a background to the whole a moor. Beyond the green hills and the stately tall church tower embowered in foliage, it lifts its purple side high into the clouds, surpassingly lovely in a scene where all is loveliness. And if it is an object of beauty from a distance, it is equally a source of delight when approached. No tremendous pedestrian effort is needed to reach it, and no ungenerous keeper patrols it to say one nay. The exhilarating fragrance of its heather may be breathed, and the feathery pink spikes plucked without rebuke. More, too, than this is in store for the wayfarer who reaches its height. As if to reprove him for undue rapture over what he has been telling himself is the most perfect of scenery, it discloses at his feet a vast field of vision, in which are the Cheviot Hills, stretching out into the still wilder magnificence of Scotland.

Smiles : a Medley. — Miss Agnes Repplier is very judicious in her choice of authors for the dozy hours ; but how about

those dozy minutes after the light is out? I confess, I always like to keep some sunny memory or flattering thought to usher me agreeably into the land of dreams. The other night I cajoled myself to slumber by luxuriously collecting a variety of *smiles*.

The idea was suggested by the vivid recollection of the beaming, friendly face of a little girl who had shown me downstairs, and then stood hugging her cat close, under the projecting eaves of Albrecht Dürer's house. It was not the *fee* smile, which often makes the tourist feel as though everything in life had to be paid for, but a genuine shining out of childish good will, which followed me all the way down the steep street, and will be a bright memory when many a museum and monument have faded out of mind.

Side by side with the little Nuremberger rose the vision of Mona Lisa's mysterious countenance with its enigmatic smile, — a face as real as the living German lassie's, renewing the old perplexity whether or no Leonardo's lady be really *gioconda*. Then, like a bar of music between the pictures came that beautiful old Italian phrase, "*il lampeggiar dell' angelico riso*," summoning forth sweet flashes seen in soft southern eyes, and recalling a little episode of the Sicilian coast. I had been trying (oh, foolish mortal!) to read, sitting out on the cactus heights of Taormina. Vying with the turquoise sea and snow-clad Etna to divert my attention was a small urchin who vainly sought to make me purchase a bouquet of wild flowers. Failing, he walked off, and presently reappeared bearing a bunch of prickly withered thistles, which he held out to me with a phrase of fine Italian adaptation to foreign requirements. "*They are antiques*," he said. I looked up, and the mischievous merriment brimming over in his dark eyes is something delicious to remember. "How ancient?" queried I. "Oh, two or three centuries," replied my merchant. But that smile had made us friends; he ceased to speculate on my purse, and after that gave me a beam of good fellowship whenever we met. He was a cheerful pendant to a small maid at the same place, who, after describing in quaint, infantile dialect the bed I was going to sleep on, would point dramatically to the stony ground at our feet, and murmur with a most artistically pathetic intonation, "*Io mi cuco ki*."

Other smiles came trooping up: there were German and Austrian ones, French, English, and Russian, all speaking one sweet, common speech, breaking the ice between strangers, softening hard moments, mollifying stern or angry folk. There were brave smiles shining through tears, children smiles of happy trust, and mother smiles too tender to be told. In the interstices of my recollections gleamed welcoming smiles under white caps, giving the weary traveler a certain sense of home even in big, impossible caravansaries. Surely the successful manager should keep only smiling maids and waiters. Under the influence of an indulgent smile, I have actually forgotten the funereal solemnity of ordering a steak from gentlemen so sombrely clad. But in my musings all smiles paled, for sheer *illuminating* quality, before those of the negroes. The waiters at the White Sulphur Springs gleamed forth white-jacketed, embodied smiles, and by the side of these rose that delighted grin with which my Virginia cook met all guests, and often put to shame my own more tardy, delinquent sense of hospitality.

Is it not partly in her capacity for ready, sympathetic smiles, the shining out of sweet kindliness and quick perceptions, that the gracious American girl creates a friendly atmosphere about herself, and outshines her sober or timid English sister in winning hearts?

Still the queerly assorted procession of smiles thronged before my mind's eye. The cat from Wonderland came, and Mephistopheles, and the little chimney sweep whose smile was as when

> "a sable cloud
> Turns forth her silver lining on the night."

As the minutes flew, a glad company of poet loves clustered about my bed. "Sweetly smiling Lalage" and "Hebe in wreathèd smiles" led Cherry Ripe and dainty Hester from whose

> "cheerful eyes a ray
> Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
> A bliss that would not go away,
> A sweet forewarning."

I think madcap Beatrix and arch Rosalind were there, and certainly the Highland girl brought a

> "face with gladness overspread,
> Soft smiles by human kindness bred."

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A SINGULAR LIFE.

IV.

It is manifestly as unfair to judge of a place by its March as to judge a man's disposition by the hour before dinner. As the coldest exteriors may conceal the warmest loves, so the repelling Cesarean winter holds in store one of the most alluring summers known to inland New England. The grass is riper, the flowers richer, the ranks of elms are statelier, the skies are gentler, and the people happier than could be expected of Cesarean theology. Nay, theology itself unbends in April, softens in May, warms in June, and grows sunny and human by the time the students are graduated and turned loose upon the world, — a world which is, on the whole, so patient with their inexperience, and so ready to accept as spiritual leaders men whose own life's lessons are yet to be learned, and whose own views of the great mysteries which they dare to interpret are so much more assured than they will be ten years later.

Emanuel Bayard and Helen Carruth walked together beneath the ancient trees that formed the great cross upon the Seminary green.

The snow-professor was melted out of existence; head of ice and lecture of sleet had vanished months before. Dandelions glittered in the long grass. Sparrows built nests under the awful chapel eaves. It was moonlight and warm, — a June night, — and the elms cast traceries of fine shadows, like a net, about the feet of the young people; they seemed to become entangled in the meshes, as they strolled up and down, and to and fro, after the simple fashion of the town; which pays no more attention to a couple sauntering in broad day, or broad moonlight, in the sight of gods and men, across the Seminary "yard," than it does to the sparrows in the chapel eaves.

They were not lovers, these two; hardly friends, at least in the name of the thing: she was not an accessible girl, and he was a preoccupied man. A certain comfortable acquaintance, such as grows without drama in the quiet society of university towns, had brought them together, as chance led, without distinct volition on the part of either. He would graduate in three days. He had called to say good-by to the Professor's family, and had taken Miss Helen out to see the shadows on the cross where the paths met, — the mild and accepted form of dissipation in Cesarea, for Professors' daughters. They walked without agitation, and talked without sentiment. Truth to tell, their talk was serious above their years, and beyond their relation.

The fact was that Emanuel Bayard had, that spring, with difficulty received his license to preach. There was a flaw in his theology. The circumstance was momentous to him. His uncle, for one thing, had been profoundly displeased; had rebuked, remonstrated, and commanded; had indeed gone so far as to offend his nephew with threats of a nature which the young man did not divulge to Miss Carruth, for his natural reserve

was deep. She had noticed that he did not confide in her as readily as the other students she had known. But he had told her enough. The Professor's daughter, too well used to the ecclesiastical machinery and ferment of the day, was as familiar with its phases and phrases as other girls are with the steps of a cotillion or the matrimonial chances of a watering-place. She knew quite well the tremendous importance of what had happened.

"I understand," she said in her deep, rich, almost boyish voice, "I understand it all perfectly. You would n't say you did, when you did n't."

"How *could* I?" interrupted Bayard.

"You could n't, and so they stirred up that fuss. You were more honest than the other fellows; and you were punished for it."

"You are good to put it in that way, but what right have I to take it in that way?" urged Bayard wistfully. "The other fellows are just as good men as I; better, most of them. Fenton passed all right, and the rest. I don't feel inclined to parade my ecclesiastical honesty and set myself above them, — in my own mind, I mean. I have dropped below them in everybody else's; of course I know that."

"Whom do you mean by everybody else?" demanded Helen quickly. "Your uncle, Mr. Hermon Worcester? The Trustees? The Faculty? And those old men on the Council? Oh, I know them! Have n't I dined and breakfasted on Councils and Faculties ever since we came here? Have n't I eaten and drunken and breathed Trustees and doctrines, and what is sound and what is n't, and — Don't you tell, but I *never* was afraid of a Trustee in my life, — never! I don't know another soul in Cesarea who is n't, — not even my father. When I was a little girl, I used to ruffle up their beaver hats the wrong way, out in the hall, so they would look dissipated when they went over to the chapel. Then I hid behind the door to see. But I never told of it — before. You won't tell your uncle, will you? I hid a kitten in his hat, once, and when he came out of the study the hat was walking all over the hall floor, without visible means of locomotion."

Bayard laughed, as she had meant he should. The tense expression of his face relaxed; she watched him narrowly.

"Come," she said in a changed tone, "take me home, please. The house is full of Anniversary company. I ought to be there."

He turned at her command, and took her towards her father's house. They walked in silence down the long Seminary path. She was dressed in light muslin with a violet on it, and wore ribbons that matched the violet. She had a square of white lace thrown over her bright hair. The meshes of the tracery from the elm-trees fell thickly under her quick tread. At the stone posts which guarded the great lawns she hesitated; then set her feet resolutely out from the delicate net into the bright spaces of the open road.

"Mr. Bayard," she said in her clear voice, "you *are* an honest man. It is better to be that than to be a minister."

"If one cannot be both," amended Bayard. "But to start in like this, with a slur attached to one's name at the beginning, — I don't suppose you understand how it dooms a fellow, Miss Carruth. Its equivalent would be almost enough to disbar a man in law, or to ruin him in medicine."

"I understand the whole miserable subject!" cried Helen hotly. "I am sick to my soul of it! I wish" — She checked herself. "Let me see," she added more calmly. "What was it they tormented you about? Eternal punishment?"

"I managed to escape on that," said Bayard. "I don't know anything about it, and I said so. I think, myself, there is a good deal of cheap talk afloat on that subject. Our newspapers and novels

are full of it. It is about the only difficult doctrine in theology that outsiders understand the relations of; so they stick on that, and make the most of it. It is an easy way of making the Christian religion intolerable — if one wants to. My difficulty was rather with — I see you know something of our technical terms — with what we call verbal inspiration."

"Oh yes." Helen nodded. "Whether 'The Lord will have war with Amalek from generation to generation' was inspired by Almighty God; or Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, — Reuben, Gad, and Asher, and Zebulun, Dan, and Naphtali, and all that. I know. . . . Inspired moonshine! I am a little bit of a heretic myself, Mr. Bayard; but I 'm not — I 'm not as honest as you; I 'm not pious, either."

"I hope you don't think *I* am *pious!*" began Bayard resentfully.

But she laughed sweetly in his frowning face. They stood at her father's high stone steps. The Anniversary company were chatting in the parlors.

"Good-night," she said in a lower tone; and then more gently, "And good-by."

Bayard started slightly at the word; turned as if he would have said something, but said it not. He took her hand in silence; then perceived that she had withdrawn it suddenly, coldly, it seemed, and had vanished from him up the steps of stone.

He walked back to Galilee Hall slowly. His bent eyes traced the net of shadows around his reluctant feet. What was that? Inspired moonshine? Inspired moonshine! He lifted his face and looked abroad on Cesarea Hill.

His head was heavy, and his heart throbbed. Perhaps at that moment, if he had been asked which was the greater mystery, God or woman, this honest man could not have answered.

With sudden hunger for solitude, he went to his room. But it was full of fellow-students. Fenton was there, and Tompkinton, Jaynes, Bent, and Holt, and the middler. They received him noisily, and he sat down among them. They related the stories current in denominational circles, — ecclesiastical jokes and rumors of sectarian conflicts; they interchanged gossip about who was called where, and what churches were said to lack supplies, the figures of salaries, the statistics of revivals, and the prospects of settlement open to the senior class.

Bayard listened silently. His heart was not with them, nor in their talk. Yet he criticised himself for criticising them. Besides, *he* had received no call to settle anywhere.

Almost alone among the intellectual men of his class, he found himself, at the end of his preparatory education, undesired and unsummoned by the churches to fill a pulpit of them all.

He had done his share, like the rest, of that preliminary preaching which decides the future of a man in his profession; but he stood, on the eve of his graduation, among his mates, marked and quivering, this sensitive fellow, that most miserable of all educated, restless, and wretched young men with whom our land abounds, "a minister without a call."

He had said nothing to Helen Carruth about this. A man does not tell a woman such things until he has to.

Something in his face struck the students quiet after a while, and they dropped away from the room. His friend Fenton made the move.

"It is said," he whispered to Tompkinton, as they clattered down the dusty stairs of Galilee Hall, "that his trouble with that New Hampshire Council has followed him. It is reported that his license did not come easily. It has got abroad that he is not sound. Nothing could be more unfortunate — or more unnecessary," added Fenton in his too cheerful voice. There had been no doubt of *his* theology. *He* had received three calls. As yet he had accepted none.

He expected to be married in the fall, and looked for a larger salary.

Suddenly he stopped and clapped his hands to his head.

"Bayard!" he called loudly. "Bayard, come to the window a minute!"

The outline of Bayard's fine head appeared faintly in the third-story window, against the background of his unlighted room. The moon was so bright that his face seemed to be a white flame, as he looked down on his classmates from that height.

"I brought up your mail," said Fenton, "and forgot to tell you. You'll find a letter lying on your table behind the third volume of Dean Alford. You keep your room so dark I was afraid you might n't see it."

Bayard thanked him, and groped for the letter; but he did not light the lamp to read it; he sat on in the moonlit room, alone and still. His heart was hot within him as he remembered how the students talked. That vision which sets a man apart from his fellows, and thus makes him miserable or blessed, or both, beckoned to him with distant, shining finger. His face fell into his hands. Great God! what did it mean to take upon one's self that sacred Name in which a Christian preacher stands before his fellow-men? What had common pettiness or envy, narrow fear or little weakness, to do with the soul of a teacher of holiness? How easy to quibble and evade, and fall into rank! How hard to stand apart, to look the cannon in the eye, alone!

It is not easy for men of the world, of ordinary business, pleasure, politics, and those professions whose standards are pliable, to understand the noble civil war between the nature and the position of a man like Bayard; and yet it might be worth while to try.

There is something so much higher and more delicate than our own common standards of ethics that it is refining to respect, even if we fail to comprehend, the struggles of a man who aspires to the possession of perfect spiritual honor.

Bayard had not moved nor lifted his face from his hands, when a step which he recognized heavily struck and slowly mounted the lower flight of the old stairs of Galilee Hall. It was his uncle, Trustee of Cesarea Seminary and of the faith of its founders, returning from the home of the Professor of Hebrew, where he had been entertained during Anniversary week.

Bayard sighed, and groped for a match. This interview could not be evaded, but he winced away from it in every nerve. It is easier to face the obloquy of the world than the frown of the man or woman who has brought us up.

Hermon Worcester was bitterly mortified that Emanuel had received no "call." He had not said so yet, but his nephew knew that this well-bred reserve had reached its last breath. As Bayard struck the light, he perceived the forgotten letter in his hand, and, perhaps thinking to defer a painful scene for a moment, said, "Your pardon, Uncle," and tore the envelope. The letter contained a formal and unanimous call, from the committee of the seaside parish whose vacant pulpit he had been supplying for six weeks, to become their pastor.

. . . . . .

"Helen! Helen!"

The mild, cultivated whine of the Professor's wife complained through the hot house.

Helen ran in dutiful response. It was late, and the Anniversary guests had scattered to their rooms. The girl was partly undressed for the night, and stood in her doorway gathering her cashmere wrapper about her tall, rich form. Mrs. Carruth looked through the half-open door of her own room.

"I cannot get your father out of his study, Helen," she urged plaintively. "He has one of his headaches at the

base of the brain — and those extra Faculty meetings before him this week, with all the rest. Do go down and see if you can't send him up to bed."

Helen buttoned her white gown to the throat, and ran softly downstairs to the study. The Professor of Theology sat at his study table with a knot between his eyes. A pile of catalogues lay before him; he was jotting down statistics with his gold pencil on old-fashioned foolscap paper. He pushed the paper aside when he saw his daughter, and held out his hand to her, smiling. She went straight to him as if she had been a little girl, and knelt beside him, crossing her hands on his knee. He put his arm around her; his stern face relaxed.

"You are to put the entire system of Orthodox theology away and come to bed, Papa," she said, with her sweet imperiousness. "Mother says you have a headache at the base of something. It is pretty late — and it worries her. What are you doing? Counting theologues? Counting theologues! At your time of life! As if you could n't find anything better to do! What is this?" She caught up a stray slip of paper. "'Deaf — deaf as an adder: 10. Blind — stone-blind: 6.' What in the name of — Anniversary week does *that* mean?"

"That is a personal memorandum," replied the Professor, flushing. "Tear it up, Helen."

"I know," said Helen, nodding. "It 's a private classification of theologues. Which does it catalogue, their theology or their intellects? Come, Papa!"

"I 'll never tell you!" laughed the Professor, shutting his thin, scholarly lips. And he never did. But the laugh had gained the point, as she intended. He took his German student lamp and started upstairs. Helen walked through the long, dim hall with her two hands clasped lovingly upon his arm.

"I *am* bothered," admitted the Professor, stopping at the foot of the stairs, "about one of my boys. He is rather a favorite with me. There is n't a finer intellect in the senior class."

"But how about his Christianity, Father?" asked the girl mischievously.

"His *Christianity* is all right, so far as I know," admitted the Professor slowly. "It is his theology that is the hitch. He is n't sound. He has received no call."

"Do I know him?" asked Helen in a different tone.

The Professor of Theology turned, and held his German student lamp at arm's length above his daughter's face, which he scanned in silence before he said: —

"I am not prepared to answer that question, Helen. Whether you know him I can't say; I really cannot say whether you know him or not. I 'm not sure whether I do, myself. But I am much annoyed about the matter. It is a misfortune to the Seminary, and a mortification to the young man."

He kissed his daughter tenderly, and went upstairs with the weary tread of a professional man at the end of a long day's work.

Helen went to her own room and shut the door. But she did not light the candles. She sat down at her open window, in the hot night wind. She leaned her cheek against her bare arm, from which the loose sleeve fell away. The elms were in such rich leaf that she could see the Seminary buildings only in broken outline now. But there was wind enough to lift and toss the branches, and through one of the rifts in the green wall she noticed that a light was burning in the third-story northwest corner of Galilee Hall.

It was past midnight before she went to bed. As she closed her blinds, for the first time in her life the Professor's daughter did deliberately, and of self-acknowledged intention, stoop to take a look at the window of a student.

"His light is still burning," she thought. "What can be the matter?"

Then she flushed red with a beautiful self-rebuke, and fled to her white pillow.

Night deepened into perfect silence on Cesarea Hill. The last light in Galilee Hall went out. The moon rode on till morning. In the deserted green the clear-cut paths shone wide and long, and the great white cross lay as if nailed to its place, all night, between the Seminary and the Professor's house.

V.

"Goshamighty, stand off there! Who in —— are *you?*"

This candid remark was addressed by a fisherman in blue flannel shirt-sleeves to a gentleman in afternoon dress. It was in the month of September, and the fleets were busy in and off the harbor of the fishing-town. The autumn trips were well under sail, and the docks and streets of Windover buzzed and reeled with crews just anchored or about to weigh. At the juncture of the principal business avenue of the town with its principal nautical street — from a date passing the memory of living citizens irreverently named Angel Alley — a fight was in brisk progress. This was so common an incident in that part of the town that the residents had paid little attention to it. But the stranger, being a stranger, had paused and asked for a policeman.

The bystanders stared.

"There ain't none nigher 'n the station," replied a girl who was watching the fight with evident relish. She wore a pert sailor hat of soiled white straw, set on one side of her head, and carried her hands in the pockets of a crumpled tan-colored reefer. Her eyes were handsome and bold. The crowd jostled her freely, which did not seem to trouble her. "There's a fellow just arrested," she explained cheerfully, "for smashing his wife with a coal hod; they 're busy with him down to the station. He fit all the way over. It took four cops to hold him. Most the folks are gone over there to see the other game. This fun here won't be spoiled just yet awhile."

Something in the expression with which the gentleman regarded her attracted the girl's attention. She took her hands out of her pockets, and scanned him with a dull surprise; then, with a motion which one could not call abashed, but which fell short of her previous ease of manner, she turned her back and walked a little away towards the edge of the crowd.

The fight was at its hottest. Two men, an Italian laborer and an American fisherman, were somewhat seriously belaboring each other, to their own undisguised satisfaction and the acclamation of the bystanders. Both were evidently more or less drunk. An open grogshop gaped behind them. Similar places of entertainment, with others less easily described, lined both sides of Angel Alley, multiplying fruitfully, till the wharves joined their grimy hands and barred the way to this black fertility.

It was a windy day; the breeze was rising, and the unseen sea could be heard moaning beyond.

Just as the stranger, with the indiscretion of youth and inexperience, was about to step into the ring and try to stop the row, a child pushed through the crowd. It was a boy; a little fellow, not more than four or five years old. He ducked under the elbows and between the legs of the spectators with an adroitness which proclaimed him the son of a sailor, and ran straight to the combatants, crying:

"Father! Fa—ther! Marm says to please to stop! She says to ax you to *please* to stop, and come home wiv you little boy!"

He ran between the two men, and put up his little dirty fingers upon his father's big, clenched hand; he repeated piteously, "Father, Fa—ther, Fa—ther!"

But more than this the little fellow had not time to say. The father's dark red face turned a sudden ominous purple, and before any person of them all could

stay him his brutal hand had turned upon the child.

Cries of shame and horror rose from the crowd; a woman's shriek echoed from a window across the street; and the screams of the boy pierced the bedlam. The Italian, partly sobered, had slunk back.

"Stop him! Part them! Hold him, somebody! He 'll kill the child!" yelled the bystanders, and not a man of them stirred.

"Why, it 's only a *baby!*" cried the girl in the reefer, running up. "He 'll murder it! Oh, if I was a *man!*" she raved, wringing her hands.

At that moment, before one could have lifted the eyelash to see how it fell, a well-aimed blow struck the brute beneath the ear. He fell.

Hands snatched the writhing child away; his mother's arms and screams received him; and over the fallen man a slight, tall figure was seen to tower. The stranger had thrown down his valise, and tossed off his silk hat. His delicate face was as white as a star. He quivered with holy rage. He trampled on the fellow with one foot, and ground him down; he had the attitude of the St. Michael in the great picture of Guido. He had that scorn and all that beauty.

A geyser of oaths spurted from the prostrate ruffian. The stranger stooped, and pinned him skillfully until they ceased.

"Now," he said calmly, "get up. Get up, I say!" He released his clenched white hand from the other's grimy flesh.

"He 'll thresh the life out'n ye!" protested a voice from the increasing crowd. "You don't know Job Slip 's well 's we do. He 'll make short work on ye, sir, if you darst let go him."

"No, he won't," replied the stranger quietly. "He respects a good blow when he feels it. He knows how it ought to be planted. He would do as much himself, if he saw a man killing his own child. Would n't you, Job Slip?"

He stepped back fearlessly and folded his arms. The rapidly sobering sot struggled to his feet, and instinctively squared off; looked at the gentleman blindly for a moment, then dropped his huge arms.

"Goshamighty!" he said, "who in —— are *you?*"

He took one of the stranger's delicate hands in his black and bleeding palms, and critically examined it.

"*That?* Why, my woman's paw is stronger 'n' bigger 'n *that!*" contemptuously. "And you did n't overdo it, neither. Pity! If you 'd only made it manslaughter — why, I could ha' sent ye up on my antumortim deppysition."

"Oh, I knew better than that," replied the stranger calmly, turning for his hat. He thought of the boxing-lessons that he used to take on the Back Bay, years ago. Some one in the crowd brushed off the hat with the back of a dusty elbow, and handed it respectfully to the gentleman. The girl in the reefer picked up his valise.

"I 've kep' my eye on it for you," she said in a softened voice.

"Well," said Job Slip slowly, "I guess *I* 'll keep my eye on *him.*"

"Do!" answered the stranger heartily. "I wish you would. They don't fight where I 'm going."

"Who be you, anyway?" demanded Job Slip with undisguised admiration. He had not made up his mind yet whether to spring at the other's throat or to offer him a drink.

"I 'm in too much of a hurry to tell you now," answered the gentleman quietly. "I 've missed the most important engagement of my life — to save your child."

"He 's goin' to his weddin'," muttered a voice behind him. The girl started the chorus of a song which he had never heard before, and was not anxious to hear again.

"You have a good voice," he said, turning. "You can put it to a better use than that."

She stared at him, but made him no reply. The crowd parted and scattered, and he came through into the main street.

"Sir? Sir?" called a woman's voice from a window over his head.

The young man looked up. The mother of the little boy held the child upon the window-sill for him to see.

"He ain't much hurt!" she cried. "I thought you 'd like to know it. It 's all along of you. God go with you, sir! God bless you, sir!"

He had put on his hat, but removed it at these words, and stood uncovered before the drunkard's wife. She could not know how much it meant to him — that day. Without looking back he strode up the street. The Italian ran out and watched him. Job Slip hesitated for a moment; then he did the same, following the young man with perplexed and sodden eyes. The Italian stood amiably beside his late antagonist. Both men had forgotten what they fought about, now. A little group from the vanishing crowd joined them. The mother in the window — a gaunt Madonna — shaded her eyes with her hand to see the departing figure of the unknown, while she pressed the bruised and sobbing child against her breast. The stranger halted at the steps of the old First Church of Windover; then ran up lightly, and disappeared within the open doors.

"I 'll be split and salted," said a young man who had not been drinking, "if I don't believe that 's the new parson come to town!"

The speaker had black eyebrows which met in a straight and heavy line.

"I 'll be ——!" said Job Slip.

. . . . . .

The church was thronged. Citizens and strangers jostled each other in the porch, the vestibules, and the aisles. It was one of those religious festivals so dear to the heart of New England, and so perplexing to gayer people. No metropolitan play could have collected a crowd like this in Windover.

The respectability of the town was out in force. The richest fish-firms, the largest ship-owners, and the oldest families shed the little light of local glory upon the occasion. Most of them, in fact, were members of the parish. Windover had what an irreverent outsider had termed her codocracy. The examination — to be followed that evening by the ordination — of the new minister was an affair of note. Windover is not the only town on the map where the social leaders are fond of patronizing whatever ecclesiastical interests are dependent on the generosity of their pockets and the importance of their names. Nothing tends to the growth of a religious sect so much as the belief that the individual is important to it.

Upon the platform, decorated by the Ladies' Aid Society with taste, piety, and goldenrod, sat the Council called to examine and to ordain Emanuel Bayard to the ministry of Christ. These were venerable men; they drove in from the surrounding parishes in their buggies, or took the trains from remoter towns. A few city names had responded; one or two of them were eminent. The columns of the Windover Top-Sail had these already set up in display type, and the reporters in the galleries dashed them off on yellow slips of paper.

As the minister elect, panting with his haste, ran up the steps and into the church, the first thing that he perceived was the eye of one of his Cesarea Professors fastened sternly upon him. It gave him the feeling of a naughty little boy who was late to school. This guilty sensation was not lessened by a vision of the back of his uncle's bald head in an eminent seat among the lay delegates, and by the sight of the jeweled Swiss repeater, familiar to his infancy, too visibly suspended from Mr. Hermon Worcester's hand. The church clock (wearing for the occasion a wreath of purple

asters, which had received an unfortunate lurch to one side, and gave that pious timepiece a tipsy air) charitably maintained that Bayard was but seven minutes late. The impatience of the Council and the anxiety of the audience seemed to aver that an hour would not cover, nor eternity pardon, the young man's delay. He dropped his valise into the hand of the sexton, and strode up the broad aisle. The dust of the street fight still showed upon his fashionable clothes. His cheeks were flushed with his fine color. His disordered hair clung to his white forehead in curls that the straitest sect of the Pharisees could not have straightened. Every woman in the audience noticed this, and liked him the better for it. But the Council was composed of straight-haired men.

Somebody beckoned him into the minister's room to repair damages; and as he crossed the platform to do so, Bayard stooped and exchanged a few whispered words with the Moderator. The wrinkled face of that gentleman changed visibly. He rose at once, and said: —

"It is due to our brother and to the audience to state that your minister elect desires me to make his apologies to this parish for a tardiness which he found to be unavoidable, — morally unavoidable, I might say. And I should observe," added the Moderator, hesitating, "that I have been requested *not* to explain the nature of the case, but I shall take it upon myself to defy this injunction, and to state that an act of Christian mercy detained our brother. I do not think," said the Moderator, dropping suddenly from the ecclesiastical to the human tone, "that it is every man who would have done it, under the circumstances, and I do not consider it any less creditable for that."

A sound of relief stirred through the house as the Moderator sat down. The audience ceased twisting its head to look at the tipsy clock, thus enabling the Ladies' Aid Association to get that aster wreath for the first time out of mind. Mr. Hermon Worcester's watch went back to its comfortable fob. A smile melted across the anxious face of Professor Haggai Carruth of Cesarea. The minister elect reappeared with plumage properly smoothed, and the proceedings of the day set in, with the usual decorum of the denomination.

It is not a ceremonious sect, that of the Congregationalism of New England; and its polity allows much diversity upon occasions like these, whose programme depends a good deal upon the preference of the Moderator. Bayard's Moderator was a gray-haired, kind-hearted, plain country minister, the oldest man in the Council, and one of the best. It was not his intention to subject the young man to one of the ecclesiastical roastings at that time in vogue, and for the course of events which followed he was not responsible. This was a matter of small moment at the time, but Bayard had afterwards reason to remember it.

He listened dreamily to the conventional preliminary exercises of the afternoon. His mind was in a turmoil which poorly prepared the young man for the intellectual and emotional strain of the day. That scene in the street flashed and faded and reappeared before him, like the dark lantern which an evil hand brings into a sacred place. The blow of the man's fist upon the child seemed to fall crashing upon his own flesh. Across the crescendo of the chorus of the hymn the cry of the little boy ran in piteous discord. The organ rolled up the oaths of the wharves. While the good gray-haired Moderator was praying, Bayard was shocked to find that the song of the street girl ran through his burning brain. The gaunt Madonna in the window of the drunkard's home seemed to be stamped — a dark photographic letter-head — upon the license to preach the Christian religion which he was required (with more than usual precision) to produce.

"Why," said a sour voice suddenly

at his elbow, "why do you consider yourself a child of God?"

Bayard recalled himself with a start to the fact that the personal examination of the day had begun, and that the opening shot had come from the least important and most crabbed man in the Council. And now for three quivering hours the young man stood the fire of the most ingenious ecclesiastical inquisition which had been witnessed in that part of the State for many a year.

At first it rather amused him than otherwise, and he bore it with great good nature.

He was patient beyond his years with the small clergyman from the small interior parish, whose hobby was that theological students were not properly taught their Bibles, and who had invented a precious catechism of his own, calculated to prove to the audience how little they or the candidate knew of Boanerges, Gog and Magog, and the four beasts which are the chief zoölogical ornaments of the Apocalypse. Having treated these burning questions satisfactorily, Bayard fenced awhile with the learned clergyman who was alive only in the dead languages, and who put the candidate through his Greek and Hebrew paces as if he had been a college boy.

Bayard had felt no serious concern as to the outcome of the examination, a mere form, a husk, a shell, with which it was not worth a man's while to quarrel. The people of the church — he had already begun to call them his people — were enthusiastically and lovingly pledged to him. He smiled into their familiar faces over the heads of his inquisitors, and manfully and cheerfully stood his ground. All, in fact, went well enough, until the theology of the young man came under investigation. Then a cloud no bigger than a man's tongue, if one may say so, appeared to darken the interior of Windover First Church. The oldest and deafest men in the Council pricked up their ears. The youngest and best natured grew uneasy. The candidate's people looked at him anxiously. His uncle flushed, Professor Carruth coughed sternly. The Moderator ruled and overruled, and tried with troubled kindness to quench the warming flame of ecclesiastical censure in which many a bright, devout young life goes out.

Suddenly Bayard awoke to the fact that the smoke was curling in the fagots at his feet; that the stake was at his back, the chains upon his hands; that he was in danger of being precondemned for heresy in the hearts of those gray old men, his elder brothers in the church, and disgraced before the eyes of the people who had loved and chosen him.

The house was now so full and so still that a sigh could be heard; and when a group from the street pushed noisily in and stood by the entrance, impatient expressions leaped from pew to pew. Bayard looked up at the disturbance. There by the green baize doors stood the Italian, Job Slip, and the young fellow (with the eyebrows) who did not drink, two or three other spectators of the fight, and the girl in the reefer. An uninvited delegation from Angel Alley, these children of the devil had crept among those godly men and women, and stared about.

"A circumstance," complained Mr. Hermon Worcester afterwards to Professor Carruth, "which might not happen on such an occasion in our New England churches once in twenty years."

Bayard had been singularly gentle and patient with his tormentors up to this moment. But now he gathered himself, and fought for his life like a man. Brand after brand, the inventions of theology were flung hissing upon him.

Did he believe that heathen, unacquainted with Christ, were saved?

What did he hold became of the souls of those who died in infancy?

If they happened to be born dead, what was their fate?

Explain his views on the doctrine of Justification by Faith.

State explicitly his conception of the Trinity. Had none? Ah — ah!

Were the three Persons in the Trinity separate as qualities or as natures? Did not *know?* Ah — ah.

State the precise nature, province, and character of each Person. Did not feel qualified to do so? Ha — hum.

What was the difference between Arianism and Socinianism?

Did the Son exist coördinate with, and yet subordinate to the Father?

What is the distinction between the attributes and the faculties of the Deity?

Did an impenitent person ever pray?

Describe the doctrine of Free Will.

Is a sinner ever able to repent, of his own choice?

Is he punished for not being able to do so?

Is the human race responsible for the guilt of Adam?

Why not?

Explain the process of sanctification, and the exact province of the Holy Spirit.

Carefully elucidate your views on Total Depravity.

Could a man — did we understand you? — become regenerate without waiting for the compelling action of the Holy Spirit?

Is there any Scriptural ground for belief in the possibility of a second probation? What? Please repeat that reply.

Did not the first sin of a child justly expose him to eternal punishment? *What?*

At this point in the trial, Bayard was acutely conscious of the controlled voice of Professor Carruth, who had asked no question up to that moment. Dear old Professor! he was trying to haul his favorite student out of the fire before it was too late.

"But," he asked gently, "is not one act of sin an infinite wrong?"

"I believe it is; or it may reasonably become so."

"Is it not a wrong committed against an Infinite Being?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

"Does not an infinite wrong committed against an Infinite Being deserve an infinite punishment?" pleaded the Professor of Theology.

"You have taught me so, sir."

A rustle swept the house. The stern face of the Professor melted in its sudden winning fashion. He drew in his breath. At least, the reputation of the Department was secured!

"Do you not believe what you have been taught?"

"Professor," said Bayard, smiling, "do you?"

It being well known that the now conservative Professor of Theology had been the liberal and the come-outer of his first youth, this reply created a slight smile. But the Professor did not smile. The crisis was too serious.

"The candidate does not deny the doctrine," he urged. "He will undoubtedly grow into it as other men have done before him."

"Whether men are eternally damned" — began Bayard.

"Job," whispered the Italian back by the door, "he swear at 'em!"

"No, he ain't," said the sober fellow. "It 's the way they talk in churches."

"What tongue is it they do speak?" persisted the Italian.

"Blamed if I know!" whispered Job Slip, with unusual decorum. "I think it 's High Dutch."

"No, it ain't; it 's Latin," corrected the sober fellow. "I can make out a word now and then. They translate parts as they go along. It 's darn queer gibberish, ain't it? I guess the natives used to talk like that in Bible times."

"All this row," said Job Slip, whose befuddled brain was actively busy with the personal fate of a minister who could knock him down, "all this d—— row 's along of me. It 's because he was late to meetin'!"

The Italian nodded seriously. But the girl in the reefer said: —

"Shut up there! The second round 's on, now."

"Explain the difference between verbal and plenary inspiration," demanded the small clergyman in a small, suspicious voice.

"There! I *said* it was High Dutch!" whispered Job Slip triumphantly.

"Explain the difference," repeated the small clergyman.

The candidate explained.

"Is every word of the Old and New Testament of the Scriptures equally inspired by Almighty God?"

"Please give me your definition of inspiration," said Bayard, wheeling upon his questioner.

The small clergyman objected that this was the candidate's business.

"It is one of the maxims of civil law that definitions are dangerous," replied Bayard, with a smile. But it was no time for smiling, and he knew it. He parried for a little in the usual technicalities of the schools, but it was without hope or interest. He knew now how it would all end. But he was not conscious of a moment's hesitation. His soul seemed elate, remote from his fate. He looked out across the lake of faces upturned to his. He had now grown quite pale, and the natural fairness of his skin and delicacy of his features added to the effect of transparence which his high face gave. The dullest eye in the audience observed, and the coldest lip long afterwards acknowledged, the remarkable beauty of the man. With a sudden and impressive gesture of the hand, as if he cast the whole merciless scene away from him, he stepped unexpectedly forward, and in a ringing voice he said: —

"Fathers and brothers of the church! I believe in God Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. I believe in Jesus Christ his Son, our Lord and Saviour. I believe in the sacredness and value of the Bible, which contains the lesson and the history of his life. I believe in the guilt and the misery of sin, and I have spent the best years of my youth in your institutions of sacred learning, seeking to be taught how to teach my fellow-men to be better. I solemnly believe in the Life Eternal, and that its happiness and holiness are the gifts of Jesus Christ to the race, or to such of us as prove fit survivors, capable of immortality. I do not presume to explain how or why this is or may be so; for behold we are shown mysteries, of which this is one. If I am permitted to guide the people who have loved and chosen me, I expect to teach them many truths which I do not understand. I shall teach them none which I do not believe. Fathers and brothers, I show you my soul! Deal with me as you will!"

He stood for a space, tall, white, still, with that look — half angel, half human — which was peculiar to his face in moments of exaltation. His dazzling eyes blazed for an instant upon his tormentors, then fell upon his people and grew dim. He saw their uplifted faces pleadingly turned to him: troubled men whom he had been able to guide; bereaved women whom he had known how to comfort. Oh, his people! Tears were on their cheeks. Their faces swam before him. How dear, in those few months that he had served them, they had grown! To stand disgraced before them, a stigma on his Christian name forever, their faith deceived, their trust disappointed, — his people, to be his no more!

"God!" he said in his heart. "Was there any other way?"

An instant's darkness swept over him, and his soul staggered in it. Then, to the fine, inner ear of the spirit the answer came: —

"In honor, between Me and thee, thou hast no other way."

The troubled voice of the Moderator now recalled him, using the quaint phrase of elder times for such occasion made and provided: "The Council will now be by themselves."

In three quarters of an hour the Council returned, and reported upon the examination. Emanuel Bayard was refused ordination to the Christian ministry by a majority of five.

Now the savage that lurks in the gentlest assemblage of men sprang with a war cry upon the decorum of the crowded church. Agitated beyond self-control, the people split into factions, and resolved themselves into committees; they wept, they quarreled, they prayed, and they condemned by turns. The gray-haired Moderator and the dejected Professor, themselves paler than the rejected candidate, sought to convert the confusion into something like order wherewith to close the exercises of that miserable day. During the momentary silence which their united efforts had enforced a thick voice from the swaying crowd was distinctly heard.

Job Slip, who had somehow managed to take an extra drop from his pocket bottle during the electric disturbance of the last half hour, was staggering up the broad aisle, with the Italian and the sober man at either elbow.

"Lemme go!" cried Job, with an air of unprecedented politeness. "Lemme get up thar whar I ken make a speech. D——— ye! I won't cuss ye, for this is a meetin'-house, but I *will* make my speech!"

"Hush, Job!" said the girl in the sailor hat. She came forward before all the people and laid her hand upon the drunkard's arm. "Hush, Job, hush! You bother the minister. Come away, Job, come away. Mari 's here, and the young one. Come along to your wife, Job Slip!"

"I 'll join my wife when I get ready," said Job solemnly, "for it 's proper that I should; but I ain't a-goin' to stand by an' see a man that licked me licked out'n his rights an' not do nothin' for him! No, sir! Gentlemen," cried Job pleasantly, assuming an oratorical attitude and facing round upon the disturbed house, "I 'll stick up for the minister every time. It ain't *his* fault he was late to meetin'. You had n't oughter kick him out for that, now. It 's all along of me, gentlemen. I drink — and he — ye see — don't. I was threshin' the life out'n my little boy down to Angel Alley, and he knocked me down for 't. Fact, sir! That there little minister, he knocked *me* down. I 'll stand by him every round now, you bet! *I* 'll see 't he gets his rights in his own meetin'-house!"

Half a dozen hands were at Job's mouth; a dozen more dragged him back. The Council sprang to their feet in horror. But Job squared off, and eyed these venerable Christians with the moral superiority of his condition. He pushed on toward the pulpit.

"Come on, Tony!" he cried to the Italian. "Come, Ben! You, Lena!" He beckoned to the girl, who had shrunk back. "Tell Mari an' Joey to foller on! Won't hear us, won't they? Well, we 'll see! There ain't a cove of the lot of *them* could knock me down! Jest to save a little fellar's bones! Gentlemen, look a' here. Look at us. *We 're the delegation from Angel Alley, sir.* Now, sir, what are you pious a-goin' to do with *us?*"

But a white, firm hand was laid upon Job's shoulder. Pale, shining, frowning, Bayard stood beside him.

"Come, Job," he said gently, "come out with me, and we will talk it over."

The broad aisle quickly cleared, and the rejected minister left the church with the drunkard's hand upon his arm. The remainder of the delegation from Angel Alley followed quietly, and the soft green baize doors closed upon them.

"Say," said Job Slip, recovering a portion of his scattered senses in the open air, — "say, I thought you said they did n't fight where you was goin'?"

The drunkard's wife stood outside. She was crying. Bayard looked at her. He did not know what to say. Just then

he felt a tug at the tail of his coat, and small, warm fingers crept into his cold hand. He looked down. It was the little boy.

VI.

The real crises of life are those that the stories leave untold. It is not the sudden blow, but the learning how to bear the bruise afterwards, that constitutes experience; not the delirium of fever, but the weariness of convalescence. What does one do the Monday morning after the funeral? How does one meet the grocery bills when the property is gone? How does a man act when his reputation is ruined by the span of an afternoon? Fiction does not tell us, but fact omits nothing of the grim detail; spares not the least stroke of that black perplexity which, next to the insecurity of life, is the hardest thing about it.

You men of affairs, give a moment's manly sympathy to the position of a young fellow like yourselves, halting just over the line between education and a life's work, trained for a calling which the worldliest soul among you respects as nobler and higher than your own, tripped at the outset by one of its lower and more ignoble accidents; a man who will not lie to God or his own soul, who has scorned the consequences of being simply true, but must bear them, for all that, like other men. For the holiest dedications in this world suffer the taint thereof; and it is at once the saddest and the healthiest thing about the work of a man of God that it is subject to market laws, to fashion, to prejudice, to envy, and to poor judgment, like other work.

It seems a little thing to write about, but at the time it was not the least aspect of the great crisis into which Emanuel Bayard had arrived that, when he came out into the strong salt breeze of Windover that afternoon, it suddenly occurred to the heretic minister that he had nowhere to spend the night.

Alas for the bright and solemn festival in which his should have been the crowned hero's part! He heard the excited women of the parish asking each other: —

"Who is going to eat up that collation?"

"What is ever going to become of all that one-two-three-four cake?"

"Feed those old ministers *now*? Not a sandwich! Let 'em go home where they belong. If we 're going to have no minister, they shall have no supper! We 'll settle him in spite of 'em!"

Thus the Ladies' Aid Association, with flushed cheeks and shrill voices. But the deacons and the pillars of the disturbed church collected in serious groups and discussed the catastrophe with the dignity of the voting and governing sex.

Sick at heart, and longing to escape from the whole miserable scene, Bayard walked down the street alone. His steps bent blindly to the station. When he had bought his ticket to Boston, it came to him for the first time to ask himself where he was going. Home? What home? Whose? Hermon Worcester's? That glance at his uncle's rigid face which he had allowed himself back there in the church recurred to him. The incensed and disappointed man had suffered his smitten boy to go forth from that furnace without a sign of sympathy. He had given Emanuel one look: the pupils of his eyes were dark and dilated with indignation of the kind that a gentleman does not trust himself to express.

"I cannot go home," said Emanuel suddenly, half aloud. "I forgot that. I shall not be wanted."

He put his ticket in his wallet and turned away. Some people were hurrying into the station, and he strode to a side door to escape them. The handsome knob of an Oriental grapestick touched his arm. The white face of the Professor of Theology looked sternly into his.

"Suppose you come out to Cesarea

with me to-night? We can talk this unfortunate affair over quietly, and — I am sure you misapprehend the real drift of some of these doctrines that disturb you. I believe I could set you right, and possibly — another examination — before a different Council" —

Bayard's head swam for an instant. A girl in a muslin dress stood at the meeting of the arms of the great cross in the Seminary lawn. It was moonlight, and it was June, and this dreadful thing had never happened. He was in that state when a woman's sympathy is the only one delicate enough for a man's bruised nature to bear. He quivered at the thought of being touched by anything harsher than the compassionate approval, the indignant sorrow, the intelligent heart —

"No," he said, after a scarcely perceptible hesitation. "Thank you, Professor — I can't do it. I should only disappoint you. I am almost too tired to go all over the ground again. Good-by, Professor."

He held out his hand timidly. The thin, high-veined hand of the Professor shook as he responded to the grasp.

"I did n't know," he said more gently, "but you would be more comfortable. Your uncle" — The Professor hesitated.

"Thank you," said the young man again. "That was thoughtful in you. If your theology were half as tender as your heart, Professor!" added the poor fellow, trying to smile with the old audacity of Professor Carruth's pet student. But he shook his head, and pushed out of the door into the street.

There he stood irresolute. What next? He was to have been the guest of the Treasurer of the church that night, after the ordination. It was a pretty, luxurious home; he had been entertained there so often that he felt at home in it; the family had been his affectionate friends, and the children were fond of him. He thought of that comfortable guest-room with the weakest pang that he had known yet; he felt ill enough to go to bed. But they had not asked the dishonored minister now to be their guest. It did not occur to him, so sore at heart was he, that he had given them no opportunity.

He was about to return to the station, with a vague purpose to seek shelter in some hotel in a village where nobody knew him, when a plain, elderly woman dressed in black approached him. He recognized her as one of the obscurer people of his lost parish. She had been comforted by something he had said one Sunday; she had come timidly to tell him so, after the fashion of such women; she had known trouble, he remembered, and poverty, it was clear.

"Ah, Mrs. Granite!" he said pathetically. "Did you take all the trouble to come to say good-by to *me?*"

"You look so tired, sir!" sobbed Mrs. Granite. "You look down sick abed! We thought you was n't fit to travel to-night, sir, and if you would n't mind coming home with us to get a night's rest, Mr. Bayard? We live very poor, sir, — not like you; but me and my girl, we could n't *bear* to see you going off so! We 'd take it for an honor, Mr. Bayard, sir!"

"I will come," said the weary man. And he went, at once. Certain words confusedly recurred to him as he walked silently beside Mrs. Granite. "He had not where," they ran, "he had not where to lay his head."

The light burned late in the clean spare room in the cottage of the fisherman's widow on Windover Point that night.

Early in the morning her mother sent Jane Granite running for the doctor, and by night it was well known in Windover that the new minister was ill. He was threatened with something with a Latin name; not epidemic in Windover, whose prevailing diseases are measles and alcoholism. Mrs. Granite found the minister's anticipated malady hard to pronounce, but Jane, who had been at the high school, called it meningitis.

But here again fact dealt with Emanuel Bayard as no respectable fiction could be expected to. An interesting delirium or mortal fever might have changed the whole course of his life. Had he fallen then and there a martyr to his fate, the sympathy of the town, the interest of the denomination, the affection of his lost parish, the penitent anxiety of Mr. Hermon Worcester, would — how easily! — have marked out his future for him in flower-beds that seemed forsooth to be the vineyard of the Lord; and he might have done a deal of pleasant hoeing and trimming there, like other men, till harvest time. But floriculture is small pastime for the sinew elected to cut thickets and to blaze forests; and he arose to tear and bleed at his self-chosen brambles as God decreed.

He had not meningitis; he suffered no mortal malady; he did but lie helpless for two weeks under one of those serious nervous collapses which seem ignominy to a young man. During these critical days, his people, elect and lost, had plenty of time to quarrel over him, or to send him currant jelly. And the wife of the Treasurer was reported to have said that he ought to be in her house. But Mrs. Granite and Jane nursed him adoringly; and as soon as the doctor permitted, Jane brought him up his mail. It contained a curt but civil letter from his uncle, regretting to learn that he had been indisposed, and requesting an interview.

As soon as he was able to travel Emanuel went to Boston.

An unexpected incident which happened on the morning that he left Windover gave back something of the natural fire to his eyes, and he looked less ill than Mr. Worcester had expected, when they met in the library on Beacon Street.

This circumstance checked the slightly rising tide of sympathy in his uncle's feeling; and it was with scarcely more than civility that the elder man opened the conversation.

"I wish to discuss this situation with you, Emanuel, once for all. You have for some time avoided the issue between us which is bound to come."

"I have avoided nothing," interrupted Emanuel proudly.

"It is the same thing. You have never met me halfway. The time has come when we must have it out. You know, of course, perfectly well what a blow this thing has been to me — the mortification — the . . . After all I have done for you" —

The cold, clear-cut features of Hermon Worcester's face became suffused; he put his hand against his heart and gasped. For the first time it occurred to the young man that the elder, too, had suffered; with a quick exclamation of sympathy or anxiety he turned to reply, but Mr. Worcester got to his feet, and began to pace the library hotly.

"What do you propose to do?" he cried. "Seven years of higher education, and — how many trips to Europe? And all the — that — feeling a man has for a child he has brought up — wasted, worse than wasted! What do you propose to do? Thirty years old, and a failure at the start! A disgrace to the faith of your fathers! A blot on an old religious name! Come, now! what next? . . . I suppose I could find you a place to sweep a store," added Hermon Worcester bitingly.

Emanuel had flushed darkly, and then his swift pallor came on.

"Uncle," he said distinctly, "I think this interview we have been preparing for so long may as well be dispensed with. It seems to me quite useless. I can only grieve you, sir; and you cannot comfort me."

"Comfort!" sneered the other, with his least agreeable expression; for Hermon Worcester had many in frequent use.

"Well," said Emanuel, "yes. There are times when even a heretic may need something of that sort. But I was about to say that I think it idle for us to talk. My plans are now quite formed."

"Indeed, sir!" said Mr. Worcester, stopping short.

"I have been invited by a minority of my people to start a new work in Windover, of which they propose that I shall become the leader."

"Not the pastor!" observed Mr. Worcester.

"Yes, the pastor, — that was the word. It will be a work quite independent of the old church."

"And of the old faith, eh?"

"Of the old traditions, some of them," replied Emanuel gently; "not of the old truth, I hope. I cannot hope for your sympathy in this step. I have decided to take it. It strikes me, Uncle, that we had better not discuss the matter."

"His mother before him!" cried Hermon Worcester, violently striding up and down the velvet carpet of the library. "I went through it with his mother before him, — this abhorrent indifference to the demands of birth and training, this scandal, this withdrawal from the world, this publicity given to family differences, the whole miserable business! She for love, and you for — I suppose you call it religion! I can't go through it again, and I won't! It is asking too much of me!"

"I ask nothing of you, Uncle," said the young man, rising.

"You 'll end in infidelity, sir. You will be an agnostic in a year's time. You 'll be preaching positivism. I will have nothing to do with it! I warned you before, Manuel, — back there in Cesarea. I am forced to repeat myself. Under the circumstances, you will not expect a dollar from me. I would as soon leave my property to an atheist club as to you, and your second probations, and your uninspired Bibles!"

Mr. Worcester snapped in the private drawer of his desk, and locked it with unnecessary force and symbolism.

"I don't forbid you my house, mind. I shan't turn you into the street. You 'll starve into your senses fast enough on any salary that the rabble down in that fishing-town can raise for you. When you do — come back to me. Keep your latch-key in your pocket. You will want to use it some day."

"I must run my chances, sir," said Bayard in a voice so low that it was scarcely audible. Instinctively he drew his latch-key from his pocket and held it out; but Mr. Hermon Worcester did not deign to notice it. "I have never thought about your money, Uncle. I 'm not that kind of fellow, exactly. You have always been good to me, Uncle Hermon." He choked, and held out his hand to say good-by.

"But look here — see here — you 'll stay to dinner? You 'll go up to your room, Manuel?" stammered the elder man. "I explicitly told you that I did n't drive you out of your home. I don't desire any scene — any unnecessary scandal. I wish you to understand that you are not turned into the street."

"I have promised to be in Windover this evening, to settle this matter," replied Bayard. He looked over his uncle's head, through the old purple Beacon Street glass, upon the waters of Charles River; then softly closed the library door, gazed for a moment about the dark, familiar hall, took his hat from the peg on the carved mahogany tree where he had hung his cap when he was a little boy in Latin School, and went down the long stone steps.

It occurred to him to go back and tell Partridge and Nancy to look after his uncle carefully, but he remembered that he had no reason to give them for his indefinite absence, bethought himself of his uncle's horror of airing family affairs before servants, and so went on.

He walked up the street slowly, for he was weak yet. At the door of an old friend he was tempted to pause and rest, but collected his senses and struggled on.

He turned to look for a cab; then remembered that he had no longer fifty

cents to waste upon so mere a luxury as the economy of physical strength. It was his first lesson in poverty, — that a sick man must walk because he could not afford to ride. Besides, it proved to be a private carriage that he had seen. The elderly coachman, evidently a family retainer, had just shut the door and clambered to the box; he was waiting to tuck the green cloth robe deliberately about his elegant legs, when a low exclamation from the coach window caused Bayard to look back.

Helen Carruth had opened the door, and stood, irresolute, with one foot upon the step, as if half her mind were in and half were out the carriage. She was richly dressed in purple cloth, and had that fashionable air which he could not conceive of her as dispensing with if she were a missionary in Tahiti. She looked vivid, vital, warm, and, somehow, gorgeous to him.

"*You?*" she cried joyously; then seemed to recall herself, and stepped back.

He went up to her at once.

"I have been staying with Clara Rollins for a week," she hastened to say. "I am just going home. It 's her afternoon at the Portuguese Mission, so she could not see me off. I did not know you were in town, Mr. Bayard."

"I am not," said Bayard, smiling wanly. "I am on my way to Windover. I am late to my train now."

"Why, jump in!" said the young lady heartily. "We are going the same way; and I 'm sure Mrs. Rollins would be delighted to have you. *She* 's at the Woman's Branch."

"The Woman's who?" asked Bayard, laughing, for the first time for many days. He had hesitated for a moment; then stepped into the carriage and shut the door.

"I presume you 've been in this vehicle before?" began Miss Carruth.

He nodded, smiling still.

"At intervals, as far back as I can remember. Miss Clara and I used to go to the same dancing-school."

"Mrs. Rollins was saying only yesterday what an age it was since they had seen you — Mr. Bayard!" she broke off, "you look ill. You *are* ill."

He had sunk back upon the olive satin cushions. The familiar sense of luxury and ease came upon him like a wave of mortal weakness. For a moment he did not trust himself to look at the girl beside him. Her beauty, her gayety, her health, her freedom from care, something even in her personal elegance, overcame him. She seemed to whirl before his eyes, the laughing figure of a happy Fortune, the dainty symbol of the life that he had left and lost. The deliberate coachman was now driving rapidly, and they were well on their way down Beacon Hill. She gave him one of her long, steady looks. Something of timidity stole over her vivacious face.

"Mr. Bayard," she said in a changed tone, "I have heard all about it from my father. I wanted to tell you, but I had no way. I am glad to have a chance to say — I am sorry for you with all my heart. And with all my soul I honor you."

"Do you?" said the disheartened man. "Then I honor myself the more."

He turned now and looked at her gratefully. This first drop of human sympathy from man or woman of his own kind was inexpressibly sweet to him. He could have raised her hand to his lips. But they were in Mrs. Rollins's carriage, and on Beacon Street.

"Oh!" cried Helen suddenly. "Look there! No, *there!* See that poor, *horrible* fellow! Why, he 's arrested! The policemen are carrying him off."

They had now reached Tremont Street, where the young lady had an errand which had decided her direction to the northern stations. But for the trifling circumstance that Helen Carruth had promised her mother to bring out from a famous Boston grocer's that particular

brand of olive oil which alone was worthy of a salad for the Trustees' lunch, the event which followed would never have occurred. Thus may the worry of a too excellent housekeeper lay its petty finger upon the future of a man or of an enterprise.

Bayard looked out of the carriage window, and uttered a disturbed exclamation. Struggling in the iron grip of two policemen of assorted sizes, the form and the tongue of Job Slip were forcibly ornamenting Tremont Row.

"I must go. I must leave you. Excuse me. Drive on without me, Miss Carruth. That is a friend of mine in trouble there."

Bayard stopped the coachman with an imperious tap, and a "Hold on, John!"

"A *what* of yours?" cried Helen.

"It is one of my people," explained Bayard curtly. He leaped from the carriage, raised his hat, and ran.

"Just release this man, if you please," he said to the police authoritatively. "I know him; I am his minister. I 'm going on the train he meant to take. I 'll see him safely home. I 'll answer for him."

"Well — I don't know about that, sir," replied the smaller policeman doubtfully.

But the larger one looked Bayard over, and made answer, "Oh, bejabers, Tim, let 'im goa!"

Job, who was not too far gone to recognize his preserver, now threw his arms affectionately around Bayard's recoiling neck and became unendurably maudlin. In a voice audible the width of the street, and with streaming tears and loathsome blessings, he identified Bayard as his dearest, best, nearest, and most intimate of friends. A laughing crowd collected and followed, as Bayard tried to hurry to the station, encumbered by the grip of Job's intoxicated affection. Now falling, now staggering up, now down again, and ever firmly held, Job looked up drunkenly into the white, delicate face that seemed to rise above him by a space as far as the span between the heavens and the earth. Stupidly he was aware that the new minister was doing something by him that was not exactly usual. He began to talk in thick, hyphenated sentences about his wife and home, his boy, and the trip he had taken to Georges'. He had made, he averred, a hundred dollars (which was possible), and had two dollars and thirty-seven cents left (which was altogether probable). Job complained that he had been robbed in Boston of the difference, and, weeping, besought the new minister to turn back and report the theft to the police.

"We shall lose the train, Job," said Bayard firmly. "We must get home to your wife and little boy."

"Go wherever y' say!" cried Job pleasantly. "Go to h— along of you, if you say so!"

There was something so grotesque in the situation that Bayard's soul recoiled within him. He was not used to this kind of thing. He was no Christ, but a plain human man, and a young man at that. His sense of dignity was terribly hurt. Without turning his head, he knew when the carriage drove on. He felt her eyes upon him; he knew the moment when she took them off, — Job was attempting to kiss him at that particular crisis.

Bayard managed to reach the last platform of the last car as it moved out of the station, and to get his charge to Windover without an accident. He had plenty of time for reflection on the trip; but he reflected as little as possible. With his arm linked firmly through Job's, and his eyes closed, he became a seer of visions, not a thinker of thoughts. Her face leaned out of the carriage window, — faded, formed, and dimmed, and formed again. He saw the velvet of her dress, the little dash of gold color on her purple bonnet, the plain distin-

guished fashion of her yellow hair about her forehead. He saw the astonishment leap into her brown eyes, and that look, which no sibyl could have interpreted, forming about her merry lips. He heard the coachman say, "Shall I drive on, Miss?" And the answer, "Yes, John, drive on. I must not miss the train."

He opened his eyes, and saw the sullen horizon of the sea across the marshes, and the loathsome face of Job leaning against the casement of the car window at his side.

By the time they had reached Windover Slip was sleepy, and quite manageable. Bayard consulted his watch. It was the hour for his evening appointment with the officers of the new parish.

"*Again!*" he thought. He looked at the drunkard wearily. Then the flash of inspiration fired his tired face.

"Come, Job," he said suddenly. "Never mind our suppers. Come with me."

He took Job as he was, — torpid, sodden, disgusting, a creature of the mud, a problem of the mire. The Committee sat in the anxious conclave of people embarked upon a doubtful and unpopular enterprise.

Emanuel Bayard pushed Job Slip before him into the pretty parlors of the ex-Treasurer of the old First Church. For the Treasurer had followed the come-outers. He had joined the poor and humble people who, in fear and faith, had tremblingly organized the experiment for which, as yet, they had no other name than that they gave it in their prayers. Christ's work, they called it, then. The Treasurer was their only man of property. His jaw dropped when he saw Job.

"Gentlemen," said the young pastor, "gentlemen, I have brought you a sample of the material under discussion. What are we going to do with *this?*"

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE SUBTLE ART OF SPEECH-READING.

"THAT subtile Art, which may inable one with an *observant Eie* to *Heare* what any man speaks by the moving of his lips."[1] In these words did John Bulwer, "sirnamed the *Chirosopher*," describe the art of speech-reading of which I am asked to write; the assumption, I suppose, being that, since I make daily use of this "subtile art," I should know something about it. At first glance this certainly seems a reasonable assumption. But if I asked any hearing person to explain how he hears speech, he might find some difficulty in doing so. Now, I understand speech by eye, but find it as difficult to explain how I understand it. The more smoothly a piece of machinery runs, the less the operator knows or thinks about it. Who takes thought of the mechanism by which we see trees move, and become aware that the wind is blowing from the east to the west? All we can say is that we know this by deduction from past experience. In the same way, it is by deduction from past experience that the hearing person comprehends certain strange tremblings and shakings of the vocal chords as speech, and the

[1] See "Philocophus: or, the Deaf and Dumbe Man's Friend. Exhibiting the Philosophicall verity of that subtile Art, which may inable one with an *observant Eie* to *Heare* what any man speaks by the moving of his lips. Upon the same Ground, with the advantage of an Historicall Exemplification, apparently proving, That a Man Borne Deafe and Dumbe may be taught to *Heare* the sound of *words* with his *Eie*, and thence to learn to speak with his tongue. By I. B. (John Bulwer) sirnamed the *Chirosopher*. — *Sic canimus Surdis.* London, 1648."

speech-reader comprehends certain movements of the lips as speech.

I think perhaps if I could remember having once heard, and the loss of my hearing, and the processes by which I learned a new method of communicating with my friends, I might have less difficulty in explaining how I acquired this method, and what is the nature of the obstacles I and all other students of the "subtile art" have to overcome. As it happened, however, I was so young when the severe illness which deprived me of my hearing occurred that I cannot remember ever having heard, or having been in a materially different position as regards articulation and speech-reading from the one I have occupied for many years. Of course, as a child, I could not have spoken and read speech as well as I did later, but I cannot recollect being conscious of any special difficulty in communicating with my friends. I do not even remember that the fact of my inability to hear was ever borne in upon me then. I knew it as one knows that the sun is shining or that it is cloudy, without its making any impression upon the mind. My strongest feeling as regards my position in the family was that I was eighteen months older than my next younger sister, and therefore very much wiser and more experienced.

I presume the reason why I can recall nothing of my first steps in speech-reading and articulation is due to the long period of mental and physical weakness which followed my illness. My mother says that for many months I expressed no interest in or desire for anything, and the baby speech I had previously possessed seemed entirely gone. During all this time she was working and planning, endeavoring by every means in her power to give me back the speech I had lost, and to make me read her lips. She talked to me continually long before I cared to talk back, and gradually, I suppose, both language and the ability to read speech came along with increasing mental and physical strength. To me it seems obvious that I must have learned to speak and read speech simultaneously; for if I had learned the one art before or to a greater degree than the other, some impression would have been made on my mind which I should have remembered. However this may be, it remains true that my earliest recollections are of being able to talk, and of understanding what was said to me, at least sufficiently well to satisfy all my requirements. I recall no stormy outbursts of passion, such as I believe are too often consequent on inability in the deaf child to make his wants known. Looking back now, it seems to me that whatever method my mother and the young teacher who assisted her (Miss Mary H. True) pursued in my instruction, it must have been a true and natural one, simply because it has left no trace upon my memory. All natural processes of growth are gradual and imperceptible; there are no violent shocks and sudden changes, such as leave their imprint upon the memory. It is the unnatural method of instruction which, by demanding unnatural and therefore painful efforts from the child, leaves marks of the work on his mind. This accounts, I believe, for my remembrance of one item in the plan of my instruction, — a daily drill in writing from dictation sentences which our teacher read from a book. I do not think that I objected very strongly to it, but it was most slow and irksome work, and I always recall it as the one lesson I did not like. Even to-day dictation of this sort is very irksome. It is no uncommon occurrence for my husband to talk to me perhaps for an hour at a time of something in which he is interested. It may be on the latest geographical discoveries, Sir Robert Ball's Story of the Sun, the latest news from the Chinese war, some abstruse scientific problem in gravitation, — anything and everything. Very rarely do I have to ask him to repeat, and at the end I should be ready to back myself against almost

any hearing person to give the substance of what he has said nearly word for word. But it is almost impossible for Mr. Bell to sit down and read to me a short paragraph from the simplest book, and have me understand him without very great difficulty and strain of mind and eye.

I have often wondered why this should be so, and have tried to detect where the difference came in, but without success, so slight is it and imperceptible. Mr. Bell is a good and expressive reader, yet there is a difference between his manner of speaking and of reading which makes all the difference between ease and difficulty of comprehension. What is true of Mr. Bell is true of every one with whom I have had communication. I am convinced, therefore, that the drill in dictation, so far from aiding, was a distinct hindrance to my learning to read speech.

With this exception, I do not think any special exercises were set to teach me speech-reading. I just grew into it naturally, as a hearing child grows into the knowledge of hearing speech, by perpetual practice. Every one spoke to me; no one made signs, and I cannot remember making them myself or wanting to make any. I observed that whenever my mother had visitors, they talked to each other so rapidly that I could not understand them, and that I could not talk so fast myself; but I was quite satisfied that the ability to do both would come by and by with long dresses, and meanwhile my sisters and I played "visitors" and chattered gibberish as fast as we could, and were happy.

But while emphasizing the fact that my acquisition of speech-reading was a process of growth, to me perfectly natural, I would not be understood as claiming that no special efforts were made to teach me. Few children have had more care and anxious thought bestowed on the best means of instructing them, and I do claim that my mother and teacher, whether by accident or great wisdom and good judgment, fell upon what was for me the best method of instruction; and the proof of this lies in the fact that I, the child, was conscious of nothing forced or painful in my growth into understanding. I am not the best possible speech-reader, but this does not militate against the method employed, for reasons which I will explain later, when I come to describe the qualifications for speech-reading.

The method of instruction pursued by my mother and teacher, pioneers in a new world of effort as truly as Columbus himself, was essentially the same as that pursued with my hearing sisters with whom I was educated. At a very early period books were placed in my hands, and I became passionately fond of reading. I did not care to play and romp out of doors; all I wanted was to curl up in some quiet corner and read all day long, if allowed. My father's library was well stocked, and I had almost free range. When eleven years old, I delighted in reading such books as Jane Porter's Scottish Chiefs; and before I was thirteen I had read through, with intense interest, Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic, most of Prescott's Histories, several large volumes relating to the civil war, and books of travel, as well as all the stories and novels I could get hold of. We went abroad for three years, and my mother made a point of giving me all the histories and historical novels she could find relating to the places we visited. I read through a good many books in this way. Carlyle's French Revolution was the only book at which I rebelled; and when I made a list of the words I could not understand, my mother did not insist, as they were pretty well beyond her own comprehension!

I have dwelt thus at length on this matter of reading, because upon the habit thus formed rests all my success in speech-reading.

I have looked back over my life, I have studied the mechanism of my speech-reading apparatus, I have thought carefully over all my experiences, and the result at

which I have arrived is, that not only is success in speech-reading dependent upon reading, — or rather on the extensive and intimate knowledge of language imparted by reading, — but good speech-reading is impossible without it. Of all my mother and teacher did for me, the greatest gift was in their teaching me this love of reading, and giving me the means to gratify it.

"The observant Eie can Heare" part of what is said; yet not only have Helen Keller and other blind children, by successfully substituting the fingers for the eye, proved that it is not so essential to the "subtile art" as our philosopher thought, but my own practice shows that the eye alone is quite incapable of interpreting correctly the various movements of the speaker's lips.

The reason for this is clear, when we glance at the structure of the English language. Its consonants give form and character to speech, and are therefore the most important elements in its intelligibility, alike to those who depend upon the ear or the eye for comprehension. Unfortunately for the speech-reader, many of the labial consonants are distinguished from each other solely by sound, as *m*, *b*, and *p*, *f* and *v*, *t*, *d*, *l*, and *n*; while gutturals, like *g* and *h*, are not only indistinguishable from each other, but can scarcely be seen at all. These are the sounds that form the basis of nearly all our words, and especially those in commonest use, like cat, mat, bad, fat, van, laid, lane, good, kind. It is impossible for the eye to distinguish between "pan" and "mad," and even words apparently as unlike as "Flushing" and "Fletcher" present astonishing difficulties to the uninitiated. Then there are hosts of words, which, without being very much alike, are yet easily mistaken for one another in the haste of rapid speech.

Good eyesight, therefore, cannot alone surmount such obstacles to easy, rapid, and accurate speech-reading. There must also be, first, an intimate knowledge of the English language, especially in its vernacular form, so that a speech-reader shall have at command a large stock of words from which to select the right word used by a speaker. Thus, one with the requisite knowledge of English would not make the mistake of supposing that he was asked to wipe his feet on a "man" instead of a "mat;" while one without this knowledge would happen on the right word only by accident, "man" and "mat" looking alike to the eye.

Secondly, the habit of making the selection must be so well established as to be accomplished instantaneously, automatically, and without conscious effort.

Thirdly, the mind should be trained to perceive the meaning of what is said as a whole from perhaps a few words, or even parts of words, recognized here and there, as, "This boy — cote; brium — ote" (This boy is cold; bring him his coat), and not allowed to waste time lingering over the words, trying to decipher them one by one.

The art of speech-reading, then, consists in the ability instantaneously to select the word used by the speaker out of half a dozen that resemble it, and rapidly to build up a correct conception of what he has said from occasional words distinctly recognized here and there in his speech; in other words, reading by context.

The more rapidly the speech-reader makes correct word-selections and perceives meanings as wholes, the more skillful will he be, and the more automatic and unperceived will be the act, so that it appears to him that he reads off the words mechanically, one by one. Yet that this is not always so I have repeatedly proved, when, after a friend has finished speaking to me, I have found my mind a complete blank as to what has been said. Then, before the word "What?" was fairly out of my mouth, the whole sentence flashed into my mind, word for word, like a beam of light projected into darkness, as apparently without volition on my part as the distant flash from the lighthouse.

I do not assert that it is impossible to read speech, word by word, mechanically, from the speaker's lips. That is quite possible, but it is the slowest, most uninteresting, and most difficult method of speech-reading, and is feasible only when the speaker articulates with unnatural slowness and deliberation; and in reality it is no more accurate than the other, for, adding together the power of grasping meanings as wholes, and the habit of selecting the correct words from the knowledge of resemblances, the result, in good speech-reading, is the understanding of every word spoken as surely, and a hundred times more rapidly, than by mechanical word-by-word deciphering.

It has the further advantage of allowing the speaker to speak almost as rapidly and indistinctly as usual. For, as every one knows, few even of the most precise speakers give to each word its full value. Words are more or less slurred over and run together, so that really there are few properly pronounced words for the speech-reader to see. Consequently, if one is to go out into the world and read the ordinary careless half-uttered speech of the generality of mankind, it is necessary to cultivate the habit of going as straight as possible to the point, and bothering as little as may be about the exact words used. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred this is all that is required, or, I venture to say, is remembered the next moment by hearing persons. My practice is to allow a talker to go on with what he is saying, even if not one word is understood, in the hope that before the end a word or two may be recognized which will, as it were, throw a flood of light upon the whole speech, rendering previous words intelligible. In this way, it is often possible for me to understand the long story or speech of a person whose short remarks are hard to follow.

Strangers in general, and people unaccustomed to conversation with speech-readers, sometimes seem to think that the converse of this is true; that they must talk in short, jerky sentences, using as few words as possible. Of course, this, by reducing to a minimum the number of words out of which a speech-reader may hope to cull a few with which to decipher the meaning, only increases the difficulty of comprehension. Words of many syllables are more intelligible than short ones, for the same reason that sentences as wholes are more comprehensible than single words; there is more to take hold of. Ordinary questions and conversational remarks, being composed of a few words, and these few words of the shortest, fewest syllables, might be almost incomprehensible but for the natural expressions of the face which generally accompany them.

Hearing people depend on these facial expressions to an extent that is perhaps not realized, until some humorous fellow delivers himself of a joke with a perfectly serious face and in a flat voice. The very essence of the fun to him is to observe the bewilderment depicted on the faces of his hearers, the involuntary pause, hesitation, longer with some, shorter with others, before his meaning breaks upon them, and the laugh goes round. It is impossible to open a novel or biography, and hardly a daily newspaper, without coming across commendatory references to a speaker's expressive face, the suggestive modulations of his voice, or complaints of the difficulty in following the ideas of a monotonous speaker. What does all this mean if not that hearing people, possessors of a language made by themselves, and by them adapted as perfectly as may be to their own convenience, yet find it necessary to invent some other method of making a speaker's ideas clear? They have invented the rising inflection of the voice for questions, a falling one for answers or assertions, till the fortunate beings can almost grasp the speaker's remarks without the trouble of listening to his words. Every hearing person makes liberal use of frowns and smiles, the stern or the gentle mien, to

enforce his meaning. So important is the proper use of these aids to comprehension regarded that schools of oratory have been established for their study, in which each inflection of the voice, turn of the head or hand, lifting of an eyebrow, receives due and careful consideration. And all this for the benefit of hearing people, with a language of their own making!

The speech-reader is, therefore, but following the usage of his hearing fellow in availing himself of the only one of these adventitious aids to comprehension open to him, namely, study of the expressions of the face. This study becomes quite as instinctive and unconscious with him as with hearing persons, and by its aid many obscure questions or short remarks are elucidated. For instance, one day some one said to me, "Webetnorfrtnor." For a moment I was completely nonplused; it seemed impossible to make sense out of such utter nonsense; but presently, seeing my friend glance at the further of two doors between which we were standing, it flashed on me that the words were, "We better go to the front door."

I can almost always tell by the speaker's natural involuntary glance whether a question is asked or a casual remark made. I bend all my energies to master the question, and if I cannot understand it in one form, I beg that it be repeated in another; the remark, if I fear a tussle to understand, I pass by.

Fancy the feelings of a shy, innocent stranger at seeing a speech-reader struggle laboriously to comprehend some careless remark about the weather! How he wishes he had n't said anything; how quickly he edges off from the embarrassing person, and how carefully he avoids further conversation with her! How much better for the speech-reader to encourage him to talk on and on, until at last words are recognized to which the speech-reader can reply, and conversation becomes established!

If I needed proof that speech-reading is essentially an intellectual exercise, demanding good vernacular knowledge of language, I should find it in my experience with German. For six months I lived in a German boarding-school, with only one friend with whom to talk English. Before the end of that time I could read German speech by eye nearly as readily as English, and it was but rarely that any one had to write off a German sentence for me. This was many years ago. Since then my opportunities for talking and listening to German have been very few. I find now, when I meet a German friend and try to carry on a conversation in German, I cannot do it readily at first. I can put together a few German phrases to express my own ideas, but I cannot decipher the movements of the speaker's lips. Why? Because the German vocabulary at my command is too small to allow me to select from it words that may be those that my friend is using. I find myself consciously and painfully running over my small stock of possible words, much as a miser counts his store of coin, and the chances are infinitely against my finding the right one. This would be disheartening if I had not found by experience that by reading German books for a while, steeping my brains in German, as it were, so that I think in German and see in German, it becomes comparatively easy to catch the German words on my friend's lips.

Many people have the notion that, in order to be understood by a speech-reader, they must speak more slowly and open their mouths more widely. Up to a certain point, and with some people, — not all, — I find it true that slower and more distinct articulation is an advantage; but beyond that point slowness of utterance is a distinct hindrance to comprehension, while the unnatural opening of the mouth is almost prohibitive of conversation. In the first case, the speech-reader's mind, accustomed to run rapidly, is apt to as-

sume, either that there must be more words in each slow movement of the mouth than appears, and be thrown off the track, or, forced to linger over and study each word, forgets the previous ones, and, confused by a mass of details, fails to grasp the full meaning. In the second case, the widely opened mouth, showing parts of words not usually perceived, so changes their accustomed appearance as to render them unintelligible.

There are no two faces in the world exactly alike, and every person has his own peculiar way of speaking. In some the peculiarity is greater than in others, and the difficulty of comprehension is so much increased that at first it may seem utterly impossible to make head or tail of what is said. I am, however, inclined to believe that there is no speech so indistinct that a good speech-reader cannot master it after a while.

It would be hard to say what makes intelligibility to a speech-reader. A great deal of lip action may be difficult to understand, yet too little is equally detrimental. Again, the lip action may be good, and yet some peculiarity of tongue or teeth, or of pronunciation, may render the speech difficult to read. Mustaches, if not too heavy, make little difference one way or another, except at night under a hanging light, when of course they shadow the mouth. I think, take it all in all, that if there are no abnormal peculiarities of the organs of articulation, or of pronunciation, it depends principally on the speech-reader whether speech is intelligible or not. Practice makes perfect, and although I have met many persons whom I could not easily understand, I am not convinced that I could not have readily understood most of them in time, given the opportunity, and the desire, to become accustomed to their peculiarities of speaking. Besides, I am not as good a speech-reader as some I have met, and people whom I find difficult to understand they might find easy.

Bulwer's "art" is as truly an art as any other. There are grades in it as in others, and special talents are required to attain great proficiency in it. An active, alert mind, constantly on the *qui vive* to receive impressions, keen as a razor in reaching the salient points of things; bright, sharp eyes that see everything, and let nothing escape, are qualifications for attaining a high degree of proficiency in the art, and these I do not possess. The best system of education, without special talent, will not create a Michael Angelo, but it may make a very fair practical artist, who can do sufficiently good work to support himself and his family in comfort. So, without any special inherent fitness for speech-reading, and with the distinct disadvantage of being short-sighted, I have attained skill enough to serve all practical purposes. My father and mother, my husband and children, relatives and friends, and my servants, all talk to me, and I, at least, have never felt that there was any bar to the fullest and freest communication between the immediate members of my family and myself. The occasions when one of them has to use paper and pencil are of the rarest; perhaps once a month, to spell some unfamiliar word or name. With less intimate friends and business people, communication, naturally, is much more restricted, and often I get one of my daughters to act as interpreter. I might, to be sure, use pencil and paper, but the strange part of my experience is that no one will take the trouble to write to me if it can possibly be avoided. If an interpreter is not at hand, the speaker will prefer to repeat again and again, until my patience is exhausted, and I insist on the pencil and paper, which, reluctantly used, are dropped the instant I show signs of understanding without them. This experience is universal. Ladies and gentlemen, tradespeople and servants, all regard writing as something to be avoided as much as possible.

My ability to read speech is of course

the result of long training and practice. It must, however, be remembered that I had to begin at the beginning, and acquire both speech-reading and knowledge of language at the same time, and the process was necessarily slow. It takes, on an average, a year or two for a hearing child to acquire sufficient knowledge of language and familiarity with different vibrations to understand speech by ear. An older person, with a good book knowledge of a foreign tongue which he has never heard, if placed among people speaking it, can teach his ear to distinguish the different vibrations well enough to be able to understand the speech in a much shorter time. Exactly parallel is the case of a well-educated person trying to learn speech-reading. With his good knowledge of language, it should not, I think, take longer to teach his eye to comprehend the different movements of the mouth than to teach his ear the unfamiliar speech.

I believe that many of the processes that pass through the mind of the speech-reader when understanding speech by eye also pass through that of a hearing person when understanding speech by ear. For instance, there are words which are used in a great many different senses, so that the ear alone cannot tell which is meant. It requires a knowledge of language and of word-selection to determine in which sense the word is used. A foreigner might find it strange that a gentleman should be proud of living in a country "box," or prefer a "box" at the opera to a comfortable stuffed seat. Again, he might be puzzled to know why a driver should require water from heaven (rain) with which to guide his horses (rein). Similarly, a speech-reader might be puzzled to know why a glazier should require greenbacks (money) with which to mend his windows (putty), "money" and "putty" being as much alike to the eye as "rain" and "rein" are to the ear.

A hearing friend has told me that he acquired his knowledge of speech-reading by "watching the movements of a speaker's lips, facial expression, and gesture, when a word or sentence was being spoken, and photographing these upon his memory, so that a repetition without sound would be instantly recognized." Some of the members of my family read speech pretty well without having bestowed much pains on its acquisition. Yesterday I read a letter from a deaf lady, in which she speaks of the advantage her power of speech-reading proved in interpreting to her mother the wishes of an invalid friend, whose throat was paralyzed, so that she could not make herself understood by any one else.

It would not be hard to give good reasons why the art of speech-reading should be cultivated by persons who are not thrown in with those who are deprived of hearing. Speech-reading might be of advantage in the sick-room, where even the softest whisper is apt to be extremely annoying to a nervous invalid, as all the speech-reader may require is that the movements of the mouth shall be seen, — even the silent emission of breath required in a whisper being unnecessary. In crowded reception-rooms, where the incessant babble of many voices renders ordinary conversation a matter of difficulty, the ease of speech-reading, giving rest to overstrained voices and ears, would be a relief.

We Americans spend so great a portion of our lives in noisy railroad cars that this means of carrying on long conversations easily and comfortably amid constant noise needs only to be known to be appreciated. The advantages of hearing by eye are, however, much more obvious in the case of those with impaired or imperfect hearing. The eye becomes auxiliary to the ear, and by the aid of the two senses many advantages are enjoyed which it was formerly believed could be possessed only by persons with perfect hearing. Should deafness increase or the hearing be entirely lost, speech-reading remains as a means of communication.

I number among my friends a lady who, when I first met her, was using a long hearing-tube. Until after her marriage she had heard perfectly, but at this time deafness was coming on rapidly. Shortly afterwards she went abroad, and we heard that she had undergone an operation for the restoration of her hearing. When therefore she returned without her tube, and mingled freely and brightly in society, we supposed, of course, that the operation had been successful. Few, I believe, of those who meet her to-day are aware that she is absolutely without hearing, depending entirely upon her power of speech-reading for all her communication with the world. This she taught herself during the year that she was losing her hearing.

To those who cannot hear at all, the ability to read speech is indeed invaluable, making the difference between a full and happy life and a sad and isolated one.

Mabel Gardiner Bell.

A VOYAGE IN THE DARK.

A FEW days ago, a friend who is kind and patient enough to encumber himself with the care of a blind man and a boy took me and my twelve-year-old a-fishing. It was with a fresh realization of my deprivation that I passed along the watery way once as familiar as the dooryard path, but now shrouded for me in a gloom more impenetrable than the blackness of the darkest night. I could only guess at the bends and reaches as the south wind blew on one cheek or the other, or on my back, only knowing where the channel draws near the shore upon which the Indians encamped in the old days by the flutter of leaves overbearing the rustle of rushes. By the chuckle of ripples under the bow, I guessed when we were in mid-channel; by the entangled splash of an oar, when we approached the reedy border where the water-lilies rode at anchor, and discharged their subtle freight of perfume as they tossed in our wake. I knew by his clatter, drawing nearer only with our progress, that a kingfisher was perched on a channel-side fishing-stake, used in turn by him and bigger but not more skillful fishers. I heard his headlong plunge, but whether successful or not the ensuing clatter did not tell me, for he has but one voice for all expressions. Yet as his rattling cry was kept up till the rough edge of its harshness was worn away in receding flight, I fancied he was proclaiming an unusually successful achievement. For the sake of his reputation, he would never make such a fuss over a failure, unless he was telling, as we do, of the big fish he just missed catching. At any rate, I wished him good luck, for who would begrudge a poor kingfisher such little fish as he must catch! They would need years of growth to make them worth our catching or bragging over the loss of, and by that time we may be done with fishing.

Suddenly there was a roar of multitudinous wings as a host of redwings upburst from springing and swaying wild rice stalks, all of which I saw through the blackness illumined for an instant by memory, — the dusky cloud uprising like the smoke of an explosion, the bent rice springing up beneath its lifted burden, the dull-witted or greedy laggards dribbling upward to join the majority. My companions exclaimed in one voice at the rare sight of a white bird in the flock, and by the same light of memory I also saw it as I saw one in an autumn forty years ago, when, with my comrade of those days, I came "daown the crik"

duck-shooting, or trolling as to-day. Again and again we saw this phenomenal bird like a white star twinkling through a murky cloud. The fitful gleam was seen day after day, till the north wind blew him and his cloud away southward.

The pother of the blackbirds overhead disturbed the meditations of a bittern, who, with an alarmed croak, jerked his ungainly form aloft in a flurry of awkward wing-beats, and went sagging across the marshes in search of safer seclusion. I wished that he might find it, and escape the ruthless gunners that will presently come to desolate these marshes. Very different from his uprising was that of a pair of wood ducks, revealing their unsuspected presence with startling suddenness, as they sprang from water to air with a splash and whistle of rapid wings and their squeaking alarm cry, and then flew swiftly away, the sibilant wing-beats pulsing out in the distance. These, too, I wished might safely run the gauntlet of all the guns that will be arrayed against them when the summer truce is broken. If I had not been mustered out, or if my boy were mustered in, no doubt I should feel differently toward the inhabitants of these marshes. Compulsory abstinence makes one exceedingly virtuous, and because I am virtuous there shall be no cakes and ale for any one.

The absence of the rail's cackle was noticeable, a clamor that used to be provoked at this season by every sudden noise. We never got sight of the "ma'sh chickens" as they skulked among the sedges; and when the birds were pressed to flight, rarely caught more than a fleeting glimpse as they topped the rushes for an instant, and dropped again into the mazes of the marsh. But they were always announcing a numerous if invisible presence where now not one answered to our voices or the noise of our oars.

All this while our trolling gear was in tow: the boy's, a "phantom minnow" bristling with barbs, a veritable porcupine fish; mine, a fluted spoon. The larger fish seemed attracted by the better imitation, or perhaps age and experience had given them discernment to shun the other more glaring sham, and the best of them went to the boy's score; but the unwise majority of smaller fish were evidently anxious to secure souvenir spoons of Little Otter, and in consequence of that desire I was "high hook" as to numbers. They were only pickerel at best, though some of them, bearing their spots on a green ground, are honored with the name of "maskalonge" by our fishermen. A scratch of the finger-nail across the scaly gill-cover gives proof enough to convince even a blind man of the worthlessness of this claim to distinction.

Once I enjoyed an exaltation of spirit only to suffer humiliation. There was a tug at the hooks, so heavy that my first thought was of a snag, and I was on the point of calling out to my friend to stop rowing. Then there was a slight yielding, and the tremor that tells unmistakably of a fish. "Now," said I, with my heart but a little way back of my teeth, "I am fast to something like a fish, but I shall never be able to boat him. He is too big to lift out with the hooks, and I can't see to get him by the gills, and so I shall lose him." As he came in slowly, stubbornly fighting against every shortening inch of line, I almost wished he had not been hooked at all only to be lost at last. When, after a time, my fish was hauled near the boat and in sight of my companions, my catch proved to be no monster, but a pickerel of very ordinary size hooked by the belly, and so my hopes and fears vanished together.

I think distances are magnified to the blind, for it seemed twice as far as it did of old from the East Slang to the South Slang, as we passed these oddly named tributaries of Little Otter.

At last I sniffed the fragrance of cedars and heard the wash of waves on the southward-slanted shore of Garden Island, and these informed me we were at the lake. In confirmation thereof was the

testimony of my companions, given out of their light to my darkness, of an eagle's royal progress through his ethereal realm, making inspection of his disputed earthly possession. I was glad to know that his majesty had escaped the republican regicides who haunt the summer shores.

We made a difficult landing on the mainland, on the oozy shore of mixed sawdust and mud, and followed the old trail to the old camping ground under the rocks, a place full of pleasant memories for the elder two of our trio, and offering to the boy the charms of freshness and discovery. For him the cliff towered skyward but little below the eagle's flight; its tiny caves were unexplored mysteries, their coral-beaded curtains of Canada yew and delicate netting of mountain fringe strange foreign growths. Through his undimmed eyes I had glimpses of those happy shores whereon the sun always shines and no cloud arises beyond. What a little way behind they seem in the voyage that has grown wearisome, and yet we can never revisit them for a day nor for an hour, and it is like a dream that we ever dwelt there!

Bearing with us from this port something not marketable nor even visible, yet worth carrying home, we reëmbarked, and the wind, blowing in my face, informed me we were homeward bound. One after another, we passed five boats of fishing parties tied up at as many stakes, the crews pursuing their pastime with steadfast patience, as their intent silence proclaimed. To me they were as ships passed in the night. I had no other knowledge of them than this, except that my friend told me there was a fat woman in each boat, and that one of them boasted to us, with motherly pride, of a big pickerel caught by her little girl.

A blended hum of bumblebees droned in among us, and my companions remarked that one of the aerial voyagers had boarded our craft, while I maintained there were two, which proved to be the fact; whereupon I argued that my ears were better than their eyes, but failed to convince them or even myself. I welcomed the bees as old acquaintances, who, in the spring duck-shooting of past years, always used to come aboard and bear us company for a while, rarely alighting, but tacking from stem to stern on a cruise of inspection, till at last, satisfied or disappointed, they went booming out of sight and hearing over marshfuls of blue spikes of pickerel weed and white trinities of arrowhead. I cannot imagine why bees should be attracted to the barrenness of a boat, unless by a curiosity to explore such strange floating islands, though their dry wood promises neither leaf nor bloom.

I hear of people every year who forsake leafage and bloom to search the frozen desolation of the polar north for the Lord knows what, and I cease to wonder at the bees, when men so waste the summers that are given them to enjoy if they will but bide in them.

We passed many new houses of the muskrats, who are building close to the channel this year in prophecy of continued low water. But muskrats are not infallible prophets, and sometimes suffer therefor in starvation or drowning. The labor of the night-workers was suspended in the glare of the August afternoon, and their houses were as silent as if deserted, though we doubted not there were happy households inside them, untroubled by dreams of famine or deluge, or possibly of the unmercifulness of man, though that seems an abiding terror with our lesser brethren. Winter before last the marshes were frozen to the bottom, blockading the muskrats in their houses, where entire families perished miserably after being starved to cannibalism. Some dug out through the house roofs, and wandered far across the desolate wintry fields in search of food. Yet nature, indifferent to all fates, has so fostered them since that direful season that the marshy shores are populous again with sedge-thatched houses.

As we neared our home port we met

two trollers, one of whom lifted up for envious inspection a lusty pickerel. "He 's as big as your leg," my friend replied to my inquiry concerning its dimensions, and in aid of my further inquisitiveness asked the lucky captor how much the fish would weigh. "Wal, I guess he ought to weigh abaout seven pounds," was answered, after careful consideration. We learned afterwards that its actual weight was nine pounds, and I set that man down as a very honest angler.

Presently our boat ran her nose into the familiar mire of well-named Mud Landing, and we exchanged oars for legs, which we plied with right good will, for a thunderstorm was beginning to bellow behind us.

Rowland E. Robinson.

THE LIFE OF NANCY.

I.

THE wooded hills and pastures of eastern Massachusetts are so close to Boston that from upper windows of the city, looking westward, you can see the tops of pine-trees and orchard-boughs on the high horizon. There is a rustic environment on the landward side; there are old farmhouses at the back of Milton Hill and beyond Belmont which look as unchanged by the besieging suburbs of a great city as if they were forty miles from even its borders. Now and then, in Boston streets, you can see an old farmer in his sleigh or farm wagon as if you saw him in a Berkshire village. He seems neither to look up at the towers nor down at any fashionable citizens, but goes his way alike unconscious of seeing or being seen.

On a certain day there was an old man driving along Beacon Street, who looked bent in the shoulders, as if his worn fur cap were too heavy for head and shoulders both. This type of the ancient New England farmer in winter twitched the reins occasionally, like an old woman, to urge the steady white horse that plodded along as unmindful of his master's suggestions as of the silver-mounted harnesses that passed them by. Both the horse and driver appeared to be conscious of sufficient wisdom, and even worth, for the duties of life, but all this placidity and self-assurance were in sharp contrast to the eager excitement of a pretty, red-cheeked girl who sat at the old man's side. She was as sensitive to every new impression as they were dull. Her face bloomed out of a round white hood in such charming fashion that those who began to smile at an out-of-date equipage were interrupted by a second and stronger instinct, and paid the homage that one must always pay to beauty.

It was a bitter cold morning. The great sleighbells on the horse's shaggy neck jangled along the street, and seemed to still themselves as they came among the group of vehicles that were climbing the long hill by the Common.

As the sleigh passed a clubhouse that stands high on the slope, a young man who stood idly behind one of the large windows made a hurried step forward, and his sober face relaxed into a broad, delighted smile; then he turned quickly, and presently appearing at the outer door, scurried down the long flight of steps to the street, fastening the top buttons of his overcoat by the way. The old sleigh, with its worn buffalo robe hanging unevenly over the back, was only a short distance up the street, but the pursuer found trouble in gaining much upon the steady gait of the white horse. He ran two or three steps now and then, and was almost near enough to speak as he drew closer to the

pavement by the State House. The pretty girl was looking up with wonder and delight, but in another moment they went briskly on, and it was not until a long pause had to be made at the blocked crossing of Tremont Street that the chase was ended.

The wonders of a first visit to Boston were happily continued to Miss Nancy Gale in the sudden appearance at her side of a handsome young man. She put out a most cordial and warm hand from her fitch muff, and her acquaintance noticed with pleasure the white knitted mitten that protected it from the weather. He had not yet found time to miss the gloves left behind at the club, but the warm little mitten was very comfortable to his fingers.

"I was just thinking — I hoped I should see you, when I was starting to come in this morning," she said, with an eager look of pleasure; then, growing shy after the unconscious joy of the first moment, "Boston is a pretty big place, is n't it?"

"We all think so," said Tom Aldis with fine candor. "It seems odd to see you here."

"Uncle Ezra, this is Mr. Aldis that I have been telling you about, who was down at our place so long in the fall," explained Nancy, turning to look appealingly at her stern companion. "Mr. Aldis had to remain with a friend who had sprained his ankle. Is Mr. Carew quite well now?" she turned again to ask.

"Oh yes," answered Tom. "I saw him last week; he 's in New York this winter. But where are you staying, Nancy?" he asked eagerly, with a hopeful glance at uncle Ezra. "I should like to take you somewhere this afternoon. This is your first visit, is n't it? Could n't you go to see Rip Van Winkle to-morrow? It 's the very best thing there is just now. Jefferson 's playing this week."

"Our folks ain't in the habit of attending theatres, sir," said uncle Ezra, checking this innocent plan as effectually as an untracked horse car was stopping traffic in the narrow street. He looked over his shoulder to see if there were any room to turn, but was disappointed.

Tom Aldis gave a glance, also, and was happily reassured; the street was getting fuller behind them every moment. "I beg you to excuse me, sir," he said gallantly to the old man. "Do you think of anything else that Miss Gale ought to see? There is the Art Museum, if she has n't been there already; all the pictures and statues and Egyptian things, you know."

There was much deference and courtesy in the young man's behavior to his senior. Uncle Ezra responded by a less suspicious look at him, but seemed to be considering this new proposition before he spoke. Uncle Ezra was evidently of the opinion that while it might be a misfortune to be an old man, it was a fault to be a young one and good looking where girls were concerned.

"Miss Gale's father and mother showed me so much kindness," Tom explained, seizing his moment of advantage, "I should like to be of some use: it may not be convenient for you to come into town in this cold weather."

"Our folks have plenty to do all the time, that 's a fact," acknowledged uncle Ezra less grimly, while Nancy managed to show the light of a very knowing little smile. "I don't know but she 'd like to have a city man show her about, anyways. 'T ain't but four miles an' a half out to our place, the way we come, but while this weather holds I don't calculate to get into Boston more 'n once a week. I fetch all my stuff into the Quincy Market myself, an' I 've got to come in day after to-morrow mornin', but not till late, with a barrel o' nice winter pears I 've been a-savin'. I can set the barrel right for'ard in the sleigh here, and I do' know but I can fetch Nancy as well as not. But how 'd ye get home, Nancy? Could n't you walk over to our place from the Milton depot, or could ye?"

"Why, of course I could!" answered his niece, with a joy calmed by discretion.

"'T ain't but a mile an' three quarters; 't won't hurt a Maine girl," said the old man, smiling under his great cap, so that his cold, shrewd eyes suddenly grew blue and boyish. "I know all about ye now, Mr. Aldis; I used to be acquainted with your grandfather. Much obliged to you. Yes, I 'll fetch Nancy. I 'll leave her right up there to the Missionary Building, corner o' Somerset Street. She can wait in the bookstore; it 's liable to be open early. After I get through business to-day, I 'm goin' to leave the hoss, an' let her see Faneuil Hall, an' the market o' course, and I don't know but we shall stop in to the Old South Church; or you can show her that, an' tell her about any other curiosities, if we don't have time."

Nancy looked radiant, and Tom Aldis accepted his trust with satisfaction. At that moment the blockade was over and teams began to move.

"Not if it rains!" said uncle Ezra, speaking distinctly over his shoulder as they started. "Otherwise expect her about eight or a little" — but the last of the sentence was lost.

Nancy looked back and nodded from the tangle to Tom, who stood on the curbstone with his hands in his pockets. Her white hood bobbed out of sight the next moment in School Street behind a great dray.

"Good gracious! eight o'clock!" said Tom, a little daunted, as he walked quickly up the street. As he passed the Missionary Building and the bookstore he laughed aloud, but as he came near the clubhouse again, in this victorious retreat, he looked up at a window of one of the pleasant old houses, and then obeyed the beckoning nod of an elderly relative who seemed to have been watching for his return.

"Tom," said she, as he entered the library, "I insist upon it that I am not curious by nature or by habit, but what in the world made you chase that funny old horse and sleigh?"

"A pretty girl," said Tom frankly.

II.

The second morning after this unexpected interview was sunshiny enough, and as cold as January could make it. Tom Aldis, being young and gay, was apt to keep late hours at this season, and the night before had been the night of a Harvard assembly. He was the kindest-hearted fellow in the world, but it was impossible not to feel a little glum and sleepy as he hurried toward the Missionary Building. The sharp air had urged uncle Ezra's white horse beyond his customary pace, so that the old sleigh was already waiting, and uncle Ezra himself was beating with his arms and tramping to and fro impatiently.

"Cold mornin'!" he said. "She 's waitin' for you in there. I wanted to be sure you 'd come. Now I 'll be off. I 've got them pears well covered, but I expect they may be chilled. Nancy counted on it, an' I just as soon she 'd have a nice time. Her cousin's folks 'll see her to the depot," he added as he drove away, and Tom nodded reassuringly from the bookstore door.

Nancy looked up eagerly from beside a counter full of gayly bound books, and gave him a speechless and grateful good-morning.

"I 'm getting some presents for the little boys," she informed him. "They 're great hands to read. This one 's all about birds, for Sam, and I don't know but this Life o' Napoleon 'll please Asa as much as anything. When I waked up this morning I felt homesick. I could n't see anything out o' the window that I knew. I 'm a real home body."

"I should like to send the boys a present, myself," said Tom. "What do you think about jack-knives?"

"Asa 'd rather have readin' matter;

he ain't got the use for a knife that some boys have. Why, you 're real good ! " said Nancy.

" And your mother, — can't I send her something that she would like ? " asked Tom kindly.

" She liked all those things that you and Mr. Carew sent at Christmas time. We had the loveliest time opening the bundles. You ought n't to think o' doing anything more. I wish you 'd help me pick out a nice large - print Bible for grandma ; she 's always wishing for a large-print Bible, and her eyes fail her a good deal."

Tom Aldis was not very fond of shopping, but this pious errand did not displease him in Nancy's company. A few minutes later, when they went out into the cold street, he felt warm and cheerful, and carried under his arm the flat parcel which held a large-print copy of the Scriptures and the little boys' books. Seeing Nancy again seemed to carry his thoughts back to East Rodney, as if he had been born and brought up there as well as she. The society and scenery of the little coast town were so simple and definite in their elements that one easily acquired a feeling of citizenship ; it was like becoming acquainted with a friendly individual. Tom had an intimate knowledge, gained from several weeks' residence, with Nancy's whole world.

The long morning stretched before them like a morning in far Cathay, and they stepped off down the street toward the Old South Church, which had been omitted from uncle Ezra's scheme of entertainment by reason of difficulty in leaving the horse. The discovery that the door would not be open for nearly another hour only involved a longer walk among the city streets, and the asking and answering of many questions about the East Rodney neighbors, and the late autumn hunting and fishing which, with some land interests of his father's, had first drawn Tom to that part of the country. He had known enough of the rest of the world to appreciate the little community of fishermen-farmers, and while his friend Carew was but a complaining captive with a sprained ankle, Tom Aldis entered into the spirit of rural life with great zest ; in fact, he now remembered some boyish gallantries with a little uneasiness, and looked to Nancy to befriend him. It was easy for a man of twenty-three to arrive at an almost brotherly affection for such a person as Nancy ; she was so discreet and so sincerely affectionate.

Nancy looked up at him once or twice as they walked along, and her face glowed with happy pride. " I 'd just like to have Addie Porter see me now ! " she exclaimed, and gave Tom a straightforward look to which he promptly responded.

" Why ? " he asked.

Nancy drew a long breath of relief, and began to smile.

" Oh, nothing," she answered ; " only she kept telling me that you would n't have much of anything to say to me, if I should happen to meet you anywhere up to Boston. I knew better. I guess you 're all right, are n't you, about that ? " She spoke with sudden impulse, but there was something in her tone that made Tom blush a little.

" Why, yes," he answered. " What do you mean, Nancy ? "

" We won't talk about it now while we 're full of seeing things, but I 've got something to say by and by," said the girl soberly.

" You 're very mysterious," protested Tom, taking the bundle under his other arm, and piloting her carefully across the street.

Nancy said no more. The town was more interesting now that it seemed to have waked up, and her eyes were too busy. Everything proved delightful that day, from the recognition of business signs familiar to her through newspaper advertisements, to the Great Organ, and the thrill which her patriotic heart experienced in a second visit to Faneuil Hall.

They found the weather so mild that they pushed on to Charlestown, and went to the top of the monument, which Tom had not done since he was a very small boy. After this they saw what else they could of historical Boston, on the fleetest and lightest of feet, and talked all the way, until they were suddenly astonished to hear the bells in all the steeples ring at noon.

"Oh dear, my nice mornin' 's all gone," said Nancy regretfully. "I never had such a beautiful time in all my life!"

She looked quite beautiful herself as she spoke: her eyes shone with lovely light and feeling, and her cheeks were bright with color like a fresh-bloomed rose, but for the first time that day she was wistful and sorry.

"Oh, you need n't go back yet!" said Tom. "I 've nothing in the world to do."

"Uncle Ezra thought I 'd better go up to cousin Snow's in Revere Street. I 'm afraid she 'll be all through dinner, but never mind. They thought I 'd better go there on mother's account; it 's her cousin, but I never saw her, at least not since I can remember. They won't like it if I don't, you know; it would n't be very polite."

"All right," assented Tom with dignity. "I 'll take you there at once: perhaps we can catch a car or something."

"I 'm ashamed to ask for anything more when you 've been so kind," said Nancy, after a few moments of anxious silence. "I don't know that you can think of any good chance, but I 'd give a great deal if I could only go somewhere and see some pretty dancing. You know I 'm always dreamin' and dreamin' about pretty dancing!" and she looked eagerly at Tom to see what he would say. "It must be goin' on somewhere in Boston," she went on with pleading eyes. "Could you ask somebody? They said at uncle Ezra's that if cousin Abby Snow wanted me to remain until to-morrow it might be just as well to stay; she used to be so well acquainted with mother. And so I thought — I might get some nice chance to look on."

"To see some dancing," repeated Tom, mindful of his own gay evening the night before, and of others to come, and the general impossibility of Nancy's finding the happiness she sought. He never had been so confronted by social barriers. As for Nancy's dancing at East Rodney, in the schoolhouse hall or in Jacob Parker's new barn, it had been one of the most ideal things he had ever known in his life; it would be hard to find elsewhere such grace as hers. In seaboard towns one often comes upon strange foreign inheritances, and the soul of a Spanish grandmother might still survive in Nancy, as far as her light feet were concerned. She danced like a flower in the wind. She made you feel light of foot yourself, as if you were whirling and blowing and waving through the air; as if you could go out dancing and dancing over the blue sea water of the bay, and find floor enough to touch and whirl upon. But Nancy had always seemed to take her gifts for granted; she had the simplicity of genius. "I can't say now, but I am sure to find out," said Tom Aldis definitely. "I 'll try to make some sort of plan for you. I wish we could have another dance, ourselves."

"Oh, not now," answered Nancy sensibly. "It 's knowing 'most all the people that makes a party pleasant."

"My aunt would have asked you to come to luncheon to-day, but she had to go out of town, and was afraid of not getting back in season. She would like to see you very much. You see I 'm only a bachelor in lodgings this winter," explained Tom bravely.

"You 've been just as good as you could be. I know all about Boston now, almost as if I lived here. I should like to see the inside of one of those big houses," she added softly; "they all look so noble as you go by. I think it was

very polite of your aunt; you must thank her, Mr. Aldis."

It seemed to Tom as if his companion was building most glorious pleasure out of very commonplace materials. All the morning she had been as gay and busy as a brook.

By the middle of the afternoon he knocked again at cousin Snow's door in Revere Street, and delivered an invitation. Mrs. Annesley, his aunt, and the kindest of women, would take Nancy to an afternoon class at Papanti's, and bring her back afterward, if cousin Snow were willing to spare her. Tom would wait and drive back with her in the coupé; then he must hurry to Cambridge for a business meeting to which he had been suddenly summoned.

Nancy was radiant when she first appeared, but a few minutes later, as they drove away together, she began to look grave and absent. It was only because she was so sorry to think of parting.

"I am so glad about the dancing class," said Tom. "I never should have thought of that. They are all children, you know; but it 's very pretty, and they learn all the new dances. I used to think it a horrid penance when I was a small boy."

"I don't know why it is," said Nancy, "but the mere thought of music and dancin' makes me feel happy. I never saw any real good dancin', either, but I can always dream what it ought to be. There 's nothing so beautiful to me as manners," she added softly, as if she whispered at the shrine of confidence.

"My aunt thinks there are going to be some pretty figure dances to-day," announced Tom in a matter-of-fact way. There was something else than the dancing upon his mind. He thought that he should have told Nancy of his engagement, — not that it was quite an engagement yet, — but he could not do it just now. "What was it you were going to tell me this morning? About Addie Porter, was n't it?" He laughed a little, and then colored deeply. He had been somewhat foolish in his attentions to this young person, the beguiling village belle of East Rodney and the adjacent coasts. She was a pretty creature and a sad flirt, with none of the real beauty and quaint sisterly ways of Nancy. "What was it all about?" he asked again.

Nancy turned away quickly. "That 's one thing I wanted to come to Boston for; that 's what I want to tell you. She don't really care anything about you. She only wanted to get you away from the other girls. I know for certain that she likes Jo Brown better than anybody, and now she 's been going with him almost all winter long. He keeps telling round that they 're going to be married in the spring; but I thought if it was so, she 'd ask me to get some of her best things while I was in Boston. I suppose she 's intendin' to play with him a while longer," said Nancy with honest scorn, "just because he loves her well enough to wait. But don't you worry about her, Mr. Aldis!"

"I won't indeed," answered Tom meekly, but with an unexpected feeling of relief as if the unconscious danger had been a real one. Nancy was very serious.

"I 'm going home the first of the week," she said as they parted; but the small hand felt colder than usual, and did not return his warm grasp. The light in her eyes had all gone, but Tom's beamed affectionately.

"I never thought of Addie Porter afterward, I 'm afraid," he confessed. "What awfully good fun we all had! I should like to go down to East Rodney again some time."

"Oh, shan't you ever come?" cried Nancy, with a thrill in her voice which Tom did not soon forget. He did not know that the young girl's heart was waked, he was so busy with the affairs of his own affections; but true friendship does not grow on every bush, in Boston or East Rodney, and Nancy's voice and farewell look touched something that lay very deep within his heart.

There is little more to be told of this part of the story. Mrs. Annesley, Tom's aunt, being a woman whose knowledge of human nature and power of sympathy made her a woman of the world rather than of any smaller circle, — Mrs. Annesley was delighted with Nancy's unaffected pleasure and self-forgetful dignity of behavior at the dancing-school. She took her back to the house, and they had half an hour together there, and only parted because Nancy was to spend the night with cousin Snow, and another old friend of her mother's was to be asked to tea. Mrs. Annesley asked her to come to see her again, whenever she was in Boston, and Nancy gratefully promised, but she never came. "I 'm all through with Boston for this time," she said, with an amused smile, at parting. "I 'm what one of our neighbors calls 'all flustered up,'" and she looked eagerly in her new friend's kind eyes for sympathy. "Now that I 've seen this beautiful house, and you and Mr. Aldis, and some pretty dancin', I want to go right home where I belong."

Tom Aldis meant to write to Nancy when his engagement came out, but he never did; and he meant to send a long letter to her and her mother two years later, when he and his wife were going abroad for a long time; but he had an inborn hatred of letter-writing, and let that occasion pass also, though when anything made him very sorry or very glad, he had a curious habit of thinking of these East Rodney friends. Before he went to Europe he used to send them magazines now and then, or a roll of illustrated papers; and one day, in a bookstore, he happened to see a fine French book with colored portraits of famous dancers, and sent it by express to Nancy with his best remembrances. But Tom was young and much occupied, the stream of time floated him away from the shore of Maine, not toward it, ten or fifteen years passed by, his black hair began to grow gray, and he came back from Europe after a while to a new Boston life in which reminiscences of East Rodney seemed very remote indeed.

III.

One summer afternoon there were two passengers, middle-aged men, on the small steamer James Madison which attended the comings and goings of the great Boston steamer, and ran hither and yon on errands about Penobscot Bay. She was puffing up a long inlet toward East Rodney Landing, and the two strangers were observing the green shores with great interest. Like nearly the whole stretch of the Maine coast, there was a house on almost every point and headland; but for all this, there were great tracts of untenanted country, dark untouched forests of spruces and firs, and shady coves where there seemed to be deep water and proper moorings. The two passengers were on the watch for landings and lookouts; in short, this lovely, lonely country was being frankly appraised at its probable value for lumbering or for building-lots and its relation to the real estate market. Just now there appeared to be no citizens save crows and herons, the sun was almost down behind some high hills in the west, and the Landing was in sight not very far ahead.

"It is nearly twenty years since I came down here before," said the younger of the two men, suddenly giving the conversation a personal turn. "Just after I was out of college, at any rate. My father had bought this point of land with the islands. I think he meant to come and hunt in the autumn, and was misled by false accounts of deer and moose. He sent me down to oversee something or other. I believe he had some surveyors at work, and thought they had better be looked after. I got my chum Carew to come along, and we found plenty of trout, and had a great time until he gave his ankle a bad sprain."

"What did you do then?" asked the elder man politely, keeping his eyes on the shore.

"I stayed by, of course; I had nothing to do in those days," answered Mr. Aldis. "It was one of those nice old-fashioned country neighborhoods where there was plenty of fun among the younger people, — sailing on moonlight nights, and hay-cart parties, and dances, and all sorts of things. We used to go to prayer meetings nine or ten miles off, and sewing societies. I had hard work to get away! We made excuse of Carew's ankle joint as long as we could, but he 'd been all right and going everywhere with the rest of us a fortnight before we started. We waited until there was ice alongshore, I remember."

"Daniel R. Carew, was it, of the New York Stock Exchange?" asked the listener. "He strikes you as being a very grave sort of person now; does n't like it if he finds anybody in his chair at the club, and all that."

"I can stir him up," said Mr. Aldis confidently. "Poor old fellow, he has had a good deal of trouble, one way and another. How the Landing has grown up! Why, it 's a good-sized little town!"

"I 'm sorry it is so late," he added, after a long look at a farm on the shore which they were passing. "I meant to go to see the people up there," and he pointed to the old farmhouse, dark and low and firm-rooted in the long slope of half-tamed, ledgy fields. Warm thoughts of Nancy filled his heart, as if they had said good-by to each other that cold afternoon in Boston only the winter before. He had not been so eager to see any one for a long time. Such is the triumph of friendship: even love itself without friendship is the victim of chance and time.

When supper was over in the Knox House, the one centre of public entertainment in East Rodney, it was past eight o'clock, and Mr. Aldis felt like a dim copy of Rip Van Winkle, or of the gay Tom Aldis who used to know everybody, and be known of all men as the planner of gayeties. He lighted a cigar as he sat on the front piazza of the hotel, and gave himself up to reflection. There was a long line of lights in the second story of a wooden building opposite, and he was conscious of some sort of public interest and excitement.

"There is going to be a time in the hall," said the landlord, who came hospitably out to join him. "The folks are going to have a dance. The proceeds will be applied to buying a bell for the new schoolhouse. They 'd be pleased if you felt like stepping over; there has been a considerable number glad to hear you thought of coming down. I ain't an East Rodney man myself, but I 've often heard of your residin' here some years ago. Our folks is makin' the ice cream for the occasion," he added significantly, and Mr. Aldis nodded and smiled in acknowledgment. He had meant to go out and see the Gales, if the boat had only got in in season; but boats are unpunctual in their ways, and the James Madison had been unexpectedly signaled by one little landing and settlement after another. He remembered that a great many young people were on board when they arrived, and now they appeared again, coming along the street and disappearing at the steep stairway opposite. The lighted windows were full of heads already, and there were now and then preliminary exercises upon a violin. Mr. Aldis had grown old enough to be obliged to sit and think it over about going to a ball; the day had passed when there would have been no question; but when he had finished his cigar he crossed the street, and only stopped before the lighted store window to find a proper bank bill for the doorkeeper. Then he ran up the stairs to the hall, as if he were the Tom Aldis of old. It was an embarrassing moment as he entered the low, hot room, and the young people stared at him suspiciously; but there were also elderly

people scattered about who were meekly curious and interested, and one of these got clumsily upon his feet and hastened to grasp the handsome stranger by the hand.

"Nancy heard you was coming," said Mr. Gale delightedly. "She expected I should see you here, if you was just the same kind of a man you used to be. Come, let 's set right down: folks is crowding in; there may be more to set than there is to dance."

"How is Nancy?" asked Tom, feeling the years tumble off his shoulders.

"Well as usual, poor creatur'," replied the old father.

At that moment the orchestra struck up a military march with so much energy that further conversation was impossible. Near them was an awkward-looking young fellow, with shoulders too broad for his height, and a general look of chunkiness and dullness. Presently he rose and crossed the room, and made a bow to his chosen partner that most courtiers might have envied. It was a bow of grace and dignity.

"Pretty well done!" said Tom Aldis aloud.

Mr. Gale was beaming with smiles, and keeping time to the music with his foot and hand. "Nancy done it," he announced proudly, speaking close to his companion's ear. "That boy give her a sight o' difficulty; he used to want to learn, but 'long at the first he 'd turn shame-red if he much as met a sheep in a pastur'. The last time I see him on the floor I went home an' told her he done as well as any. You can see for yourself, now they 're all a-movin'."

The fresh southerly breeze came wafting into the hall and making the lamps flare. If Tom turned his head, he could see the lights out in the bay, of vessels that had put in for the night. Old Mr. Gale was not disposed for conversation so long as the march lasted, and when it was over a frisky-looking middle-aged person accosted Mr. Aldis with the undimmed friendliness of their youth; and he took her out, as behooved him, for the Lancers quadrille. From her he learned that Nancy had been for many years a helpless invalid; and when their dance was over he returned to sit out the next one with Mr. Gale, who had recovered a little by this time from the excitement of the occasion, and was eager to talk about Nancy's troubles, but still more about her gifts and activities. After a while they adjourned to the hotel piazza in company, and the old man grew still more eloquent over a cigar. He had not changed much since Tom's residence in the family; in fact, the flight of seventeen years had made but little difference in his durable complexion or the tough frame which had been early seasoned by wind and weather.

"Yes, sir," he said, "Nancy has had it very hard, but she 's the life o' the neighborhood yet. For excellent judgment I never see her equal. Why, once the board o' selec'men took trouble to meet right there in her room off the kitchen, when they had to make some responsible changes in layin' out the school deestricts. She was the best teacher they ever had, a master good teacher; fitted a boy for Bowdoin College all except his Greek, that last season before she was laid aside from sickness. She took right holt to bear it the best she could, and begun to study on what kind o' things she could do. First she used to make out to knit, a-layin' there, for the store, but her hands got crippled up with the rest of her; 't is the wust kind o' rheumatics there is. She had me go round to the neighborin' schools and say that if any of the child'n was backward an' slow with their lessons to send 'em up to her. Now an' then there 'd be one, an' at last she 'd see to some class there was n't time for; an' here year before last the town voted her fifty dollars a year for her services. What do you think of that?"

Aldis manifested his admiration, but he could not help wishing that he had not seemed to forget so pleasant an old ac-

quaintance, and above all wished that he had not seemed to take part in nature's great scheme to defraud her. She had begun life with such distinct rights and possibilities.

"I tell you she was the most cut up to have to stop dancin'," said Mr. Gale gayly, "but she held right on to that same as to other things. 'I can't dance myself,' she says, 'so I 'm goin' to make other folks.' You see right before you how she 's kep' her word, Mr. Aldis? What always pleased her the most, from a child, was dancin'. Folks talked to her some about letting her mind rove on them light things when she appeared to be on a dyin' bed. 'David, he danced afore the Lord,' she 'd tell 'em, an' her eyes would snap so, they did n't like to say no more."

Aldis laughed, the old man himself was so cheerful.

"Well, sir, she made 'em keep right on with the old dancin'-school she always took such part in (I guess 't was goin', warn't it, that fall you stopped here?); but she sent out for all the child'n she could get and learnt 'em their manners. She can see right out into the kitchen from where she is, an' she has 'em make their bows an' take their steps till they get 'em right an' feel as good as anybody. There 's boys an' girls comin' an' goin' two or three times a week in the afternoon. It don't seem to be no hardship: there ain't no such good company for young or old as Nancy."

"She 'll be dreadful glad to see you," the proud father ended his praises. "Oh, she 's never forgot that good time she had up to Boston. You an' all your folks could n't have treated her no better, an' you give her her heart's desire, you did so! She 's never done talkin' about that pretty dancin'-school with all them lovely little child'n, an' everybody so elegant and pretty-behaved. She 'd always wanted to see such a lady as your aunt was. I don't know but she 's right: she always maintains that when folks has good manners an' good hearts the world is their'n, an' she was goin' to do everything she could to keep young folks from feelin' hoggish an' left out."

Tom walked out toward the farm in the bright moonlight with Mr. Gale, and promised to call as early the next day as possible. They followed the old shore path, with the sea on one hand and the pointed firs on the other, and parted where Nancy's light could be seen twinkling on the hill.

IV.

It was not very cheerful to look forward to seeing a friend of one's youth crippled and disabled; beside, Tom Aldis always felt a nervous dread in being where people were ill and suffering. He thought once or twice how little compassion for Nancy these country neighbors expressed. Even her father seemed inclined to boast of her, rather than to pity the poor life that was so hindered. Business affairs and conference were appointed for that afternoon, so that by the middle of the morning he found himself walking up the yard to the Gales' side door.

There was nobody within call. Mr. Aldis tapped once or twice, and then hearing a voice he went through the narrow unpainted entry into the old kitchen, a brown, comfortable place which he well remembered.

"Oh, I 'm so glad to see you," Nancy was saying from her little bedroom beyond. "Come in, come in!"

He passed the doorway, and stood with his hand on hers, which lay helpless on the blue-and-white coverlet. Nancy's young eyes, untouched by years or pain or regret, looked up at him as frankly as a child's from the pillow.

"Mother 's gone down into the field to pick some peas for dinner," she said, looking and looking at Tom and smiling; but he saw at last that tears were shining, too, and making her smile all the brighter. "You see now why I could n't

write," she explained. "I kept thinking I should. I did n't want anybody else to thank you for the books. Now sit right down," she begged her guest. "Father told me all he could about last night. You danced with Addie Porter."

"I did," acknowledged Tom Aldis, and they both laughed. "We talked about old times between the figures, but it seemed to me that I remembered them better than she did."

"Addie has been through with a good deal of experience since then," explained Nancy, with a twinkle in her eyes.

"I wish I could have danced again with you," said Tom bravely, "but I saw some scholars that did you credit."

"I have to dance by proxy," said Nancy; and to this there was no reply.

Tom Aldis sat in the tiny bedroom with an aching heart. Such activity and definiteness of mind, such power of loving and hunger for life, had been pent and prisoned there so many years. Nancy had made what she could of her small world of books. There was something very uncommon in her look and way of speaking; he felt like a boy beside her, — he to whom the world had given its best luxury and widest opportunity. As he looked out of the small window, he saw only a ledgy pasture where sheep were straying along the slopes among the bayberry and juniper; beyond were some balsam firs and a glimpse of the sea. It was a lovely bit of landscape, but it lacked figures, and Nancy was born to be a teacher and a lover of her kind. She had only lacked opportunity, but she was equal to meeting whatever should come. One saw it in her face.

"You don't know how many times I have thought of that cold day in Boston," said Nancy from her pillows. "Your aunt was beautiful. I never could tell you about the rest of the day, could I? Why, it just gave me a measure to live by. I saw right off how small some things were that I thought were big. I told her about one or two things down here in Rodney that troubled me, and she understood all about it. 'If we mean to be happy and useful,' she said, 'the only way is to be self-forgetful.' I never forgot that!"

"The seed fell upon good ground, it seems to me," said Mr. Aldis with a smile. He had been happy enough himself, but Nancy's happiness appeared in that moment to have been of another sort. He could not help thinking what a wonderful perennial quality there is in friendship. Because it had once flourished and bloomed, no winter snows of Maine could bury it, no summer sunshine of his foreign life could wither this single flower of a day long past. The years vanished like a May snowdrift, and because they had known each other once they found each other now. It was like a tough little sprig of gray everlasting, the New England edelweiss that always keeps a white flower ready to blossom safe and warm in its heart.

They entertained each other delightfully that late summer morning. Tom talked of his dear wife and of their children as he had seldom talked to any one before, and afterward explained the land interests which had brought him back at this late day to East Rodney.

"I came down meaning to sell my land to a speculator," he said, "or to a real estate agency which has great possessions along the coast; but I 'm very doubtful about doing it, now that I have seen the bay again and this lovely shore. I had no idea that it was such a magnificent piece of country. I was going on from here to Mount Desert, with a half idea of buying land there. Why is n't this good enough that I own already? With a yacht or a good steam launch we should n't be so far away from places along the coast, you know. What if I were to build a house above Sunday Cove, on the headland? We should be neighbors, should n't we? I have a friend who might build another house beyond. We came home from abroad at about the same time, and he 's looking for a place to build, this side

of Bar Harbor." Tom was half confiding in his old acquaintance, and half thinking aloud. "These real estate brokers can't begin to give a man the value of such land as mine," he added.

"It would be excellent business to come and live here yourself, if you want to bring up the value of the property," said Nancy gravely. "I hear there are a good many lots staked out between here and Portland, but it takes more than that to start things. There can't be any prettier place than East Rodney," she declared, looking affectionately out of her little north window at the sheep. "It would be a great blessing to city people, if they could come and have our good Rodney air."

The friends talked on a little longer, and with great cheerfulness and wealth of reminiscence. Tom began to understand why nobody seemed to pity Nancy, though she did at last speak sadly, and make confession that she felt it to be very hard because she never could get about the neighborhood to see any of the old and sick people. Some of them were lonesome, and lived in lonesome places. "I try to send word to them sometimes, if I can't do any more," said Nancy. "We 're so apt to forget 'em, and let 'em feel they are n't useful. I can't bear to see an old heart begging for a little love. I do sometimes wish I could manage to go an' try to make a little of their time pass pleasant."

"Do you always stay just here?" asked Tom with sudden compassion, after he had stood for a moment looking out at the gray sheep on the hillside.

"Oh, sometimes I get into the old rocking-chair, and father pulls me out into the kitchen when I 'm extra well," said Nancy proudly, as if she spoke of a yachting voyage or a mountaineer's exploits. "Once a doctor said if I was only up to Boston" — her voice fell a little with a touch of wistfulness — "perhaps I could have had more done, and could always have got about with some kind of a chair. But that was a good while ago: I never let myself worry about it. I am so busy right here that I don't know what would happen if I set out to travel."

V.

The East Rodney shore looked as green as ever, and the untouched wall of firs and pines faithfully echoed the steamer's whistle, a year from the time when Mr. Aldis had first come up the bay after a long absence. In the twelve months just past he had worked wonders upon his long-neglected estate, and now was comfortably at housekeeping on the Sunday Cove headland. Nancy could see the chimneys and a gable of the fine establishment from her own little north window, and yet the sheep still fed undisturbed on the slopes that lay between. More than this, there were two other new houses, to be occupied by Tom's friends, within the distance of a mile or two. It would be difficult to give any idea of the excitement and interest of East Rodney, or the fine effect and impulse to the local market. Tom's wife and children were most affectionately befriended by their neighbors the Gales, and with their coming in midsummer many changes for the better took place in Nancy's life, and made it as bright as it possibly could be. She lost no time in starting a class, where the two eldest for the first time found study a pleasure, and little Tom was promptly and tenderly taught her best bow, and made to mind his steps with such interest and satisfaction that he who had once roared aloud in public at the infant dancing-class now knew both confidence and ambition. There was already a well-worn little footpath between the old Gale house and Sunday Cove; it wound in and out among the ledges and thickets, and over the short sheep-turf of the knolls; and there was a scent of sweet-brier here, and of raspberries there, and

of the salt sea and the pines, and the juniper and bayberry, all the way.

Nancy herself had followed that path in a carrying-chair, and joy was in her heart at every step. She blessed Tom over and over again, as he walked, broad-shouldered and strong, between the forward handles, and turned his head now and then to see if she liked the journey. For some reason, she was much better now that she could get out into the sun. The bedroom with the north window was apt to be tenantless, and wherever Nancy went she made other people wiser and happier, and more interested in life.

On the day when she went in state to visit the new house, with her two sober carriers, and a gay little retinue of young people frisking alongside, she felt happy enough by the way; but when she got to the house itself, and had been carried quite round it, and was at last set down in the wide hall to look about, she gave her eyes a splendid liberty of enjoyment. Mrs. Aldis disappeared for a moment to give directions in her guest's behalf, and the host and Nancy were left alone together.

"No, I don't feel a bit tired," said the guest, looking pale and radiant. "I feel as if I did n't know how to be grateful enough. I have everything in the world to make me happy. What does make you and your dear family do so much?"

"It means a great deal to have friends, does n't it?" answered Tom in a tone that thanked her warmly. "I often wish" — He could not finish his sentence, for he was thinking of Nancy's long years, and the bond of friendship that absence and even forgetfulness had failed to break; of the curious insistence of fate which made him responsible for something in the life of Nancy, and brought him back to her neighborhood. It was a moment of deep thought; he even forgot Nancy herself. He heard the water plashing on the shore below, and felt the cool sea wind that blew in at the door.

Nancy reached out her bent and twisted hand and began to speak; then she hesitated, glanced at her hand again, and looked straight at him with shining eyes.

"There never has been a day when I have n't thought of you," she said.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE FROSTED PANE.

One night came Winter noiselessly, and leaned
Against my window-pane.
In the deep stillness of his heart convened
The ghosts of all his slain.

Leaves, and ephemera, and stars of earth,
And fugitives of grass, —
White spirits loosed from bonds of mortal birth,
He drew them on the glass.

Charles G. D. Roberts

A STUDY OF THE MOB.

I.

THE NATURE OF THE MOB.

WHAT is the nature of the mob? It is at one moment so humane, at another so savage, at one moment so heroic, at the next so cowardly, that it would seem at first glance as if it were governed by caprice, not by law. Yet there are certain conditions which favor the production of a mob, and a study of these conditions may help us to understand its apparently lawless nature. The examination of a few cases may disclose some of the factors which form the problem.

In 1883, in the city of Ekaterinoslav, Russia, a Jewish merchant happened to quarrel with a peasant woman. "Murder! murder!" she screamed at the top of her voice. A crowd of idlers soon gathered about the two combatants. "Beat the Jews!" suggested some one in the crowd. A few stones flew in the direction of the Jew's store, more and more followed; then the mob made a rush for the building and destroyed it.

At about the same time, in one of the suburbs of Nijni-Novgorod, the following incident occurred. A child fell into a ditch; a Jewess pitied it, took it in her arms, and carried it into the synagogue to warm it. A Christian woman witnessed the scene, and began to cry out that a Christian child had been kidnapped for sacrificial purposes. A crowd of about three thousand men gathered; a drunken fellow called out, "Beat the Jews!" Thereupon an attack was made, and the mob, after having demolished the Jewish synagogue, proceeded after the manner peculiar to all Russian anti-Jewish riots, — breaking into Jewish houses, killing, violating, and barbarously demolishing every person and thing they found in them.

These cases clearly show that a mob is not formed of its own accord; it needs an instigator, a leader, who shall ferment the crowd and give it an impulse. A mob, then, can be analyzed into two principal elements: a single person initiating, directing, and a crowd that follows and obeys blindly. We find a similar relation in the case of historical heroes and the masses directed by them. Blind obedience is the characteristic trait of the masses that follow a Cæsar or a Genghis Khan, and blind obedience is the striking feature of the mob that follows some intoxicated fellow or superstitious woman. Cæsar and the Russian drunkard, Napoleon I. and the stupid woman, are equally heroes in so far as they produce a common result. The difference between one hero and another is a quantitative one. Some heroes move masses on a greater scale and for a longer time than others do. The leaders of mobs, although they may be stupid, superstitious rascals, are still heroes, — heroes of the moment.

The question next arises, How does it happen that the crowd blindly obeys its hero? The cases given above do not show it clearly. It would therefore be well to cite some more cases of mobs, and then perhaps the mechanism of the mob will be detected more readily.

At the beginning of the present century, Madame de Krüdener was a woman who possessed great influence. She was hysterical, and so affected by passion as to throw herself, in public, on her knees before a tenor singer. Afterwards, impelled by disappointment in love, she believed herself chosen to redeem humanity, and, possessed by this belief, delivered herself with a most fervid eloquence. She went to Basle, and turned the city upside down by preaching the speedy coming of the Christ. Twenty thousand pilgrims

responded to her call. The Senate became alarmed, and banished her. She hastened to Baden, where four thousand people were waiting on the square to kiss her hands and her dress.

Lazzaretti, an insane workingman, thought himself a prophet. The people, astonished at his changed mode of life, his inspired speech, his long, neglected beard and grave bearing, flocked in crowds to hear him. A pilgrimage was organized, in which Lazzaretti, accompanied by priests and some of the most influential among the laity, marched to different places. Wherever he went he was received by the people on their knees, and the parish priests kissed his face, his hands, and even his feet. In obedience to divine commands, as he declared, he left his native region and went to Rome. On his return he found a great multitude awaiting him, attracted both by devotion and curiosity. Lazzaretti was then arrested by the civil authorities, but shortly released, when he went away to France, "carried," as he said, "by divine power." He returned again to his native country, and assembled a larger number than ever. One day, at the head of an immense crowd, he marched out to establish the "kingdom of God." He was dressed most fantastically, thereby greatly impressing his followers. He was shot down by a soldier, and the crowd instantly dispersed.

The Portuguese king, Dom Pedro, was prostrated with grief over the loss of his beloved wife. He became insane, and his insanity took the form of an irrepressible inclination to dance. He would go out into the streets late at night, and, by the lurid light of torches, dance madly to the sound of pipes. The sleeping citizens, awakened by the noise, followed him, and, being gradually drawn into the circle of the king and his servants, joined the mad dance, dancing sometimes the whole night through.

Analyzing the cases here cited, we find crowds attracted and influenced by a strong sensation caused by persons in unusual states of mind; by madmen, indeed, but it might just as well be by genuinely great men. Since our object is to find out the nature of the mob and the way it is set in motion, it is more interesting to take the cases of mobs whose heroes are insane persons, because then the personality of the hero is more or less eliminated, and only the mode of setting the mob in motion and the nature of the mob itself remain as the two points to consider. We may say with perfect assurance that a mob becomes formed under the influence of some strange event, be it the dream of a fanatic, the fiery speech of an insane man, the screams of a superstitious woman, or the mad dance of a crazy king. A strong, sudden excitement makes men obedient, causes them to lose their will, their personality, and makes them ready to display a blind obedience to an external command. Can we find an analogous state in the life of the individual? I think we can.

"Hypnotization," says Binet, "can be produced by strong and sudden excitement of the senses. The patient becomes hypnotized, and hence obedient to the hypnotizer." We find the same phenomenon in the case of the mob: the mob is hypnotized by a strong, sudden action, and becomes for a time obedient to him who hypnotized it; that is, to the ringleader, to the hero. Again, Krafft-Ebing tells us of a peculiar state which he observed in his patient, namely, fascination. "In this state the patient feels herself to be a pure automaton, and knows herself as absent from the body, existing only as an image in the experimenter's eye." "This disappearance of the consciousness of personality," he adds, "is of great interest." It is of great interest in the study of the mob, as we shall see further on. This form of hypnotism called fascination was first discovered by Donato, and has since been described by Bremand. It is pro-

duced in men presumed to be perfectly healthy, and is effected by the subject fixing his eyes on a brilliant point. Thereupon he appears to fall into a sort of stupor; he follows the experimenter, and imitates closely all his movements, gestures, and words. Bremand considers fascination as hypnotism in the lowest degree of intensity. A similar state, but of less intensity, we find in the mob when fascinated by its hero; and when this state is more intensified we have something approaching the hypnotic state of fascination.

What particularly characterizes the man of the mob is the entire loss of his personal self. In a dense crowd, not only is our body squeezed and pressed upon, but also our spirit. The individual self sinks sensibly in the crowd; it seems to get submerged in the fermenting spirit of the possible mob. The mob has a self of its own, and this self is the stronger the more it consumes of the individual self. It is true that this mob self is extremely changeable; but is not this so with the individual self, though in a lesser degree? This mysterious fact that the individual self sinks in the crowd needs explanation; and should such an explanation be found, it would throw strong light on the dark nature of the mob.

In his investigation into the nature of the "self of selves" Professor William James advances a very important hypothesis: "Our entire feeling of spiritual activity, or what commonly passes by that name, is really a feeling of bodily activities whose exact nature is by most men overlooked." If anything gives us a strong sense of our own individuality, it is surely our voluntary movements. We may say that the individual self grows and expands with the increase of variety and intensity of its voluntary movements; and conversely, the life of the individual self sinks, shrinks, with the decrease of variety and intensity of voluntary movements. Bearing this in mind, it is easy to understand why the individual sinks in the crowd. This sinking of personality in the crowd is due largely to pressure; it is the result of limitation of voluntary movements. Nowhere else, except perhaps in solitary confinement, are the voluntary movements of man so limited as they are in a crowd; and the greater the crowd is, the greater is this limitation, the lower sinks the individual self. Intensity of personality is in inverse proportion to the number of aggregated men. This law holds true not only in the case of crowds, but also in the case of highly organized masses. Great social organisms produce, as a rule, very small persons. Great men are not to be found in ancient Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Persia, but rather in the diminutive communities of ancient Greece and Judea. This limitation of voluntary movements is one of the prime conditions which help to hypnotize crowds and turn them into mobs. The individual becomes fascinated, and blindly obeys the hero. "Fascination," says Dr. Moll, "is induced by limitation of voluntary movements. The subject imitates every movement of the experimenter." A large crowd, on account of the cramping of voluntary movements, easily falls into a state of fascination, and is easily moved by a ringleader, or hero. Large gatherings of men carry within them the seed of the possible mob. The Russian government, knowing well by experience the conditions that favor the formation of mobs, prohibits all kinds of public gatherings; an assembly of only four or five men is strictly forbidden, because even such a small gathering is the possible nucleus of a mob.

The very mode in which a crowd is formed is highly favorable to its hypnotization, and hence to its becoming a mob. At first a crowd is formed by some strange object or occurrence suddenly arresting the attention of men. Other men coming up are attracted by curiosity: they wish to learn the reason of the gath-

ering; they fix their attention on the object that fascinates the crowd, are fascinated in their turn, and thus the crowd keeps on growing. With the increase of numbers grows the strength of fascination; the hypnotization increases in intensity, until, when a certain critical point is reached, the crowd becomes completely hypnotized, and is ready to obey blindly the commands of its hero; it is now a mob. Thus a mob is a hypnotized crowd.

The hypnotic-like state of the mob throws much light on its mysterious capriciousness. The mob has no definite personality. Like a hypnotized person, it possesses a high degree of plasticity; it changes its personality with the change of its hero; its personality, as in the case of Krafft-Ebing's patient, lies in the eye of the experimenter, of the hero.

A striking picture of a mob is drawn by Count Tolstóy in his novel, War and Peace. He represents Rostoptchin as the hero who is forming a crowd and stirring it up against an obscure individual, Verestchagin, who is under the suspicion of having betrayed Moscow to the French.

"Raising his hand and turning to the crowd, Rostoptchin screamed at the top of his voice, 'Settle with him according to your judgment! I deliver him to you!'

"The crowd remained silent, and only pressed on one another closer and closer. To bear the pressure of one another, to breathe in this stifling, contagious atmosphere, not to have the power to stir, and to expect something unknown, incomprehensible and terrible, became intolerable. Those who were in the front, who saw and heard everything that took place, all those stood with eyes full of fright, widely dilated, with open mouths; and straining their whole strength, they kept on their backs the pressure of those behind them. . . .

"A tall fellow, with a petrified expression of face, with his hand raised and rigid, stood near Verestchagin. . . . 'Strike!' almost whispered the officer to his dragoons, and one of the soldiers, with a face disfigured by ferocity, struck Verestchagin with the butt of his gun.

"The tall fellow gripped with his hands the slender neck of Verestchagin, and with a wild cry they fell together under the feet of the surging, roaring mob. Some were striking and tearing Verestchagin, and some the tall fellow. And the cries of those who were crushed and of those who were trying to save the tall fellow only the more excited the ferocity of the mob. . . .

"Only when the victim ceased moving, the mob began to move freely. Each one went up to the bloody, mangled corpse, looked at it, and drew back full of horror and amazement."

We see here the gradual hypnotization of the crowd due to a strange phenomenon attracting the attention of people; the attention is fixed on the central scene of action, because the crowd becomes fascinated. The limitation of voluntary movements completely hypnotizes the people, and the crowd turns into a mob. The cataleptic condition of the tall fellow is a good symptom of this hypnotic state. We find Rostoptchin to be the first hero, who forms the mob, and the ferocious-looking dragoon to be the second hero, who brings the mob self into life. And when the crime was committed, each one of the mob went up to look at the work of his hands, but "drew back full of horror and amazement." The individual self was horrified at the work of the mob self. Once generated, the mob self possesses a strong attractive power and a great capacity of assimilation. It attracts fresh individuals, sucks out their personalities and quickly assimilates them. Weak individualities are especially in danger of it. This strange phenomenon can be well illustrated by a curious incident describing the riot of the military colonists in Russia in 1831, taken from the memoirs of Panaeff: —

"Whilst Sokoloff was fighting hard for his life, I saw a corporal lying on the piazza and crying bitterly. On my question, 'Why do you cry?' he pointed in the direction of the mob, and exclaimed, 'Oh, they do not kill a commander, but a father!' I told him that instead of crying he should rather go to Sokoloff's aid. He rose at once, and ran to the help of his commander. A little later, when I came with a few soldiers to Sokoloff's help, I found the same corporal striking Sokoloff with a club. 'Wretch! what are you doing? Have not you told me he was to you like a father?' To which he answered, 'It is such a time, your honor, that all the people strike him; why should I keep quiet?'"

To take another interesting case. During the Russian anti-Jewish riots in 1881, the city of Berditchev, consisting mainly of Jewish inhabitants, suffered from Jewish mobs. One day, a Jewish mob of about fifteen thousand men, armed with clubs, butcher's-knives, and revolvers, marched through the streets to the railway station, to look there for the "Katzapi."[1] To the surprise of intelligent people, many Christians participated in this Jewish mob.

The body of the mob is not altogether structureless; it has a certain organization, although of a low kind. The mob possesses a nucleus, which is mostly formed in the centre of the crowd, but which is soon forced to the front, acting both as sensory and prehensible organs. The nucleus contains a nucleolinus within a nucleolus; that is, a hero with his devotees, — the originator and the guides. The mob may, however, be of a still higher organization. The nucleus may be differentiated into two parts, one possessing only sensory, and the other only prehensible functions, and so become the nucleolus with its nucleolinus. This was plainly seen in the Russian anti-Jewish riots, especially as they manifested themselves in Malorussia. A group of Katzapi usually formed the nucleus. This nucleus, however, soon became differentiated: some set an example of pillage, and some guarded the mob against external disturbances, giving signals to the active group of Katzapi, — to turn aside, to run, to walk slowly, to disperse, or to concentrate. The nucleolus with its nucleolinus also tended to divide into two parts, one possessing the function of willing, the other that of guiding. Some men, by raising an alarm, or by preaching inflammatory discourses to the crowd, fermented and formed the mob, while others laid out the plan of pillage and took command.

Like all low organisms, the mob possesses an enormous power of propagation. Under favorable conditions, mobs multiply, grow, and spread with a truly amazing rapidity. The anti-Jewish riots in Russia furnish excellent illustrations: once a riot broke out in one place, it went on producing new disturbances throughout the whole country.

To return, however, to the hero. We have seen that every mob must have its hero. The title "hero" applied to a drunkard who strongly smells of liquor and can scarcely stand on his feet, or to a stupid, superstitious old hag, seems incongruous enough when one considers the customary use of the term. If we look from the standpoint of the masses, all those are heroes whom the masses obey and follow, and between a great historical hero and a hero of the mob there is only a quantitative difference. Yet there must also be some qualitative difference between one hero and another. But assuming that there exists only a quantitative difference between Washington and the Russian hag of 1883, how shall we explain this very difference? Why is it that some men rise like bright, fixed stars on the sky of politics and religion, and keep for ages the attention

[1] A Malorussian term for Velikorussians. In all anti-Jewish riots Velikorussians were the ringleaders.

of masses, whilst others are a kind of meteor? The difference between these two categories of heroes lies in the nature of the object by means of which they influence the masses. Great warriors, politicians, religious lawgivers, fix the attention of the people on their own exceptionally powerful personality, whilst a silly woman or a crazy king fixes the attention of the crowd on a stick, on a knife, or on a mad dance. In the case of really great men, the centre of attraction is their powerful personalities; in the case of mob heroes, the centre of attraction is the object, for their personalities are worthless. So long, then, as the vigorous personality of a great man preserves itself intact and remains strikingly brilliant, whether in written works or in tradition, so long will he, to use a technical term, fascinate bodies of men. Thus we find that the difference between historical heroes and mob heroes is not only quantitative, but also qualitative.

Hypnotism, however, affords a deeper insight into the matter. There are two very different kinds of hypnotic states, —indifferent and elective somnambulism. In the first state, the subject remains calm, and may be approached, and even touched, without causing him to make any gesture of defense. The contractions proper to a state of somnambulism may be produced by any one, or be produced by one person and destroyed by another; they do not depend on individual influence, and suggestion may be given by any one of those present. But it is quite otherwise in the case of elective somnambulism: in this state the subject is attracted towards the experimenter; if the experimenter withdraws to a distance, the subject displays uneasiness and discomfort; he sometimes follows the experimenter with a sigh, and can rest only when by his side. "It is remarkable," says Krafft-Ebing, "that at the occurrence of hypnotic influence she [the patient] usually raises her eyes to the experimenter, taking his image into the darkness of the unknown hypnotic regions. . . . In this case only the experimenter's suggestions [commands] are effectual." In the case of great lawgivers, of great prophets, or of other great men, we may say that the hypnotization of the masses is *elective;* the image of the great leader is taken into "the unknown hypnotic regions" of his followers, and the latter cannot be influenced by any one else. Quite different is it with the masses hypnotized by mob heroes: the hypnotic state here is of the indifferent kind; any one, therefore, can influence and divert the crowd that follows mob heroes. That is why the heroes possessing great personalities are lasting, whilst the mob heroes, the heroes of worthless personalities, are but momentary.

II.

THE SOURCE OF MOBS.

Our investigation thus far has touched only the surface of the problem. It is true that whenever great masses of men are in blind movement there must necessarily be some brilliant object that has arrested their attention. Still, it does not follow that every brilliant object possesses the power of moving men. Evidently, there must first be a constitutional predisposition in the masses to pass into the trance-like condition of the mob. What then is the cause of this predisposition? Again we must turn to the phenomena of hypnotism for the solution of this important but extremely difficult problem.

Binet tells us that slight and prolonged stimuli of the same nature acting on the subject constitute one of the modes of producing the hypnotic state. Berenheim expresses himself more clearly. "Let us add," he says, "that, in the majority of passes, the monotonous wearying and continuous impression of one of the

senses produce a certain intellectual drowsiness, the prelude of sleep. The mind entirely absorbed by a quiet, uniform, and incessant perception becomes foreign to all other impressions; it is too feebly stimulated, and allows itself to become dull."

This mode of hypnotization by monotony gives us some clue to the source of mobs. Wherever we find uniformity of life, there we invariably meet with mobs; wherever the environment is monotonous, there men are trained by their very mode of life to be good subjects for social hypnotization, for mobs. And not only are they thus prepared for hypnotization; they are frequently hypnotized by the monotonous environment itself; they require only a hero to obey, and thus to become a mob.

Life is extremely monotonous in the Siberian province of Yakutsk. For whole months, as far as the eye can see, stretch wide plains of white dazzling snow. You may travel for miles and miles, for days and nights, and not find a single village, not meet a solitary human being, see no single sign of life, — the same painfully uniform plains of dazzling white snow stretch out on all sides. We should expect that men who live under such conditions would be hypnotized by the environment itself; and sure enough, we find there many cases of spontaneous hypnotization; men suffer from a sickness known as chorea imitatoria. Dr. Kashin was once the witness of the following curious incident. One of the divisions of the Transbaikalsky Cossack army, formed of the natives, repeated, on the review, the command of the officer. The officer grew angry, began to swear, to threaten; but, to his great amazement, the soldiers repeated his oaths and threats. Dr. Kashin put an end to this tragi-comical scene by assuring the officer that the soldiers meditated no revolt, but that they were suffering from a sickness known in that place as *olghindja*. This sickness, under a somewhat different form, is widely spread among the native women.

The plains of northern European Russia are almost as uniform in their nature as those of northern Siberia, and we find that the population of northern Russia suffers from many different forms of nervous derangement, and especially of such nervous diseases as spread by imitation. Thus Dr. Drjevetsky, in his Medical Topography of the Ust-Sisolsky Province, comes to the conclusion that in the principal hospital of Ust-Sisolsk "the number of patients suffering from nervous diseases is far greater than that of all Russian hospitals put together. . . . Hysterics and chorea magna are widely spread." Man, in northern Russia and Siberia, is half hypnotized by the monotony of his environment.

There is, however, another factor which is far more fundamental than monotony; it is a purely social factor, but it works with such a stupendous power and on such a large scale that it may truly be considered the great source of mobs. This factor is social pressure. Laws and regulations press on the individual from all sides. Whenever one attempts to rise above the level of commonplace life, immediately the social screw begins to work, and down is brought upon him the tremendous weight of the sociostatic press, and it squeezes him back into commonplace, frequently crushing him to death for his bold attempt. The individual's relations in life are fixed for him; he is told how he must put on his tie, and the way he must wear his coat; such should be the fashion of his dress on this particular occasion, and such should be the form of his hat; here must he nod his head, put on a solemn air, and there take off his hat, make a profound bow, and display a smile full of delight. Personality is suppressed in the individual by the rigidity of social organization; the individual becomes an automaton, a mere puppet. Under the enormous weight of the socio-

static press, under the crushing weight of economical, political, religious, and social regulations, there is no possibility for the individual to determine his own relations in life, to move freely; voluntary movements are suppressed, and a limitation of voluntary movements produces that peculiar hypnotic state of fascination which is so highly favorable to the formation of mobs. Laws and mobs seem to be highly antagonistic, and still it is true that they are intimately connected. Laws may form mobs.

There have been periods in human history when monotony and social pressure were ceaselessly at work, and mobs were then as plenty as blackberries. Such were the mediæval ages. In our own times there are unfortunate countries where these two factors are also constantly at work, and the number of mobs is there truly alarming. Russia offers us a fair example of such a country. The social, or, more properly, the political pressure in Russia is so great as to hamper all voluntary movements. A Russian cannot move a step without having first to ask the permission of the police. To start a society, to form a club, to print and distribute circulars or advertisements, to meet, to walk in a procession on the street, to deliver a lecture, to form a literary circle, to move from place to place, etc., — all these things can be done only with the permission of the police. Manufacturers, business men, professional men, literary men, workingmen, cannot go to their work without having first obtained a permit from the police. Man lives, in Russia, the poor monotonous life of a worm. Individuality is suppressed, strictly prohibited; original thought is crushed; all must act in the way prescribed by the routine of the paternal government. "Russia," says Turgeneff, "is a great prison," — a great prison where hypnotization is practiced on a grand scale.

In a society where the sociostatic press is always at work, where political pressure is far stronger than even in the ancient despotic monarchies, since the Russian government is in possession of all modern improvements, where gray uniformity and drowsy monotony reign supreme, where hypnotization is the means for appeasing pain and putting people into a fool's paradise, obedience must be the rule. Blind, stupid obedience, that slavish obedience which is peculiar to hypnotized subjects, distinctly characterizes the subjects of the Czar. Russian servility is remarkably well reproduced in the following historical incident. Prince Sougorsky, ambassador to Germany in 1576, fell sick *en route* in Courland. The duke of the province often inquired as to his health. The reply was always the same: "My health matters nothing, provided the sovereign's prospers." The duke, surprised, said, "How can you serve a tyrant with so much zeal?" He replied, "We Russians are always devoted to our Czars, good or cruel. My master [Ivan the Terrible] impaled a man of mark for a slight fault, who for twenty-four hours, in his dying agonies, talked with his family, and without ceasing kept repeating, 'Great God, protect the Czar!'"

The famous writer and investigator of Russian peasant life, G. Ouspensky, represents the peasant, when coming into town, as falling under the influence of the first scoundrel he meets, and committing shocking crimes at the command of the latter, without the least profit to himself, and with an indifference and childish innocence which are truly amazing. These facts, however, are not so inexplicable as Ouspensky would have them, if we only remember the crimes committed by hypnotized subjects at the suggestion of the experimenter.

Russia is an immense theatre for hypnotic scenes. Bearing this in mind, we should expect to find in the history of Russia a great number of mob heroes, of pseudo czars, of pretenders. We have not to go far to look for them:

the pages of Russian history are studded with cases of mobs. In the history of no other European country can we find such an overwhelming multitude of pseudo emperors, prophets, virgins, Christs, and all kinds of pretenders influencing the current of national life, and bringing great masses into commotion. Russian history is a mob history. At the risk of wearying the patience of the reader, I give here a list of pretenders since the seventeenth century: pseudo Dmitri I., Dmitri II., Peter, August, Ivan, Lavrentius, Feodor, Clementius, Savelius, Semion, Vassili, Eroshka, Gavrilka, Martinka; a whole line of pretenders during the reign of Michael Feodorovitch. In the times of Alexius we find again four pretenders. The great popular uprising led by Stenka Rasin was not without its pretenders: it possessed a pseudo Czar Alexius and a pseudo Nicon the Patriarch. Then appeared a pseudo Czar Joannes (brother of Peter the Great), a few pseudo Alexiuses (personating the son of Peter the Great). In the uprising of Pugatcheff appeared a few claimants to the personality of Peter III. (husband of Catherine II.). In recent times (1825) the land of the Czar was blessed with a few pseudo Constantines (each pretending to be the brother of Nicholas I.). In our own times Russia swarms with multitudes of pseudo apostles, holy virgins, and Christs. Russia is hypnotized by the monotony of its life and by the great social pressure it has to bear: hence its mobs.

Social hypnotization plays a great part in the life of humanity. This social hypnotization, as all our adduced facts and arguments prove, is due to monotony of life and social pressure. It is an acknowledged fact that women are good hypnotic subjects. Now this fact cannot be explained by the greater weakness of the female organism, because experiments prove that weakness of organization is not at all a condition for a speedy and good hypnotization. How then shall we explain it? It can be explained only by monotony and social pressure. For centuries the social pressure was brought to bear on women with special severity; their life was fixed for them by their fathers, husbands, eldest sons, by religious and by class regulations. All individuality, personality, was mercilessly, brutally destroyed in women. They were shut up in harems; at best they were strictly confined by the boundaries of the family circle. Even in our own times, especially in European and Eastern countries, the sociostatic pressure has not ceased to work out its deadly effects on woman. Her life is full of regulations; she is formed and fashioned, bodily and mentally, according to a certain style and mode. She is confined to a narrow sphere of activity, where she passes a dull, monotonous life. For centuries the anvil on which monotony and social pressure have hammered with all their might and main, we need not wonder that woman has formed a strong predisposition to hypnotic states. Woman, in truth, is half hypnotized; hence the fact that, in comparison with man, woman is more gentle, more submissive, more obedient (obedience and modesty are her virtues), suffers more from nervous diseases (like the Yakuti of Siberia and the northern Russians), is more inconstant, less original, more impressive, less reasonable, and more imitative.

It is interesting to observe that the common people in general and soldiers in particular are excellent subjects for hypnotic purposes. Thus the soldiers of the Czar, as experiments show, have a strong predisposition to hypnotic states.[1] M. Liebault experimented on ten hundred and twelve persons, and found only twenty-seven refractory. Dr. Berenheim remarks on this that "it is necessary to take into account the fact that M. Liebault operates chiefly upon the common

[1] I am informed by Professor Münsterberg that the hypnotic predisposition is observed in the German soldier.

people." The great pressure exerted on the lower social strata, and especially on soldiers, the tiresome, dull monotony of their life, predispose them to hypnotization, and hence to social hypnotization, to the formation of mobs. Once more, then, we are brought back to monotony and social pressure as the source of mobs.[1]

Boris Sidis.

RUSSIA AS A CIVILIZING FORCE IN ASIA.

THE late Czar of Russia impressed himself on the world as a man sincerely desirous of peace, and it was this alone which caused the genuine and well-nigh universal sorrow at his death. Not that he was destitute of other qualities deserving our esteem. Out of the mystery which always shrouds the occupant of the Russian throne there had been gradually shaping itself, of late, though dimly, in our minds, the conception of him as a painstaking, conscientious ruler, doing faithfully and untiringly his duty as he understood it. But that which we saw most distinctly was a man who, having the power by a word to set Europe in a blaze, had for thirteen years, whatever the provocations from without, and they have been grave, or the pressure from within, how great no one will ever know, steadfastly refused to say that word. The question naturally arises, What was the source of this passion for peace? — for it must have had a peculiar strength to have so impressed itself on his fellowmen. Was it a mere instinctive horror of war, born of his youthful experience in Bulgaria in 1877, or a shrinking dread of defeat? Or did it spring from a nobler source? Was he so interested in the welfare of his subjects that he hated war because of the misery which it would bring upon his people? It is of course impossible now to answer this question with certainty, but there are facts which indicate that there is much truth in the last supposition. Evidently, he was no adherent of the dangerous and contemptible principle of peace at any price, for one of his chief aims as a ruler was to improve the efficiency of his army and navy; and the military and naval strength of the empire was far greater at the close than at the beginning of his reign.

His interest in the development of the peaceful industries of his people and of the material resources of his dominions was shown in numberless ways. One of these was the part which he bore in the attempted reconstitution of Merv. At the time of the Russian occupation, ten years ago, this oasis was in a deplorable condition. The Bokhariots had destroyed all the habitations, broken down the dams, and converted the arable land into a waste. A few nomads pastured their flocks where formerly stood the oldest and one of the most famous cities of Central Asia. At its siege and capture, in 1221, by the son of Genghis Khan, seven hundred thousand of its inhabitants are said to have perished. The ruin wrought by Mongol and Turcoman was so complete that the Russian engineers reported unfavorably upon the plans for the reëstablishment of the oasis in its former extent, on account of the technical difficulties involved. One engineer alone was convinced of its practicability. He gained access to the Czar, who gave him permission to make the attempt, and furnished him with the necessary funds from his private purse. The irrigation works have been executed under wholly new

[1] I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness in this line of thought to Professor William James, and to my great countryman N. Mikhailovsky. — B. S.

and interesting conditions, though with only partial success. For a time they were given up, but at last accounts they have been resumed, and, according to the report of a French engineer who has recently examined them, they have solved, apparently, some technical problems of great importance connected with artificial irrigation. The cost to the Czar up to that time had been more than a million rubles.

I have mentioned this incident not merely because it shows the personal interest of Alexander III. in the industrial enterprises which war would render impossible, but also because it is a fair example of Russia's policy in all her recently acquired territory. Her conquests, first of the Caucasus, and later of Turkestan, may have been dictated, as many believe, by a blind desire to extend the bounds of an already too vast empire, or by the necessity for finding employment for the huge standing army which an ambitious foreign policy holds ever in readiness for an attack on Constantinople. The Russian government, however, defended its aggressive attitude in Central Asia in the famous Circular Note of Prince Gortschakoff to the European courts, dated November 21, 1864. In this it was asserted that as the empire had been "brought into contact with half-savage nomad peoples possessing no social organization," it was forced, "in the interest of the security of its frontier and its commercial relations, to exercise a certain ascendency over these undesirable neighbors." It was acknowledged that this would involve still further advances, as more distant tribes, threatening the same dangers, were reached. But "such has been the lot of every country placed in similar conditions. The United States in America, France in Algeria, Holland in its colonies, England in India, all have been irresistibly forced, less by ambition than by imperious necessity, to follow this line of progress, in which the principal difficulty is to know where it will end." After a frank recital of the measures which would be taken to put an end to acts of pillage, and a distinct statement that the conquest would continue till cultivated country was reached, it says that the motive of the Czar in annexing these territories "consists, not in extending beyond all reasonable bounds the regions under his sceptre, but in giving a solid basis to his rule, in guaranteeing their security, and in developing their social organization, their commerce, their well-being, and their civilization."

This manifesto, though it referred only to the military operations in Central Asia, may have been intended indirectly as a defense of the war in the Caucasus, which had just been brought to a close by the submission of the last of the independent Circassian tribes. The gallant struggle of these mountaineers, under Schamyl, for their liberty had excited the greatest interest in Europe. Englishmen especially, in their admiration of the heroism with which the Russian attempts at subjugation were resisted, forgot that these tribesmen were mere savages, who lived by the plunder of their neighbors, and by the infamous sale of their daughters to Moslem harems.

A sufficient time has passed since the issue of Prince Gortschakoff's Note to enable us to judge, by comparing the present condition of the Caucasus and Central Asia with their condition in 1864, whether it was a true statement of the Russian policy, or only a specious document, as some asserted, intended to cloak the ambitious designs of the Czar on India. At this time, the region lying between the Black and Caspian seas was a heavy burden upon the empire. A large part of the mountain region, the abode of Circassians and Lesghians mainly, was almost an uninhabited wilderness, the result of centuries of intertribal wars, now happily ended, and the unopposed migration to Turkey of great numbers of these untamable savages. Their constant raids had prevented hitherto the settlement and cultivation of the fertile

plains to the north of the mountains. There had been some growth in Georgia, which was annexed at the beginning of the century; but the progress was slow, on account of the neighborhood of hostile tribes, and the want of safe and easy means of communication with the Black Sea. A carriage road, often impassable for days in winter, connected Poti with Tiflis; elsewhere there were only paths crossed by innumerable unbridged mountain torrents. The principal port on the Pontic seaboard, Poti, consisted of a few wooden houses raised on log platforms above the marsh, and some miserable huts scattered at random along the left bank of the Rion. A little river steamer, a few barges and small craft, were more than sufficient for its commerce. Batum, with far greater natural advantages, was an insignificant Turkish fishing village. In the north, Novorossiisk was a heap of uninhabited ruins.

On the Caspian the conditions were not dissimilar, nor did they change rapidly. An English traveler, giving an itinerary of a journey made in 1871 in these regions, says that from March to October inclusive a steamer touched once a week at the various ports, and another made a fortnightly trip from Baku to the opposite shore. This place, which from the remotest times had been regarded as sacred by the fire-worshipers on account of its naphtha deposits, was interesting to chance travelers for this reason only. The Guebers, indeed, had nearly all disappeared, but a temple, with an attendant priest, was still maintained by the Parsis of India. The oil flowed uselessly into the sea, an object only of idle curiosity or of superstitious veneration.

Upon the cessation of hostilities the Russian army began the construction of roads, and especially of a railway from Poti through Tiflis to Baku. This was completed in 1883, and a second, uniting the two seas north of the Caucasus Mountains, begun later, was opened a year ago. Extensive improvements were also made in the harbor of Poti, as well as in that of Batum after this place was acquired from Turkey. Concessions were made to companies to work the oil wells of Baku. For the purpose of introducing the cultivation of tea, cotton, and other useful plants, experimental agricultural stations were established in the south, while the raising of cereals and the planting of vineyards were encouraged in the north. Government schools were founded throughout the province for the instruction of the children, both native and Russian.

What has been the result of these measures? A recent visitor to Batum gives a description of the place, from which it is difficult to recognize the little fishing village which, in 1878, had but a single house built in European fashion. Looking down from the balcony of the restaurant in the boulevard garden, he says, one can easily count from fifteen to twenty different nationalities on the promenade, — Gurians, especially noticeable for their fine figures and becoming costumes, turbaned, serious Turks, Greeks, dusky Mingrelians, Imeritians, Georgians, Armenians, Abkhasians, typical Englishmen, lively Italians and French, Germans, and Russians from every part of the empire, the ladies often in full evening toilet; a swarm of children and dogs are playing on the beach, and of course there is the inevitable bicycle. Here are massive docks, built of enormous blocks of cement, at which steamers of six thousand tons can load by machinery in less than two days. Near by are the great oil tanks, and the buildings of the various oil companies. There are twenty-four of these, one of which alone employs twenty-five hundred men, and has a plant capable of manufacturing and filling forty thousand oil chests in a day of sixteen hours. Eleven hundred vessels, in 1893, besides other merchandise, took three hundred and a quarter million gallons of oil to the markets of southern Europe, northern Af-

rica, the East Indies, China, and Japan. The whole export trade of Asiatic Russia, including Siberia, in 1862, was not equal to that which this single port now has. Passing through the narrow lanes of the Turkish town, the Russian quarter is reached. Here are broad, straight streets, a fine market, and handsome stores with plate-glass windows and doors.

Poti has not grown with the rapidity of its southern rival, though the change in its appearance is quite as marked. The squalid settlement in the marsh has become a town with boulevard and park, paved streets shaded by trees and lined with houses, each in its garden. It has a graded public school, with industrial and horticultural departments, bee-keeping being taught in the latter. An excellent botanical garden, with many foreign trees and plants, is under the entire care of the pupils. The harbor has been greatly improved, and its commerce is constantly increasing. Its single steamer has become a hundred, more than thirty thousand tons of manganese having been exported, the year before last, to this country alone.

The deserted mound which marked the site of Novorossiisk in 1864 has become the terminus of the northern Transcaucasian railway. From its proximity to the wheatfields of the Kuban River and the recently discovered oil deposits of Grozni, together with its cement works, the commerce of the port has increased within the past eight years with extraordinary rapidity. Nearly a thousand vessels entered it in 1892, and it bids fair soon to excel Batum in importance. Though the output of the cement works this same year was more than one hundred tons a day, the demand was far greater than the supply, and additional ovens were being constructed, according to a recent visitor, which would double the amount. This traveler describes the village — an Oriental Pullman — in which the workmen live, in these words: "All the head men of the works have most comfortable houses, and at some distance from them are the dwellings of the workmen and a schoolhouse for the children. The whole village is provided with waterworks. The houses stand in small, shady gardens, in which many plants and vines grow luxuriantly."

From those plains on the northern slope of the mountains, which till lately the Circassian raiders kept from cultivation, more than a quarter of the whole wheat crop of Russia, besides sixty-one million bushels of other cereals, was harvested in 1892. In the same year, 7705 steamers and 5024 sailing vessels entered the Caspian ports, and Baku, a town with fifteen thousand inhabitants when the railway was opened, had become a city with more than a hundred thousand inhabitants. Beside the oil which it exported by rail, its oil fleet, consisting of three hundred and twenty vessels, carried more than thirty million hundredweight of naphtha products year before last to Asiatic ports. When the capital of the province, Tiflis, came into the possession of the Russians, it was a small town falling into ruins. Now it is a city, largely built in European fashion, with a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, containing schools, colleges, seminaries, museum, learned and scientific societies, hospitals, and fifty-four churches.

The mountainous character of the Pontic seaboard renders the progress of civilization outside the towns very slow, but the once almost unbroken forest is gradually giving place to tea plantations, — cotton fields in the interior plains, — farms, gardens, and vineyards. Midway up the coast is the monastery of New Athos, founded in 1876 by a colony of monks from Mount Athos in Greece. An imposing church stands on the traditional site of the martyrdom of St. Simon the Canaanite, a broad-terraced cliff overhanging the sea. There are cloisters, farm buildings, a tannery, saw, grist, and alabaster mills, all connected by a tramway with an iron pier. Fruit and olive trees

have been planted, — the latter are already bearing abundantly, — together with vegetable gardens; while on the terrace, orange, citron, and palm trees are growing. In the interior, writes an English traveler, in the Alpine Journal, in an account of a journey in 1893, "law and order now prevail where, in 1868–74, murder was common and robbery invariable." One of the means by which this has been accomplished is to be seen in the national school which he found in the little village of Mulach, under one of the highest peaks of the Caucasus. It was "a mixed school of fifty-two boys and one girl. The boys' ages varied from six to about twenty-two. The head of the school was a young Prince Dadishkilian, a bright, intelligent boy of about fifteen. Their principal lessons were in learning Russian, but they also did some sums on a blackboard, and sang, amongst other things, the Lord's Prayer, all standing. The best part of the school was outside, where we found what was practically an excellent technical school on a small scale. In the garden were little plots of different vegetables and herbs, — potatoes, peas, artichokes, onions, amongst others, — while in a corner were two beehives, near beds of flowers. In the outbuildings there was a small carpenter's shop, used for teaching the pupils, and there was also provision for teaching them to make bread, butter, and wine." We in New England, the home of the common school, might learn something from this distant mountain school. In the whole province, according to the official report for 1891, there were then 3537 schools of various grades, from the primary to the professional schools, lyceums, and gymnasia.

Prince Gortschakoff's Circular Note, defining the policy of Russia, had especial reference to Central Asia, as it was her advance in this region which excited the greatest apprehensions in England. The physical character of the gradually acquired territory of Turkestan was very different from that of the Caucasus. A considerable part was an almost pathless and waterless desert, and another very large portion consisted of mountains of enormous altitude. The remainder was cultivable soil, but required artificial irrigation, and of this it was believed that about a fifth part could be reclaimed and made fit for cultivation. These cultivable bits were, however, veritable isles dotted here and there in the deserts which had once been the beds of great seas. In historic times dense populations had inhabited these oases, and they had been the seat of the empires of Alp Arslan, "the great lion," and of the better known Timour, or Tamerlane, the tradition of whose splendor has come down to this age. Everywhere were to be found the ruins of great cities, and of the irrigation works upon which their life depended. The oases had either shrunk to very small dimensions from the constantly encroaching desert sands, or had entirely disappeared. A half dozen decaying cities alone remained of the former multitude, and a small number of people still cultivated the soil. The inhabitants were chiefly nomads, who lived by the plunder of caravans and raids upon the fields of the wretched peasantry. They were fanatical Moslems of the fiercest type, and at the time of which I am writing held thousands of Christians in slavery. When Vambéry ventured to travel among them in the disguise of a dervish, all Europe rang with the fame of his daring.

The Russians began their civilizing work in the region lying on the borders of the Chinese Empire, which had been conquered earliest. Here the inhabitants were wholly dwellers in tents, and the few oases were used only for pasturage. The Russians, leaving these to the nomads, turned their attention to the caravan route which connects the Siberian province of Semipalatinsk with the city of Tashkend. This runs along the base of the great mountain ranges of the Ala-

Taou and Alexander, from which many streams fed by the snows and glaciers descend, and are speedily swallowed up in the desert. Here, at every favorable point, the streams have been dammed, canals dug, trees planted, and cultivation begun. The soil, under the vivifying influence of water, showed a wonderful fertility, and the trees grew with astonishing rapidity. I have before me, as I write, a photograph of one of these artificial oases, which twenty-five years ago was a waste of sand, but which is now thickly grown with poplars and willows, the trunks of some of which are six feet in circumference. Under the trees bordering the canals houses were built for the Russian colonists who came in considerable numbers, the new towns now averaging four thousand inhabitants. Each family received, on arriving, one hundred and fifty acres of irrigated land, and the right to occupy without limit the adjoining desert. Their houses are large and well built, mostly of *pisé*, or pressed clay, with corrugated iron roofs. They are all of one story, on account of the frequent earthquakes, one of which, in 1887, caused great destruction in this region. Since then, the principal houses, as well as all the churches, have been rebuilt of brick. The churches are constructed from plans furnished by the engineers of the army, and, according to a recent French traveler, are "agreeable to the eye, and at the same time are very well designed. They are square, massive, and low. It is a renaissance of the ancient Tartar style, abandoned by direction of Peter the Great, which at the beginning of the fourteenth century, in combination with the Byzantine, had begun to create in Russia a national style of architecture." In addition, schools are everywhere established, and in many places industrial schools for teaching agriculture and arboriculture. In these some Kirghiz youth have for several years been pupils, in the hope of giving to this pastoral people some knowledge of and taste for a farmer's life. The colonists are not all Russians, though it is for them only that the government has built villages. There are also settlements of Jews from Little Russia, of German Mennonites, and Chinese, to all of whom land has been given. The latter are refugees from the neighboring province of Kuldja, and have proved themselves to be skillful and industrious husbandmen. Though of different races and speaking different languages, these Chinese colonists are all Moslems. Some idea may be formed of the growth of this region from the fact that sixty thousand Russians came to the oasis of Tashkend alone after the famine of 1890–91.

Russian colonization, however, has not everywhere been successful. In those parts of Turkestan, especially the province of Ferganah, inhabited by the composite race known as the Sart, the conditions were very different from those which prevailed in the region which I have just been considering. As soon as the Russian peasant or merchant came among them, it was apparent that he was far inferior to the Sart in industry, economy, sobriety, patience, and endurance, as well as in agricultural skill or business ability. The government, therefore, sensibly abandoned its attempt to plant colonies among them, and, recognizing a remarkable aptitude in the natives to adapt themselves to European methods, devoted itself to the development of the native industries. These are chiefly the culture of silk, of cotton, and of fruits, as grapes, peaches, pistachio nuts, apples, etc., which are dried and sold throughout the East. Its first effort was to secure the improvement of the native cotton, which had been grown here in limited quantities from time immemorial. With this end in view, a special mission was sent to the United States under the direction of M. Bradovsky, a technical commissioner on the governor-general's staff, to examine the American varieties of the plant, and the methods of culti-

vation and preparation for the market. Those varieties which seemed best adapted to Turkestan have been introduced, as well as the most improved machinery. The result has been successful beyond expectation. There are now some four hundred thousand acres under cultivation, with a crop in 1893, in the district of Ferganah alone, of more than two million hundredweight, half of which was American cotton. The crop returns for Samarcand for 1892 show half a million hundredweight of cotton, a million and a quarter hundredweight of raisins, and 8,640,000 quarters of cereals, an increase of two and a half million quarters over the previous year. Second only in importance to cotton is the silk industry, and after this come tobacco and various other plants of commercial value. An attempt similar to that with the native cotton, but not so successful, has been made to improve the native sugar-cane, which grows with such luxuriance that it is sometimes planted as a hedge to protect villages from the drifting sands. The difficulty appears to be merely in the mechanical treatment of the cane and the juice, a difficulty which it is hoped will soon be overcome.

That part of Central Asia now known as the Transcaspian province, lying to the east of the Caspian and along the borders of Persia and Afghanistan, was, at the time of the Russian conquest, in a more deplorable state than any other part of the country. The Turcomans devastated the oases and enslaved the inhabitants. They pillaged caravans and paralyzed trade and commerce. Following a similar policy to that pursued in the Caucasus, the army, when hostilities ceased, began to reopen the old ways of communication, and to rebuild the ruined irrigation works. The most important of these enterprises was the construction of a railway from the Caspian into the heart of Central Asia. It is unnecessary for me to dwell upon the formidable difficulties of this undertaking, — the vast stretches of uninhabited desert, without water and with constantly shifting sands, to be crossed, the rivers to be bridged, and the great distance from all supplies of food and material. The work was put under the direction of General Annenkopf, who brought to his task an experience gained during the building of the Transcaucasian railway. It was begun in 1880, and in eight years reached Samarcand, a thousand miles distant, and is now nearly or quite completed to Tashkend, several hundred miles further. Its resources from the start were greatly overtaxed by the extraordinary development of the industries of Turkestan. The nineteen thousand tons of cotton, for instance, transported in 1888 had become nearly fifty thousand tons five years later. Its traffic has been hampered hitherto by the fact that most of its freight was carried to Europe by steamers on the Caspian Sea and the Volga River, which latter is closed to navigation half the year by ice. The completion of the northern Transcaucasian railway, having a direct connection with the European railway system, has opened a new and uninterrupted outlet for the products of Central Asia, which will increase now more rapidly than ever

But not satisfied with what has been accomplished, the government is planning still greater enterprises for the welfare of its Asiatic subjects. The most important of these is the stupendous project for irrigating the oasis which surrounds the city of Bokhara. The water on which it depends for its existence is derived from the river Zerafshan, which before it reaches this oasis flows through the district of Samarcand. On account of the growth of population and increase of cultivation in this district, and the creation of new oases along the upper course of the river, there is so little water in the river at Bokhara that this place is literally dying of thirst. In the days of Tamerlane, five centuries ago, the water was equally divided be-

tween the two cities, and the ruins of the two enormous dams by which he meted it out are still to be seen in the bed of the stream, a few miles to the north of Samarcand. The new project is to construct a canal from the Amou-daria, or Oxus, nearly two hundred miles distant, to Bokhara. From the latest accounts, the work of excavating appears to have actually been commenced, and will probably be finished within three years. Then all the water of the Zerafshan will be taken by Samarcand and its neighborhood, and the surplus waters of the Oxus, now running to waste, will give a new life and prosperity to Bokhara.

Better still than this mere material prosperity, and in fact the cause of it, is the security to life and property which Russian rule has brought to these Central Asian peoples. When once they were convinced that they could enjoy the fruits of their industry, that the products of their flocks, fields, orchards, vineyards, and looms would not be snatched from them by Kirghiz and Turcoman raiders or by unscrupulous tax-gatherers, they gave themselves zealously to the cultivation of the ground, and to the other industries for which the Sart race has shown such an aptitude. Even the wild nomads of the steppes and deserts have yielded to the civilizing influences of peace and commerce. And this peace is apparently real, and not occasioned merely by the presence of an overwhelming military force. The confidence of the people seems to have been gained, so that there is no appearance of hostility between the victors and the vanquished. One of the latest English travelers through this region reports that a Russian colonel, with eight native assistants, now administers a district containing thirty thousand people "who quite recently were robbers and thieves by profession." Another officer, Colonel Alikhanoff, himself an Asiatic Moslem, has in a surprisingly short time reduced to order the most turbulent and bloodthirsty of the Turcoman tribes. He has extirpated slavery among them, liberating seven hundred slaves held by a single tribe. The Russian has accomplished in twenty years what the Frenchman has failed to secure in Algeria in sixty years. The conditions are very similar; there are the same mixed populations of dwellers in houses and in tents, and having a common religion. Yet the Asiatic Moslem lives in content under his Russian ruler, while the African Moslem would rise against his French master to-morrow, if he dared. Even so strong a Russophobist as Mr. Curzon, who has recently visited Turkestan, cannot withhold his praise, though given somewhat grudgingly, for the civilizing influence of Russia in Central Asia.

My sketch of what Russia is doing to develop and civilize her dominions in Asia would not be complete if I did not make a brief reference to her last and greatest undertaking, the construction of the Siberian railway. Though this is commonly referred to as a purely military measure, and only another move on Russia's part to gain additional territory in the East, other and more important considerations than these have weighed with the promoters of the scheme. The total length of the line, which is to connect Tchelyabinsk in the Ural Mountains and the end of the European system of railways with Vladivostok on the Pacific, is 4715 miles. The estimated cost is three hundred and fifty million rubles, or about one hundred and seventy-five million dollars. It is an interesting, and possibly a hopefully significant fact that the present Czar, Nicholas II., has been personally connected with the enterprise from the beginning. He laid in 1891 the first stone of the work at Vladivostok, and in 1893 was placed by his father at the head of the commission for the construction of the road. The work is being rapidly pushed both from the western terminus and from the Pacific. According to the latest report, five hundred

miles of the western section and one hundred of the eastern have been finished and opened to traffic.

The western section is the only part from which any present material advantage to the empire is looked for. In southwestern Siberia, there is a region, as large as France, having the "black soil" which has proved so extraordinarily fertile in European Russia. The climate is so mild that cotton and tobacco, as well as cereals, can be grown; though now its population of barely two million, having no market for their products, raise little more than sufficient for their own needs. The government expects that with the building of the road colonists will come, from the famine districts of Russia especially, to take up the unoccupied land. To promote this colonization the sum of fourteen million rubles was appropriated in 1893.[1] Other auxiliary enterprises for which large sums have been appropriated are, to encourage the establishment of iron-works along the railway, and to equip and send out geological expeditions to study the country. These are intended particularly to explore the unknown territory drained by the Amour River, and the gold and silver districts and coal beds in the Altai Mountains. In the light of these facts, it is impossible to doubt that the chief object of the government in carrying out this vast undertaking is, not that it may transport a regiment in a week from the Baltic to the Pacific, but to secure the prosperity of Siberia by the improvement of its economic conditions.

I have already referred to the fact, but I desire to emphasize it in closing, that the chief instrument in the development of both Caucasia and Central Asia has been the army. The officers in command, General Annenkopf in particular, have devised the various schemes, the military engineers have drawn the plans, and the rank and file have done the manual work. To the officers, also, — there are no civil administrators, — belongs the whole credit of the pacification of the countries, and the contentment of the numberless half-savage tribes and races which inhabit them. Of what other European army can it be said that it has won those victories of peace which are "no less renown'd" than those of war?

James Mascarene Hubbard.

[1] U. S. Consular Reports, July, 1894. F. Immanuel, in Petermann's Mittheilungen for May, 1893, says "thirty-five million."

A VILLAGE STRADIVARIUS.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

IV.

"He shall daily joy dispense
Hid in song's sweet influence."
EMERSON'S *Merlin.*

LYDDY had very few callers during her first month as a property owner in Edgewood. Her appearance would have been against her winning friends easily in any case, even if she had not acquired the habits of a recluse. It took a certain amount of time, too, for the community to get used to the fact that old Mrs. Butterfield was dead, and her niece Lyddy Ann living in the cottage on the river road. There were numbers of people who had not yet heard that old Mrs. Butterfield had bought the house from the Thatcher boys, and that was fifteen years ago; but this was not strange, for, notwithstanding Aunt Hitty's valuable ser-

vices in disseminating general information, there was a man living on the Bonny Eagle road who was surprised to hear that Daniel Webster was dead, and complained that folks were not so long-lived as they used to be.

Aunt Hitty thought Lyddy a Goth and a Vandal because she took down the twenty silver coffin plates and laid them reverently away. "Mis' Butterfield would turn in her grave," she said, "if she knew it. She ain't much of a housekeeper, I guess," she went on, as she cut over Dr. Berry's old trousers into briefer ones for Tommy Berry. "She gives considerable stuff to her hens that she 'd a sight better heat over and eat herself, in these hard times when the missionary societies can't hardly keep the heathen fed and clothed and warmed — no, I don't mean warmed, for most o' the heathens live in hot climates, somehow or 'nother. My back door 's jest opposite hers; it 's across the river, to be sure, but it 's the narrer part, and I can see everything she doos as plain as daylight. She washed a Monday, and she ain't taken her clothes in yet, and it 's Thursday. She may be bleachin' of 'em out, but it looks slack. I said to Si last night I should stand it till 'bout Friday, — seein' 'em lay on the grass there, — but if she did n't take 'em in then, I should go over and offer to help her. She has a fire in the settin'-room 'most every night, though we ain't had a frost yet; and as near 's I can make out, she 's got full red curtains hangin' up to her windows. I ain't sure, for she don't open the blinds in that room till I get away in the morning, and she shuts 'em before I get back at night. Si don't know red from green, so he 's useless in such matters. I 'm going home late to-night, and walk down on that side o' the river, so 't I can call in after dark and see what makes her house light up as if the sun was settin' inside of it."

As a matter of fact, Lyddy was reveling in house-furnishing of a humble sort. She had a passion for color. There was a red-and-white straw matting on the sitting-room floor. Reckless in the certain possession of twenty dollars a month, she purchased yards upon yards of Turkey red cotton; enough to cover a mattress for the high-backed settle, for long curtains at the windows, and for cushions to the rockers. She knotted white fringes for the table covers and curtains, painted the inside of the fireplace red, put some pots of scarlet geraniums on the window-sills, filled a newspaper rack with ferns and tacked it over an ugly spot in the wall, edged her work-basket with a tufted trimming of scarlet worsted, and made an elaborate photograph case of white crash and red cotton that stretched the entire length of the old-fashioned mantelshelf, and held pictures of Mr. Reynolds, Miss Elvira Reynolds, George, Susy, Anna, John, Hazel, Ella, and Rufus Reynolds, her former charges. When all this was done, she lighted a little blaze on the hearth, took the red curtains from their bands, let them fall gracefully to the floor, and sat down in her rocking-chair, reconciled to her existence for absolutely the first time in her forty years.

I hope Mrs. Butterfield was happy enough in paradise to appreciate and feel Lyddy's joy. I can even believe she was glad to have died, since her dying could bring such content to any wretched living human soul. As Lydia sat in the firelight, the left side of her poor face in shadow, you saw that she was distinctly harmonious. Her figure, clad in a plain black-and-white calico dress, was a graceful, womanly one. She had beautifully sloping shoulders and a sweet waist. Her hair was soft and plentiful, and her hands were fine, strong, and sensitive. This possibility of rare beauty made her scars and burns more pitiful; if a cheap chromo has a smirch across its face, we think it a matter of no moment, but we deplore the smallest scratch or blur on any work of real art.

Lydia felt a little less bitter and hope-

less about life when she sat in front of her own open fire, after her usual twilight walk. It was her habit to wander down the wooded road after her simple five-o'clock supper, gathering ferns or goldenrod or frost flowers for her vases, and one night she heard, above the rippling of the river, the strange, sweet, piercing sound of Anthony Croft's violin. She drew nearer, and saw a middle-aged man sitting in the kitchen doorway, with a lad of ten or twelve years leaning against his knees. She could tell little of his appearance, save that he had a high forehead, and hair that waved well back from it in rather an unusual fashion. He was in his shirt-sleeves, but the gingham was scrupulously clean, and he had the uncommon refinement of a collar and necktie. Out of sight herself, Lyddy drew near enough to hear; and this she did every night without recognizing that the musician was blind. The music had a curious effect upon her. It was a hitherto unknown influence in her life, and it interpreted her, so to speak, to herself. As she sat on the bed of brown pine needles, under a friendly tree, her head resting against its trunk, her eyes half closed, the tone of Anthony's violin came like a heavenly message to a tired, despairing soul. Remember that in her secluded life she had heard only such harmony as Elvira Reynolds evoked from her piano or George Reynolds from his flute, and the Reynolds temperament was distinctly inartistic.

Lyddy lived through a lifetime of emotion in these twilight concerts. Sometimes she was filled with an exquisite melancholy from which there was no escape; at others, the ethereal purity of the strain stirred her heart with a strange, sweet vision of mysterious joy; joy that she had never possessed, would never possess; joy whose bare existence she never before realized. When the low notes sank lower and lower with their soft wail of delicious woe, she bent forward into the dark, dreading that something would be lost in the very struggle of listening; then, after a pause, a pure human tone would break the stillness, and soaring, birdlike, higher and higher, seem to mount to heaven itself, and, "piercing its starry floors," lift poor scarred Lydia's soul to the very gates of infinite bliss. In the gentle moods that stole upon her in those summer twilights she became a different woman, softer in her prosperity than she had ever been in her adversity; for some plants only blossom in sunshine. What wonder if to her the music and the musician became one? It is sometimes a dangerous thing to fuse the man and his talents in this way; but it did no harm here, for Anthony Croft was his music, and the music was Anthony Croft. When he played on his violin, it was as if the miracle of its fashioning were again enacted; as if the bird on the quivering bough, the mellow sunshine streaming through the lattice of green leaves, the tinkle of the woodland stream, spoke in every tone; and more than this, the hearth glow in whose light the patient hands had worked, the breath of the soul bending itself in passionate prayer for perfection, these too seemed to have wrought their blessed influences on the willing strings until the tone was laden with spiritual harmony. One might indeed have sung of this little red violin — that looked to Lyddy, in the sunset glow, as if it were veneered with rubies — all that Shelley sang of another perfect instrument: —

> "The artist who this idol wrought
> To echo all harmonious thought,
> Fell'd a tree, while on the steep
> The woods were in their winter sleep,
> Rock'd in that repose divine
> Of the wind-swept Apennine;
> And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
> And some of Spring approaching fast,
> And some of April buds and showers,
> And some of songs in July bowers,
> And all of love; and so this tree —
> O that such our death may be! —
> Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
> To live in happier form again."

The viol "whispers in enamoured tone:"

"Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells; . . .
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening; all it knew. . . .
— All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it; . . .
But, sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest, holiest tone
For one beloved Friend alone."

Lyddy heard the violin and the man's voice as he talked to the child, — heard them night after night; and when she went home to the little brown house to light the fire on the hearth and let down the warm red curtains, she fell into sweet, sad reveries; and when she blew out her candle for the night, she fell asleep and dreamed new dreams, and her heart was stirred with the rustling of new-born hopes that rose and took wing like birds startled from their nests.

V.

"Nor scour the seas, nor sift mankind,
A poet or a friend to find:
Behold, he watches at the door!
Behold his shadow on the floor!"
EMERSON'S *Saadi.*

Lyddy Butterfield's hen turkey was of a roving disposition. She had never appreciated her luxurious country quarters in Edgewood, and was seemingly anxious to return to the modest back yard in her native city. At any rate, she was in the habit of straying far from home, and the habit was growing upon her to such an extent that she would even lead her docile little gobblers down to visit Anthony Croft's hens and share their corn.

Lyddy had caught her at it once, and was now pursuing her to that end for the second time. She paused in front of the house, but there were no turkeys to be seen. Could they have wandered up the hill road, the discontented, "traipsing," exasperating things? She started in that direction, when she heard a crash in the Croft kitchen, and then the sound of a boy's voice coming from an inner room, — a weak and querulous voice, as if the child were ill.

She drew nearer, in spite of her dread of meeting people, or above all of intruding, and saw Anthony Croft standing over the stove, with an expression of utter helplessness on his usually placid face. She had never really seen him before in the daylight, and there was something about his appearance that startled her. The teakettle was on the floor, and a sea of water was flooding the man's feet, yet he seemed to be gazing into vacancy. Presently he stooped, and fumbled gropingly for the kettle. It was too hot to be touched with impunity, and he finally left it in a despairing sort of way, and walked in the direction of a shelf, from under which a row of coats was hanging. The boy called again in a louder and more insistent tone, ending in a whimper of restless pain. This seemed to make the man more nervous than ever. His hands went patiently over and over the shelf, then paused at each separate nail.

"Bless the poor dear!" thought Lyddy. "Is he trying to find his hat, or what is he trying to do? I wonder if he is music mad?" and she drew still nearer the steps.

At this moment he turned and came rapidly toward the door. She looked straight in his face. There was no mistaking it: he was blind. The magician who had told her through his violin secrets that she had scarcely dreamed of, the wizard who could set her heart to throbbing and aching and longing as it had never throbbed and ached and longed before, the being who had worn a halo of romance and genius to her simple mind, was stone-blind! A wave of impetuous anguish, as sharp and passionate

as any she had ever felt for her own misfortunes, swept over her soul at the spectacle of the man's helplessness. His sightless eyes struck her like a blow. But there was no time to lose. She was directly in his path: if she stood still he would certainly walk over her, and if she moved he would hear her, so, on the spur of the moment, she gave a nervous cough and said, "Good-morning, Mr. Croft."

He stopped short. "Who is it?" he asked.

"I am — it is — I am — your new neighbor," said Lyddy, with a trembling attempt at cheerfulness.

"Oh, Miss Butterfield! I should have called up to see you before this if it had n't been for the boy's sickness. But I am a good-for-nothing neighbor, as you have doubtless heard. Nobody expects anything of me."

("Nobody expects anything of me." Her own plaint, uttered in her own tone!)

"I don't know about that," she answered swiftly. "You 've given me, for one, a great deal of pleasure with your wonderful music. I often hear you as you play after supper, and it has kept me from being lonesome. That is n't very much, to be sure."

"You are fond of music, then?"

"I did n't know I was; I never heard any before," said Lyddy simply; "but it seems to help people to say things they could n't say for themselves, don't you think so? It comforts me even to hear it, and I think it must be still more beautiful to make it."

Now, Lyddy Ann Butterfield had no sooner uttered this commonplace speech than the reflection darted through her mind like a lightning flash that she had never spoken a bit of her heart out like this in all her life before. The reason came to her in the same flash: she was not being looked at; her disfigured face was hidden. This man, at least, could not shrink, turn away, shiver, affect indifference, fix his eyes on hers with a fascinated horror, as others had done. Her heart was divided between a great throb of pity and sympathy for him and an irresistible sense of gratitude for herself. Sure of protection and comprehension, her lovely soul came out of her poor eyes and sat in the sunshine. She spoke her mind at ease, as we utter sacred things sometimes under cover of darkness.

"You seem to have had an accident; what can I do to help you?" she asked.

"Nothing, thank you. The boy has been sick for some days, but he seems worse since last night. Nothing is in its right place in the house, so I have given up trying to find anything, and am just going to Edgewood to see if somebody will help me for a few days."

"Uncle Tony! Uncle To—ny! where are you? Do give me another drink, I 'm so hot!" came the boy's voice from within.

"Coming, laddie! I don't believe he ought to drink so much water, but what can I do? He is burning up with fever."

"Now look here, Mr. Croft," and Lydia's tone was cheerfully decisive. "You sit down in that rocker, please, and let me command the ship for a while. This is one of the cases where a woman is necessary. First and foremost, what were you hunting for?"

"My hat and the butter," said Anthony meekly, and at this unique combination they both laughed. Lyddy's laugh was particularly fresh, childlike, and pleased; one that would have astonished the Reynolds children. She had seldom laughed heartily since little Rufus had cried and told her she frightened him when she twisted her face so.

"Your hat is in the wood-box, and I 'll find the butter in the twinkling of an eye, though why you want it now is more than — My patience, Mr. Croft, your hand is burned to a blister!"

"Don't mind me. Be good enough to look at the boy and tell me what ails him; nothing else matters much."

"I will with pleasure, but let me ease you a little first. Here 's a rag that will

be just the thing," and Lyddy, suiting the pretty action to the mendacious word, took a good handkerchief from her pocket and tore it in three strips, after spreading it with tallow from a candle heated over the stove. This done, she bound up the burned hand skillfully, and, crossing the dining-room, disappeared within the little chamber door beyond. She came out presently, and said half hesitatingly, "Would you — mind — going out in the orchard for an hour or so? You seem to be rather in the way here, and I should like the place to myself, if you 'll excuse me for saying so. I 'm ever so much more capable than Mrs. Buck; won't you give me a trial, sir? Here 's your violin and your hat. I 'll call you if you can help or advise me."

"But I can't let a stranger come in and do my housework," he objected. "I can't, you know, though I appreciate your kindness all the same."

"I am your nearest neighbor, and your only one, for that matter," said Lyddy firmly; "it 's nothing more than right that I should look after that sick child, and I must do it. I have n't got a thing to do in my own house. I am nothing but a poor lonely old maid, who 's been used to children all her life, and likes nothing better than to work over them."

A calm settled upon Anthony's perturbed spirit, as he sat under the apple-trees and heard Lyddy going to and fro in the cottage. "She is n't any old maid," he thought; "she does n't step like one; she has soft shoes and a springy walk. She must be a very handsome woman, with a hand like that; and such a voice! — I knew the moment she spoke that she did n't belong in this village."

As a matter of fact, his keen ear had caught the melody in Lyddy's voice, a voice full of dignity, sweetness, and reserve power. His sense of touch, too, had captured the beauty of her hand, and held it in remembrance, — the soft palm, the fine skin, supple fingers, smooth nails, and firm round wrist. These charms would never have been noted by any seeing man in Edgewood, but they were revealed to Anthony Croft while Lyddy, like the good Samaritan, bound up his wounds. It is these saving stars that light the eternal darkness of the blind.

Lyddy thought she had met her Waterloo when, with arms akimbo, she gazed about the Croft establishment, which was a scene of desolation for the moment. Anthony's cousin from Bridgton was in the habit of visiting him every two months for a solemn house-cleaning, and Mrs. Buck from Pleasant River came every Saturday and Monday for baking and washing. Between times Davy and his uncle did the housework together; and although it was respectably done, there was no pink-and-white daintiness about it, you may be sure.

Lyddy came out to the apple-trees in about an hour, laughing a little nervously as she said, "I 'm sorry to have taken a mean advantage of you, Mr. Croft, but I know everything you 've got in your house, and exactly where it is. I could n't help it, you see, when I was making things tidy. It would do you good to see the boy. His room was too light, and the flies were devouring him. I swept him and dusted him, put on clean sheets and pillow slips, sponged him with bay rum, brushed his hair, drove out the flies, and tacked a green curtain up to the window. Fifteen minutes after he was sleeping like a kitten. He has a sore throat and considerable fever. Could you — can you — at least, will you go up to my house on an errand?"

"Certainly I can. I know it inside and out as well as my own."

"Very good. On the clock shelf in the sitting-room there is a bottle of sweet spirits of nitre; it 's the only bottle there, so you can't make any mistake. It will help until the doctor comes. I wonder you did n't send for him yesterday?"

"Davy would n't have him," apologized his uncle.

"*Would* n't he?" said Lyddy with cheerful scorn. "He has you under pretty good control, has n't he? But children are unmerciful tyrants."

"Could n't you coax him into it before you go home?" asked Anthony in a wheedling voice.

"I can try; but it is n't likely I can influence him, if you can't. Still, if we both fail, I really don't see what 's to prevent our sending for the doctor in spite of him. He is weak as a baby, you know, and can't sit up in bed: what could he do? I will risk the consequences, if you will!"

There was a note of such amiable and winning sarcasm in all this, such a cheery, invincible courage, such a friendly neighborliness and coöperation, above all such a different tone from any he was accustomed to hear in Edgewood, that Anthony Croft felt warmed through to the core.

As he walked quickly along the road, he conjured up a vision of autumn beauty from the few hints nature gave even to her sightless ones on this glorious morning, — the rustle of a few fallen leaves under his feet, the clear wine of the air, the full rush of the swollen river, the whisking of the squirrels in the boughs, the crunch of their teeth on the nuts, the spicy odor of the apples lying under the trees. He missed his mother that morning more than he had missed her for years. How neat she was, how thrifty, how comfortable, and how comforting! His life was so dreary and aimless; and was it the best or the right one for Davy, with his talent and dawning ambition? Would it not be better to have Mrs. Buck live with them altogether, instead of coming twice a week, as heretofore? No; he shrank from that with a hopeless aversion born of Saturday and Monday dinners in her company. He could hear her pour her coffee into the saucer; hear the scraping of the cup on the rim, and know that she was setting it sloppily down on the cloth. He could remember her noisy drinking, the weight of her elbow on the table, the creaking of her calico dress under the pressure of superabundant flesh. Besides, she had tried to scrub his favorite violin with sapolio. No, anything was better than Mrs. Buck as a constancy.

He took off his hat unconsciously as he entered Lyddy's sitting-room. A gentle breeze blew one of the full red curtains towards him till it fluttered about his shoulders like a frolicsome, teasing hand. There was a sweet, pungent odor of pine boughs, a canary sang in the window, the clock was trimmed with a blackberry vine; he knew the prickles, and they called up to his mind the glowing tints he had loved so well. His sensitive hand, that carried a divining rod in every finger-tip, met a vase on the shelf, and, traveling upward, touched a full branch of alder berries tied about with a ribbon. The ribbon would be red; the woman who arranged this room would make no mistake; for in one morning Anthony Croft had penetrated the secret of Lyddy's true personality, and in a measure had sounded the shallows that led to the depths of her nature.

Lyddy went home at seven o'clock that night rather reluctantly. The doctor had said Mr. Croft could sit up with the boy unless he grew much worse, and there was no propriety in her staying longer unless there was danger.

"You have been very good to me," Anthony said gravely, as he shook her hand at parting, — "very good."

They stood together on the doorstep. A distant bell called to evening prayer meeting; the restless murmur of the river and the whisper of the wind in the pines broke the twilight stillness. The long, quiet day together, part of it spent by the sick child's bedside, had brought the two strangers curiously near to each other.

"The house has n't seemed so sweet and fresh since my mother died," he went on, as he dropped her hand, "and I have n't had so many flowers and green things in it since I lost my eyesight."

"Was it long ago?"

"Ten years. Is that long?"

"Long to bear a burden."

"I hope you know little of burden-bearing?"

"I know little else."

"I might have guessed it from the alacrity with which you took up Davy's and mine. You must be very happy to have the power to make things straight and sunny and wholesome; to breathe your strength into helplessness such as mine. I thank you, and I envy you. Good-night."

Lyddy turned on her heel without a word; her mind was beyond and above words. The sky seemed to have descended upon, enveloped her, caught her up into its heaven, as she rose into unaccustomed heights of feeling, like Elijah in his chariot of fire. She very happy! She with power, power to make things straight and sunny and wholesome! She able to breathe strength into helplessness, even a consecrated, God-smitten helplessness like his! She not only to be thanked, but envied!

Her house seemed strange to her that night. She went to bed in the dark, dreading even the light of a candle; and before she turned down her counterpane she flung herself on her knees, and poured out her soul in a prayer that had been growing, waiting, and waited for, perhaps, for years: —

"O Lord, I thank Thee for health and strength and life. I never could do it before, but I thank Thee to-night for life on any terms. I thank Thee for this home; for the chance of helping another human creature, stricken like myself; for the privilege of ministering to a motherless child. Make me to long only for the beauty of holiness, and to be satisfied if I attain to it. Wash my soul pure and clean, and let that be the only mirror in which I see my face. I have tried to be useful. Forgive me if it always seemed so hard and dreary a life. Forgive me if I am too happy because for one short day I have really helped in a beautiful way, and found a friend who saw, because he was blind, the real me underneath; the me that never was burned by the fire; the me that is n't disfigured, unless my wicked discontent has done it; the me that has lived on and on and on, starving to death for the friendship and sympathy and love that come to other women. I have spent my forty years in the wilderness, feeding on wrath and bitterness and tears. Forgive me, Lord, and give me one more vision of the blessed land of Canaan, even if I never dwell there."

VI.

"Nor less the eternal poles
Of tendency distribute souls.
There need no vows to bind
Whom not each other seek, but find."

EMERSON'S *Celestial Love.*

Davy's sickness was a lingering one. Mrs. Buck came for two or three hours a day, but Lyddy was the self-installed angel of the house, and before a week had passed the boy's thin arms were around her neck, his head on her loving shoulder, and his cheek pressed against hers. Anthony could hear them talk, as he sat in the kitchen busy at his work. Musical instruments were still brought him to repair, though less frequently than of yore, and he could still make many parts of violins far better than his seeing competitors. A friend and pupil sat by his side in the winter evenings and supplemented his weakness, helping and learning alternately, while his blind master's skill filled him with wonder and despair. The years of struggle for perfection had not been wasted; and though the eye that once detected the deviation of a hair's breadth could no longer tell the true from the false, yet nature had been busy with her divine work of compensation. The one sense stricken with death, she poured floods of new life and vigor into the others. Touch became something more than

the stupid, empty grasp of things we seeing mortals know, and in place of the two eyes he had lost he now had ten in every finger-tip. As for odors, let other folks be proud of smelling musk and lavender, but let him tell you by a quiver of the nostrils the various kinds of so-called scentless flowers, and let him bend his ear and interpret secrets that the universe is ever whispering to us who are pent in partial deafness because, forsooth, we see.

He often paused to hear Lydia's low, soothing tones and the boy's weak treble. Anthony had said to him once, "Miss Butterfield is very beautiful, is n't she, Davy? You have n't painted me a picture of her yet. How does she look?"

Davy was stricken at first with silent embarrassment. He was a truthful child, but in this he could no more have told the whole truth than he could have cut off his hand. He was knit to Lyddy by every tie of gratitude and affection. He would sit for hours with his expectant face pressed against the window-pane, and when he saw her coming down the shady road he was filled with a sense of impending comfort and joy.

"No," he said hesitatingly, "she is n't pretty, Nunky, but she 's sweet and nice and dear. Everything on her shines, it 's so clean; and when she comes through the trees, with her white apron and her purple calico dress, your heart jumps, because you know she 's going to make everything pleasant. Her hair has a pretty wave in it, and her hand is soft on your forehead; and it 's most worth while being sick just to have her in the house."

Meanwhile, so truly is "praise our fructifying sun," Lydia bloomed into a hundred hitherto unsuspected graces of mind and heart and speech. A sly sense of humor woke into life, and a positive talent for conversation, latent hitherto because she had never known any one who cared to drop a plummet into the crystal springs of her consciousness. When the violin was laid away, she would sit in the twilight, by Davy's sofa, his thin hand in hers, and talk with Anthony about books and flowers and music, and about the meaning of life, too, — its burdens and mistakes, and joys and sorrows; groping with him in the darkness to find a clue to God's purposes.

Davy had long afternoons at Lyddy's house as the autumn grew into winter. He read to her while she sewed rags for a new sitting-room carpet, and they played dominoes and checkers together in the twilight before supper time, — suppers that were a feast to the boy, after Mrs. Buck's cookery. Anthony brought his violin sometimes of an evening, and Almira Berry, the next neighbor on the road to the Mills, would drop in and join the little party. Almira used to sing Auld Robin Grey, What Will You Do, Love, and Robin Adair, to the great enjoyment of everybody; and she persuaded Lyddy to buy the old church melodeon, and learn to sing alto in Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast, Gently, Gently Sighs the Breeze, and I Know a Bank. Nobody sighed for the gayeties and advantages of a great city when, these concerts being over, Lyddy would pass crisp seed-cakes and raspberry shrub, doughnuts and cider, or hot popped corn and molasses candy.

"But there, she can afford to," said Aunt Hitty Tarbox; "she 's pretty middlin' wealthy for Edgewood. And it 's lucky she is, for she 'bout feeds that boy o' Croft's. No wonder he wants her to fill him up, after six years of the Widder Buck's victuals. Aurelia Buck can take good flour and sugar, sweet butter and fresh eggs, and in ten strokes of her hand she can make 'em into something the very hogs 'll turn away from. I declare, it brings the tears to my eyes sometimes when I see her coming out of Croft's Saturday afternoons, and think of the stone crocks full of nasty messes she 's left behind her for that innocent man and boy to eat up. . . . Anthony goes to see Miss Butterfield consid'able often. Of course it 's awstensibly to

walk home with Davy, or do an errand or something, but everybody knows better. She went down to Croft's pretty nearly every day when his cousin from Bridgton come to house-clean. She suspicioned something, I guess. Anyhow, she asked me if Miss Butterfield's two hundred a year was in gov'ment bonds. Anthony's eyesight ain't good, but I guess he could make out to cut cowpons off. . . . It would be strange if them two left-overs should take an' marry each other; though, come to think of it, I don't know 's 't would neither. He 's blind, to be sure, and can't see her scarred face. It 's a pity she ain't deef, so 't she can't hear his everlastin' fiddle. She 's lucky to get any kind of a husband; she 's too humbly to choose. I declare, she reminds me of a Jack-o'-lantern, though if you look at the back of her, or see her in meetin' with a thick veil on, she 's about the best appearin' woman in Edgewood. . . . I never see anybody stiffen up as Anthony has. He had me make him three white shirts and three gingham ones, with collars and cuffs on all of 'em. It seems as if six shirts at one time must mean something out o' the common!"

Aunt Hitty was right; it did mean something out of the common. It meant the growth of an all-engrossing, grateful, divinely tender passion between two love-starved souls. On the one hand Lyddy, who had scarcely known the meaning of love in all her dreary life, yet as full to the brim of all sweet, womanly possibilities of loving and giving as any pretty woman; on the other the blind violin-maker, who had never loved any woman but his mother, and who was in the direst need of womanly sympathy and affection.

Anthony Croft, being ministered unto by Lyddy's kind hands, hearing her sweet voice and her soft footstep, saw her as God sees, knowing the best; forgiving the worst, like God, and forgetting it, still more like God, I think.

And Lyddy? There is no pen worthy to write of Lyddy. Her joy lay deep in her heart like a jewel at the bottom of a clear pool, so deep that no ripple or ruffle on the surface could disturb the hidden treasure. If God had smitten these two with one hand, he had held out the other in tender benediction.

There had been a pitiful scene of unspeakable solemnity when Anthony first told Lyddy that he loved her, and asked her to be his wife. He had heard all her sad history by this time, though not from her own lips, and his heart went out to her all the more for the heavy cross that had been laid upon her. He had the wit and wisdom to put her affliction quite out of the question, and allude only to her sacrifice in marrying a blind man, hopelessly and helplessly dependent on her sweet offices for the rest of his life, if she, in her womanly mercy, would love him and help him bear his burdens.

When his tender words fell upon Lyddy's dazed brain she sank beside his chair, and, clasping his knees, sobbed: "I love you, I cannot help loving you, I cannot help telling you I love you! But you must hear the truth; you have heard it from others, but perhaps they softened it. If I marry you, people will always blame me and pity you. You would never ask me to be your wife if you could see my face; you could not love me an instant if you were not blind."

"Then I thank God unceasingly for my infirmity," said Anthony Croft, as he raised her to her feet.

. . . . . .

Anthony and Lyddy Croft sat in the apple orchard, one warm day in late spring.

Anthony's work would have puzzled a casual on-looker. Ten stout wires stretched between two trees, fifteen or twenty feet apart, and each group of five represented the five lines of the musical staff. Wooden bars crossed the wires at regular intervals, dividing the staff into measures. A box with many com-

partments sat on a stool beside him, and this held bits of wood that looked like pegs, but were in reality whole, half, quarter, and eighth notes, rests, flats, sharps, and the like. These were cleft in such a way that he could fit them on the wires almost as rapidly as his musical theme came to him, and Lyddy had learned to transcribe with pen and ink the music she found in wood and wire. He could write only simple airs in this way, but when he played them on the violin they were transported into a loftier region, such genius lay in the harmony, the arabesque, the delicate lacework of embroidery with which the tune was inwrought; now high, now low, now major, now minor, now sad, now gay, with the one thrilling, haunting cadence recurring again and again, to be watched for, longed for, and greeted with a throb of delight.

Davy was reading at the window, his curly head buried in a well-worn Shakespeare opened at Midsummer Night's Dream. Lyddy was sitting under her favorite pink apple-tree, a mass of fragrant bloom, more beautiful than Aurora's morning gown. She was sewing; lining with snowy lawn innumerable pockets in a square basket that she held in her lap. The pockets were small, the needles were fine, the thread was a length of cobweb. Everything about the basket was small except the hopes that she was stitching into it; they were so great that her heart could scarcely hold them. Nature was stirring everywhere. The seeds were springing in the warm earth. The hens were clucking to their downy chicks just out of the eggs. The birds were flying hither and thither in the apple boughs, and there was one little home of straw so hung that Lyddy could look into it and see the patient mother brooding her nestlings. The sight of her bright eyes, alert for every sign of danger, sent a rush of feeling through Lyddy's veins that made her long to clasp the little feathered mother to her own breast.

A sweet gravity and consecration of thought possessed her, and the pink blossoms falling into her basket were not more delicate than the rose-colored dreams that flushed her soul.

Anthony put in the last wooden peg, and taking up his violin called, "Davy, lad, come out and tell me what this means!"

Davy was used to this; from a wee boy he had been asked to paint the changing landscape of each day, and to put into words his uncle's music.

Lyddy dropped her needle, the birds stopped to listen, and Anthony played.

"It is this apple orchard in May time," said Davy; "it is the song of the green things growing, is n't it?"

"What do you say, dear?" asked Anthony, turning to his wife.

Love and hope had made a poet of Lyddy. "I think Davy is right," she said. "It is a dream of the future, the story of all new and beautiful things growing out of the old. It is full of the sweetness of present joy, but there is promise and hope in it besides. It is like the Spring sitting in the lap of Winter, and holding a baby Summer in her bosom."

Davy did not quite understand this, though he thought it pretty; but Lyddy's husband did, and when the boy went back to his books, he took his wife in his arms and kissed her twice, — once for herself, and then once again.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

THE DANCER.

Skin creamy as the furled magnolia bud
That stabs the dusky shadows of her hair;
Great startled eyes, and sudden-pulsing blood
Staining her cheek, and throat, and shoulder bare.

(*Ah! Manuelita,*
Pepita mia,
List the cachuca!
Dance! dance!)

Swaying she stands, the while one rounded arm
Draws her mantilla's folds in shy disguise,
Till in the music's subtle, quick'ning charm
Her trancèd soul forgets the alien eyes.

Fades the swift flush, save from the rose-soft mouth,
And all the glamoured memories of Spain
Fling wide her veil; the vintage of the South
Leaps in her heart, and laughs through ev'ry vein!

(*Ah! Manuelita,*
Star of Cordova,
Passion and innocence,
Dance! dance!)

Gone from her gaze the stage, the mimicry.
Yon painted scene? It is Cordova's walls!
The eager trumpets ring to revelry —
The banderillero cries — the toro falls!

The vision thrills to heart, to eyes, to lips;
Her castanets click out in conscious pride;
Curved throat, arched foot, and lissome-swaying hips,
The music sweeps her in its swirling tide.

Love and denial, mockery and desire,
A fountain tossing in its moody play,
Tempest of sunshine, cloud, and dew, and fire,
Dancing in joyance to the jocund day!

(*Ah! Manuelita,*
Till the moon swoons in mist,
Till the stars dim and die,
Dance! dance!)

Soft! through the music steals a yearning strain —
Now distant viols grieve down the drowsy night —
Her fluttering feet are poised; then drift again,
Luring in languor, dreamy with delight.

(*Ah! Manuelita,*
Witch of the wingèd feet,
Lead on to dream or death!
Dance! dance!)

Hushed in her heart are raptures and alarms;
Falling, as water falleth, to her knees,
She spreads the drifted foam-wreath of her arms;
The music dies in whispered ecstasies.

Ednah Proctor Clarke.

THE CHAMPION OF THE MIDDLE GROUND.

A CONVERSATIONAL DUO BETWEEN THE ONE AND THE OTHER.

The One. When the social constitution of the world shall come to be revised, I hope I shall be present, to suggest the creation of a few new offices with plenary powers. From time to time we hear some hard-headed man or woman inquiring whether the "fool-killer" has been on his rounds of late. Undoubtedly, there was a crying need for the services of this functionary long before the creation of such an office was proposed. Now I have in mind another sort of noble ameliorator, to perform a more delicate because it is a more diplomatic service in the world. I should like to create a new knight, if the power were given into my hands to do so.

The Other. Well, why not? "This is the court of the queen." But what would his cognizance be?

The One. He should be known as the Champion of the Middle Ground. I had not thought of him as an absolute necessity, until the other day when I was listening to a warm dispute which was waxing acrimonious, as it seemed to me. As the *casus belli* developed, there appeared to be so many wrongs on the right side, and so many rights on the wrong side of the question that I found myself, mentally, in something like a fierce advocacy between the two disputants. I want a champion who will defend this very position.

The Other. Ah, I see. But your knight would need all the valor in the old Roman world, and all the Machiavellianism in the mediæval, to maintain his position there, to say nothing of doing effective service in the abstract. Your Champion would himself need a champion.

The One. I do not see why. Please explain.

The Other. Because he would have the heroic task of proving that he was not identical with the Man Who Sits on the Fence. There would even be some who would mistake your knight for the Prince of Shysters. The most indulgent of spectators could account for him only on the ground that he was possessed of a temperament too cold to admit of his becoming vehemently involved in the in-

terests of either antagonist. His judicious neutrality would be admired by some, but distrusted by all.

The One. But you forget, or I have not said, that my Champion of the Middle Ground has nothing of all this in his composition. He is not neutral in any question. He is more deeply involved than either of the combatants, in the human issue between them. With such a person as I am thinking of there can be no real indifference. Where he does not either love or hate, he entertains at least what might be called a passionate indifference. Nothing occurs which does not force him into a well-defined mental attitude. He may not embrace the cause of either of the contending parties; but it is because he is retained by a third party in the dispute, whom the other two have not recognized, and whose claim, if advanced, they would both indignantly repudiate as irrelevant; and thereupon they would fall to abusing its champion, and probably lose sight of the disagreement between themselves.

The Other. That third party is Justice, and your Champion of the Middle Ground might also bear the title of Counsel for Fair Play? Yes; I quite agree with you that he who undertakes this part, so far from being calculating and non-committal, and of a frigid temperament, must be something quite opposite; else he had never been on the field of combat. His method must be dispassionate; nevertheless the nature is an impassioned one. But you do not expect the disputants or the spectators in general to recognize this fact, do you?

The One. Alas, no; for however much they may profit by such intervention, as a rule there is a tendency to depreciate the nature which offers it. Sooner or later all would have banished Aristides, not, as was declared, because they were tired of hearing that he was just, but because they were tired of his being just. Commonly, such persons speak of a scrupulous sense of justice as to the property and right of others as somehow necessarily implying a coldness and hard calculation in one's mental composition. To borrow and not to restore promptly, to neglect or defer to pay the bill of the laundress (or even the coin to great Cæsar himself, the tyrant!), may be the insignia of an ardent and liberal nature; but in that case it would follow that ardent and liberal natures are in excess in the world, — a statement that no one is ready to corroborate. But as to the Champion of the Middle Ground. We produce out of our own heads the plan of a temperament, hastily cut out by some old well-worn die of popular belief, aligned by some convenient character-gauge, and assign the result to him who acts the thankless part of moderator. In this temperament there is no place left by us for the "generous faults;" we reserve those to ourselves! According to the general belief, as you have suggested, the Champion of the Middle Ground exercises his function well, simply because he is of too cold a temperament to become embroiled in the causes which agitate his fellows. Now, why should they have this opinion?

The Other. Perhaps because your Champion, however vehemently he may feel, is slow to define in words the position he holds. And words, my dear friend, speak louder than actions, whatever you may have heard to the contrary from our preceptors. What is said is invariably heeded, unless in case of poor Cassandra and her order of prophetesses. What is done is sometimes heeded; but it can always be rendered of no effect by a judicious use of the antidote of words. Your Champion must not indulge his inclination to taciturnity, if he hopes to vindicate his position. It will be a long time yet in the world's little history before the violently assertive person learns that he who remains silent is not therefore timidly acquiescent. There is a species of arrogance which thinks to

do the contumelious act vulgarly known as "sitting down upon" him who does not readily retaliate. It mistakes non-belligerency for cowardly humility, which it is at first inclined to visit with irony of compassion, and then to treat as in the significant phrase used most frequently by the Irish, "Knock a man down, and then kick him for falling." These two can never really come together in fair fight. One approaches with the sword of the spirit, and the other with a bludgeon as material in composition as words can make it. The combat between them is even more quixotic in its character; it is "to take arms against a sea of troubles." It is not in the nature of things that the tempest should recognize the fact of there being dispatch in steel. But to come back. The difficulty seems to be that your Champion of the Middle Ground occupies an entirely anomalous position. As I see him, he is not merely an umpire; his interest is too impassioned, too personal, — not in behalf of persons, but of justice as a personal cause. He is not a judge, for he has never been gowned and invested with the unimpeachable high powers of the judiciary. He is not a professional mediator, for he is not even benevolently pragmatic; he does not take the initiative, and though his interest is readily roused, he prefers to keep away from inflammatory occasions. He "rescues the drowning and ties his shoestrings," and does not remain to receive the reward therefor (or, what is quite as likely to follow, criticisms of his method of rescue). Your Champion is the Disinherited Knight who in general makes no very striking figure on a given occasion, but a few who were present may afterwards recall him with an interest half regretful, sometimes even poignant. They would fain have deciphered the legend on his shield, and learned "what he was all about." There, have I discerned him at all in his true colors?

The One. You make me think that you have been at some tournament where he was present. But is n't it strange that there should be any confusion as to the device on his banner?

The Other. Is there anything so rare in this world as a "sense of justice"? It would be a satisfactory thing could we determine how far it is inherent in human nature, how far due to the world's growing recognition of the fact that the exercise of this trait is a matter of reciprocal convenience. However, there is an intimation that it is recognized as a useful expedient, in the old popular injunction, "Live and let live." One must move with the motion of the system to which one belongs. The reign of injustice has been found, in the evolution of the race, to be inexpedient. No individual cares to be obsolescent, and so no one is as despotic and unreasonable as the primal instinct in him would at times dictate.

The One. Say also, "the primal instinct in *her*."

The Other. My dear lady, I could not say it. You yourself so exemplify —

The One. Oh, make no mistake. It is very hard for a woman to be entirely just. I wonder our old Greek friends, the mythologists, ever figured Justice in the guise of woman. It was a great pity; and the distinction only emphasizes the disparity between fact and fancy. Pray do not insist upon an exception. Don't you know that it is a sort of injustice to attribute to one merits which one does not possess, to assign a character more sternly great than one will ever be able to bear out?

The Other. But what if it is exemplified before my very eyes that a woman can be just, and if I have within the moment past heard her affirm a desire for a Champion who shall exercise the faculty of just judgment in the highest degree?

The One. I can only say that this woman — such a woman — has made a very valiant conflict against a native propensity towards injustice. You have

sometimes said that it requires intelligence to be able to tell the truth. Any acquisition of the sense of justice which I may have made is due to such exercise of intelligence. Perceiving that the progress of the race no longer permits us to be unjust, I am determined to throw myself in line. Once having seen so cruel a defect, who would not save herself from being unjust, as much as is possible? Such is the force of habit, I own, that now, after having practiced taking large draughts of tolerance for some time, possibly I am myself hurt more than any other human creature when I have on any occasion yielded to the "primal instinct," as you call it. There! having made my confession, I am disposed to modify it in one direction, if you will have patience: I do not think I am actively unjust; that is to say, I would not hasten to volunteer judgment, which act nearly always results in injustice. God has made his creatures, and it is his affair to judge them. It seems to me that we ought to be supremely thankful that we are not deputed to this office. It grows more and more a wonder to me that so many should be willing to assume so onerous (and gratuitous) a responsibility. Then, too, I observe that none are more willing to administer justice than those who possess the least sense of what justice is. None are more willing to condemn than the culpable. *Per contra*, I notice that the nearer the just man is to being made perfect in that respect, the more lenient will be his judgment of those peccant. So far from its being the sign of the kingdom of heaven within us, — this desire to levy judgment and to execute justice, — it might be regarded as a particular designation of the world and its way.

The Other. Did you ever reflect that by nature we are all attorneys; the judicial faculty is a matter of cultivation? "Attorneying" has become a phrase of more than professional application. It is the advocate's business to gather up all the testimony favorable to his client, and from it to construct his argument and his "eloquent appeal to the jury." All negative testimony he carefully rules out of his plea, and endeavors to annihilate it in the minds of that discriminate twelve, the jury. How singular a thing it is, when we consider it, that the judge, in our courts of justice, has himself been one of those habituated to ruling out the negative testimony; and yet now, in his judicial capacity, he must give impartial ear to both affirmative and negative testimony! How can he overcome the mental habit of the advocate? It would sometimes seem that there should be training schools for the judiciary, something quite different from those in which the lawyer receives his education. But as I was saying, we are all natural attorneys, and those of us who are constituted judges (self-constituted, or otherwise) bring to the adjudication of human affairs the methods and point of view of the attorney, of him who has been retained by his own strong prejudices or predilections.

The One. Speaking of such methods, have you ever noticed that in all societies there are certain individuals who are never just, who have no impulse to be so, except when they undertake to defend the unjust? They can endure to see the innocent assailed without coming to the rescue, and ridicule cast upon unpretending merit; but let a word be uttered which is, constructively, unfair to an inconsiderate and violent person, and our advocate dashes out with all the equipment and valor of noble championship in that person's behalf. And this is often the case where the advocate is gifted with a really large measure of the judicial faculty; and it cannot be said in excuse that the intelligence is lacking which is necessary to a just discrimination.

The Other. I know those of whom you speak. It is not easy at all times

to understand the *rationale* of their conduct or motives. The judicial faculty is indeed present, and one might expect it to be exerted on the side of obvious justice. It is a question whether it is mere indolence and inertia that interfere with its exercise in behalf of worthy objects, on the one hand, or whether, on the other, it is pride in unique and solitary action that rushes the Champion into the field when but the smallest show of deserving calls forth so chivalrous a demonstration. Don't you think we might call such individuals the Criminal Lawyers of Society, since it is their forte to feel the fictitious grievance of a client without a cause, the wrongs of a defendant against whom the general voice of a sturdy commonalty is unanimously raised? There are others to whom some preconceived situation requiring adjustment so appeals that, without waiting to learn the individual rights of the case, the general idea of justice and fair play runs away with them as the horses of the Sun ran away with Phaethon. "If there 's a government, sure, I 'm agin it," satisfied that all stringent measures must needs be despotism. They are the same order of individuals who, on the most incomplete testimony, or with no testimony at all, espouse the cause of the "under dog" in any fight. I recall having read somewhere a very clever little poem which slyly satirizes this exuberant enthusiasm for the losing side, right or wrong, by representing as among the spectators of a "free fight" one who boldly proclaims that as for himself, however others may choose, he is for the "outside dog in the fight." Might not this humorous commentator have been one and the same with your Champion of the Middle Ground? — indulging in a somewhat grotesque humor and the broad vernacular, it is true; but then he must have his little diversions and undress occasions. It would be a wearisome thing never to descend from the "high horse."

The One. Ah, you are laughing at my cavalier. But then he does a great deal of laughing at himself, as well as at others. He strongly suspects at times that he cuts a figure much resembling that of Cervantes' old Don, while the "high horse" he rides can but suggest Rosinante to the general observer. All the same, he is not discouraged from his knight-errantry.

The Other. Heaven forbid! Among the services rendered by the Champion of the Middle Ground would be the destruction of what you a little while ago termed a "character-gauge:" a man is this because he is that; or, a man cannot be this because he is that. One is a spendthrift; but then you can rely on his being generous to his friends. One is rough and ready in his speech; but at least you can learn the truth from him. A woman is intellectual; she is therefore a "spirit," and "too bright and good" to meet the requisitions of Mr. Wordsworth's ideal of gracious womanhood. And so on. We should be much indebted to the Champion of the Middle Ground for taking away from us these toys of a false dialectic, these too convenient units of measurement which we employ to save the trouble of finding out in what special way one individual differs from another, even when both fall under some given type. The pigeon-hole and label system is so much more convenient and time-saving than is any outlay of ingenuity in determining and naming all the human variations from the generic specimens which come in our way.

The One. I seem to hear my Champion say, in one of those whimsical moods in which he sometimes indulges, that it is not so much a moral good as it is a certain artistic sense of proportion that impels him to interfere in behalf of moderation. The balance is too heavily weighted on one side; he cannot help throwing in whatever shall serve as make-weight. "It is not quite as you think it is," he says in effect. "There is this plus quan-

tity, there is this outstanding consideration: what will you do with these?" Moreover, he knows that there are certain causes forever dear and forcibly eloquent to the human heart. Indeed, their eloquence is so appealing that, like siren music, it preoccupies the ear to the exclusion of all claims from the opposite quarter. One class of petitioners, while the world stands, is sure to have audience and able advocacy, — sure of the heart-beats, if not the heart-blood of its champions freely expended in its behalf. I do not say that this is not well. But the weak will be supported always, the strong almost never.

The Other. If you will leave it to the Muse to state the case, might not the whole matter be put in this way? —

"If I have pity for the Strong,
Whom unforbearing weaklings throng,
And lade with burdens great and small,
Till by the way ye droop and fall;
If I have pity and refrain,
And, while I may, my load sustain,
And *sursum corda* cheerly chant, —
If I have pity, pity grant!
If I forbear all the day long,
On me have pity, O ye Strong,
If at the day's close I should cry,
'I faint, — me, too, pass ye not by!'"

To Strength did craven Weakness go,
On Strength did craven Weakness throw
The load it did not list to bear.
To Strength did fretful Sloth repair,
Of Strength did fretful Sloth require
To pique its languishing desire,
And dress dull Time in boon attire.
To Strength did party Zeal apply,
To be its champion and ally;
To Strength all minion things resort,
When they would have a friend at court.

To each of these did Strength give ear,
Spake piteous words, gave cordial cheer,
Nor slackened patience all day long,
Howe'er so pressed the clamoring throng.
But when, at last, went forth the cry,
"I faint, — me, too, oh pass not by!"
Lo! Strength nor help nor credence gave!
Not to the Merciful, the Brave,
Not to the unrepining Strong,
Lives Strength, but to the clamoring throng.

The One. Yes. Again I see you have met my Champion in some of his quixotic but perhaps not altogether hopeless contests. It will be a great triumph if he can bring the world to have consideration for its burden-bearers, and a peculiar triumph if he can persuade Strength to have compassion for Strength as well as for the Weakness whose blind eyes will never be opened to see how great is the debt it owes to the arm on which it leans. But I have another commission for the Champion to execute, — perhaps a twofold commission. It is, to persuade the zealous and partial friend, while he is sparing from chastisement those dear to himself, to forbear balancing the account of justice by inflicting double punishment upon those not dear to him, and who may be guilty of no greater obliquity than he has extenuated in his own elect. I know that my swans may be geese; I am sure that another's are so; but I must be indulgent to the masquerade which that other one chooses to encourage, while I hug closely the same delusion. Still another task for the Champion to perform. It is to convince the friend, the lover, the ward, that declared hostility towards one's errors of thought or of conduct in no wise affects the real situation between any two who are mutually dear. I have tried to love the faults of several of my friends; but the effort too often seems like encouraging a known traitor in the house of a friend. If I love my friend well, shall I not apprise him of the lurking enemy? Now, if I, too, were to call the Muse to my aid to state the case, I think she would speak in some such language as the following: —

Think'st thou if any skill could draw a veil,
Or tenderness could shield, that Love's would fail?
No, no. Love saw thy fault, that fault thou hast,
For shaftlike through Love's breast its knowledge passed;
And ere Love's trembling lips its name could urge,
Love had endured fast, vigil, and the scourge.

The Other. If I remember rightly, Emerson has some such observation as this: He will find himself in sufficiently tragic situations in life who resolves to tell the truth. The Champion of the Middle Ground seems to have been born with a fatal instinct for telling the truth. In this heroic venture, he relies on an intelligent and joyous hospitality on the part of others, as great as his own, to receive the truth. He cannot understand party reserve nor partisan hostility towards the same. Is the position a false one? Shift your position, is the only remedy. Is there a doubt? Hazard the doubt; for until its voice has been audited, the confirmation of faith is impossible. While others propose, at the start, to make the best of things, he is disposed to make the worst of them; so to build upon a securer foundation. How many times have we spoken of that pathetic text in Job, and the usually suppressed human cry in its conclusion: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him; but I will maintain mine own ways before him." With that voice from Arabia still crying in the wilderness, how can the world be so summary with its honest doubters, its Champions (whether they will or not) of the Middle Ground of religious thought!

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MIDDLE GROUND.

SUPPLEMENTARY VERSES WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY THE ONE OR THE OTHER.

"Lo! thou art craven!" they cried;
"Thine allegiance no man may know;
For now thou dost fight on our side,
And now on the side of our foe!"

"Behold, I have changed not my troth,
On the Middle Ground where I stand;
I fight but the foe of ye both,
A malign, invisible band!

"For ye both have welcomed allies
More fell than the foe ye would smite.
Error and Guile in proud guise,—
These, and not you, would I fight.

"Therefore I strike as I may,
Wherever marches the foe;
And this must I do, though ye say
Mine allegiance no man may know!"

With the sword of the Spirit he smote,
With the wreath of the Spirit was crowned;
For they fell on that soldier devote . . .
And his grave was the Middle Ground.

Edith M. Thomas.

NEW FIGURES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

I. DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH.

Because an art that reduces itself to the simplest and purest terms of expression brings us immediately in contact with the artist's idea, it may be said that we have no more transparent canon of æsthetic perfection than that which exists in Greek sculpture. Plastic art, in any country and at any time, would enjoy a similar distinction were its followers always capable of reaching its highest levels. In other words, it is in sculpture that an artist is given at once the most exacting and most inspiring opportunity to express his genius; for as he thumbs away layer after layer of the clay, he leaves less and less to intervene between his conception and the world. Sculpture is the inspiration in the concrete; less absolute, less isolated, than architecture, perhaps, because it is representative, illustrative, where architecture presents nothing save itself, but spared the renunciations of the sublimer art by the absence of utilitarian considerations. It is

necessary to make this contention as a basis for the assertion that the subject of this paper carries us as close as it is possible to get to the animating elements of American art. It is only in proportion as he carries us thus close that an artist is interesting and suggestive. To seek the very substructure of an emotion, of a talent, of an art, to pursue the colors of a personality to their uttermost source, may seem sometimes to be refining upon refinement; yet I cannot feel that it is to consider too curiously to consider so, for it is at the roots of things that you find what they have most to give. The Autocrat has a fine figure on this point. "They little know," he says, "the tidal movements of national thought and feeling who believe that they depend for existence on a few swimmers who ride their waves. It is not Leviathan that leads the ocean from continent to continent, but the ocean which bears his mighty bulk as it wafts its own bubbles." It is the same in art. No artist worth the name ever failed to lead his fellowmen higher and further along the road of spiritual construction; but no artist, either, who ever produced good work failed to build it on the spirit of his time. I can find, therefore, no more stimulating point of departure, in speaking of Mr. French, than that afforded by his intimate identification with the best thoughts and feelings of his place and time. He is an American sculptor, and his significance for us is that he has been disengaging from the play and interplay of eclectic tendencies what it seems to me must be the American idea. He has himself elements of eclecticism, but the turning-point in that transitional phase of a national art is marked when specific alien qualities are forgotten, and contemplation of a work perceives only its essential, entire effect. Alien qualities are forgotten in Mr. French's art, as they are forgotten in the works of his two most distinguished contemporaries on this side the water.

Is it often realized, I wonder, how free from fads and fashions sculpture in America has been, how emancipated from the whims of the schools it has been, in comparison with painting? Sculpture, with us, has gone through no such period of disorder and doubt as pictorial art has suffered in impressionism; it has not felt the force of such a wave of change as swept across our school of painters from the romantic glades of Barbizon. Our best sculptors have been, without effort, our best Americans in art. Take the two colleagues of Mr. French alluded to above, Mr. Olin Warner and Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens. Warner has acknowledged the sway of Greek art, and has embodied in the caryatides of his beautiful fountain on the Pacific coast just such austerely sweet images as you would expect of a classic temperament. The same strain has made itself felt in some of his busts, notably that of Alden Weir, wherein he has subdued a most realistic motive to the serene yet exquisitely veracious temper of a Grecian style. But when Warner rose to the great subject of his Garrison statue, a work infinitely removed from the perfunctory mood to which some thoughtless critics have ascribed it, he responded unmistakably to the Americanism in his theme, and wrought out his dignified work on lines neither classic nor romantic, but intellectual, imaginative, sympathetic, and critical, as the country and the moment demanded. Similarly, Mr. St. Gaudens has proclaimed in many of his works, in his statues of angels and in his medallions, an instinctive feeling for the grace, the elegance, the decorative charm of Renaissance sculpture. But in the presence of General Sherman, in the presence of Lincoln, all that fell away, and the style in which he has perpetuated those great men is in unshakable accord with their own American fibre. There is no memory of American achievement in art more comforting to carry around Europe than the noble statue of Lincoln which adorns

the park named for him in Chicago. In no Continental school has work more elevated or more authoritative been done in any style, and only one of the French masters, Dubois, has risen to the plane of Mr. St. Gaudens's fine impersonality.

The Parisian school always finds it hard to get away from its idiosyncrasies. Here in America two eminent sculptors, as I have shown, have accomplished the feat, and to them must be added a third in the person of Mr. French. His inclusion in the group is a matter of recent date, if we look at it with reference to definite exhibitions and reintroductions to the public, and he is indeed one of the latest figures in American art; yet it is instructive to observe, as a proof of the logic of evolution, how the nature of his individuality has been left unchanged from the first. I used to think, as I studied the gigantic statue of the Republic at Chicago, during the summer of 1893, and remembered vaguely certain rather decorative busts by Mr. French in long past exhibitions, that the requirements imposed by his architectural surroundings at the Fair had called out a new impulse in him. I thought that he had had the severity of his Columbian work forced upon him, more or less. I find now that he has always cultivated the peculiar tone of simplicity there disclosed so impressively. Looking back systematically over the work which he has put forth since the Minute Man, at Concord, of 1875, his first statue, one is aware that his *métier* was settled then. I like to think of it as being settled on such a figure in American history. It has been said over and over again that the earliest effort of an American sculptor is bound to be the effigy of an American Indian; but Mr. French appears to have escaped that, and to have plunged at once into an analysis of the American genius as we know it best, the American idea as it was founded on New England character and courage. The Minute Man is not more than promising as a work of art. Those who have rambled about the old battlefield will remember it as a straightforward, cleanly executed piece of work, in which the idea uppermost is one of physical alertness and defiance. There is in it no touch of the idealizing ambition which led its author to attack Endymion, in his first group, designed in Florence soon after. Imagination has no mean subject in the early defenders of the flag, no matter how homespun their exterior, and in this statue there is no imagination to be apprehended at all. But the work has one quality which it is important to remember. Without being profound, it is yet far from shallow; it is thoroughly dignified, and, in its tentative way, thoughtful. There, I believe, is one of Mr. French's chiefest virtues, and one of the things that most make him valuable to us at this stage in the development of American art. I have never seen anything of his that was trivial in subject. I have never known him to fall below his theme. And his subject has always been worth while, partly as a matter of individual taste, and partly owing to his environment. You could not be born in New Hampshire forty-five years ago, receive your first lessons in modeling, as Mr. French did, from a member of the Alcott family, live at Concord in friendly intercourse with Emerson, sit under Dr. Rimmer's earnest discourse, and fall back upon thoughts and things of no earthly consequence. The atmosphere in which Mr. French grew up was never without incentives to aspiration and seriousness. Curiously, however, it does not appear that his first adventures in the region of fancy, to which his Endymion had drawn him on the threshold of his European apprenticeship in the studio of Thomas Ball, were prolonged enough or were felt enough to leave any permanent marks upon his career. Much later he returned to that enchanted ground, but

between the Minute Man and his first authoritative work, the John Harvard statue, unveiled at Cambridge in 1884, the only outlets he found for his ideas were some allegorical groups for post-offices in St. Louis, Philadelphia, and Boston, in which he had nothing to say that bears a deeply suggestive burden now. The meditative turn of mind which has been referred to was not yet liberated from the trammels of immaturity; it had not yet begun to move freely, intuitively, naturally, and with the special force of an eager individuality around a wholly sympathetic motive. Such a motive came to Mr. French in the Harvard statue.

He was in his thirty-second or thirty-third year, and had labored long in the technique of his art. His earliest handling of the modeler's tools was in his eighteenth year, and he had been studying continuously ever since. He brought to the execution of the Harvard, then, an accomplished hand and a mind in harmony with the mental and emotional equipoise of his sitter. I speak of Harvard as though he had posed for Mr. French, because, on his massive pedestal amid the Cambridge trees, he sits with just that sharply outlined character of purpose and repose which must have been his in life. It is an entirely just portrait, as it seems to me, of a single-minded Puritan type. We have had the masculine nature that went to mould the Commonwealth very acutely crystallized in American sculpture. The Chapin monument at Springfield, by Mr. St. Gaudens, utters the last word on the stern and almost truculent integrity of Puritan New England, the unbending, uncompromising side of a society with iron laws. Mr. French's Harvard revives the more urbane lineaments of Puritan scholarship, and shows us a man whose intolerance, whatever it might amount to, would at least be marked by a certain grave reticence. There is nothing choleric in this reflective, almost pensive figure. It is the founder of the university as we would most care to know him, easy, approachable, yet conscious to the full of the gravity of his place in the world. It is an ideal portrait, but its ideality never leaves out of account the restraint, the sense of measure, the almost local traits of manner and bearing, which make of the founder not only a man, but a personality.

I dwell upon these matters because they refer very closely to Mr. French's own character as an artist. He is himself reserved and jealous of the proprieties which govern his art. To prove this, it is only necessary to consider the excellent taste which rules the Harvard in every one of its details. Here was an opportunity to give picturesqueness its full value, to make the most of Harvard's interesting costume, one of the most refined and artistic our country has known. Amongst all the old furniture of the time, surely some relic might have provided Mr. French with a much more decorative passage in his design than that which he has extracted from the simple chair reproduced in the group. But for the decorative idea in any such sense as this, for picturesqueness of the sort that might have been derived from Harvard's dress and shoes, he has no fondness. Decorative he can be when occasion demands it. On the chimney-breast in his studio, he modeled, some ten years ago, an allegorical procession which gives a true and very graceful solution of the problem which any space presents that has been left free for mural decoration. Picturesqueness of a high order he can control when necessary, as a glance at one of his latest productions will demonstrate below. But neither in the arabesque nor in the accidental irregularities of quaint attire does this artist find anything but subsidiary sources of effect. The broad aim of his work is *monumental*, and in the John Harvard his object was attained with uncommon and almost unqualified success.

If there is a reservation to be made,

it is in connection with the self-denial for which Mr. French and two of his fellow-sculptors have just been praised. Mr. French wisely holds his idiosyncrasies in abeyance. But there is such a thing as suppressing them altogether, and that is less judicious. To be impersonal is one thing, to be colorless is another; and in the Harvard statue it is true that Mr. French comes dangerously near to leaving himself quite out of sight. But it is from excess of virtue that he does so, and the point is made in passing, not as one to be pressed. It may more than once occur to the critic of Mr. French's work that it lacks something racy, lacks warmth of color and the earmarks of a fervid personality; but that, after all, is only another way of saying that the sculptor is himself, and not somebody else. His temperament, evidently, is not of the impulsive, varied sort. In so far as his work illuminates the question he is of the race of deliberative, even cautious artists; and this being admitted, we revert to the abstract character of the Harvard as to one of the most eloquent revelations of the sculptor's individuality. The coldness which permeates this work thaws out, moreover, when another subject is undertaken, richer in sentiment and emotion.

Four or five years after the Harvard was put up, Mr. French designed the memorial to Gallaudet which stands in Washington. The beneficent teacher is seated, with his arm around the deaf-mute girl who was his first pupil. The right hand of each is uplifted in the making of their talk. The faces, turned to each other in mute interrogation and reply, are conceived with genuine tenderness. There is downright pathos in the group. In respect to merely human interest Mr. French has done nothing finer. It is not the moral of the statue, though, to which I wish to call attention. Its value as a work of art resides in the subtle precision with which it suspends two figures, thrilling with emotion, midway between the ebullience of life and the fixity of monumental art. In the simplicity and dignity and symmetry of the group, the rounded excellence of the Harvard is repeated. In the vivacity and poignant intensity which it possesses, it establishes Mr. French on higher ground. He passes through this to the facility and balance distinguishing his treatment of the majestic works which have brought him actual fame.

To attribute the quality of majesty to the statue of the Republic at the Fair, to the Columbus Quadriga reared above the peristyle behind it, and to the Milmore statue in Forest Hills cemetery, near Boston, is not in the least hyperbolical. They deserve the epithet to the full; and it is just because they do deserve it that Mr. French occupies his present position in America. Grandeur, stateliness, the heroic handling of heroic material, these are things for which it is ever necessary to go far afield. They are found in Mr. French's art, and they are found, furthermore, couched in a language that he has cultivated within our very gates. To resume a line of discussion at which we have already glanced, he has given us an interpretation of beauty which comes not through classic or romantic channels, not through a composite of antique art and modern European, but through a style that is his own, and that is mature, refined, and vigorous. The great colossus that looked down in gilded splendor upon the academic arcades of the Court of Honor remained, for all its reëchoing of their characteristics of simplicity, an American goddess conceived by an American. The ancient severity of line was there in obedience to the spirit that dominated the entire architectural scheme. The tranquillity and power which seemed concentrated in the vast quadrangle of dazzling white were finally summed up and ratified, as it were, in the benign calmness of the goddess who surveyed it all. Yet while she was in it and of it, while the effect of

this statue was inextricably mingled with that of the buildings on every side, showing that Mr. French's sense of relation had never for a moment forsaken him, the intrinsic beauty of the Republic remained different from the beauty of classic art; and I mean different in kind, not in degree. It was a goddess of the West, not of the East. Accepting a certain convention of drapery furnished by Greek, and especially Roman art, the sculptor nevertheless contrived to maintain an atmosphere, a style, an indefinable touch of character and vitality, for which only his native instinct was to be thanked. This judgment was confirmed by the Quadriga, which was lifted to even a higher altitude than the Republic. On the triumphal arch in the centre of the peristyle which screened the buildings from the lake, Columbus rode triumphant in a chariot drawn by mettled chargers, and attended by pages, mounted and on foot. Classic, broadly speaking, this spirited group was; and indeed there was no more felicitous embellishment in all that extensive panorama of antique beauty than the dauntless captain riding on in power, like a new Cæsar at the portals of a new Rome. But here again Mr. French disarmed such judges as might have been disposed to question the unborrowed origin of his work. The classic framework of the Quadriga was compelled by the exigencies of the situation. The management of the group, once its reference to the peristyle and the court was decided upon, was dictated purely by Mr. French's natural habit; the group took on the air of severe simplicity combined with force of execution which had been foreshadowed in the John Harvard of ten years previous. There was improvement, of course, signalized in the later work; there were gains in flow of line, in breadth, most of all in virility and picturesqueness. Here, raised to a higher power, was the movement which began to stir in Mr. French's group of Gallaudet and his pupil. With the most engaging persistence and faith, he had worked out the principles those works had first advanced. He had applied them in the celebration of even more imposing themes, and they were discovered to be more potent than had first seemed possible.

If I have touched upon the works at Chicago before discussing Mr. French's most remarkable monument, which has a prior claim in point of time, it is because the latter really provides the most natural period on which to terminate an examination of his art. For years after he first became known, his work enforced respect and admiration. At the Fair, the Republic and the Quadriga widened immensely the sculptor's celebrity. But it was upon the appearance of the Milmore monument, in 1892, that the scope of his talent was recognized and applauded most significantly; it was then that he was established in the place in which this paper finds him, in the very front rank. It is this monument which turns criticism into something not unlike eulogy. Martin Milmore, over whose grave it now stands, was an Irish sculptor, whose figure must still be remembered in Boston, since he died there only a few years ago, in 1887. He it was who was responsible for the soldiers' monument on the Common, and whose handiwork was invoked in the same cause at Mount Auburn. He was an older man when he died than the stalwart young chiseler represented in Mr. French's monument; but it may be said, apropos of this, that in no respect does the latter follow the facts in the dead sculptor's career. To do this was not Mr. French's intention. What he wanted to symbolize was the curtailment by death of any manly life dedicated to plastic art, and to recall in the Sphinx upon which his sculptor is engaged, not the well-known monster which Milmore himself once produced, but the insoluble mystery which stands forever between life and death. To most of the readers of these lines the design of this beauti-

ful statue is probably familiar. It represents a sculptor laboring upon a bas-relief of the Sphinx. As he stands with chisel and hammer uplifted, the angel of death approaches and arrests the hand in its task. The idea is simplicity itself. The allegory needs no elucidation. The group has no complexities. Its meaning is pithily conveyed. Yet no work has made its entrance into the field of American sculpture which has left an impression more deep, more lovely, more richly laden with the solace of lofty sentiment beautifully enshrined. I have said that after his first poetic essay, the Endymion done in Florence many years ago, Mr. French ceased to make fanciful idealism his guiding principle to any great extent. In the Milmore group he resumed the imaginative impulses of his youth, and fortified now by experience in thought and manual training he reached his goal. There, as the statue shows, he has achieved more than the most sanguine admirer of his Harvard would have prophesied. Some of the inner qualities of this statue might have been expected. It has been pointed out that the first work done by Mr. French, the Minute Man, is typical of a high-minded artist, and every step by which he has risen to this later victory has held the assurance of pure ideals loyally served. But in the Milmore, along with poetry, ideality, and nobility of conception, there is visible also the power of performance so worthy of the thought that the technique shares the beauty of the latter. We have in this statue the spiritual possessions of a fine nature fused in a splendid scheme of line and surface; we have a plastic unit wrought with that elevation of style which sets a work apart, a statue interpenetrated with the spirit that gave it birth.

Therein is Mr. French's service to American art, therein do we feel the American tone of his utterance, therein do we find his claim to unstinted praise. What is needed in American art is exactly the impetus toward reflection and independent effort which he offers. He is not, I repeat, a classicist, yet he comes very close to that type of artist in those precious qualities of dignity, simplicity, and fineness which all art ought to possess. And he is the more fruitful in texts for the mere technician to ponder because he disproves completely that busy person's pet assumption, that for art to have a meaning is for it to degenerate into story-telling, and to lose all its charm of form. In the Milmore monument, the young sculptor presents a type of young strength superbly modeled, and the angel, with her slowly moving form and outstretched arm, is magnificent in the resistless sweep of her carriage. Could any *tour de force* of the clever craftsman mean so much as this? Mr. French is more than a craftsman, and his example, therefore, is beyond price in this period. His star has risen very recently, but it flings a steadfast beam of pure and welcome light into the ranks of the American school. There it helps the older painters and sculptors in dissipating the foolish glimmerings of the thoughtless.

Royal Cortissoz.

"COME DOWN."

I.

"AND are people saying — have you heard that Edgar wants to marry Polly Keys?"

"Yes," I said, "I have heard."

She stood before us that evening for the last time as she had been in days forever gone by. The shadow was already falling, but this was still the Mrs. Fairthorne whom we had known, would know no more, — tall, massively handsome, upright without conscious effort; though middle-aged, in some flashes of expression childishly young; the old rippling roughness in her gray-brown hair, and the shawl which she was wont to wear half slipping in large, loose folds from her shoulders. Her way of pulling this shawl up now and then, of patting down those rebellious tresses, had always seemed a part of herself. Not that either's being wrong troubled her much. Her slovenliness, or rather the disdain of general appearance into which it merged, was still more characteristic. Her pride, till humiliating challenge and defeat came, openly beyond escape, was such as feels no need of outside props. The figure might be called commanding; but the face, large and fleshy-jawed, with nose, though aquiline, too heavy, was hardly of patrician type. And after all, rather simply, broadly human than aught else she seemed, there in the twilight, against the background of her past, gazing with startled dismay upon the future.

Her pride!

We two girls bent over our work by the window, near what light was left. The woman of fifty, after that pause for question and answer, was again pacing restlessly back and forth through the gathering dusk inside. As if spoken more than half to herself came presently her next words: "To think he should care so little for the blood that runs in his veins!"

The keynote of all had been struck.

Annice Field glanced up. "It is hard to bear, Cousin Mary, I know," she said.

The other gave an impatient start. "You know, child! *You!* Yes, I dare say — about as much as you care! If you 'd ever tried to please him, it might have been different."

"I, Cousin Mary! I!"

Annice shuddered slightly. Tried to please Edgar Fairthorne! I thought of some one whom she had pleased without trying, and without Mrs. Fairthorne's leave or knowledge. Gentle blood had brought Annice but few of life's advantages. Her own sense of its importance was less strong than a new opposing feeling. Yet that elder influence clung fast. Would the baseness of Edgar's treachery mean a loyal rallying here, part won back or all lost?

"It 's little sympathy I expect from you, Annice. Even with Margaret — no older — I feel the difference. It seems you can't understand. If you think I need a lesson, this is hard enough. Who would n't object to Polly Keys?"

"I can understand that, at least, Cousin Mary, if not some other things. A Keys! Polly Keys! Mr. Craven does not think her really bad; but far better might be bad enough to you, — even simple want of high blood in goodness itself, let alone low, in such as she! It must be hard."

"Mr. Craven thinks! not bad! Let him take her himself, then! He has sprung from hardly better."

She paused again, and looked dazedly around, like one half waking from a dream, at the old, cracked, faded portraits on the walls; at the old silver hunting-horn over the mantel, graved

with her coat-of-arms; at the volumes of Scott just below, — her one novelist, in whom she had always found (or fancied) a congenially high appreciation of what these things meant to her. It was very old, that Family so dear to her heart, with its hints of "down the country" colonial splendor, of earlier mysterious English dignities. Was it coming now to this — Polly Keys! No, Annice could not sound the deeps here.

"He shall *not* marry her," came that voice through the dusk, as she paced once more to and fro; still strong, though quivering with strange, new doubt. "Marry Polly Keys — a Fairthorne! To think of his wanting to do it! I suppose people are calling this a judgment on me for keeping him here so — my only child! Since that hateful war everything 's been topsy-turvy, wrong side out. All the young men must go away, — out West, or somewhere, — or go to work at home, like slaves. Gentlefolks must live like upstarts, or be trampled underfoot. We 've had enough without all that. I could n't let him go away; and with the land rented out, what was there for him to do here? Why should a gentleman born — a Virginia gentleman — work in any way, if he can help it? I could n't send him off to college, or traveling, like his father, but I 've kept him from that much, at least. And at most times he 's been satisfied. Why should n't he be? Why should he turn against me now? As for his going to the Red House, did n't his own father use to go there? How could I dream, after all my care in keeping him away from even the nicest plain girls, — dream of his ever wanting to marry — to *marry* — Polly Keys, a low-born creature, in herself hardly respectable!"

What could one say for comfort here? As I folded my work and rose to go, only a commonplace question came: —

"Shall you be at church to-morrow, Mrs. Fairthorne?"

The trembling lips grew suddenly resolute.

"Yes, I 'd go even if it were not communion Sunday. People shall see that I can hold my head up still, much as some there would like it brought down. Even the church is n't what it used to be. Looking around there now, one might think it a Methodist meeting. But what else can one expect, with the very minister an upstart, preaching in the very church where his grandfather used to be sexton! I — What 's the matter, Annice? I thought a wasp had stung you, — there are so many here. Old Tom Craven's grandson an Episcopal minister! To think of it! To think — But let him dare marry my son to that girl! Well, good-by, child, till to-morrow. You 'll all see I 'm still a Fairthorne — a Fairthorne born and married — in spite of Polly Keys."

II.

The Red House was an old square red brick structure, originally built for a cross-roads tavern, which had seen more prosperous if not better days and occupants. In the August glare of a certain Sunday afternoon of which I am going to tell, it seemed, there over against its worn, sunken approaches, to swell and enlarge every crack, like some corrupting carcass, — uninclosed and dilapidated, given up to outward decay as well as inward ignoble uses, with a few old scraggy locust-trees, all that were left of the once inviting shade, and what might have been a thrifty garden run to wild waste behind. Some patches of new white shingles on the big black crumbling roof, and a new stable unpleasantly close at one side, thrust forward a discordant rawness, — the sole attempts at late improvement. Gaudy soiled paper shades hung at the windows. The litter of an untidy thoroughfare encumbered the doorways. So much for the material aspect of a place well suited to its unwholesome fame; the despair of a certain "upstart" minister's heart, the plague-spot of his parish.

A little store kept in one of the ground-floor apartments had long served as legitimate excuse for the bar-room adjoining, and a gambling retreat above more than whispered about. Towards the Red House all paths of idling, drifting disreputableness from miles around seemed to tend, and that the Keys family, who had for years owned and kept it, found there a congenial abode and occupation speaks for their general character. In prosperity they too had of late come down. The Red House was not what it had been once, either as stopping-place or rendezvous. To it, instinctively, in the old days (as was said), had more than one anxious lady, wife or mother, sent, when needful, to fetch home the missing master. There were tales of cock-fighting, of horse-races on the adjacent levels, — ugly tales of midnight brawls resulting. A man had once been stabbed in the bar-room, where of course the blood splashed on wainscot and floor would not be scoured out. Another had been lamed for life in one of these scuffles. Some of the Keys women had taken no creditable part, now and then. At the time of which I write, however, this before-the-war prestige, this evil importance, had declined. Public sentiment was in revolt, with even dark hints of "breaking up." Other features were guardedly made second to the store-keeping. Gains were comparatively small, though customers, frequenters, still many. The old tavern had got to be as incongruous a survival as another with which this story has to do. It had been part of the under side, the shadow of a social life now, for all former good and pleasantness in it, either changed, renewed, or sinking surely to decay. All things considered, had Edgar Fairthorne but naturally betaken himself for diversion to the Red House?

For a wonder he was not among the loungers visible this afternoon. As usual, there were half a dozen horses hitched near, and more than that number of men on the high ramshackle porch; and yet an unusual quiet, a pause as of expectancy, hovered about the whole place, when Mrs. Fairthorne's old-fashioned carriage, on its way from church, stopped at the door to set down Mrs. Fairthorne with two puzzled companions, Annice Field and myself.

The old inn garden back of the Red House!

What we went through in those first few moments before finding ourselves there seems to me a dream. The staring of curious eyes out of that hush aforementioned; the half-impertinent defiance, half-gratified pride of Polly Keys's greeting; the impression of something unusually festive and decorated about her dress, about a partly set supper-table glimpsed through the doorway admitting her; that sudden paralyzed halt in the passage where we had waited; then the lady's revulsive stiffening from head to heel; her fierce whisper, "I must see you by yourself," — all this is blent and softened in the haze which encompasses a vivid central scene. But at will I stop again under the old decayed pear-tree with Annice, waiting and wondering. I see the damson hedge opposite, covered with black-knot, the stretch of seared unkempt grass between, broken by stunted shrubbery and clumps of knife-like blue-flag; see the green-stained, tilting sundial in the midst, and by this last, clearest of all, in the yellow-red sundown light, the heat thickening as it were with their own overstrained intensity, those two women standing, breathlessly pausing, face to face.

That Mrs. Fairthorne had appeared at church that afternoon dressed with unprecedented care, and with something of strange new self-assertion in mien and manner, was afterwards remembered. Her black silk gown, the lace bonnet set well back on her carefully smoothed hair, now befitted the wearer. The Prayer-Book which she held in one hand, and was clasping as if unconsciously to her

breast, had a gilt cross on its black cover which, though half hidden, glistened in the sun rays. Never before had her handsome face been so handsome. The brows were drawn level; the eyes blazed like a shaken dagger-point. A bright red spot burned in each cheek. The mouth had thinned into cruel, curving delicacy. The full lower jaw and chin, the suggestion of double chin below, looked as if cut from grayish marble. Though mingled with that new expression aforementioned, something of grosser strain, which no word but "overbearing" will quite suit, the transmitted pride of generations back, seemed to flash from every line and gesture. It was not only an outraged mother. The whole Family stood there in condensed reincarnation, revealed, verified, glorified. The "commonness" of that other, now anger-flushed from forehead to throat, showed by contrast as of earth, earthy, half shapen. The slight flutter of doubtful, uneasy pleasure discernible at first upon her countenance had faded, and changed to resentment. She looked not only coarse, but hard, her usual buxom beauty quite lost. Her heavy black eyebrows and the masculine shade on her upper lip stood out harshly. The white muslin frock and red ribbons, the bead necklace and showy breastpin and earrings, which struck one as being all brand new and donned for some great occasion, took on a cheaper flimsiness than before. Yet with all this unlikeness, what here emphasized itself most was a likeness, a kinship in very race difference, between these two; something close, though subtly elusive; deeper than the flesh, though suggested by it, and claiming unmistakable recognition.

"Do you think my son is really going to marry you?"

"Not without askin' my leave, ma'am."

The words came with a laugh fully challenging the rage which began to shake those next following.

"Your leave! Yours! Upon my word! And even if he were such a fool, do you think he'd dare, without *my* leave, or ever do such a thing with it? Do you think Mr. Craven would dare perform the ceremony? Take care, girl, what you say — or expect! Take care! Young gentlemen are going for wives to some queer places nowadays, but not quite to the Red House, — not quite. The Fairthornes don't quite marry Keyses."

"They don't, ma'am?"

The tone, look, and smile were all of assured triumph, insolent. One moment that other paused waveringly. Did it mean defeat, or fresh attack? Then a sweep forward, an outflung hand, and — Why, what change was this? Pleading in that touch on the beribboned shoulder, pleading in those eyes! What now?

"Let 's be reasonable, talk sense!" The high, haughty tone had fallen to a whisper, yet one so intense that we two apart, both evidently clean forgotten, could not miss a word. "I know he 's bewitched, will not give you up, but don't let 's waste breath on talk of marrying. If he 'd taken a different notion, would a Keys have stood back? Don't make out to me you don't understand! There are other ways besides marrying. There are other ways without giving you up, and you know as well as I. I could n't speak out to him, but you can manage. Young men will be young men. He 's been used to having all I could give; I 've always tried to keep him satisfied. I can't expect him to give up now — quite. If he won't give you up, why — think it over. I 've thought and prayed about it. In church to-day, I prayed till it seemed to come right and clear. If you marry him, I 'll never forgive it; but once settled the other way, I 'd swear — give you a written promise to stand your friend lifelong. Don't be afraid I 'd back out. His getting tired would make no difference; I 'd more than make it up to you. Even his getting married would make no difference. The land is mine, everything — to do what I choose with. I 'd see" —

She broke off short and sprang aside.

The other had started so suddenly, with such a fierce updrawing movement, that the idea of a swift-coming blow was only natural. But the fist, though clenched, was not raised.

"You ——!" said Polly Keys, with a great breathless pant. "I'm a decent woman!"

Her red face had whitened all at once. It seemed to thin and sharpen into refinement. She rose, — she towered in a strange dignity before which the lady shrank abashed. There was dead silence for a space, both standing perfectly still. Mrs. Fairthorne, too, had paled, and again that likeness showed out. She recovered soon enough her still fiercely unyielding self; yet on another side, shared in common with Polly Keys, an impression had been indelibly made.

Wrath and scorn, however, would have way now. The cross on the Prayer-Book flashed as she mockingly lifted the hand that held it. She laughed.

"Oh-h!" she cried, with bitter derision, such as only a woman could give utterance to. "Oh-h-h! So much better than those you've sprung from! Upon my word! so much better! How about your aunt Sally Lawson, a kept mistress for twenty years, your cousin Susan Williams, and all the low wretches kin to you? Do you think I don't know — haven't heard of them as well as you? A decent woman! Oh-h-h! Upon my word! You have romped and joked with men while your father was measuring out their drams. You've let them kiss you for finery, — rings and no telling what! I've seen you myself in church — since such as you have been allowed there — making eyes at them, whispering. Ah! you can blush a little! You *can* blush! You've been common — common — with the riff-raff of the county. A decent woman! I might look higher than even decency, want something more for my son, though I'd not expect *you* to understand that! But a Keys even decent! Oh-h-h! Margaret, Annice, hear that! Come, Annice, child, stand out and let this hussy see the sort of young lady I have the right — the right" —

She stopped, and stood, shaking, gazing towards the house. Two people were coming down the rickety back steps, down the unkempt walk. The first, a little in front, was a young man, short of stature, loosely made, heavily lounging in gait, low-browed, weak-lipped, yet sullen-jawed. A sort of depraved resemblance to Mrs. Fairthorne was heightened just now by anger mingled in his countenance with dismayed surprise and another expression, one which I had never before seen there. In this its last male representative the dignity of an old line appeared certainly run out. One might guess that but little sense to begin with had here gone unschooled, unchastened, and unenlightened. The whole story of his years: the idling in belated stagnation behind a changing time, with its new, loud call for work; the being, with new self-denial in the very air, kept "satisfied" by what fallen fortune could give on one hand, and his mother's creed as to gentlemen born would allow on the other; the "come-down" at last to Polly Keys, — all seemed somehow revealed by this presence. And yet what might that unfamiliar look mean, even besides a refusal now to give up? As for the other man, he was slim and "nice looking," dressed in clerical black, with a gentle, and at this moment anxious face, an air of pained embarrassment, as one who must perform a duty not pleasant, and with fingers holding place in a small, plain book which he carried.

One glance at these two, and I divined what errand had brought them, knew the meaning of Polly Keys's white frock and that expectant atmosphere indoors. Did Mrs. Fairthorne also guess? I wondered. Annice, white and trembling, had shrunk back at that fierce call. Could she who stood there in the midst, alone, quite help seeing all this, and more? The handsome face had grown suddenly ashen-

hued and old. The eyes stared with a dull look. The mocking hand fell; then went again with a wavering gesture to her heart. She moved a few steps forward, heavily, uncertainly. Her lips moved, too, but without a sound. When I took her arm and whispered "Come," she followed, unresisting.

As the men drew apart to let us pass, Mrs. Fairthorne gave Edgar one look, the minister another. I saw Annice Field's glance follow this last,— saw and understood. Within the last few moments the old lifelong faith had lost, the new had been strengthened from a most unlikely quarter.

III.

"Are these all?"

"These are all."

She sat in the great, deep invalid's chair, near which Annice Field was standing; sat with the firelight opposite touching here and there in ruddy mockery her aged and worn features, pinched now with acute suffering; her body, enlarged by the dropsical disease which was yet wasting it to a sort of awful brooding majesty, propped high against pillows, still erect, her swollen, helpless feet upon a footstool. More than eight years had passed, as all earthly time for her would soon be. The sunken yet still keen gray eyes seemed to look as proudly on death as they had those eight years looked on life; yet into them, too, a mysterious change had come, both softening at moments to yearning sweetness, and making harder with concentrated fortitude. The richness, the exact precision of her dress at such a stage of illness would have struck a new-comer as remarkable. The snow-white hair on her temples was as smooth as hands could make it (the old wave, however, not quite subdued) under a beruched, beribboned cap. An embroidered China crape shawl hung, carefully pinned in place, around her. There were lace ruffles at her wrists, rings on her fingers. That new outward and visible assertion which inward and spiritual self (or at least a certain part of self), once pleasantly at ease, had called to its aid when wounded, worsted,— here it was still on stubborn guard. On the high mantelpiece against which I leaned were ranged the inevitable bottles of medicine, the stimulants, the cordials, called for by long illness. On a little table within touch of her hand, and on the hearth rug at her feet, lay heaped those things of which the two had spoken. Outside the windows a gray evening sky darkened yet more a gray, wind-swept November landscape.

Annice flashed a quick glance at the clock in one corner, one across the desolate fields, and instinctively my own eyes followed. Only a half-hour since his setting out! Had he reached his destination? Was he even now delivering that message? For the first time in eight years the Reverend Gilbert Craven had this evening stood in Mrs. Fairthorne's presence by Mrs. Fairthorne's wish. The "upstart" who had been, however unwillingly, an instrument of her humiliation was hardly yet forgiven by that brooding and stubborn heart; but finally she had said "Come," and then "Go" on the errand now doing. A day of unusual happenings this, but it seemed to me that the last half hour had been strangest of all. The woman in the great chair had commanded; Annice and I, as in a puzzled dream, obeyed. Now those hurried runs upstairs and down, hurried flittings from room to room, the climbing on chairs to reach high, the dusty stooping low, the opening and shutting of bureau drawers, of closet doors, and little brass-nailed treasure chests, had at last come to an end. The gathering together was done, that queer collection made. There lay family portraits and all.

She husbanded her scanty breath awhile; gazing down, making a last count; fingering over for the last time those pitiful relics dear to her heart as a gentlewoman born. Then she glanced up at the girl

beside her. "All that will suit her — and help," she said, "I 'll leave. These must go with me."

Annice Field looked the puzzled question, How? What did she mean? But the eyes were again bent down, away.

"It 's not only because the part of me that cares for them must draw a line somewhere. There 's another reason. I would n't leave them if I could. I could n't if I would. These *must* go with me."

"Cousin Mary!" Annice's voice sounded forced and strange. Still, though not often brave, she kept on: "Can't you quite forgive all — everything? Can't you forgive — even now? Cousin Mary, she has helped him, — maybe saved him. She has not seemed to drag him lower down. Has it really hurt him to work for his living and hers, — even keeping store at the Red House? Everybody says not. Oh, I know it was hard for you, — dreadful, — but might it not have been worse? And she has done well. She *is* a respectable woman. Everybody must know that much now. Is n't it because she 's grown too good for most who used to go there that they 've burnt the Red House over her head? Best for all that it 's gone. You remember what he said just now, — a purification by fire? And now everybody knows she is a decent woman."

"Who else knows that so well as I?" Her breath had to be fought for now. The words came out heavily, gaspingly, in a sort of strange, defiant anguish. "Do you think I 've forgotten, Annice Field?"

"Dear Cousin Mary, how could you, or anybody?"

"Do you think I 've repented, though, in your way, child — Gilbert Craven's way?" There was almost a smile beneath those frowning brows. "Do you think I 'd not do the same again in my place, under the same circumstances? How was I to know she was — better? If it did happen so that I 've *liked* her in my heart ever since, felt that, in her place, I 'd have done the same as she, even felt sometimes as if we belonged to each other, must I give up all, everything? Besides, there 's the other reason. Did n't I say that I could not if I would? The Red House is gone. Let what 's turned her out of one home make room for her in another. I can't leave them behind."

"Is there nobody else kin to you, — down the country, or somewhere?" began Annice helplessly; then paused.

"Down the country" was where all the family trees of these parts were rooted, where everybody's forbears had come from, — come, a century or so back, to the uplands. All ancestral estates down the country had been vast, all ancestral halls magnificent. To my ear the expression was suggestive of colonial mystery, river marshes, chills and fever.

"Down the country! There is nobody, not one. I thought once that you — Oh, child, don't look that way! Don't be hurt or mad! But how *can* you know, who are going to marry old Craven's grandson! If 't were anybody — anybody with good blood in his veins, I might leave them with you. Now there 's none of my kin to care, even to know what these things have meant to me. If he had married you!" The tears gushed out at last. "If you 'd only tried a little to please him! Oh yes, I suppose — see now it could n't have been. That time at the Red House, when he came, I saw that all had somehow got wrong. If it was my fault — and yet how could he? I suppose, if she wants me, I must see him too, and the children; but what is he to me now! How can I help what 's in my very bones? How can I? I am a lady born, and my grandchildren are old Jerry Keys's grandchildren, and your children will be half Craven! No, you can't feel as I feel; can't know even as Margaret knows. I hope you 'll be happy, child. I 've liked him too — for really marrying them. He 's a good young man, educated and all — might be a real gentleman. Of course he 's dif-

ferent from the Keyses. My blood has run down there into the very rut. He 's different. He 's tried to be kind to me. I hear he 's been very kind to — them. I hope they — you will all be happy ; but you can't know how it 's been with me these eight years."

Annice shivered. Once more I saw the old wistfulness, the old sense of outside chill, in her blue eyes. But there was no doubt there now ; had been none since that day in the Red House garden. Here, too, had fierce pride worked out its own fall.

"This little ring with the pearls, you must take, child ; and you, Margaret, the black Prayer-Book with the cross on it. Now, both of you help me — quick ! If it goes to my heart, I may die any time, you know. Make haste — before I die or she comes. Here are all the things — and there 's the fire."

Well, though my own unregenerate heart was perhaps too sore for and with hers to speak very strongly contrariwise, I said that time all that it seemed a kind of duty to say. When I talked of a fresh start, a new-old family springing up in a few generations to who could tell what new honors, influenced by, prizing, these very heirlooms who could tell how much, Mrs. Fairthorne said, "To come again to this !" "If you want the other reason," she cried out fiercely at last, "think how for what these stand for I did *that !*" Then, like Annice, I fell silent. This last sacrifice to a smaller god was also an atonement for sin against the greater, and not to be given up.

We cut and tore the pictures from their frames. For once their general badness was a comfort. Some of the lack-lustre eyes seemed to start into life as we did so, now reproachful, now exultant. There were hints of Edgar Fairthorne about some of the faces ; dimmer hints of Edgar Fairthorne's mother, who had been, seemingly, an exception, not in rule. One old colonial dame in long-waisted, low-necked bodice and a top-heavy powdered mass of frizzes shook her head (I fancied) threateningly. There were some ancient brocade gowns such as she might have worn ; fans, laces, ribbon-knots which had gone with them, helped till now to keep alive the old traditions, the old honorable pride so brought down at last by its own perversion. We shook all out into quick-kindling looseness. There were two or three bits of old silver graved with motto and crest ; two or three books, both old and dull, with the same in faded gilt on their bindings ; and Mrs. Fairthorne's own favorite volumes of Scott in modest pasteboard backs.

"These too ?" asked Annice, almost sharply.

She nodded. "There are others downstairs that will suit them better — if they care to read. These are — for gentlefolks. These too."

Then I took up last the great leather-covered family Bible.

A sudden spasm of coughing seized the woman in the chair. She gasped. "Some of that brandy — quick ! Don't let me go now — not yet." Annice obeyed. "Only the record" — she whispered presently. "Cut out the record."

"Think a little," I said. "Wait — and think !"

She struck her wasted hand against the table. "Is it not enough," she asked, "for me to leave them the book ?"

I turned over with a trembling hand the leaves, — yellow-gray, covered with births, deaths, and marriages (Edgar Fairthorne's marriage not among them), in the handwriting of eight or ten generations, — and it seemed to me that this was going too far. The faint musty odor that stole to my nostrils was like a breath of appeal from some burial vault threatened with desecration. "I cannot think this either needful or right. I cannot cut them out," I said.

"I will leave them the book — and other books," came the gasping voice heavily. "I 'll leave them silver spoons — good beds to sleep in — a house and

home. Can't I do what I choose with my very own?"

I handed her the knife, held the volume close. For a moment we looked steadily at each other; then the shaking hand, the eyes fell. I turned away, — tried to feel glad. One concession, at least, had been made. Mrs. Fairthorne, would die very much as she had lived. The old feeling and most of its tokens would go with her. But after all, would not the essential best be left intact for a new beginning?

"Make haste! Make haste — before she comes!"

It was a great cavernous old fireplace, black with soot of constant using. There was room enough for all — and all for once fully illuminated. Whir-r-r! How the light flashed on brass andirons, and smoke-browned jambs, and Venetian-reddened hearth; on the Book left lying alone upon the table; on the dying woman's face! Can one who was watching there, — one who could understand, who, so tried, might even likewise have offended, — can she ever forget it, that last, strange upburst, that look by it revealed! How it burned, that crackling, shriveling little heap! How quickly, brightly, it burned away! The silk and lace caught fire first, — flared into filmy next-to-nothingness. Then the books opened and writhed, with a smell of scorching leather; the old paint on the canvas danced up in orange and blue; the melting silver in the midst began to drip like tears into the blood-red coals below. Whir-r-r! Whish-h-h! How it burned! What memories of the past and possible suggestions for the future; what true inmost heart's feeling, even if false vanity; what faith, if lack of wider faith, went with it! The huge throat of the chimney sucked up its flame. Its embers dwindled and sank, down, down, down, into ashes and dust.

"Mist'is!" The door was partly opened, and a black face looked anxiously in. "Here's somebody you tole me to bring up."

She sat straighter, steadying herself; smoothing her hair, the shawl about her. Something strangely young, simple, and sweet — a sort of childish eagerness — dawned on her face, in her eyes. She glanced at the fire. It looked as usual. Annice Field had swept the hearth and put on more wood. Mr. Craven, who had returned with a message some minutes before, stood by it warming his hands.

"Ask her in, Kitty," she said.

The woman who stood, next moment, in the doorway had nothing of the lady about her. Polly Keys had grown larger, coarser, rough-handed with the toil and scrubbery for which she was now famous. The purple worsted frock which she wore, the big gray blanket shawl and over-trimmed Sunday bonnet, — saved by good luck from the fire that day, and evidently donned in haste, — seemed her fitting garb. She looked a plain, decent woman, who would probably never be anything more, yet with something in face and manners which for eight years past — ever since that strange, fierce challenge to her own pride given by another's — had set her apart from those she sprang from. Her countenance was eager, though less in its evident doubt and anxiety than pitying kindliness. For the moment she seemed to have quite forgotten somebody hesitating a little way behind; somebody who had come, uninvited, to ask forgiveness, at least, if not love or blessing. As the eyes of the two women met, that old likeness again asserted itself; a common primitive honesty speaking out between one who had come to the leaning-point and one who might be safely leaned upon. "In the hour of death and in the day of judgment, Good Lord, deliver us" — from aught that may stand between our hearts and the great undying heart of human sympathy!

The lady lifted and stretched out her hand.

A. M. Ewell.

AD LEONES.

Chained to the dungeon wall, she slept.
Rome, moonlit, reveled overhead;
She heard not. She had prayed and wept,
Haggard with anguish, wild with dread.

She was too fair, too young, to die;
Life was too sweet, and home too dear.
God touched her with his sleep: a sigh —
And she had ceased to weep or fear.

She slept, yet, sleeping, seemed awake:
A fair Child held her virgin hand;
They walked by an enchanted lake;
They walked in a celestial land.

One thing she saw, and one she heard.
There were a thousand rose-red trees;
Each red-rose leaf sang like a bird.
"What trees, dear Child," she asked, "are these?"

"These," said the Child, "are called Love's Bower:
They fade not; constantly they sing;
Each flower appears more fire than flower.
Now, see the roots from which they spring."

She looked; she saw, far down the night,
The earth, the city whence she came,
And Nero's gardens red with light, —
The light of martyrs wrapped in flame.

She woke with heaven still in her eyes.
Rome, moonlit, reveled overhead.
She feared no more the lion's cries;
Flames were but flowers, and death was dead.

William Canton.

THE PRESENT STATUS OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

It is always a pleasure to be able to report definite, tangible progress in any reform movement. For a long time the voices of the men who inveighed against the foul spoils system were voices crying in the wilderness, and the bulk of our people regarded the speakers merely with that good-natured amusement too often vouchsafed by the average American to a movement which does not seem to have

immediately ahead of it a paid return. But this stage has now been left behind. We have extended the national civil service law to cover so large a portion of the public service that we are past the period of agitation, past the period of mere experiment, and have reached a time when the new system exists side by side, in almost equal strength, with the old.

In 1883 the civil service law was established at Washington, and in the larger post-offices and custom-houses throughout the country, taking in a total of some fourteen thousand employees. The great extensions since have all taken place during the last six years, a period which happens to include my own term of service with the Commission, so that I write of them at first hand. In 1889 the railway mail service was added, in 1893 all the free delivery post-offices, and in 1894 all the smaller custom-houses and the internal revenue service. Other important but smaller extensions have been made, and the larger offices have grown, so that now about fifty thousand employees are under the protection of the law. There are, of course, and there always must be in a body so large, individual cases where the law is evaded, or even violated; and as yet we do not touch the question of promotions and reductions. But, speaking broadly, and with due allowance for such comparatively slight exceptions, these fifty thousand places are now taken out of the political arena. They can no longer be scrambled for in a struggle as ignoble and brutal as the strife of pirates over plunder; they no longer serve as a vast bribery chest with which to debauch the voters of the country. Those holding them no longer keep their political life by the frail tenure of service to the party boss and the party machine; they stand as American citizens, and are allowed the privilege of earning their own bread without molestation so long as they faithfully serve the public.

The classified service, the service in which the merit system is applied, has grown fast. It is true that the outside service, where the spoils theories are still applied in all their original nakedness, has grown only less fast. The number of offices under the government has increased very rapidly during the last twenty years; but the growth of the classified service has been even more rapid, so that a constantly increasing percentage of the whole is withdrawn from the degrading grasp of the spoils system. Now, something like a quarter of all the offices under the federal government in point of numbers, representing nearly a half in point of salaries, has been put upon the basis of decency and merit. This has been done by the action of successive Presidents under the law of 1883, without the necessity of action by Congress. There still remain some things that can be done without further legislation. For instance, the labor force in the navy yards was put on a merit basis, and removed from the domain of politics, under Secretary Tracy. This was done merely by order of the Secretary of the Navy, which order could have been reversed by his successor, Secretary Herbert. Instead of reversing it, however, Secretary Herbert has zealously lived up to its requirements, and has withstood all pressure for the weakening of the system in the interests of the local party machines and bosses. It is unsafe to trust to always having Secretaries of the Navy like Messrs. Tracy and Herbert. The Civil Service Commission should be given supervision over the laborers who come under the direction of Cabinet officers. Indeed, all the laboring force and all the employees of the District of Columbia employed by the federal government should be put under the Commission.

When this has been done, and when a few other comparatively slight extensions have been made, all that can be accomplished by the unaided action of the executive will have been accomplished.

Congress must then itself act by passing some such bill as that of Senator Lodge in reference to fourth-class postmasters; by passing some bill in reference to the consular service on the outlines of that suggested by Senator Morgan (but giving power to the Civil Service Commission itself in the matter); and then by providing that all postmasters and similar officers shall hold office during good behavior, including as well those nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate as those appointed by the President alone. Of all the offices under the federal government, not one in a hundred can properly be called political. There is not the least reason why the present postmaster of Boston, for instance, or the present postmaster of Chicago, both of whom have lived up to the civil service law in letter and in spirit alike, should not be retained under a Republican as well as under a Democratic administration; exactly as there is no reason why their predecessors, who were Republicans, should not have been retained under the present administration. Mr. Hesing, the present postmaster at Chicago, and Mr. Coveney, the present postmaster at Boston, have been uninfluenced by political considerations in making appointments to and removals from the classified service of their post-offices. Their duty is to do the business of the public interested in their respective post-offices. Their views on the tariff, or on questions of finance, or on questions of foreign policy have nothing whatever to do with the way that they administer their offices.

This is not a question of theory. It is a statement of fact. There is no possible reason why, under a protectionist administration, the postmaster at New York or Philadelphia should not be a free-trader, or *vice versa*, so long as he administers his office in the best possible manner, and so long as he does not take any prominent part in politics so as to cause friction or scandal in the administration of his office. There is no hardship in requiring a civil servant thus not to take part in politics. For excellent reasons, we forbid certain civil servants — judges and policemen, for instance — and all military servants — officers of the army or navy — from meddling in politics. The same reasons that make this proper in their cases would make it proper in the cases of postal clerks, letter-carriers, and government employees generally who are protected by the civil service law.

There is not the least danger of government employees taking too little interest in politics; there is a real and great danger of their taking too much, when their positions depend upon their activity. The minute that we make men's bread and butter depend upon their political action, that action ceases to be influenced by considerations of the public weal, and is taken from considerations of private benefit. We therefore, under the spoils system, substitute in those most active in our political life the motive of private interest for the motive of devotion to the public welfare. That the effect is necessarily very bad scarcely needs argument.

Dishonest politicians, and foolish men who are not dishonest, but who are never willing to see good done in a practical manner, always try to belittle the effects of the civil service law. Politicians of this type are fond of denouncing it as impractical or visionary. At one time these accusations undoubtedly had weight with certain parts of the community, but they have lost their point now, for the law is actually in operation in many different places throughout the country, and every one can see how well it is working. If a man who lives in one of our great cities or in Washington questions this, all he has to do is to go to his local post-office and see the working for himself. I should be glad to have any reader of The Atlantic who looks at this article write to the Commission, and I will give

him a letter to the secretary of our local board, if he happens to live in a city large enough to have a good-sized free delivery office, and he can visit it for himself and see how the law is working. He will find that in most cases, and in the larger cities in practically all cases, men are appointed and retained without regard to politics, and that the postal employees no longer form a considerable element in the political machines through which so much of our municipal misgovernment is attained.

The weak-kneed man, or the man discontented with present conditions on mere theoretical grounds, sometimes rails at the law because it does not work perfectly in all cases. This is, unfortunately, true. There are a number of the smaller post-offices, there are occasional bureaus in the departmental service itself, in which there has been some evasion, and even some actual violation of the law. It is the duty of every public man to point out and denounce such evasion or violation, and the Commission is most anxious that this should be done; but it is mere nonsense to assail the whole law because it does not always work well. Every year there are unwise decisions rendered by United States judges in individual cases, yet no one dreams of denouncing our judiciary for this. The best of laws cannot invariably work justice. The thing to be done is, not to rail at the law because it fails to work faultlessly, but to strive to perfect it, to enlarge the scope of its activity, and to limit even further the number of cases where it may fail to do the hoped-for good.

It is true that we can never hope to make a reformation by legislation alone. There must be a spirit behind the law in its favor, and there must be a faithful and wise enforcement of the law. Nevertheless, it is also true that without the law itself the reform cannot come at all. The very existence of the law and its successful working tend to create a healthy public sentiment in favor of the movement back of it. There is urgent need of rigid and severe criticism of those who administer the law; not only of the Civil Service Commissioners, but of the heads of the departments and of the executive officers generally. So there is urgent need of close supervision over Congressmen in relation to their action concerning it. Every decent man who believes that he ought to be a good citizen should study the question, and if he does he will inevitably become a friend of the merit system, and an opponent of the old, or patronage system. Then, having formed his opinion, it is his duty to make it felt in public life. The most effective way to do this is to keep an intelligent watch on the action of his own Congressman or of his own state legislator in reference to it. In Congress, the law has on its side the general sentiment in favor of decency and good government, and has against it the very concrete and active sentiment of those specifically interested in misgovernment and in foul politics. The Congressman who gets his nomination by his manipulation of fourth-class post-offices, or who makes himself felt as an influential man in his district by peddling out patronage; he who knows that the decent men of his district are against him, and that he must rely on the strength of those who can be bought or bribed with office when they cannot be cajoled or flattered, — all these naturally take an attitude of active hostility to the reform. Every such Congressman should be made to feel the weight of his constituents' ill will; he should be made to understand that decent men of intelligence will not tolerate his position.

The government cannot endure permanently if administered on a spoils basis. If this form of corruption is permitted and encouraged, other forms of corruption will inevitably follow in its train. When a department at Washington, or at a state capitol, or in the city hall in

some big town is thronged with place-hunters and office-mongers who seek and dispense patronage from considerations of personal and party greed, the tone of public life is necessarily so lowered that the bribe-taker and the bribe-giver, the blackmailer and the corruptionist, find their places ready prepared for them.

As always, the bad man has his natural ally in the stupid man. Exactly as every corrupt scoundrel who cheats and swindles in public life may count upon the support of a certain number of honest dolts, so the spoilsman, when he rails at the law, can count as an ally upon the dense unintelligence of a certain portion of our people. This is the man who occasionally — only occasionally, for his thoughts, as a rule, are too misty to be formulated in words — asks why, if we choose letter-carriers by competitive examination, we should not choose higher officers, too; why, if we don't want politics in the lower grades, we should have them in the higher. Of course the answer is perfectly simple: in each instance we choose with reference to the duties, which in one case are purely political, and in the other not political at all. We need different methods of choice for precisely the same reasons that we need different tests in choosing commanders in chief and private soldiers. To change government clerks because we change Presidents is as absurd as it would have been to turn out the rank and file of the Army of the Potomac when Meade succeeded Hooker.

Experience shows that we can get admirable material for letter-carriers through competitive examinations; and experience shows further that at present it is only through competitive examinations that we can keep out political influence in the appointment and retention of these letter-carriers and similar officials. We make no fetich of the competitive system; on the contrary, we are fully alive to its shortcomings. But, as a matter of fact, it works well where it has been applied in our American public service. We have steadily tended to make it more practical. For instance, last summer, in comparing the question papers used in the British post-office with those of our own postal examinations, I was struck by the fact that ours were decidedly more practical; the questions asked being more relevant to the duties performed, and better fitted to test the intelligence of the applicants in the lines where that intelligence was to be used. It may be that, a century hence, when we have succeeded in completely eliminating from the minds of the people the idea of making appointments to these minor places for merely political reasons, and when there is no danger of giving a new lease of life to the monstrous spoils system, it will be safe to substitute something else for our competitive examinations; but no such substitution can safely be made now. At the present time and under existing conditions, the system of competitive examinations for minor offices is the only feasible alternative to the spoils system, and is immeasurably and beyond all comparison better. It is inferior in no respect; it is superior in almost every respect; and it is infinitely superior in many respects.

We strive to eliminate politics in the lower offices without trying to eliminate them in the higher, because we pay heed to the duties of the several positions. The higher officers of the administration, — ambassadors, heads of departments, chiefs of bureaus, the men who have a discretion and initiative in administering the laws, — all these should rightly be changed with each administration, because the very principles which they are to enforce are those that have been decided in the election. But the immense number of minor officers, going right up to and including all postmasters, should not be changed, because their duties are in no way connected with the principles at stake in any election.

This is just as true of the servants of

the State and of the municipality as of the servants of the United States. We have as yet only begun to eliminate the spoils system from our political life. There is work for at least another generation of reformers before the task will be even measurably complete; for we have got to extirpate the system not only from the federal government, but from every State and city in the land. The argument of those who think that the mere subordinates should conform in politics to their chiefs is like the argument so often advanced by defenders of civic misrule, to the effect that if we take partisan considerations into account in electing the President of the United States, we should also take them into account in electing, for instance, the mayor of New York. The answer to this is of course simple: we do pay heed to "party" considerations in municipal elections; but the lines of party cleavage in municipal elections need not coincide with, and may go at right angles to, the lines of party cleavage in national elections. Party may mean one thing in the municipality, and quite another thing in the nation. There was a contest between two parties in New York city, last fall, over municipal matters; and there was also a contest in New York city, as well as throughout the country, over the control of Congress. In fighting for the control of Congress, the two parties divided on such issues as free trade and protection. In fighting for the control of New York city, the two parties divided on entirely different issues, the chief of the issues being whether or no the government of the city should be administered honestly and economically, or whether or no the public servants of the city should be allowed to treat their offices as so much loot for the use of themselves and their friends. The parties in this municipal contest divided on the simple lines of honesty and dishonesty; which had nothing to do with the party divisions in national matters on the questions of protection and free trade and of our foreign relations.

If people would only think clearly on the matter, it would be plain enough. For the general convenience, the government administers certain offices itself, instead of allowing them to be administered by private corporations, which may often do similar work. Thus, with us, letters are carried by the government; parcels, by the different private express companies. The letter-carrier's duties have no more to do with the policies fought over in a presidential election than have the duties of the expressman who takes around our trunks and delivers our bundles. Nobody would dream of thinking that the expressman would be either more or less faithful to his duties because he did or did not agree with the head of his company, or with the administration for the time being, on questions of finance or tariff; and it is foolish to say that this is not equally true of the letter-carrier. If the people wish the best of all possible object lessons as to the successful working of the merit system, they can take the railway mail service. When the present administration came into power, this service was under the protection of the law. Up to that time every change of administration had seen the service not under the law, and in each case it had been looted from top to bottom. The result was total demoralization of the service, and a tendency to even greater demoralization in the politics of the communities among which the offices were peddled out. It took at least two years in each instance to get the service back to its former degree of efficiency. But in 1893 the law had been established. In consequence, nobody was jeopardized for his political belief. The railway mail clerks knew that if they attended to their business, and were not improperly active in politics, they would be kept just so long as they did good work. The result has been that the railway mail clerks who

are now in are rendering admirable service; and the railway mail system is at a point of efficiency higher than ever before. The same men are in now who were in four years ago under the Republican administration, except that the vacancies naturally occurring have been filled, without regard to politics, from the list of persons standing best in the examinations. Through this means we have procured a much better grade of people than formerly came into the railway mail service; and owing to the fact that they are not chosen for political reasons, and not liable to be removed for political reasons, they do better and more effective work. Not an objection raised by the spoilsmen but can be answered through the actual experience of the railway mail service.

The reform has now begun to make way by its own weight. People are growing to realize that the civil service law is the most trenchant of weapons with which to fight political corruption, and the best device by which to secure good administration. When any group of citizens wishes that one branch of the service should be kept in particularly good order, the instinct is to turn to the civil service law. Thus, when there was widespread indignation among merchants and importers over the looting of the consular service, eighteen months ago, the boards of trade throughout the country took action strongly advocating the introduction of a merit system which would insure the appointment of competent people, and their retention, without regard to politics, just as long as they did their work well. So in Chicago, recently, when there was a feeling of bitter indignation against the mismanagement and corruption of certain branches of the city government, this feeling found immediate expression in the demand that some civil service law should be forthwith enacted for the protection of the citizens.

We are as yet very far from having achieved a permanent victory for the merit system, but we have made great progress. We have shown by actual trial, continued for a long term of years, that under the civil service law we can get better administration than under the spoils system, and that through it we can most effectively curb the noxious power of the ring and the boss. There is very much yet to be done. We must work zealously and disinterestedly for the widespread extension and rigid application of the law, not only in the federal service, but in the state and municipal services as well. We must ask for additional legislation by Congress and by the state legislatures, and must insist upon the enactment of laws that will remove from politics all the non-political offices, from those of postmasters to those of laborers on the public works of great cities. We must keep a jealous eye on the action of our legislators, and on the action of our executive officers who have to deal with the administration of the law. We must uphold them with hearty good will when they do right. We must condemn them without stint when they fail to stand by the law. We must make it evident that, however strong party men we may individually be, we will never allow the cry of party to be used as a shield in the defense of a man who maladministers the law, any more than we should allow it to be used on behalf of a man who acted dishonestly or corruptly in public or private life.

Civil service reform is of marked business benefit to the country; it can stand on its merits as a business proposition. But it is much more than a business proposition. Its prime importance lies in the fact that it is the most powerful implement with which to work for the moral regeneration of our public life. No other force so strongly tends to increase the political weight of decent citizens, and to minimize the political activity of the bad.

Finally, among the many benefits of

the law, not the least is the bar it puts to discrimination for or against a man because of his religious convictions. Protestant and Catholic, Jew, Gentile, and Agnostic, are treated with an equal hand. I named above the postmasters of Chicago and Boston as being stanch upholders of the civil service law. Both of these officers happen to be Catholics, one being of German and the other of Irish ancestry; but both are themselves Americans in every sense of the word. Those of their employees who happen to be Protestants and Republicans are treated, and know they will be treated, wholly without regard to their political or religious affiliations; and all applicants for the service stand on the same plane and have equal chances, no matter what their creed or their party. It was the same under the Republican predecessors of the present postmasters of Chicago and Boston. They happened to be Protestants; but when they left office it was found that, thanks to the zeal with which they had obeyed the law, Catholics and Democrats had entered the service under them as freely as Protestants and Republicans. All had done their duty alike, and all had been treated alike. It seems to me that this procedure under the civil service law could with advantage be pondered by those citizens who strive to bring into our political life questions of religious belief; who seek either to use church influence improperly on the one hand, or, on the other, to discriminate against worthy Americans because of their creed or their race origin.

Theodore Roosevelt.

PHYSICAL TRAINING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

One who has traced the course of educational thought in this country during the last quarter century cannot but have seen that the spirit of the old adage, *mens sana in corpore sano*, has come to have a marked influence upon all the work in public schools, of whatever grade. No considerate person familiar with the educational doings of our time would maintain that the physical side of child nature is not as important in school training as is the intellectual, or perhaps the moral side; and yet this view seems to be peculiar to modern civilization, although a certain kind of physical culture was not unknown among ancient peoples. Art-loving Greece, for example, cultivated the body for beauty and grace primarily, and only in a secondary sense for strength and power; while a different aim was constantly before the Roman people, for they sought a method of training that would always insure their arms success upon the battlefield. In some measure, our own ideals are determining the place which physical training is coming to take in our educational work, and are fashioning the means and methods by which the desired ends are to be secured. We are a various people, though with different ideals, and naturally our manner of attaining these is not in every case alike. It may safely be said, however, that we are not in any great sense a warfaring people, so we have little thought, when we insist that our boys shall have sufficient physical training, of preparing them to achieve renown upon the battlefield, though we desire, of course, that our youth shall have courage and strength to meet the usual emergencies in life; but these very rarely include experiences in war. We are in a greater measure, perhaps, an art-loving people, and are somewhat desirous that our children shall be trained in a manner to insure them

symmetrical and beautiful persons. But above everything else we are a practical people; and in our educational work, as well with the mind as with the body, we are seeking to prepare our youth for the common affairs of life, and all things that do not strive together toward this end are esteemed to be superfluous, and ofttimes unbecoming. In many parts of our country, this regard for what seems practical so dominates the public mind that any distinct work calculated to develop the body will not be admitted into the schools; it being maintained that this is wholly unnecessary, since the physical will generally take care of itself, while the more we become possessed of things intellectual, the better we shall be prepared for the emergencies of life. It requires but little observation, however, to see that the physical powers of school-children will not adequately be cared for or developed unless special attention be paid to them; nor does it seem that any more *practical* work than this can be done in the schools.

But the great problem in this training of the body is the difficult one of so organizing the work that it may be made practical and serviceable under the many unfavorable conditions which exist in the schoolroom. Our present entire educational equipment has been intended in the main to promote intellectual culture, and consequently the opportunities for physical training are very inferior; and as we are not fortunate in the possession of gymnasia in connection with all of our educational institutions, whatever bodily training is attempted must be accomplished without the aid of special buildings and apparatus. We have in our higher institutions of learning, it is true, special furnishings appropriate for gymnastic exercises; but the number of those receiving the advantages of a higher education is so slight compared with the multitudes who are in the public schools at large that it by no means follows that, as a people, we are being much benefited by gymnastic training. Any method of physical culture that is intended to help the people in a broad measure must reach down into the elementary and secondary schools, and there accomplish what is now being aimed at in a general way in our higher institutions. Work of this character was not undertaken by any of the peoples of antiquity, although it is ofttimes maintained that the Greeks went far beyond any modern nation in the care and culture of the physical man. It must be remembered, meanwhile, that it was only the privileged classes who had the freedom of the gymnasium; and, regarded as a whole, they were probably not those splendid specimens of physical development that we are sometimes led to think they were.

Our present methods of physical training have had their origin within the present century. The story of Prussia is familiar: that after its conquest by Napoleon it determined to make every effort to regain its honored position among the nations of the world, and its statesmen foresaw that the first requisite was to reform the education of the people, not only intellectual and moral, but physical. From this determination has sprung a great educational system which has placed Germany first among the nations in intellectual matters; and many assign it this place, also, in the physical vigor and development of its people. The originator of the German system of gymnastics was Zahn, followed by Guts-muths and Spiess, who collectively elaborated a system adapted to all the grades of the schools, including exercises without apparatus as well as those requiring gymnasia and special equipment. These gymnastics were gradually introduced into the schools; and it was especially fortunate that they had at the outset such warm advocates as Pestalozzi and Froebel, who used them in their famous schools at Yverdon and Burgdorf. During the revolution in Germany in 1848, many refugees fled to this country, bringing with

them the advanced thought of their fatherland in regard to education, intellectual and physical, and their own radical opinions concerning political freedom; and no sooner had they become established here than they set about to put their ideas into practical operation, being particularly emphatic upon the subject of bodily training; for with them the physical had come to be the principal object of worship. They forsook all things religious, and in the communities in which they were strong enough prohibited the establishment of churches, setting up instead Turner Halls, in which physical education became deified. The is little city of New Ulm, in Minnesota, an example of such a community, controlled entirely, in early times, by these German radicals, who established a school for physical training, in which teachers could prepare themselves for work elsewhere. By the continued efforts of these Turners, their system of physical exercises has been introduced, in one form or another, into many public schools, and the work of propagation is going forward rapidly. Like most systems, it comprises exercises in what are called "free-hand" gymnastics, and gymnastics with apparatus, light and heavy; and much emphasis is laid upon marchings and all military movements. The free-hand exercises are designed for use in the grades of schools where it is inexpedient, and in many cases impossible, to use apparatus of any sort. In places favored with appropriate rooms, dumbbells, wands, and Indian clubs are used; while in schools where there are gymnasia, heavier apparatus, such as chest weights, chest expanders, leg machines, and horizontal and parallel bars, may be found. The system of free-hand training comprises a great many bending, thrusting, and breathing movements (in addition to the marchings), made possible by the numerous muscles and joints of the human body; and with children the first movements are mainly flexions of the head, trunk, and limbs, these being executed in a quick, restless manner, usually in accompaniment to music. From these simple elements the flexions gradually become more involved, and thrustings of the limbs and breathing exercises are introduced. The intention is to call into action, in a definite order, every muscle of the human body, so that dexterity, agility, and strength may be maintained and promoted, and health and muscular development secured. The exercises are all executed upon military command, and the utmost attention and obedience are required in order that the directions of the instructor may be followed. Many purely military movements are given throughout all grades of the work, the purpose being to foster military bearing and promptness in executing commands.

It is unnecessary to say that much good comes to children who are subjected to this discipline from the time they enter school until they leave it; but as a scheme of physical training suited to American children it is not without its faults, and grave and serious ones. In the first place, the exercises lack steadiness and deliberation in their performance, and are not calculated to secure that restfulness and self-control which are so much needed in American life. It is the common judgment of those who are entitled to speak authoritatively that, as a people, we are inclined to be nervous, restless, and ill poised; and though these exercises may not perhaps increase our natural tendencies, still it seems that they will not prevent them from coming to full fruition as successfully as we had hoped they would in putting them into our schools. In a measure, this German system may be in accord with some ideals in our national life: that we must be constantly in a rush, as well in educational as business activity, ever stimulating ourselves to higher and greater exertions in the attainment of knowledge or of material things, thinking that these

constitute the *summum bonum* in life, no matter what use we may make of such possessions. Teachers and pupils in our schools are ever urged to work harder, that more facts may be acquired from books; and with all the blessings that flow from this, it at the same time leads to the unrest and lack of perfect control that seem so characteristic of the people of this land. It was the thought of those who favored the introduction of gymnastics into our schools that this feverish tendency might be overcome; for it was believed that to train the body would make it a natural outlet to the pent-up nervous energy which must be generated by so much mental effort all day in the schoolroom. But in many cases these movements only add to the strain, because of their quick, nervous character calling for great attention and exertion of the will. After two or three hours of intellectual discipline the pupil's muscles have become constrained, his nervous system is overtaxed, and the purpose of his physical drill should be to relax and relieve this unnatural condition. But instead of the severe military positions and movements demanded by the German exercises accomplishing this, they are liable to aggravate conditions. It is not maintained that this discipline is not most wholesome and good in its appropriate place; but it does not seem that this is, to any great extent, the schoolroom, at a time when children need freedom and relaxation rather than constraint.

Although the movements in this system aim to secure a harmonious and symmetrical development of the body as well as perfect self-control, it does not follow that in every particular they are suited to accomplish this; for most of the thrusting movements are stiff, awkward, and ungainly, and it has not been sufficiently recognized that these physical attitudes have a marked influence upon the mind and character. Thrustings with closed hands, if not actually injurious to the physical frame of ordinary schoolchildren, have at least a harmful effect upon the mind in disturbing its most perfect poise. Psychologists have long since shown that most intimate reciprocal relations exist between bodily movements and attitudes and mental states; and it follows that those noble, gentle qualities of character which we are anxious that our educational work should instill into the lives of our boys and girls are not as likely to be secured by the ungraceful, stiff movements which the German exercises in some cases demand as by those of a different nature. We are not so anxious, either, that our children should have the bearing and manner of soldiers, with the reciprocal qualities of heart and mind that such demeanor necessarily begets. We cannot sympathize with the German if this be his ideal of the average man and woman; for while we are indeed desirous of possessing courage and strength at all times, yet we wish these qualities to come from gracious confidence, self-control, and self-poise, rather than from that stiffness and formality whose spiritual accompaniment is liable to be selfishness and austerity.

It may not seem that the few minutes which are given each day to physical culture in our schools will affect materially, for better or worse, the character and bearing of the children who are subjected to it; but when it is remembered that this sort of thing goes on day after day for eight or nine years, its influence will be more readily appreciated, and its hygienic importance more fully realized. If the present mental strain is to continue in our schools, then we must strive to overcome the nervousness which it induces through the efficient culture of the body. We must not have as our ideal of the work of physical training the development of great muscular strength and dexterity, so much as the promotion of health, and rendering the body an unconscious and ready instrument of the mind in the expression of its most gracious qualities. Nor can

we hope, under the conditions which exist in our schools, to make the bodies of all our children symmetrical and harmonious by physical training; for we have to deal there with children in the great average, and it is only by dealing with individual tendencies that we can secure perfect symmetry and harmony. But after all, this is not such a serious question; for if we can foster and promote the health of children, and induce in them the right attitude of spirit, the tendency of nature toward symmetry and harmony will produce gratifying results.

The ideal, then, of physical training in our educational work should be to promote the health of schoolchildren; and this implies that special care should be taken to overcome that tendency toward nervous unrest that the strain of American life, as well in business and social circles as in the schools, tends to create. The question naturally follows, Can we find any organized system of physical exercises that will secure this ideal in the schoolroom any better than the one just considered? It will perhaps be agreed that there would be no need whatever for such a system if opportunity could be given the child for sufficient unrestrained, natural play; for play is the most efficient method to secure both bodily development and relaxation, and is at the same time the most wholesome and conducive to happy, normal childhood and youth. But it is with this as with most other methods of training the body in the schools, — there are insuperable obstacles which render it very difficult to be carried out to the necessary extent. In the first place, most of our graded schools in the cities have not the facilities in the way of large playgrounds, where pupils of all ages may indulge in the games and pastimes which they long for, and enjoy so much. Then, during a large part of the school year it is impracticable for pupils to be in the open air at all; and while some schools have appropriate rooms where play may be carried on with much freedom in inclement weather, yet in most places there are no provisions whatever for this. In some cities pupils are allowed no seasons for recreation during the school day, for it is thought that this affords splendid opportunity for the propagation of various kinds of immorality among schoolchildren. In the city schools of Rochester, N. Y., for example, no recesses are allowed, and it can be seen that some artificial method of relaxation and exercise must be arranged for. It should be said again that if pupils were permitted to indulge sufficiently in the natural appetite for wholesome, healthful play, and were given more physical freedom in their school work, the necessity for physical culture in the schools would be reduced to a minimum, or dispensed with altogether. We find this to be the way in the kindergarten, where the plays and games are participated in with great freedom, and where there seems to be little difficulty with health or the harmonious and gracious development of the body. One often hears, however, that over and beyond this we should have some artificial gymnastics of the German type, on the plea that these put the various members and faculties of the body under perfect control of the will; but it is an erroneous psychology which asserts that the unconscious use and control of all the powers of the body through play, when the attention is wholly upon the play itself, and not upon the movements of the body in attaining the objects of play, are not usually better for so-called will culture than conscious, forced exercises for the sole purpose of these exercises themselves. The right and best way to bring the body under the control of the will is to have it become, through habit, the unconscious medium in attaining the objects which the child desires, and in expressing his highest thoughts and emotions; and this should, so far as practicable, determine the means and methods of physical training.

It will perhaps be impossible to elaborate any system that will fully meet this ideal, under the embarrassing conditions which exist in our schools; but it may be said that there are others than the German for which much has been claimed in this direction. During the present half century there has been worked out in Sweden, by Ling and some followers, a series of exercises for use in the schools that is now attracting world-wide attention. This system seems to be based upon a most minute and careful analysis of the human body, and attempts, through a progressive series of exercises, to develop all the powers and capabilities of the physical being. The needs of schoolchildren have been considered to a greater extent than in the German system, and all movements are designed, in the first place, to relieve the strained and congested condition of the body naturally following upon two or three hours' study; and in the second place, to develop health and strength in the various members of the body, so as to secure a symmetrical and capable whole. In all the exercises the effect upon the lungs and heart is the great desideratum, for it is believed that upon the right action and condition of these depends the health of the body; and this is the primary consideration in Swedish gymnastics. In every day's exercises there is a certain order, which may be stated briefly as follows: (1.) Movements calculated to relieve the strain from the sitting posture during school hours, and to draw away blood from the brain to the extremities. (2.) Breathing movements, for the expansion of the chest, which has been contracted while the child has been sitting at the desk; and by full, deep inspirations to fill the lungs with pure air. (3.) Poising or balancing movements, designed to cultivate the power of sustaining the body in difficult positions. (4.) Movements of the shoulders and back, designed to afford graceful carriage to the shoulders, and to correct any deformity which may have resulted from faulty positions at the desk. (5.) Finally, movements for the fore part of the body, which seek to stimulate the normal activities of the vital organs in the abdomen. It can be seen from this brief outline that these exercises, when faithfully carried out, discipline the entire body at every period of training.

All of the movements, however, are stiff and jerky, and are performed upon military command, so that the most exact and stringent attention is required on the part of the child. The objection urged against the German system applies here also, — that instead of relieving the will effort required of the pupil during the intellectual work of the day, the movements, in many cases, make greater demand upon it. The answer made is that the attention is being turned toward entirely different things, and thus the movements are really a relief to the will. But the studies of psychologists along the line of fatigue have shown conclusively that, no matter in what direction the will is exerted, a tax is made upon the nervous system which, while perhaps not felt at the moment, yet reduces the sum total of available nervous energy in the body. This consideration will not be forceful except where children already have as many demands made upon the will as are conducive to perfect health and poise of body and mind; but as in most of our schools this limit is attained, and even passed, it is apparent that strict military discipline cannot have a very prominent place in our physical exercises. It will certainly be most wholesome to have a little of it, for the training it gives in prompt obedience and exact control; but it is surely wrong that all of our exercises should be based upon it.

An important consideration sometimes lost sight of in physical training is that it should prepare students for the lives they will live and the conditions they will meet when they leave their school. This is what is aimed at in intellectual education; it

should be the aim also in physical education. But if it is best, during the work of physical training, for the pupil's attitude and actions to be stiff and formal, then the same bearing could be justified in recitations, where habit will become formed and readily carried into daily life. The grace, carriage, and posture which most of the German and Swedish exercises encourage are not those which, as Americans, we care for in daily life. The Ling system, too, like the German, seems to have been elaborated upon an analysis of the bodily needs mainly, without tracing very carefully the interdependence of body and mind, and the possibilities of vitally affecting the spiritual by the movements and attitudes of the physical. The main thought has been to secure the health and strength of the body; and it has been assumed, if the question has been at all considered, that the health and wholesomeness of the spirit would naturally follow. But that any definite discipline of the physical can be used to secure invariable effects on the mind and character has not been recognized in either of these systems, except in a very indirect way. While it has been quite generally acknowledged by observing teachers that any state of the mind shows itself in some activity or condition of the body, the converse of this has not been sufficiently felt and appreciated in our schools. This thought has been embodied in a way, however, in systems of physical culture elaborated by followers of Delsarte upon principles which he announced some forty or fifty years ago. It is constantly maintained by many, though, that there is no such thing as Delsartean physical culture, but that the whole Delsarte philosophy is simply one of *expression*, making the body capable of portraying accurately and readily the thoughts and emotions of the soul. Though in a sense this last is true, still it seems to be implied that to make the body truly expressive of the soul life is not the very highest function of physical training, which view is not, or at least cannot continue to be, held very extensively by the most open and progressive educators; especially so when it is understood that true expression requires the most complete and harmonious development of all parts of the body, and this necessitates the employment of exercises for training that are as potent in forming and developing the physical being as are any performances in the gymnasium.

The Delsartean systems are all based more or less definitely upon a philosophy setting forth the relation of mind and body, which may be stated in brief as follows: Every state or act of the mind is manifested in appropriate action of the body, either fully expressed or partially inhibited; and every attitude and function of the body and of its various members always produces a characteristic kind of mental activity. From this it follows that, in the first place, one's thoughts and deepest character are written in the conditions and activities of his body, and may be read from this external expression; and in the second place, one's character and thoughts may be influenced, and even shaped, by the habitual conditions and activities of his physical being. Every part of the body, according to this philosophy, is a medium through which may be read a particular kind of mind and character behind it, or by which this mind and character may be influenced. Thus, one who possesses a coarse, sensuous nature will reveal this to the world by certain characteristic movements of parts of the face, trunk, and limbs, and in his breathing; and as a converse of this, a coarse, sensuous nature may be cultivated by appropriate activities of these same parts of the body. In like manner, the highest intellectual and spiritual qualities may be expressed through the body, and, conversely, may be cultivated by the proper treatment of the body. So far as this philosophy is concerned in detail

it is not of great importance for us to consider, but that in a general way it sets forth a truth in regard to the reciprocal influence of mind and body there can be no doubt; and later investigations in physiology and psychology only tend to confirm this view. It may be said, however, that all the inferences drawn from this relation by Delsarte and his followers have not been generally accepted as yet; for example, that abdominal breathing only is always associated with and promotes sensuality, while clavicular breathing is indicative of and begets intellectuality, and at the same time develops a narrow, unsympathetic nature. But whether we believe in this and similar doctrines as mere theory or not, it is certain that their practical application in physical training produces most beneficent results.

The Delsarte philosophy makes the chest the centre of all being, and its proper development and carriage is the principal object of most of the exercises; but in order that this end shall be secured the whole body must be harmoniously developed. This is one object, of course, in all systems of exercises for training the body; yet in none of them has symmetrical, harmonious, expressive development been emphasized to the extent it has in the Delsartean systems. Most others, ancient and modern, lay great stress upon physical strength; while all Delsarteans seek rather to develop freedom, grace, and poise, believing that health and sufficient strength will necessarily follow. Especially with schoolchildren there is less need to give particular attention to muscular development than to train them to use freely and graciously what bodily powers they become possessed of in their plays; but this does not imply that a system of exercises intended to make free the muscles of the body, and to relieve the nervous strain induced by severe mental effort, cannot at the same time develop muscular power. Fault is sometimes found with the Delsartean systems because they have apparently failed to recognize this fact; for many see in their exercises only weak attempts at grace and elegance of carriage and manner, qualities usually considered foreign to our sturdy American life. We have been accustomed to think that substantial strength and usefulness cannot go along with grace and harmony of bodily movement; but it is time to consider whether this is not an entirely erroneous view, particularly since such systems of physical culture as the Emerson, the Preece, and others have already accomplished so much to prove that it is. It is perhaps true that hurry and struggle are not generally compatible with beauty and grace in form and movement; but this only seems to urge the greater need of inducting the present race of schoolchildren into ways of acting that may be self-poised and deliberate. The Delsartean exercises constantly favor this by the emphasis which is laid upon many poising movements that require the greatest calmness and steadiness of person in their execution; they favor it, again, by the greater stress which is laid upon the frequent relaxation of the entire body from muscular constraint, thus predisposing the mind to composure and restfulness; they favor it in still another way by the many graceful curved movements, and bending and stretching movements, which are executed with slowness and precision, instead of in a jerky, agitated manner, as is the case with most of the movements to be found in a majority of the schools where physical culture has a place. The exercises are usually accompanied by soothing, restful music, and this is always of marked psychological benefit, producing a peaceful effect as no other agency readily can.

In trying to determine which of these several methods appears best suited to our American schools, it is possible that we cannot find in any one of them alone all that we are looking for. One hears

now and again of an American system of physical training; but aside from the Sargent, which is not calculated for use in the public schools, there is certainly no objective reality to which that term can be applied. What is commonly meant by this is the series of exercises with and without apparatus that have been selected from the different systems described above, and modified to suit our conditions; but it seems apparent that the aims of mere muscular development and military action and bearing dictate to a harmful extent the character of the exercises which obtain favor in our schools. It is not too much to expect that the character of our physical training will shape in a certain measure the destiny of our nation, for history is emphatic in proving this of other times and peoples; and so it behooves us calmly to examine our ideals, and see if the highest that can be kept in view, considering our peculiar needs, are not those of self-poise and deliberation, and the grace and strength of mind and body which flow from them.

M. V. O'Shea.

CELIA THAXTER.

BORN JUNE, 1835; DIED AUGUST, 1894.

If it were ever intended that a desolate island in the deep sea should be inhabited by one solitary family, then indeed Celia Thaxter was the fitting daughter of such a house.

In her history of the group of islands, which she calls Among the Isles of Shoals, she portrays, in a prose which for beauty and wealth of diction has few rivals, the unfolding of her own nature under influences of sky, and sea, and solitude, and untrammeled freedom, such as have been almost unknown to civilized humanity in any age of the world. She speaks also of the effect produced, as she fancied, upon the minds of men by the eternal sound of the sea; a tendency to wear away the edge of human thought and perception. But this was far from being the case with regard to herself. Her eyesight was keener, her speech more distinct, the lines of her thoughts more clearly defined, her verse more strongly marked in its form, and the accuracy of her memory more to be relied upon, than was the case with almost any one of her contemporaries. Her painting, too, upon porcelain possessed the same character. Her knowledge of the flowers, and especially of the seaweeds with which she decorated it, was so exact that she did not require the originals before her vision. They were painted upon her mind's eye, where every filament and every shade seemed to be recorded. These "green growing things" had been the beloved companions of her childhood, as they continued to be of her womanhood, and even to reproduce their forms in painting was a delight to her. The written descriptions of natural objects give her history a place among the pages which possess a perennial existence. While White's Selborne, and the pictures of Bewick, and Thoreau's Walden, and the Autobiography of Richard Jefferies endure, so long will Among the Isles of Shoals hold its place with all lovers of nature. She says in one place, "All the pictures over which I dream are set in this framework of the sea, that sparkled and sang, or frowned and threatened, in the ages that are gone as it does to-day."

The solitude of Celia Thaxter's childhood, which was not solitude, surrounded

as she was with the love of a father and a mother, all tenderness, and brothers dear to her as her own life, developed in the child strange faculties. She was five years old when the family left Portsmouth, — old enough, given her inborn power of enjoyment of nature, to delight in the free air and the wonderful sights around her. She gives in her book a pretty picture of the child watching the birds that flew against the lighthouse lantern, when they lived at White Island. The birds would strike it with such force as to kill themselves. "Many a May morning," she says, "have I wandered about the rock at the foot of the tower, mourning over a little apron brimful of sparrows, swallows, thrushes, robins, fire-winged blackbirds, many-colored warblers and flycatchers, beautifully clothed yellowbirds, nuthatches, catbirds, even the purple finch and scarlet tanager and golden oriole, and many more beside, — enough to break the heart of a small child to think of! Once a great eagle flew against the lantern and shivered the glass."

Her father seems to have been a man of awful energy of will. Some disappointment in his hope of a public career, it has been said, decided him to take the step of withdrawing himself forever from the world of the mainland, and this attitude he appears to have sustained unflinchingly to the end. Her mother, with a heart stayed as unflinchingly upon love and obedience, seems to have followed him without a murmur, leaving every dear association of the past as though it had not been. From this moment she became, not the slave, but the queen of her affections, and when she died, in 1877, the sun appeared to set upon her daughter's life. On the morning after Mrs. Thaxter's sudden death, seventeen years later, a friend asked her eldest son where his mother was, with the intent to discover if she had been well enough to leave her room. "Oh," he replied, "her mother came in the night and took her away." This reply showed how deeply all who were near to Celia Thaxter were impressed with the fact that to see her mother again was one of the deepest desires of her heart.

The development wrought in her eager character by those early days of exceptional experience gives a new sense of what our poor humanity may achieve, left face to face with the vast powers of nature.

In speaking of the energy of Samuel Haley, one of the early settlers of the islands, she says he learned to live as independently as possible of his fellowmen; "for that is one of the first things a settler on the Isles of Shoals finds it necessary to learn." Her own lesson was learned perfectly. The sunrise was as familiar to her eyes as the sunset, and early and late the activity of her mind was rivaled by the ceaseless industry of her hands. She pays a tribute to the memory of Miss Peabody, of Newburyport, who went to Star Island in 1823 and "did wonders for the people during the three years of her stay. She taught the school, visited the families, and on Sundays read to such audiences as she could collect, took seven of the poor female children to live with her at the parsonage, instructed all who would learn in the arts of carding, spinning, weaving, knitting, sewing, braiding mats, etc. Truly she remembered what 'Satan finds for idle hands to do,' and kept all her charges busy, and consequently happy. All honor to her memory! She was a wise and faithful servant. There is still an affectionate remembrance of her among the present inhabitants, whose mothers she helped out of their degradation into a better life."

If it was not in Celia Thaxter's nature to teach in this direct way herself, she did not fail to appreciate and to stimulate excellence of every kind in others. Appledore was too far away in winter from the village at Star Island for any regular or frequent communication between

them. Even so late as in the month of May she records watching a little fleet beating up for shelter under the lee of Appledore to ride out a storm. "They were in continual peril. . . . It was not pleasant to watch them as the early twilight shut down over the vast weltering desolation of the sea, to see the slender masts waving helplessly from one side to another. . . . Some of the men had wives and children watching them from lighted windows at Star. What a fearful night for them! They could not tell from hour to hour, through the thick darkness, if yet the cables held; they could not see till daybreak whether the sea had swallowed up their treasures. I wonder the wives were not white-haired when the sun rose and showed them those little specks yet rolling in the breakers!" How clearly these scenes were photographed on the sensitive plate of her mind! She never forgot nor really lost sight of her island people. Her sympathy drew them to her as if they were her own, and the little colony of Norwegians was always especially dear to her. "How pathetic," she says, "the gathering of women on the headlands, when out of the sky swept the squall that sent the small boat staggering before it, and blinded the eyes, already drowned in tears, with sudden rain that hid sky and sea and boats from their eager gaze!"

What she was, what her sympathy was, to those people, no one can ever quite express. The deep devotion of their service to her brothers and to herself, through the long solitude of winter and the storm of summer visitors, alone could testify. Such service cannot be bought: it is the devotion born of affection and gratitude and admiration. Speaking of one of the young women who grew up under her eye, she often said: "What could I do in this world without Mine Burntssen? I hope she will be with me when I die." And there indeed, at the last, was Mine, to receive the latest word and to perform the few sad offices.

To tell of the services Mrs. Thaxter rendered to some of the more helpless people about her, in the dark season, when no assistance from the mainland could be hoped for, would make a long and noble story in itself. Her good sense made her an excellent doctor; the remedies she understood, she was always on hand to apply at the right moment. Sometimes she was unexpectedly called to assist in the birth of a child, when knowledge and strength she was hardly aware of seemed to be suddenly developed. But the truth was she could do almost anything; and only those who knew her in these humbler human relations could understand how joyous she was in the exercise of her duties, or how well able to perform them. Writing to Mine from the Shoals once in March, she says: "This is the time to be here; this is what I enjoy! To wear my old clothes every day, grub in the ground, dig dandelions, and eat them too, plant my seeds and watch them, fly on the tricycle, row in a boat, get into my dressing-gown right after tea, and make lovely rag rugs all the evening, and nobody to disturb us, — *this* is fun!" In the house and out of it she was capable of everything. How beautiful her skill was as a dressmaker, the exquisite lines in her own black or gray or white dresses testified to every one who ever saw her. She never wore any other colors, nor was anything like "trimming" ever seen about her; there were only the fine, free outlines, and a white handkerchief folded carefully about her neck and shoulders.

In her young days it was the same, with a difference! She was slighter in figure then, and overflowing with laughter, the really beautiful but noisy laughter which died away as the repose of manner of later years fell upon her. I can remember her as I first saw her, with the seashells which she always wore then around her neck and wrists, and a gray poplin dress defining her lovely form. She talked simply and

fearlessly, while her keen eyes took in everything around her; she paid the tribute of her instantaneous laughter to the wit of others, — never too eager to speak, and never unwilling. Her sense of beauty, not vanity, caused her to make the most of the good physical points she possessed; therefore, although she grew old early, the same general features of her appearance were preserved. She was almost too well known even to strangers, in these later years at the Shoals, to make it worth while to describe the white hair carefully put up to preserve the shape of the head, and the small silver crescent which she wore above her forehead; but her manner had become very quiet and tender, more and more affectionate to her friends, and appreciative of all men. One of those who knew her latterly wrote me: "Many of her letters show her boundless sympathy, her keen appreciation of the best in those whom she loved, and her wonderful growth in beauty and roundness of character. And how delightful her enthusiasms were! As pure and clear as those of a child! She was utterly unlike any one in the world, so that few people really understood her. But it seems to me that her trials softened and mellowed her, until she became like one of her own beautiful flowers, perfect in her full development; then in a night the petals fell, and she was gone."

The capabilities which were developed in her by the necessities of the situation, during her life at the Shoals in winter, were more various and remarkable than can be fitly told. The glimpses which we get in her letters of the many occupations show what energy she brought to bear upon the difficulties of the place.

In Among the Isles of Shoals she says: "After winter has fairly set in, the lonely dwellers at the Isles of Shoals find life quite as much as they can manage, being so entirely thrown upon their own resources that it requires all the philosophy at their disposal to answer the demand. . . . One goes to sleep in the muffled roar of the storm, and wakes to find it still raging with senseless fury. . . . The weather becomes of the first importance to the dwellers on the rock; the changes of the sky and sea, the flitting of the coasters to and fro, the visits of the sea-fowl, sunrise and sunset, the changing moon, the northern lights, the constellations that wheel in splendor through the winter night, — all are noted with a love and careful scrutiny that is seldom given by people living in populous places. . . . For these things make our world: there are no lectures, operas, concerts, theatres, no music of any kind, except what the waves may whisper in rarely gentle moods; no galleries of wonders like the Natural History rooms, in which it is so fascinating to wander; no streets, shops, carriages; no postman, no neighbors, not a doorbell within the compass of the place! . . . The best balanced human mind is prone to lose its elasticity and stagnate, in this isolation. One learns immediately the value of work to keep one's wits clear, cheerful, and steady; just as much real work of the body as it can bear without weariness being always beneficent, but here indispensable. . . . No one can dream what a charm there is in taking care of pets, singing birds, plants, etc., with such advantages of solitude; how every leaf and bud and flower is pored over, and admired, and loved! A whole conservatory, flushed with azaleas, and brilliant with forests of camellias and every precious exotic that blooms, could not impart so much delight as I have known a single rose to give, unfolding in the bleak bitterness of a day in February, when this side of the planet seemed to have arrived at its culmination of hopelessness, with the Isles of Shoals the most hopeless spot upon its surface. One gets close to the heart of these things; they are almost as precious as Picciola to the prisoner, and yield a fresh and constant joy such as the pleasure-seeking inhabitants of cities could

not find in their whole round of shifting diversions. With a bright and cheerful interior, open fires, books and pictures, windows full of thrifty blossoming plants and climbing vines, a family of singing birds, plenty of work, and a clear head and quiet conscience, it would go hard if one could not be happy even in such loneliness. Books, of course, are inestimable. Nowhere does one follow a play of Shakespeare's with greater zest, for it brings the whole world, which you need, about you; doubly precious the deep thoughts which wise men have given to help us, doubly sweet the songs of all the poets; for nothing comes between to distract you."

It was not extraordinary that the joy of human intercourse, after such estrangement, became a rapture to so loving a nature as Celia Laighton's; nor that, very early, before the period of fully ripened womanhood, she should have been borne away from her island by a husband, a man of birth and education, who went as missionary to the wild fisher folk on the adjacent island called Star.

The exuberant joy of her unformed maidenhood, with its power of self-direction, attracted the shy, intellectual student nature of Mr. Thaxter. He could not dream that this careless, happy creature possessed the strength and sweep of wing which belonged to her own sea-gull. In good hope of teaching and developing her, of adding much in which she was uninstructed to the wisdom which the influences of nature and the natural affections had bred in her, he carried his wife to a quiet inland home, where three children were very soon born to them. Under the circumstances, it was not extraordinary that his ideas of education were not altogether successfully applied; she required more strength than she could summon, more adaptability than many a grown woman could have found, to face the situation, and life became difficult and full of problems to them both. Their natures were strongly contrasted, but perhaps not too strongly to complement each other, if he had fallen in love with her as a woman, and not as a child. His retiring, scholarly nature and habits drew him away from the world; her overflowing, sun-loving being, like a solar system in itself, reached out on every side, rejoicing in all created things.

Her introduction to the world of letters was by means of her first poem, Land-Locked, which, by the hand of a friend, was brought to the notice of James Russell Lowell, at that time editor of The Atlantic. He printed it at once, without exchanging a word with the author. She knew nothing about it until the magazine was laid before her. This recognition of her talent was a delight indeed, and it was one of the happiest incidents in a life which was already overclouded with difficulties and sorrow. It will not be out of place to reprint this poem here, because it must assure every reader of the pure poetic gift which was in her. In form, in movement, and in thought it is as beautiful as her latest work.

LAND-LOCKED.

Black lie the hills; swiftly doth daylight flee;
  And, catching gleams of sunset's dying smile,
  Through the dusk land for many a changing mile
The river runneth softly to the sea.

O happy river, could I follow thee!
  O yearning heart, that never can be still!
  O wistful eyes, that watch the steadfast hill,
Longing for level line of solemn sea!

Have patience; here are flowers and songs of birds,
  Beauty and fragrance, wealth of sound and sight,
  All summer's glory thine from morn till night,
And life too full of joy for uttered words.

Neither am I ungrateful; but I dream
  Deliciously how twilight falls to-night
  Over the glimmering water, how the light
Dies blissfully away, until I seem

To feel the wind, sea-scented, on my cheek,
  To catch the sound of dusky, flapping sail,

And dip of oars, and voices on the gale
Afar off, calling low, — my name they speak!

O Earth! thy summer song of joy may soar
Ringing to heaven in triumph. I but crave
The sad, caressing murmur of the wave
That breaks in tender music on the shore.

With the growth of Mrs. Thaxter's children and the death of her father, the love and duty she owed her mother caused her to return in the winter to the Shoals, although a portion of the summer was passed there as well. This was her husband's wish; his sense of loyalty to age and his deep attachment to his own parents making it clear to his mind as the only right step for his wife to take.

But she had already tasted of the tree of knowledge, and the world outside beckoned to her with as fascinating a face as it ever presented to any human creature. It was during one of these returning visits to the Shoals that much of the delightful book from which I have quoted was written; a period when she had already learned something of the charms of society, — sufficient to accentuate her appreciation of her own past, and to rejoice in what a larger life now held in store for her.

Lectures, operas, concerts, theatres, pictures, music above all, — what were they not to her! Did artists ever before find such an eye and such an ear? She brought to them a spirit prepared for harmony, but utterly ignorant of the science of painting or music until the light of art suddenly broke upon her womanhood. Of what this new world was to her we find some hint, of course, in her letters; but no human lips, not even her own exuberant power of expression, could ever say how her existence was enriched and made beautiful through music. Artists who sang to her, or those who rehearsed the finest music on the piano or violin or flute, or those who brought their pictures and put them before her while she listened, they alone, in a measure, understood what these things signified, and how she was lifted quite away by them from the ordinary level of life. They were inspired to do for her what they could seldom do for any other creature, and her generous response, overflowing, almost extravagant in expression, was never half enough to begin to tell the new life they brought to her. The following lines from a sonnet addressed to the tenor singer W. J. Winch, a singer who has given much joy to his day and generation, will convey some idea of the deep feeling which his voice stirred in her: —

"Carry us captive, thou with the strong heart
And the clear head, and nature sweet and sound!
Most willing captives we to thy great art.
. . . . . .
Sing, and we ask no greater joy than this,
Only to listen, thrilling to the song,
. . . . . .
Borne skyward where the wingèd hosts rejoice."

Mrs. Thaxter found herself, as the years went on, the centre of a company who rather selected themselves than were selected from the vast number of persons who frequented her brothers' "house of entertainment" at the islands. Her "parlor," as it was called, was a *milieu* quite as interesting as any of the "salons" of the past. Her pronounced individuality forbade the intrusion even of a fancy of comparison with anything else, and equally forbade the possibility of rivalry. There was only one thought in the mind of the frequenters of her parlor, — that of gratitude for the pleasure and opportunity she gave them, and a genuine wish to please her and to become her friends. She possessed the keen instincts of a child with regard to people. If they were unlovable to her, if they were for any reason unsympathetic, nothing could bring her to overcome her dislike. She was in this particular more like some wild thing than a creature of the nineteenth century; indeed, one of her marked traits was a curious intractability of nature. I believe that no worldly motive ever in-

fluenced her relation with any human creature. Of course these native qualities made her more ardently devoted in her friendships; but it went hardly with her to ingratiate those persons for whom she felt a natural repulsion, or even sometimes to be gentle with them. Later in life she learned to call no man "common or unclean;" but coming into the world, as she did, full grown, like Minerva in the legend, with keen eyes, and every sense alive to discern pretension, untruth, ungodliness in guise of the church, and all the uncleanness of the earth, these things were as much a surprise to her as it was, on the other hand, to find the wondrous world of art and the lives of the saints. Perhaps no large social success was ever achieved upon such unworldly conditions; she swung as free as possible of the world of society and its opinions, forming a centre of her own, built up on the sure foundations of love and loyalty. She saw as much as any woman of the time of large numbers of people, and she was able to give them the best kind of social enjoyment: music, pictures, poetry, and conversation; the latter sometimes poor and sometimes good, according to the drift which swept through her beautiful room. Mrs. Thaxter was generous in giving invitations to her parlor, but to its frequenters she said, "If people do not enjoy what they find, they must go their way; my work and the music will not cease." The study of nature and art was always going forward either on or around her work-table. The keynote of conversation was struck there for those who were able to hear it. We were reminded of William Blake's verse: —

> "I give you the end of a golden string,
> Only wind it into a ball,
> It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
> Built in Jerusalem wall."

Here it was that Whittier could be heard at his best, sympathetic, stimulating, uplifting, as he alone could be, and yet as he, with his Quaker training to silence, was so seldom moved to prove himself. Here he would sit near her hour after hour; sometimes mending her æolian harp while they talked together, sometimes reading aloud to the assembled company. Here was Rose Lamb, artist and dear friend, and here Mrs. Mary Hemenway was a most beloved presence, with her eager enthusiasm for reform, yet with a modesty of bearing which made young and old press to her side. She loved Celia Thaxter, who in her turn was deeply and reverently attached to Mrs. Hemenway.

The early affection of both Mr. Thaxter and his wife for William Morris Hunt grew to be the love of a lifetime. Hunt's grace, versatility, and charm, not to speak of his undoubted genius, exerted their combined fascination over these appreciative friends in common with the rest of his art-loving contemporaries; but to these two, each in their several ways, Hunt felt himself equally attracted, and the last sad summer of his life he gladly turned to Celia Thaxter in her island home as a sure refuge in time of trouble. It was she who watched him day by day, listening to his words which came clothed with a kind of inspiration. "Whatever genius may be," said Tom Appleton, "we all feel that William Hunt had it. His going is the extinction of a great light; a fervent hand is cold; and the warmth which glowed through so many friends and disciples is like a trodden ember, extinguished." It was Celia Thaxter's hurrying footsteps which traced her friend to the spot where, in extreme weakness, he fell in death. She wrote, "It was that pretty lake where my wild roses had been blooming all summer, and where the birds dipped and sang at sunrise."

Her gratitude to the men and women who brought music to her door knew no limit; it was strong, deep, and unforgetting. "What can I ever do for them," she would say, "when I remember the joy they bring me!"

Julius Eichberg was one of the earliest friends who ministered in this way to her

happiness. Her letters of the time overflow with the descriptions of programmes for the day, when Mr. Paine and Mr. Eichberg would play together or alone, during long mornings and afternoons. "I am lost in bliss," she wrote; "every morning, afternoon, and evening, Beethoven! I am emerging out of all my clouds by help of it; it is divine!"

And again, writing of Mr. Paine in his own home, she said: "I am in the midst of the awful and thrilling music of the Œdipus Tyrannus, and it curdles my blood; we are all steeped in it, for J. K. P. goes on and on composing it all the time, and the tremendous chords thrill the very timbers of the house. It is *most* interesting!"

Of Arthur Whiting, too, and his wife, whose musical gifts she placed among the first, she frequently wrote and spoke with loving appreciation. These friendships were a never failing source of gladness to her.

Later in life came Mr. William Mason, who was the chief minister to her joy in music, her enlightener, her consoler, to the end. Those who loved her best must always give him the tribute of their admiration and grateful regard. Mr. Mason must have known her keen gratitude, for who understood better than he the feeling by which she was lifted away from the things of this world by the power of music!

"The dignity of labor" is a phrase we have often heard repeated in modern life, but it was one unnecessary to be spoken by Celia Thaxter. It may easily be said of her that one of the finest lessons she unconsciously taught was not only the value of labor, but the joy of doing things well. The necessities of her position, as I have already indicated, demanded a great deal, but she responded to the need with a readiness and generosity great enough to extort admiration from those who knew her. How much she contributed to the comfort of the lives of those she loved at the Shoals we have endeavored to show; how beautiful her garden was there, in the summer, all the world could see; but at one period there was also a farm at Kittery Point, to be made beautiful and comfortable by her industry, where one of her sons still lives; and a *pied à terre* in Boston or in Portsmouth, whither she came in the winter with her eldest son, who was especially dependent upon her love and care: and all these changes demanded much of her time and strength.

She was certainly one of the busiest women in the world. Writing from Kittery Point, September 6, 1880, she says: "It is divinely lovely here, and the house is charming. I have brought a servant over from the hotel, and it is a blessing to be able to make them all comfortable; to set them down in the charming dining-room overlooking the smooth, curved crescent of sandy beach, with the long rollers breaking white, and the shoals looming on the far sea-line. . . . But oh, how tired we all get! I shall be quite ready for my rest!

"Your weariest, loving C. T."

This note gives a picture of her life. She was always helping to make a bright spot around her; to give of herself in some way. There is a bit in her book which illustrates this instinct. The incident occurred during a long, dreary storm at the Shoals. Two men had come in a boat, asking for help. "A little child had died at Star Island, and they could not sail to the mainland, and had no means to construct a coffin among themselves. All day I watched the making of that little chrysalis; and at night the last nail was driven in, and it lay across a bench, in the midst of the litter of the workshop, and a curious stillness seemed to emanate from the senseless boards. I went back to the house and gathered a handful of scarlet geranium, and returned with it through the rain. The brilliant blossoms were sprinkled with glittering drops. I laid them in the little coffin, while the wind wailed so sor-

rowfully outside, and the rain poured against the windows. Two men came through the mist and storm, and one swung the light little shell to his shoulder, and they carried it away, and the gathering darkness shut down and hid them as they tossed among the waves. I never saw the little girl, but where they buried her I know; the lighthouse shines close by, and every night the quiet, constant ray steals to her grave and softly touches it, as if to say, with a caress, 'Sleep well! Be thankful you are spared so much that I see humanity endure, fixed here forever where I stand.'"

We have seen the profound love she felt for, and the companionship she found in, nature and natural objects; but combined with these sentiments, or developed simply by her love to speak more directly, was a very uncommon power of observation. This power grew day by day, and the delightful correspondence which existed between Bradford Torrey and herself, although they had never met face to face, bears witness to her constant mental record and memory respecting the habits of birds and woodland manners. Every year we find her longing for larger knowledge; books and men of science attracted her; and if her life had been less intensely laborious, in order to make those who belonged to her comfortable and happy, what might she not have achieved! Her nature was replete with boundless possibilities, and we find ourselves asking the old, old question, Must the artist forever crush the wings by which he flies against such terrible limitations? — a question never to be answered in this world.

Her observations began with her earliest breath at the islands. "I remember," she says, "in the spring, kneeling on the ground to seek the first blades of grass that pricked through the soil, and bringing them into the house to study and wonder over. Better than a shopful of toys they were to me! Whence came their color? How did they draw their sweet, refreshing tint from the brown earth, or the limpid air, or the white light? Chemistry was not at hand to answer me, and all her wisdom would not have dispelled the wonder. Later, the little scarlet pimpernel charmed me. It seemed more than a flower; it was like a human thing. I knew it by its homely name of 'poor man's weather glass.' It was so much wiser than I; for when the sky was yet without a cloud, softly it clasped its small red petals together, folding its golden heart in safety from the shower that was sure to come. How could it know so much?"

Whatever sorrows life brought to her, and they were many and of the heaviest, this exquisite enjoyment of nature, the tender love and care for every created thing within her reach, always stayed her heart. To see her lift a flower in her fingers, — fingers which gave one a sense of supporting everything which she touched, expressive too of fineness in every fibre, although strong and worn with labor, — to see her handle these wonderful creatures which she worshiped, was something not to be forgotten. The lines of Keats,

> "Open afresh your rounds of starry folds,
> Ye ardent marigolds!"

were probably oftener flitting through her mind or from her lips than through the mind or from the lips of any since Keats wrote them. She remembered that he said he thought his "intensest pleasure in life had been to watch the growth of flowers," but she was sure he never felt their beauty more devoutly "than the little half-savage being who knelt, like a fire-worshiper, to watch the unfolding of those golden disks."

The time came at last, as it comes to every human being, for asking the reason of the faith that was in her. It was difficult for her to reply. Her heart had often questioned whether she believed, and what; and yet as she has said, she could not keep her faith out of her poems if she would. We find the fol-

lowing passage in Among the Isles of Shoals which throws a light beyond that of her own lantern.

"When the boat was out late," she says, "in soft, moonless summer nights, I used to light a lantern, and, going down to the water's edge, take my station between the timbers of the slip, and, with the lantern at my feet, sit waiting in the darkness, quite content, knowing my little star was watched for, and that the safety of the boat depended in a great measure upon it. . . . I felt so much a part of the Lord's universe, I was no more afraid of the dark than the waves or winds; but I was glad to hear at last the creaking of the mast and the rattling of the rowlocks as the boat approached."

"A part of the Lord's universe," — that Celia Thaxter always felt herself to be, and for many years she was impatient of other teaching than what nature brought to her. As life went on, and the mingled mysteries of human pain and grief were unfolded, she longed for a closer knowledge. At first she sought it everywhere, and patiently, save in or through the churches; with them she was long *im*patient. At last, after ardent search through the religious books and by means of the teachers of the Orient, the Bible was born anew for her, and the New Testament became her stay and refreshment. At this period she wrote to her friend Mrs. H. M. Rogers: "K. and I read the Bhagavad Gîtâ every day of our lives, and when we get to the end we begin again! It is a great thing to keep one's mind full of it, permeated as it were, and I think Mohini's own words are a great help and inspiration everywhere, all through it as well as in the beautiful introduction. I have written out clearly on the margin of my copy every text which he has quoted from the Scriptures, and find it most interesting. 'Truth is one.'"

Nothing was ever "born anew" in Celia Thaxter which she did not strive to share with others. She could keep nothing but secrets to herself. Joys, experiences of every kind, sorrows and misfortunes, except when they could darken the lives of others, were all brought, open-handed and open-hearted, to those she loved. Her generosity knew no limits.

There is a description by her of the flood which swept over her being, and seemed to carry her away from the earth, when she once saw the great glory of the Lord in a rainbow at the island. She hid her face from the wonder; it was more than she could bear. "I felt then," she said, "how I longed to speak these things which made life so sweet, — to speak the wind, the cloud, the bird's flight, the sea's murmur, — and ever the wish grew;" and so it was she became, growing from and with this wish, a poet the world will remember. Dr. Holmes said once in conversation that he thought the value of a poet to the world was not so much the pleasure that this or that poem might give to certain readers, or even perchance to posterity, as the fact that a poet was known to be one who was sometimes rapt out of himself into the region of the Divine; that the spirit had descended upon him and taught him what he should speak.

This is especially true of Celia Thaxter, whose life was divorced from worldliness, while it was instinct with the keenest enjoyment of life and of God's world. She liked to read her poems aloud when people asked for them, and if there was ever a genuine reputation from doing a thing well, such a reputation was hers. From the first person who heard her, the wish began to spread, until, summer after summer, in her parlor, listeners would gather, if she would promise to read to them. Night after night she has held her sway, with tears and smiles from her responsive little audiences, which seemed to gain new courage and light from what she gave them. Her unspeakably interesting nature was always betraying itself and shining out

between the lines. Occasionally, she yielded to the urgent claims brought to bear upon her by her friend Mrs. Johnson, of the Woman's Prison, and would go to read to the sad-eyed audience at Sherborn. Even those hearts dulled by wrong and misery awakened at the sound of her voice. It was not altogether this or that verse or ballad that made the tears flow, or brought a laugh from her hearers; it was the deep sympathy which she carried in her heart and which poured out in her voice; a hope, too, for them, and for what they might yet become. She could not go frequently, — she was too deeply laden with responsibilities nearer home; but it was always a holiday when she was known to be coming, and a season of light-heartedness to Mrs. Johnson as well as to the prisoners.

It is a strange fallacy that a poet may not read his own verses well. Who beside the writer should comprehend every shade of meaning which made the cloud or sunshine of his poem? Mrs. Thaxter certainly read her own verse with a fullness of suggestion which no other reader could have given it; and her voice was sufficient, too, although not loud or striking, to fill and satisfy the ear of the listener. But at the risk of repetition we recall that it was her own generous, beautiful nature, unlike that of any other, which made her reading helpful to all who heard her. She speaks somewhere of the birds on her island as "so tame, knowing how well they are beloved, that they gather on the window-sills, twittering and fluttering, gay and graceful, turning their heads this way and that, eying you askance without a trace of fear." And so it was with the human beings who came to know her. They were attracted, they came near, they flew under her protection, and were not disappointed of their rest.

Four years before Mrs. Thaxter left this world, when she was still only fifty-five years old, she was stricken with a shaft of death. Her overworked body was prostrated in sudden agony, and she, well, young, vigorous beyond the ordinary lot of mortals, found herself weak and unable to rise. "I do so hate figuring as an interesting invalid," she wrote. "Perhaps I have been doing too much, getting settled. But oh, I used to be able to do *any*thing! Where is my old energy and vigor and power gone! It should not ebb away quite so soon!" She recovered her old tone and sufficient strength for every-day needs, and still found "life so interesting." But her keen observation had been brought to bear upon her own condition, and she suspected that she might flit away from us quickly some day.

Except for one who was especially dependent upon her she was quite ready. The surprises of this life were so wonderful, it was easy for her to believe in the surprises of the unseen; but her letters were full as usual of the things which feed the springs of joy around us in this world. One summer it was the first volume of poems of Richard Watson Gilder which gave her great happiness. She talked of them, recited them, sent them to her friends, and finally wrote to Mr. Gilder himself. Since her death he has said, "I never saw Mrs. Thaxter but once, and that lately; but her immediate and surprising and continuous appreciation and encouragement I can never forget." How many other contemporaneous writers and artists could say the same!

The transparent simplicity of her character and manners, her love and capacity for labor, were combined with equal capacities for enjoying the complex in others and a pure appetite for pleasure. It would be impossible to find a more childlike power of enjoyment.

A perfect happiness came to her, during the last eight years of her life, with the birth of her grandchildren. The little boy who surprised her into bliss one day by crying out, "I 'dore you, I 'dore you, granna! I love you every breff!"

was the creature perhaps dearest to her heart; but she loved them all, and talked and wrote of them with abandonment of rejoicing. Writing to her friend Mrs. Rogers, she says: "Little E. stayed with his 'granna,' who worships the ground he walks on, and counted every beat of his quick-fluttering little heart. Oh, I never meant, in my old age, to become subject to the thrall of a love like this; it is almost dreadful, so absorbing, so stirring down to the deeps. For the tiny creature is so old and wise and sweet, and so fascinating in his sturdy common sense and clear intelligence; and his affection for me is a wonderful, exquisite thing, the sweetest flower that has bloomed for me in all my life through."

Her enjoyment of art could not fade nor lose its keenness. Her life had been shut, as we have seen, into very narrow limits. She never had seen the city of New York, and life outside the circle we have described was an unknown world to her. She went to Europe once with her eldest brother, when he was ill, for three months, and she has left in her letters (portions of which will be published in a forthcoming volume) some striking descriptions of what she saw there; but her days were closely bounded by the necessities we have suggested. Nevertheless the great world of art was more to Celia Thaxter than to others; perhaps for the very reason that her mind was open and unjaded. Her rapture over the great players from England; her absolute agony, after seeing The Cup played by them in London, lest she could never, never tell the happiness it was to her, with Tennyson's words on her own tongue, as it were, to follow Miss Terry's perfect enunciation of the lines, — these enjoyments, true pleasures as indeed they are, did not lose their power over her.

Gilbert and Sullivan, too, could not have found a more amused admirer. Pinafore never grew stale for her, and her brothers yielded to her fancy, or pleased it, by naming their little steamer Pinafore. She went to the theatre again and again to see this, and all the succeeding comedies by the same hands. She never seemed to weary of their fun.

But the poets were her great fountain of refreshment; "Siloa's brook" was her chief resort. Tennyson was her chosen master, and there were few of his lines she did not know by heart. Her feeling for nature was satisfied by the incomparable verses in which he portrays the divine light shining behind the life of natural things. How often have we heard her murmuring to herself,

"The wind sounds like a silver wire,"

or,

"To watch the emerald-colored water falling,"

or,

"Black as ash-buds on the front of March."

Whatever it might be she was observing, there was some line of this great interpreter of nature ready to make the moment melodious. Shakespeare's sonnets were also her close companions; indeed, she seized and retained a cloud of beautiful things in her trustworthy memory. They fed and cheered her on her singing way.

In the quiet loveliness of early summer, and before the tide of humanity swept down upon Appledore, she went for the last time, in June, 1894, with a small company of intimate friends, to revisit the different islands and the well-known haunts most dear to her. The days were still and sweet, and she lingered lovingly over the old places, telling the local incidents which occurred to her, and touching the whole with a fresh light. Perhaps she knew that it was a farewell; but if it had been revealed to her, she could not have been more tender and loving in her spirit to the life around her.

How suddenly it seemed at last that her days with us were ended! She had been listening to music, had been reading to her little company, had been delighting in one of Appleton Brown's new pictures, and then she laid her down to

sleep for the last time, and flitted away from her mortality.

The burial was at her island, on a quiet afternoon in the late summer. Her parlor, in which the body lay, was again made radiant, after her own custom, with the flowers from her garden, and a bed of sweet bay was prepared by her friends Appleton Brown and Childe Hassam, on which her form was laid.

William Mason once more played the music from Schumann which she chiefly loved, and an old friend, James De Normandie, paid a brief tribute of affection, spoken for all those who surrounded her. She was borne by her brothers and those nearest to her up to the silent spot where her body was left.

The day was still and soft, and the veiled sun was declining as the solemn procession, bearing flowers, followed to the sacred place. At a respectful distance above stood a wide ring of interested observers, but only those who knew her and loved her best drew near. After all was done, and the body was at rest upon the fragrant bed prepared for it, the young flower-bearers brought their burdens to cover her. The bright, tear-stained faces of those who held up their arms full of flowers, to be heaped upon the spot until it became a mound of blossoms, allied the scene, in beauty and simplicity, to the solemn rites of antiquity.

It was indeed a poet's burial, but it was far more than that: it was the celebration of the passing of a large and beneficent soul.

Annie Fields.

THREE ENGLISH NOVELS.

The ingenuous lover of pictures for their interesting qualities is often disconcerted by being told that he admires them for inferior virtues; that they are to be praised only for the excellence of their technique; indeed, that deficiency in this particular cannot be offset by any skill in mere story-telling, and a high degree of technical expertness may dispense with merits which any one can perceive. And inasmuch as painting supposes an art that has arcana, the humble spectator accepts this dictum; he may even give a hesitating assent to the same criterion of poetry, but he is bold to deny it when a similar assertion is made respecting prose fiction. What! may a story fail to be very interesting, and yet be praiseworthy on the ground of its artistic quality? It is conceivable that a reader, untrained in analysis of pleasure, may miss an adequate recognition of the art which has constructed the tale; but can there be any supreme artistic value to a story which compensates for its failure to arrest and hold the attention of the reader?

The answer would have to wait on one's definition of a story. In truth, the literature of fiction has become so comprehensive, and holds so undeniable a position as outranking all other forms, that all sorts of creative minds are drawn into the production of it, and each contributes of his own highest gift. He may, for example, not be a born story-teller, but have a natural gift for buffoonery, and so he plays his pranks in the guise of fiction. He may be a reformer; but unadulterated reform is not greatly in demand, so he charges a story with this particular form of gas. In the Elizabethan era he would have been a dramatist; in the Victorian he writes novels which are praised for their dramatic qualities. Perhaps the time may come when the highest literary achievement will be held to be an exquisitely worded

monologue, sweeping into its capacious circle such a criticism of life as shall convince by its intuitive truthfulness, and charm by its fit expression. Should that time come, we can fancy an historian of literature pointing out how much George Meredith was hampered by the conditions of nineteenth-century taste which prescribed the novel as the almost universal form of literary art. He was not a novelist of necessity, such an historian might say; internal impulse did not force him into this mould; he was a novelist by choice and by the pressure of circumstance, and consequently belongs among the men of genius who require something little short of genius on the part of others to recognize the special qualities which really distinguish them. If he had been a painter, painters would have discussed his merits with enthusiasm in their studios, but they would have found it hard to translate their praises into the dialect of the uninitiated.

No one can be truly great in his art when the verdict constantly is, How splendidly he does it! And that is the verdict one may pronounce on Lord Ormont and his Aminta.[1] There are passages in it which stir one by their appeal to intellectual admiration, but these are not, for the most part, the passages which mark critical points in the development of the drama; they are pungent reflections on the natural history of man. Now and then the brilliant writing coincides with some momentous turn in the fortunes of the characters, as in the famous swimming scene, which will next century be in all the prose anthologies, and be of just as much worth there as in the story itself; but the reader is not inspired by Meredith's nervous language so as to realize to himself more perfectly the figures and scenes; he is quite as likely to forget Lord Ormont, Aminta, Matthew Weyburn, or even Lady Charlotte Eglett, the best modeled figure of the lot, and fix his attention on the wit and eloquence of George Meredith.

The most enduring impression left upon the mind, after reading this book, is the somewhat elusive one of Meredith's own attitude toward the story he has undertaken to tell. In but one case does he appear to take any pains to give speech to the speaker after his kind. At the end of the story, when Giulio Calliani is introduced, he makes an effort to convey some notion of the Italian's jerky, un-English style of conversation; yet even here he seems not wholly to avoid the air of its all being in the third person. That is the characteristic of the entire book. The people come and go; now and then they speak to one another, but after all it is in the third person. Mr. Meredith had a story to tell; he was interested in the persons who were to carry on the action of the story, but his interest was a literary, philosophical sort of interest, and the result is that the reader seems always to be overhearing Mr. Meredith talking to himself; the story gets out in an allusive, inferential sort of fashion, and inasmuch as he quickly comes to be more interested in Mr. Meredith than in Mr. Meredith's creations, he does not greatly complain if the confidential talk which Mr. Meredith is carrying on with himself drowns the voices of the people on the stage.

Yet when one has thus amused himself with the author of this brilliant book, and has admired his epigrammatic criticism of life, he comes back to a world which cannot be shut up in an epigram, and asks whether after all Mr. Meredith has, in the story itself, passed a sound, wholesome, calm, and enduring judgment upon human nature. For the story has to do with some tolerably fundamental conditions. Matthew Weyburn, when a schoolboy, with a capacity for admiration, at once makes a hero of Lord Ormont, a sort of sulking Achilles of an Englishman, and fixes his young

[1] *Lord Ormont and his Aminta.* By GEORGE MEREDITH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

love upon Aminta Farrell, a handsome schoolgirl in the neighborhood. These two meet again a few years later, when Weyburn, revolving plans for an international school which is to produce men on the English pattern, is secretary to his lordship, and Aminta is Lady Ormont; really so, but, through a whim of Lord Ormont's, not publicly given her place. Aminta, rebelling against her false position, makes an effort to force her husband to give her her rights, but instead is thrust back into her anomalous relation. Meanwhile, constant association with her quondam schoolboy lover has done for her what might have been done freely had not this marital bond existed. Her starved soul is fed, and at last the two leave England behind them; not like a guilty pair, — quite the contrary: they are setting out for, not from paradise. They set up the school where honor is to be taught! and in the end Lord Ormont commits to their keeping his grandnephew.

Such, stripped of all sophistry, is the story upon which Mr. Meredith has expended his wit and eloquence. There is a refinement of lust in literature which sets forth unholy situations so delicately that the reader at first hardly knows that he has been poisoned, but the poison works nevertheless. Mr. Meredith has scarcely quickened the pulse of the most sensitive reader by this narrative; he effectually arrests inflammation by a constant use of cooling draughts of philosophy. But he relies for his power on his penetration of conduct, his analysis of human nature, his art of translating good and evil into the terms of the epigrammatist's art; and we do not hesitate to say that the triumph of Weyburn and Aminta is an offense against laws to which the mightiest artists are most humbly obedient. Fancy Shakespeare, or Dante, or Walter Scott making this dance of death lead up to a virtuous schoolhouse in Switzerland!

It is another sort of problem in art which presents itself to us in Mr. Hall Caine's latest novel.[1] We are accustomed to the minute use which he makes of the little territory of the Isle of Man, and are quite ready to admit that there are advantages in circumscribing one's figures. An island is a good geographical foundation for a novel which intends a cosmic bit of art. Shakespeare knew the use of an island when he wrote The Tempest, and so did Defoe when he wrote Robinson Crusoe. The very name, moreover, the Isle of Man, is full of suggestion; it has a Bunyan-like significance, and Mr. Caine thus may be pardoned if he clings to his isolated scrap of earth when he would tell of ambition which aspires to the deemster's place, passion which sacrifices friendship, and retribution which follows hard upon the short joys of forbidden love. If Mr. Meredith is primarily an artist so enamored of his fine phrases that he neglects the substantial truth of human nature which can make them endure, Mr. Caine is primarily a moralist so possessed by the intricate errancies of the human conscience that he turns life into a pathological clinic, and practices vivisection on men and women for whom in his heart he has a most earnest affection.

In this story of The Manxman he is at his best and at his worst. The plot is not a very involved one. The leading characters are put on their feet early in the story, and though the reader does not foresee every one of the complications in their relations, he perceives clearly enough what their separate natures will work out. The strength of Mr. Caine's hold on the great laws of human life is well shown. There is something Hebraic in his conception of the generations of men, the sins of the fathers visited upon the children, and there is an inevitableness about conclusions which is like the inevitableness of a Greek drama; but the waverings, the ebb and flow of

[1] *The Manxman.* A Novel. By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1894.

minor currents, the torture of doubt, the alternation of resolute purpose and drifting, — all this is illustrative of a temper neither Hebraic nor Greek, but essentially modern and analytic. The terrible fascinates Mr. Caine, but still more does he delight in forecasting the terrible, and watching every deflection from the straight road which leads from the simple beginning to the complex but sure end. If the subtle pursuit of the human soul through all its windings and turnings were not controlled by an awful sense of judgment to come, if it were accompanied, for example, by a delight in evil, we should have what is not uncommon in this age of morbid fiction, an inflammatory, pestilential book. The Manxman is free from this blot, but is it, for all that, a work of art to be admired?

No, for it lacks a prime quality in its treatment of sin and its consequences; it is unreserved and it is tedious. Mr. Caine's conception of his subject, as we have said, is strong; it is comprehensive, too, and faithful to the movements of human life; but he seems to forget that great art in such subjects is swift, not ruminative. He accumulates details; he builds up his story bit by bit, and elaborates each successive scene with such a multitude of touches that he exhausts himself and his reader. Though none of the details is foreign from the story, and each contributes its mite, the strong effect of the central theme is frittered away. It is as if a man having to build a stone wall should select with infinite pains all the pebbles he could find and lay his wall with them, — a wall which, when completed, should be true in line and properly proportioned, but wearisome to the eye from the demand it made in its individual parts. We think few books afford so melancholy an example of the tendency of current fiction to pathological excess for here is a writer of normally healthy mind who cannot resist the temptation to follow his characters step by step through the inner chambers of their being, and to drag his readers along with him.

It is like issuing from a gloomy forest with a great deal of underbrush into a sunny pasture, to pass from The Manxman to Trilby.[1] The lightness, joyousness, of this book, its pleasure in itself, are heightened by contrast with the introspection, the heavy sense of the pressure upon life, even the forced gayety, which mark so much of current fiction. It is no wonder that people have been captivated by it. On the title-page of the book the author has drawn a messenger on horseback stopping suddenly in a dashing ride, with hands extended and head thrown up, and underneath is written, —

> "Aux nouvelles que j'apporte,
> Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer;"

and as a sort of motto to the book he has written on a flyleaf, —

> "Hélas! Je sais un chant d'amour,
> Triste et gai, tour à tour!"

It is this April-day character of the book which unquestionably sets the reader's pulse quickening, and hurries him headlong over the dancing pages. The spontaneity, which does not always take heed even of good English, sweeps away judgment as one reads; one simply abandons one's self to the book, and only fears he may not keep up with the author's pace. The quick transition from tears to laughter, and from laughter back to tears, gives no time for reflection. Out comes the sun, and we close our umbrellas; a sudden cloud, a downpour, and up go our umbrellas again.

And what is the story? What is the bottom fact on which the whole rests? Ah, that is what one asks when he sees the juggler pulling yards and yards of bright ribbon out of a hat, setting birds flying from an empty birdcage, and performing other feats which one looks at with a vain attempt to escape his delusive action and penetrate the mystery of the

[1] *Trilby.* A Novel. By George Du Maurier. With Illustrations by the Author. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1894.

sleight of hand. Mr. Du Maurier has practiced the black art of this polite end of the nineteenth century. He has juggled with hypnotism. While psychologists are experimenting with this occult force, and coming out of their laboratories from time to time with partial results, thinking perhaps to give it a therapeutic turn, or to account by means of it for mob action and other half-understood vagaries of human nature, our trifling novelist and artist gayly possesses himself of the secret of the whole matter, and applies it to the life of that loveliest object in nature, a maiden stepping over the threshold of womanhood. If one were in a mocking mood, he might point to Trilby and say to the professional psychologists: This is what your discoveries in hypnotism are demonstrating: the effacement of nice, old-fashioned distinctions of human responsibility; the eradication of those roots of evil which we used to think, and which Mr. Hall Caine still believes, strike terribly deep into the life of generations.

Is then Trilby an offense against morals? Rather, we are inclined to say, it is, so far as it can be made, an unmoral book, a nineteenth-century fairy tale for grown men and women. In the fairy tales which have sucked up the elemental truths of the race, there is, properly speaking, no right and no wrong; there is the play of all those animal propensities which find individual expression in the cunning of the fox, the strength of the lion, the fidelity of the dog, and, translated into human terms, embrace, so to speak, those qualities of character which we sometimes style instinctive, natural emotions and passions, ungoverned as yet by the Conscience. But Mr. Du Maurier cannot wholly unseat this judge. What he does is to divert the magistrate's attention from the subjects which usually occupy him when such a character as Trilby is presented to notice, and direct him to the apparent irresponsibility of a beautiful, lovable nature, brought finally to an end which forces tears to the eyes of Conscience.

It is of slight consequence that one should try to predict the length of life of a popular favorite like Trilby, and yet prophecy has its twofold attribute of fore-telling and forth-telling. That the grace, the *bonhomie*, of the book will appeal to another generation depends, we think, on how far another generation will be as tired as ours is of the fiction which wrestles with all the problems of life, or which plays the part of devil's advocate. That the story of Trilby will continue to fascinate will depend on two facts: how far hypnotism becomes a commonplace of human experience; and how far writers of fiction come again to a sense of the sweetness, the strength, and the enduring power which reside in the pictures of life and character that are obedient to a finely sensitive perception of the everlasting beauty of purity in man and woman.

RECENT TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CLASSICS.

Mr. Gladstone's latest volume[1] is interesting not only because it furnishes fresh proof of his versatility and of the ease with which cultivated Englishmen wear their learning, but also because it illustrates so admirably the singular attraction that has been exercised by Horace over men of affairs, from the days of Mæcenas to our own. Horace and the Budget would seem to be a queer combination, yet many prime ministers

[1] *The Odes of Horace.* Translated into English by W. E. Gladstone. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

have owned to a peculiar weakness for the ease-loving bard. And one connects them not merely with Horace, but with special Odes. Pitt and the "Tyrrhena regum" (iii. 29) are inseparable in the mind of any true Horatian. Sir Robert Peel hardly sorts so well with his favorite "Donec gratus eram" (iii. 9); but surely few Englishmen or Americans will hereafter be able to read the "Cælo tonantem" (iii. 5) without remembering that it was to Mr. Gladstone "the great Ode of Regulus, the loftiest in the whole collection." In giving to the world, then, a complete translation of the Odes, the ex-Premier has not departed from the traditions of the office he so honorably laid down; he has rather accentuated them.

The literary traditions that affect a writer and his subject are not, however, matters of prime importance to a reviewer. It is an interesting fact that a scholarly statesman has given us in his old age an elaborate translation in verse of a portion of the works of a great classical poet; but we are more nearly concerned with the question how far these latest renderings of an author who has been the despair of former translators may be regarded as adequate or needed.

Mr. Gladstone himself naturally glances at this question in his preface. He recognizes that the chief note of his versions is their compression, and that in this particular he must bear comparison with Professor Conington. Although he does not mention Sir Theodore Martin by name, it is evident that he justly regards the latter's almost intolerable diffuseness as a quality that makes him rank rather as a fairly successful paraphraser than as a satisfying translator. The rivalry of Francis was not to be feared, because of the fact that each age has its own way of interpreting a classic, nor that of the late Lord Lytton, because, in the present state of English feeling with regard to the use of unrhymed measures in lyric poetry, his rhymeless versions can be looked at in the light of experiments only. Such, we imagine, were Mr. Gladstone's thoughts when he deliberately coupled his own work with that of Conington, and concluded that the latter's partial success did not preclude another venture along similar lines.

In this conclusion we think he has been justified. His diction is, on the whole, more evenly sustained than that of Conington, his verse movement is easier, his tendency to lapse into prose is not so pronounced. The versions of neither strike one as being the work of a born poet, but the statesman seems to have absorbed more afflatus from his lifelong study of poetry than did the Oxford professor. On the other hand, it must be said that Mr. Gladstone falls more frequently than Conington into the delusion that paraphrase can take the place of translation; but he has avoided Conington's error of attempting to use a particular English stanza for every rendering of a special Latin one. He has, for example, too much reverence for Horace and too much consideration for his own readers to give the Regulus Ode in commonplace octosyllabic quatrains. With all its deficiencies, his volume is, perhaps, the best attempt that any Englishman has made to translate the Odes as a whole; but it sets a much-diluted Horace before us, and leaves abundant room for other essays to achieve the impossible.

Singularly enough, Mr. Gladstone appears to be at his best in the lighter Odes, as for instance in the "Ne sit ancillæ" (ii. 4), which is admirably rendered. In the graver Odes he does not appear to advantage, not even in his favorite tribute to Regulus, in the translation of which he has been far surpassed by Mr. Goldwin Smith. One would hardly infer this fact from a general knowledge of Mr. Gladstone's character. He ought, it would seem, to touch the panegyrist of Augustus rather than

the counselor in love of Xanthias Phoceus. But perhaps our disappointment results from our conscious or unconscious requirement that the nobly sustained thought, diction, and rhythm of the original shall be fairly matched in the translation, — a requirement that can be satisfied only by a translator who is at the same time, like Shelley, an inspired poet. No writer, for example, whose main concern has been with prose is likely to command sufficient metrical felicity and variety to render Horace with eminent success. Mr. Gladstone has proved no exception to this rule. He has allowed himself to be seduced by the fatal facility of our octosyllabics no less than fifty-one times. Doubtless his laudable attempts at compression are partly responsible for this error, just as they are responsible for not a little of his tendency to paraphrase; but, excuse him as we may, the fact remains that in spite of many excellent lines, and even whole stanzas, in spite of the careful polish that has been given to every verse, there are scarcely six of the Odes that he can be said to have rendered, as wholes, in a conspicuously successful manner. It is only when he is considered as a translator of the Odes in their entirety, and when he is compared with his predecessors, that any praise that is worth the having can be given him. And yet, when all is said, the versatility and scholarship of the writer, and the modesty of the man who, great in himself, has nevertheless spent no inconsiderable portion of his closing years in preparing a worthy tribute to the greatness of another, triumph over his deficiencies as a poet, and one closes his volume with genuine respect.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is another versatile and scholarly Englishman who solaces the evening of his days by endeavoring to interpret to his native and adopted countrymen the classical favorites of his youth.[1] He is not as bold and enamored of hard work as Mr. Gladstone, however; for it is a much easier task to translate three volumes of selections, following one's preferences and moods, and passing by what does not appeal to one, than to attempt to give a conscientious account of every line and stanza of a fairly prolific author. Mr. Smith has a further advantage over Mr. Gladstone in that he is not bound by any theory of poetical translation that might not be accepted by a poetical paraphraser. He believes that "it is hardly possible that any but a free translation can be the semblance of an equivalent for the poetry of the original. A literal translation, as a rule, can only be a fetter dance." With such a theory of translation, Mr. Gladstone could probably have completed his Horace in about a fourth of the time actually consumed.

Whatever one may think of Mr. Smith's theory, which has allowed him to consider the *ottava rima* as a fair equivalent for the hexameters of Lucretius, one must be thankful that he has so consistently acted up to his main principle, that a translation of a poem should aim above all at being poetical. It is long since we have read a volume of verse translations that has given us as much pleasure as Bay Leaves. Freedom has not, in Mr. Smith's case, become license, nor has our familiarity with him as a prose writer prevented us from at times believing that we have been reading the work of a real poet. Especially good are the versions of three or four of the best known Odes of Catullus, and that of the "Cælo tonantem" of Horace, of which mention has been made.

In his Specimens of Greek Tragedy[2]

[1] *Bay Leaves.* Translations from the Latin Poets by Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

[2] *Specimens of Greek Tragedy.* Translated by Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. In two volumes. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

Mr. Smith does not please us so much. It is true that the selections have been well made, and that the labor of translation has been conscientiously performed. Unfortunately, however, blank verse is necessarily the prevailing measure, and blank verse furnishes a test that few poetical translators and few original poets can stand. The cloven hoof of the prosaist, if we may be pardoned the metaphor, begins to show here, plainly, if not alarmingly. Mr. Smith's blank verse is correct, but undistinguished. We read it without great difficulty, but we are not disposed to resent an interruption that compels us to lay the volumes down. Now, the great dramas of Greece cannot be adequately rendered, in whole or in part, in mediocre blank verse, and one has but to contrast Mr. Smith's selections from the Agamemnon with the corresponding passages of Fitzgerald's noble version to feel that there are as many different grades in the hierarchy of poetical translators as there are in that of the poets themselves. Yet it is pleasant to believe that Mr. Smith's labors have not been in vain, for his volumes must prove serviceable and gratifying to many people who are debarred from enjoying the original dramas, and have not time to read complete translations; and it is more than a pleasure, it is a duty, to thank him for his charming selections from a body of poets who, if inferior to Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, are nevertheless well worthy of our study and our love.

We have indicated above the class of readers to whom, in our opinion, Mr. Goldwin Smith's more elaborate work is likely to prove valuable and attractive. This leads us to ask whether the general public makes as much use as it might of translations such as those under review, and whether the educational world is fully alive to their importance. There is always, of course, a small circle of cultivated folk to take an interest in such works, but the interest is of a rather artificial kind. Nothing like complete success is expected of the translator, and his readers are simply mildly curious to learn how he will deal with a problem before which so many have succumbed. Such persons, too, knowing the original well, often read merely to pick flaws and to show their own erudition. The public at large, meanwhile, is profoundly oblivious of the fact that a new translation of a classical or foreign poet has appeared, even if it is dimly conscious of the existence of the original poet. If Mr. Gladstone's volume meets with a different reception, it will be owing to the unique personality of the translator, and not to any widespread interest taken in his work *per se*.

Now, although it is generally useless, or worse than useless, to rail at the public for its neglect of the classics, even the classics of our own language, like Spenser and Milton, it may not be improper to ask whether this state of things cannot be changed for the better. Surely, if men like Shelley, Longfellow, Fitzgerald, Bayard Taylor, Goldwin Smith, and Mr. Gladstone think it worth their while to serve their countrymen as translators, it is worth the while of every critic and teacher, of every man who can influence the reading public, to lose no opportunity of extolling the dignity of the translator's function, and of inculcating the value of these easy and pleasant methods of access to the great spirits of other lands and ages. Of course this has been done in part, and there has been of late a noticeable increase in the appearance and use of translations, chiefly in prose. But it is questionable whether the dignity of the translator's function is yet fully appreciated, and the mass of readers can surely stand more instruction as to the importance of adequate translations.

But we are inclined to think that the educational world has been little behind the unlettered public in its disregard of the value of scholarly translations. In

how many school or college classes in this country, now engaged in reading Horace, is Mr. Gladstone's volume likely to be critically discussed? One would fancy that the average student laboring over the "Ne sit ancillæ" would derive more pleasure and profit from having Mr. Gladstone's version of the Ode read him than from being asked to explain the special nature of the dative "pudori." Mr. Gladstone appeals to the imaginations of most of us, old or young; dative cases do not; yet how a student can derive much lasting benefit from poetical studies in which his imagination is not continually stimulated passes our comprehension. But will many of the teachers who may think it the correct thing to purchase Mr. Gladstone's volume forbear to have a single dative passed by, that they may find time to read and comment on their new acquisition? From a long and painful experience of the methods of teaching the classics in this country we trow not. Perhaps these methods are responsible in part for the fact that it is not the work of a retired American statesman that we are recommending to our teachers.

Again, we wonder how many instructors will endeavor to supplant the wretched prose version of Horace, from which it is plain that their students are cribbing, by advising the judicious use of Mr. Gladstone's volume? Translations, especially of the classical poets, are often necessities to conscientious students, whatever teachers may say to the contrary; but they are generally necessary merely to give a hint as to the sense of a difficult passage. Good students (and we need speak of such only) are often repelled by bald prose versions, and they have a natural hesitation at using helps not sanctioned by their instructors. To such students the open recommendation of a work like that of Mr. Gladstone would come as a godsend. The mere handling of a book associated with so great a name would act as an inspiration which they are not likely to derive from the prose version most frequently in use, even though that "well of English" defiled is connected with the author of The Song of David, with Dr. Johnson's prayerful friend, Kit Smart.

There is, however, another class of teachers who might be expected to make greater use of poetical translations. Teachers of rhetoric and prosody might, in our opinion, find them highly serviceable in their work. There would seem to be no better way, for example, of emphasizing the value of a poetic epithet than by pointing out how its omission by a translator has marred his version. Indeed, the whole topic of poetic diction might be admirably illustrated by a skillful comparison of original and translation, and so of other topics. The obvious difficulty arising from the fact that some students are sure to be more or less ignorant of the language of the original could at least be minimized by the teacher's writing out a literal translation of the passage undergoing analysis.

The use of poetical translations by classes studying prosody is equally important. A discussion of the reasons why the translator chose a particular measure to render his original will bring out the subtle nature of the connection between form and content better, it would seem, than the discussion of any original poem, because we can have no knowledge of the archetypal model the poet proposed to himself, whereas we do have a knowledge of the model the translator followed. Then, again, in the actual practice of verse-making, what better method can be pursued than to furnish the student with the original poem, a literal translation and a metrical translation, and bid him endeavor either to frame a new version or to improve upon the one given him?

But we have wandered somewhat far afield from Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Goldwin Smith, who, although they

must have been constantly reminded of their own boyhood during the progress of their labors, doubtless had slight idea that it would ever be proposed to call them in to aid in the education of youth, or, in other words, to enlist them in the rapidly swelling army of textbook writers.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Books for the Young. Harper's Young People for 1894 is a comely volume of 888 pages, with pictures sprinkled in so freely that we guess there are more than 888 of them. Fiction predominates, but ingenuity also is given a fair show, and the telephone, the bicycle, the bicycle boat, and aerial boats, kites, and the like, are described and illustrated. In the nature of things, boys seem to be more regarded in this particular than girls. — St. Nicholas has attained its majority, for the two parts for the year 1894 constitute the twenty-first volume. Kipling, Stockton, Miss Wilkins, Mrs. Dodge, Miss Cone, Stedman, Cable, Boyesen, Susan Coolidge, Mrs. Wiggin, Mark Twain, and a very large number of lesser lights (though children are not much affected by our distinctions of reputation) make up a varied miscellany, illustrated by Birch, Beard, Palmer Cox, F. S. Church, Oliver Herford, and many others. (The Century Co.) — The Story of a Bad Boy, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. (Houghton.) It must have been a pleasure to illustrate this book, for the writer is a true artist, and in making his own vivid pictures of boyhood he did what every artist does, stimulated, not satisfied the imagination ; so that Mr. Frost, in taking up his pencil, could scarcely help catching an impulse from his author. The spirit in which he has added his touch is excellent, and the book ought to be sent on to a new generation with a fresh access of good will. — Robinson Crusoe has been published in the Children's Library (Macmillan, New York ; T. Fisher Unwin, London), in an inexpensive but serviceable style. It is well printed, and Cruikshank's familiar illustrations are reproduced. The story has been slightly modified by " the sparing excision of now needless or irrelevant matter." As is usual, the volume includes only the First Adventures. — The Land of Pluck, by Mary Mapes Dodge. (The Century Co.) Mrs. Dodge's vivacious and cheerful Dutch studies, which appeared a few years ago in The Riverside, and afterwards in St. Nicholas, have been expanded to twice their original length, and now fill about a third of this book. From them children will get a more vivid idea of Holland and the Hollanders, past and present, than from many more serious and elaborate lucubrations, and some of the illustrations will prove a material help thereto. Nearly a score of stories and sketches, now first collected, complete the book. — The same publishers bring out When Life is Young, a charming volume of poems and rhymes by Mrs. Dodge, nearly all of which have already given pleasure to the large clientele of St. Nicholas. — Hope Benham, by Nora Perry. (Little, Brown & Co.) A pleasantly written story for girls, refined and unsensational in tone, and also steadily interesting. It should be gratefully noted that the writer is old-fashioned enough to bestow upon her youthful heroine parents quite capable of taking care of themselves, and of their daughter as well, and that the young *dramatis personæ* of the tale are regarded as still in a state of pupilage, — or if not, it is to their own detriment. Favorable mention should be made of Mr. F. T. Merrill's illustrations. — Czar and Sultan, the Adventures of a British Lad in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877–78, by Archibald Forbes. (Scribners.) Mr. Forbes has not succeeded in imparting much vitality to the British lad who is supposed to tell the tale, or to the fictitious incidents introduced on his behalf. But though the imaginary portion of the narrative hampers rather than helps the author, he has given a very vigorous and graphic history of the Russo-Turkish war, using as material some of his own personal experi-

ences, and also those of his "brilliant colleagues, Messrs. MacGahan and Millet," with the aid of various authoritative memoirs and reminiscences. The work has a distinct value as a compact, vivid, and doubtless, as far as may be, an impartial account of the conflict. — Things Will Take a Turn, by Beatrice Harraden. (Scribners.) The success of the writer's later works has brought us this revised edition of a tale first published five or six years ago. The earlier part of the story — the picture of the second-hand book shop, the poor old scholar, its master, and his bright, helpful granddaughter — is charming; but as the tale goes on, the older reader discovers that the incidents are of the most threadbare sort, and the general effect ultra-conventional rather than natural. But these objections will be of small moment to little girl readers, who will probably find the book fairly entertaining from beginning to end. But its revival was hardly worth while. — When Molly Was Six, by Eliza Orne White. (Houghton.) A record of a day in each month of Molly's seventh year, told with charming grace and naturalness. It is a genuine little girl's book, something to be noted in these days of miniature novels, and studies of, not for, children. The grown-up folk, who will probably often be called upon to read it, will also find their pleasure in its freshness, delicacy, and gentle humor. — Pushing to the Front, or, Success under Difficulties, by Orison Swett Marden. (Houghton.) The author calls his book further, on the title-page, "A book of inspiration and encouragement to all who are struggling for self-elevation along the paths of knowledge and of duty," and he illustrates it with twenty-four portraits. The volume belongs in a well-known class, of which Smiles's Self-Help was perhaps the most conspicuous pioneer. With a great multitude of anecdotes, Mr. Marden enforces the lessons of patience, perseverance, enthusiasm, energy, cheerfulness, resolution, pluck, and all the virtues which go to make up character and success. For it is to be observed that he does not hold up material success and prosperity as the goal to be reached, but has much more in mind the making of men. A fusillade of maxims and pithy sayings is kept up from first to last; and though one anecdote may expel another, and the life of one strong man achieving success in spite of difficulties is likely to be more inspiring than a gross of anecdotes, there are, no doubt, natures which will be stimulated by this cheerful, energetic book. — Brother Against Brother, or, The War on the Border, by Oliver Optic. (Lee & Shepard.) This volume begins a new series by its multitudinous author, The Blue and Gray, on Land, — a series which is to include six volumes, the first of which is a Border State tale. — The Fables of Æsop, Selected, Told Anew, and their History Traced, by Joseph Jacobs. Done into Pictures by Richard Heighway. (Macmillan.) — Bible Stories for Young People. Illustrated. By a Dozen Well-Known Clergymen and Women Writers. (Harpers.) — Artful Anticks, by Oliver Herford. Rhymes and pictures. (The Century Co.) — The Butterfly Hunters in the Caribbees, by Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron. (Scribners.) — The Lost Canyon of the Toltecs, an Account of Strange Adventures in Central America, by Charles Sumner Seeley. (McClurg.) — Parables from Nature, by Mrs. Alfred Gatty. Illustrated by Paul de Longpré. The two series are here given with delicate illustrations. (Putnams.) — Donald Marcy, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Houghton.) — The Making of Virginia and the Middle Colonies, 1578–1701, by Samuel Adams Drake. With many illustrations and maps. (Scribners.) — Melody, by Laura E. Richards. (Roberts.) The story of a child, by the author of Captain January. — The Boy Captain, by Captain Nautilus. (C. Eldridge, Chicago.)

Poetry. The Poetical Works of Robert Browning. (Macmillan.) The sixteen volumes of Browning's poems, issued by his English publishers, Smith, Elder & Co., are imported by Macmillans, two volumes bound in one, and thus set forth in eight volumes. To this they have added a ninth volume, containing Asolando, and Biographical and Historical Notes to the Poems, alphabetically arranged. These notes are for the most part brief, and in many instances simply reproduce information of the sort to be obtained in classical or biographical dictionaries. The page of the poems is a clear one, and there is a general index of titles, and an index to first lines of the shorter poems. — The Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning. (Houghton.) This edition, in six volumes, contains the com-

plete works of Browning. It is issued by Browning's authorized American publishers. It might be bound six volumes in three, but it is not. A full volume of elaborate studies covering Browning's poems, and explicatory of names and obscurities, by George Willis Cooke, accompanies the edition. The page of the poems is a clear one, and there are two indexes, one of titles and the other of all first lines. For convenience of students, both forms of Pauline are given, the first and the final revised one. — A second edition has been published of The Olive and the Pine, a collection of poems by Martha Perry Lowe. (Lothrop.) The contrast is in subjects drawn from Spain and from New England. If it would be fair to speak of poetry as old-fashioned, the term might be pleasantly applied to this volume. — Hannibal and Katharna, a Drama in Five Acts, by Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Fife-Cookson. (Putnams.) This drama walks along with occasional quickening of the pace. — Unguarded Gates, and Other Poems, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. (Houghton.) — The Torch-Bearers, by Arlo Bates. (Roberts.) — Songs from Dreamland, by May Kendall. (Longmans.) — Poems, New and Old, by William Roscoe Thayer. (Houghton.) — Selections from the Poems of Aubrey De Vere, edited, with a Preface, by George Edward Woodberry. (Macmillan.) — In Russet and Silver, by Edmund Gosse. (Stone & Kimball, Chicago.) — Narragansett Ballads, with Songs and Lyrics, by Caroline Hazard. (Houghton.) — Sonnets of the Wingless Hours, by Eugene Lee-Hamilton. (Stone & Kimball.) — Arthur O'Shaughnessy, his Life and his Work, with Selections from his Poems, by Louise Chandler Moulton. (Stone & Kimball.) — Balder the Poet, and Other Verses, by George Herbert Stockbridge. (Putnams.) — Duck Creek Ballads, by John Henton Carter. (H. C. Nixon, New York.) — Dramatic Poems, by William Entriken Baily. (The Author, Philadelphia.) — Quintets, and Other Verses, by William Henry Thorne. (The Author, 100 Washington St., Chicago.) — The Aztecs, by Walter Warren. (The Arena Publishing Co., Boston.) — The Story of Portus, and Songs of the Southland, by Mary H. Leonard. (Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo.) — My Garden Walk, by William Preston Johnston. (F. F. Hansell & Bro., New Orleans.) — The Medea of Euripides, translated from the Greek into English Verse by John Patterson. (John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.) — Dixie Poems, by Orie Bower. (The Bower Book Co., Denver, Colo.) — The Land of Heart's Desire, by W. B. Yeats. (Stone & Kimball.) — Rhymes by Two Friends, Albert Bigelow Paine and William Allen White. (M. L. Izor & Son, Fort Scott, Kansas.) — A Light Through the Storm, by Charles A. Keeler. (William Doxey, San Francisco.) — Elsie, and Other Poems, by Robert Beverly Hale. (R. B. Hale & Co., Boston.) — Back Country Poems, by Sam Walter Foss. (Lee & Shepard.) — Odes, and Other Poems, by William Watson. (Macmillan.)

Fine Arts and Illustrated Books. Frederick Keppel & Co., New York, publish an admirable portrait of Lord Tennyson etched by Rajon. It was taken when the poet was seventy years old, before the fire had died down, and he had apparently covered himself from view with his big slouch hat. The head is a noble one, and the delicacy and freshness of the complexion, the alertness of expression, and the dignity of the figure are superbly rendered. The texture, too, of the drapery is given with most effective skill. This portrait must remain an ideal, but not idealized representation of the poet. — The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine, from May to October, 1894 (The Century Co.), appears to gravitate toward the position of a magazine of art accompanied by good text. In this view we look with a little apprehension upon its use of half-tone reproductions. — Greek Vase Paintings, a Selection of Examples, with Preface, Introduction, and Descriptions, by J. E. Harrison and D. S. MacCall. (Fisher Unwin, London; The Century Co., New York.) There are forty-three large plates taken from objects preserved in the British Museum, at Munich, Naples, Florence, Paris, and other places, including Baltimore. Miss Harrison's introduction is, like all her work, spirited and direct, and neither the artist nor the student of Greek archæology will be likely to overlook a volume which helps to reconstruct Greek painting and design to the modern eye. — Italian Gardens, by Charles A. Platt. (Harpers.) In this most attractive volume, Mr. Platt, using a great number of plates, both from photographs of existing gardens in Italy and from historic works describing them, has given a clear and methodical account of gardens which

belong to a period of Italian landscape gardening which produced a distinct school. We hope he will follow this interesting study with an inquiry into the adaptation of our own gardens to the demands of villas which are themselves copies of Italian villas. — The Masters and Masterpieces of Engraving, by Willis O. Chapin. Illustrated with sixty engravings and heliogravures. (Harpers.) This is a work of great beauty, and the beauty is in large part due to the excellence of the printing. The reproductions are clear where steel engravings or the early engravings on wood are copied by the heliogravure process, and the woodcuts are printed with great brilliancy. Besides the survey which these give of the several processes of engraving, the designs themselves have distinct beauty, for the most part, and excellent taste has been shown in the selection. The text is modest, and not overburdened with technicalities. The book indeed is addressed to the layman rather than to the professional artist. — American Book-Plates, a Guide to their Study, with Examples, by Charles Dexter Allen. With a Bibliography by Eben Newell Hewins. (Macmillan.) A very full and careful index renders this book one easy of access, though a lover of books for their own sake, not their author's, will not consult the index at first, but turn the pages with increasing interest as he advances from those plates which mainly represent family pride in coats-of-arms to those which stand for individual taste and caprice. Here one is admitted to the shelves of gatherers of books who are artists in their way, and we are much mistaken if this worthy volume does not make a new group of book-lovers among the younger generation. — A smaller book, somewhat more technical in character, is On the Processes for the Production of Ex Libris, by John Vinycomb. (A. & C. Black, London; Macmillan, New York.) Some of the illustrations are very attractive, but we question if the instructions given would be of much use to the amateur, as they certainly are superfluous to the regular engraver. — Somewhat allied to these two books is a generous quarto, Heraldry in America, by Eugene Zieber. (The Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co., Philadelphia.) After an introductory sketch of heraldry in general, Mr. Zieber proceeds to delineate the seals of states, societies, institutions, and persons, and to initiate the reader, and especially the draughtsman, into the mysteries of heraldry in general and particular. Nearly a thousand illustrations, some in color, decorate the volume, and a copious glossary and good index add much to the usefulness of the book.

Literature and Literary Criticism. A Shelf of Old Books, by Mrs. James T. Fields. (Scribners.) Under the general divisions, Leigh Hunt, Edinburgh, From Milton to Thackeray, Mrs. Fields has written some very agreeable sketches of books and men, suggested by a collection of books containing autographs and other personal memorabilia. She takes down one book after another, and makes it the text for some little reminiscence, or some bit of criticism or appreciative comment. The accompanying illustrations, both in the way of portraits and of facsimiles of handwriting, are choice and sometimes unique. Altogether the book is one which a book-lover will linger over, browsing in it as he would browse in the library itself. — Two little books, numbers of the Elizabethan Library, previously noticed here, are, Green Pastures, a selection from Robert Greene's works made by A. B. Grosart, and The Poet of Poets, being the love verse from the minor poems of Edmund Spenser, by the same editor. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.) It would be enough to have Spenser's sonnets brought thus together into convenient form, but Mr. Grosart has culled from other parts of Spenser's works those verses which come strictly within his plan. In the selection from Greene we have both prose and verse : apothegm on the one hand, and on the other such dainty verse as his Cradle Song. We cannot wholly praise the *format* of these books. Pretty outside, they have an unnecessary affectation of old age in their rheumatic backs and stiff joints. — The Poems of William Drummond of Hawthornden, edited, with a Memoir and Notes, by W. C. Ward. (Imported by Scribners.) Two volumes of the Muses' Library. When we come to value poetry and to read it with delight, we shall not be so affected by the contemporaneous as we are in other forms of art, and Drummond's poems, with their delicate fragrance, their gentle reflection of a great age of poetry, will be more familiar than they are now. But a generation of readers which overestimates the

quatrain is not likely to inquire very earnestly after the leisurely work of a recluse. — Two small volumes introduce a new series, The Lyric Poets (J. M. Dent & Co., London ; Macmillan, New York), which commends itself by the prettiness of binding and the beauty of typography ; for the print, though small, as it should be on a small page, is clear and sharp. They are both edited by Ernest Rhys ; the first being a collection, under the title The Prelude to Poetry, of notable prose and verse by poets in defense of their art, — Chaucer, Spenser, Sir Philip Sidney, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Wordsworth, and others being drawn upon. An etched portrait of Sidney prefaces the volume. The second contains the Lyric Poems of Spenser, and covers a little more ground than Mr. Grosart's selection already mentioned. — Talk at a Country House, by Sir Edward Strachey, Bart. (Houghton.) Readers of The Atlantic who have read these papers as printed in the magazine will need only to be reminded that they have been gathered into a comely volume, with a charming frontispiece, showing the Squire among his family portraits, and Foster, shall we say, transformed for the nonce into a comfortable cat. An engraved title-page gives a hint, also, of the old manor house where the talks were held. The genial mellowness of tone which pervades this book is most welcome, for grapes which have long hung in a sunny exposure have a flavor which is wanting to mere hothouse culture. — In the Dozy Hours, and Other Papers, by Agnes Repplier. (Houghton.) We are half disposed to look the other way when we praise this little book, for Miss Repplier is so identified with The Atlantic as an essayist that it is like looking at the most thumbed pages of the magazine to turn these leaves. The light touch is here, the penetrating shaft of the other light, the generous appreciation of good things in literature, the witty turn upsetting mere conventions, the sense always of abundance and spirit in life.

Biography. The Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth, edited by Augustus J. C. Hare. (Houghton.) Mr. Hare has limited his editorial function almost exclusively to the selection of letters, and he has based his work on the privately printed collection of Miss Edgeworth's letters which her stepmother gathered. Inasmuch as this is in effect the first full and authoritative memoir, we think Mr. Hare would not have exceeded his privileges if he had given a fuller commentary both in the way of connecting passages and of notes. For the reader who is in a measure familiar with the subject these two volumes are most delightful reading, and even he who makes Miss Edgeworth's acquaintance here for the first time will encounter a pretty distinct figure, though he may not at first clearly grasp the family connections and the course of her career. — Three Heroines of New England Romance. (Little, Brown & Co.) The three heroines are Priscilla, Agnes Surriage, and Martha Hilton ; the tellers of the romance are Mrs. Spofford, Miss Alice Brown, and Miss Guiney ; and Mr. Edmund H. Garrett has illustrated the book liberally with sketches, besides providing an agreeable little running comment of notes at the end of the volume. The three narrators have rendered Longfellow and Holmes into prose, and Mr. Bynner is lightly hinted at. The product is graceful, but we suspect a good deal of the reader's pleasure is like that given by outline memoranda of pictures, dependent upon the lively filling up which the memory supplies. — Lucy Larcom, Life, Letters, and Diary, by Daniel Dulany Addison. (Houghton.) The reader who is already familiar with Miss Larcom's early life through her own delightful A New England Girlhood will turn with most interest to that portion of her life which shows the outcome of the early years. Mr. Addison has wisely allowed the letters and diary of Miss Larcom to speak for her wherever it is possible, and the narrative, consequently, of her religious expansion is almost autobiographical. It is noticeable how her friendship for two men, Whittier and Phillips Brooks, colored and enriched her own experience. The mellowness of her later years, in spite of privation and ill health, is very apparent. — The Life of John Patterson, Major-General in the Revolutionary Army, by his Great-Grandson, Thomas Egleston. (Putnams.) — Memoirs of William Nelson Pendleton, D. D., Rector of Latimer Parish, Lexington, Va.; Brigadier-General C. S. A.; Chief of Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia. By his Daughter, Susan P. Lee. (Lippincott.)

— More Memories, being Thoughts about England, spoken in America, by the Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester. (Macmillan.)

Fiction. Synnövé Solbakken, by Björnstjerne Björnson. Given in English by Julie Sutter. (Macmillan.) The first of a series of translations of Björnson's writings, and so introduced by a leisurely essay by Edmund Gosse. If a new translation of Björnson's writings was needed, especially in America, where the complete series can be had in good form, it is a pity it should not be closer to the original than this, — more tinctured with the peculiar Norse flavor. — Pomona's Travels, by Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. (Scribners.) Mr. Stockton shows his art in this amusing book by the care with which he preserves the image of Pomona, and yet recognizes the development of that ingenious handmaiden into the presentable wife of Jone. She writes her letters descriptive of travel in England with just enough departure from the correct usage of the English tongue to make them in keeping with her education, and not so much as to cheapen them. It is the same Pomona who used to read aloud her thrilling stories in Rudder Grange that now goes to a hunt on a tricycle, and has dealings with the family-tree man. It is an example to our humorists, this nice reserve, this stopping short of the burlesque, and the result is a thoroughly characteristic and delightful book. — Two Strings to his Bow, by Walter Mitchell. (Houghton.) Readers of The Atlantic who recall Mr. Mitchell's capital story with this title ought to know that, in reprinting it in book form, he has added as much more, giving the entertaining love passages of the Rev. Cresswell Price with the complications which grew out of his early masquerade. — Out of Step, by Maria Louise Pool. (Harpers.) — His Vanished Star, by Charles Egbert Craddock. (Houghton.) — What Necessity Knows, by L. Dougall. (Longmans.) — A Flower of France, a Story of Old Louisiana, by Marah Ellis Ryan. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.) — In Exile, and Other Stories, by Mary Hallock Foote. (Houghton.)

Religion and Philosophy. Religious Progress, by Alexander V. G. Allen. (Houghton.) It is possible that to those who do not know Dr. Allen's writings the title of this small volume may not be especially suggestive or inviting; yet we do not believe any one ready to be interested in the large problems of life could fail, after he had read a few pages, to go on to the end, and then because there was no more to turn back and re-read certain portions. The book, containing two lectures originally delivered before the Yale Divinity School, is a searching and illuminating inquiry into the "reconciling power in life," as he finely says, "which builds the institution under which we live, without regard to intellectual consistency, and to this end makes compromises, or bridges the abysses and contradictions of human philosophies." Dr. Allen is concerned broadly with the religious nature of man, but he has provided a touchstone by which other great interests of human living are given their true value. — Historical Philosophy in France and French Belgium, and Switzerland, by Robert Flint. (Scribners.) The able author of a treatise on Theism has begun with this volume the issue of a series of works on the history of the philosophy of history. He proposes to examine those writers who have undertaken in their philosophy to account for the development of human history, and his plan leads him thus into a critical examination of literature which is itself critical on a large and generous scale. The advantage of the scheme is that the reader never gets far away from the facts of human history, and that he is engaged in the study of some of the most interesting of philosophical writers, as Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Condorcet, Michaud, Thierry, De Maistre, Saint-Simon, Comte, Taine, among others. — A History of Philosophy, with Especial Reference to the Formation and Development of its Problems and Conceptions, by Dr. W. Windelband. Translated by James H. Tufts. (Macmillan.) The author states his design in these words: "What I offer is a serious textbook, which is intended to portray in comprehensive and compressed exposition the evolution of the ideas of European philosophy, with the aim of showing through what motives the principles by which we to-day scientifically conceive and judge the universe and human life have been brought to consciousness and developed in the course of the movements of history." This serious textbook has 640 large octavo pages.

History and Geography. Venice, by Alethea Wiel. The Story of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) To recount the history of Venice, its rise, glory, and decay, a history extending over fourteen centuries, within the limits set by this series, is no easy task. Necessarily, the record will sometimes take the character of, so to speak, an annotated catalogue of facts, but Mrs. Wiel's work is in the main very well proportioned, and the more significant events are duly dwelt upon, though we wish, for the benefit of the general reader for whom the book is intended, that not quite so few pages should have been devoted to Venetian art and architecture. The volume will serve as an excellent introduction to the story of Venice, reflecting as it does enough of the splendor and romance which pervade the annals of that unique city to lure, it is to be hoped, many of its readers to further study. — The Dominion of Canada, with Newfoundland and an Excursion to Alaska, Handbook for Travellers, by Karl Baedeker. (Imported by Scribners.) It is a pleasure to find Baedeker's methods applied to travel on this side of the water, for heretofore the traveler has been at the mercy largely of railway companies. The dry, explicit statement of well-sifted facts is very acceptable, and there is a suppressed glow about the information relating to the Canadian Pacific which well prepares the tourist for a splendor of scenery which ought to discourage the ordinary guidebook writer, but does not. The editor, by the way, ought not to have overlooked the little pocket cathedral at Winnipeg. — Civilization during the Middle Ages, especially in Relation to Modern Civilization, by George Burton Adams. (Scribners.) A most interesting essay, in which Professor Adams, gathering up the various threads of life in the Middle Ages, traces the development of ideas and institutions from the end of the fifth century to the beginning of the sixteenth. The commercial, the legal, the ecclesiastical threads are by turns followed ; the gradual rise of nationalities, the influence of the papacy, and finally the Reformation are all considered, and very intelligently marshaled. The student finds himself in the hands of a clear, orderly thinker who deals with phenomena ; if, in addition, he will read Professor Allen's Continuity of Religious Thought, he will find a still more profound line of orderly development. The two books complement each other.

Nature and Travel. Wild Beasts, a Study of the Characters and Habits of the Elephant, Lion, Leopard, Panther, Jaguar, Tiger, Puma, Wolf, and Grizzly Bear, by J. Hampden Porter. (Scribners.) The author of this very readable volume makes an earnest and praiseworthy attempt to depict the true nature of each of his subjects, letting neither popular fancies nor fallacies influence him. Sometimes, perhaps, in combating views which seem to him imaginative or mistaken, he errs a little in the opposite direction ; but be this as it may, he shows unusual fitness for his task, and a good deal of skill in its accomplishment. With one striking exception, his studies do not appear to have been made, at least to any considerable extent, at first hand, but he reviews the testimony of many mighty hunters, making liberal excerpts from their works. By far the most noteworthy pages in the book are those which tell the story of Gato. Generally tales of domesticated wild beasts end abruptly when the pet has passed babyhood, but this puma of pumas lived in close intercourse with his human friend from infancy to "splendid maturity," and the tie was unbroken when the poor animal perished untimely. In this vivid but all too brief record of personal experience the writer is at his best ; but why should he try to analyze the kind and degree of regard or respect received from Gato ? Was it not enough to be honored with his preference ? The illustrations to the volume are from excellent photographs. — Our Native Birds of Song and Beauty, being a Complete History of all the Songbirds, Flycatchers, Humming-Birds, Swifts, Goatsuckers, Woodpeckers, Kingfishers, Trogons, Cuckoos, and Parrots of North America, by Henry Nehrling. (George Brumder, Milwaukee.) This is the first volume, quarto, of an extended work, and contains thirty-six colored plates after water-color paintings, by Professors Robert Ridgway and A. Goering, and Gustav Muetzel. The author's residence in Wisconsin and his travels in the South and Southwest render his work complementary to those more distinctly Eastern, and he enters his field with genuine enthusiasm and first-hand knowledge as well as discriminating reading. — Across Asia on a Bicycle, the Journey of Two American Students

from Constantinople to Peking, by Thomas G. Allen, Jr., and W. L. Sachtleben. (The Century Co.) — Hoofs, Claws, and Antlers of the Rocky Mountains, by the Camera, Photographic Reproductions of Wild Game from Life. With an Introduction by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. (Frank S. Thayer, Denver, Colo.) These pictures were taken by Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan, and are truer to life, undoubtedly, than if the photographers had been dominated by some inscrutable artistic purpose. Their own notes on the pictures are simple, direct, and effective.

Entertainment. A Century of Charades, by William Bellamy. (Houghton.) The character of this truly ingenious book is well sustained by the felicitous manner in which the would-be guesser is given the key to the answer in each case without at the same time having any other secret unlocked. The very human sphinx and the puzzled owl on the cover typify well the attitude of questioner and guesser engaged on these one hundred poetical charades, which range from a distich to a page in length, and from ease to great puzzlement in quality. We hope the book will divert many from the profitless attempt at the solution of graver riddles. — Four farces by Mr. Howells and a comedy by Brander Matthews are included in Harper's Black and White Series. Mr. Howells's little group appear in The Mouse-Trap, Five O'Clock Tea, The Garroters, and A Likely Story, and disport themselves with that delightful extravagance which in real life, if kept up, would take them all to Somerville or the Nervine. Mr. Matthews has made a capital little comedy, which is not above being a possibility on the stage.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Interest in the Uninteresting.

If one were looking for a clue which should lead into the innermost secret of modern educational reform, one might find it in the word "interesting." The fundamental proposition of the present is that one can do well only that in which one is really interested. So far, so good. It would be hard to find any opponents to this thesis ; for no one who has accomplished anything in this world can fail to recognize the vast difference between his results when he has been doing routine duty, and when he has, if only for a moment, been carried forward by an absorbing interest. The turning-point in the life of many a youth has come when he has first actually felt the passion of work upon him. I recall the case of a lad who, during three quarters of his college life, was the despair of all who knew him, idle, indifferent, silly, apparently without even character enough to be bad. Four years from that time he was graduating from the medical school at the head of his class, and with an unblemished record throughout his course for diligence, enthusiasm, and sound sense. I asked him what it was that had waked him up ; and he said it was simply that, in the summer vacation after that third college year, he had taken hold of a job of work which he was compelled to do to save his degree, and, for the first time in his life, had carried it through to the end. In carrying it through he had found his interest aroused, and from that time on it had never flagged. He could hardly speak of the beautiful operation for appendicitis without emotion.

There can be no doubt about it : one does thoroughly well, in the highest sense of the word, only that in which one is interested. But our friends the educators have added a corollary to this proposition. They have said, or implied, that, this being the case, one should undertake to do only, or at least chiefly, that in which one is already interested. Is this safe ground ? If one confines it to the choice of a profession for life, the argument appears sound enough. One ought to choose as a life work that in which one expects to find the deepest and most permanent interest, even if it be only the interest in getting money. Only so can one hope for true success. Yet even here one assumes that he who is beginning life has already a well-defined interest in something ; and in how many cases this is not the fact, we all know, if we know any-

thing of youth. As we go down in the scale of experience the argument gets less and less trustworthy. It answers pretty well in the higher stages of college study, and the good results are hardly questioned by any who have watched the experiments now going on in the use of the elective principle in colleges. By means of this principle it has been possible for young men to turn their activities into those lines of study which especially appeal to them, in this way to get better results, and so to gain something, be it ever so little, of that exaltation of spirit which comes from actual achievement. Still, one who is familiar with the student mind cannot overlook the fact that choice of one field of work means the neglect or avoidance of another; and he who knows the ways of youth knows that the principle of the least resistance is far too tempting to be trusted without caution. The method of choice works well in the higher grades of college work, but its dangers are manifest.

As we come into the lower stages of education, we reach a zone, not precisely definable, in which the dangers become more prominent and the advantages more questionable. To almost any youth under, say, eighteen, nothing in the way of study is either violently uninteresting or notably enticing. Doubtless one thing "comes easier" to him than another, and if left to himself he is very, very likely to mistake this ease of acquisition as an indication of permanent interest. Of course, in all this talk genius is barred. Genius, as it will submit to no rules, so also needs no rules. The question is: For the vast multitude of youth, is it safer to say, "Attempt nothing in which you are not interested, lest your accomplishment therein be poor," or to say, "Don't worry about whether a subject be interesting or not, but believe that, on the whole, the traditions of the past will guide you more safely than you can guide yourself just yet, and do what comes to you as if it were the only thing possible for you to do at the time"? Good accomplishment is indeed one of the great stimuli to the intellectual life, but it is only one. The sense of having done faithfully, and a little better than we have done it before, some kind of work that was not "interesting" is also a stimulus, and a powerful one. I hardly know of a more precious gift to any man than the power of seeing the interest which lies concealed in the "uninteresting." Everything is interesting if you can get into it far enough, and he who can fit the sweeping of his room into its right place in the law of God finds that it is no longer the sweeping of a room, but the adjusting of one tiny yet essential spring into the mechanism of the universe.

The vast burden of every human life is routine, and one's own routine is seldom "interesting." The real problem of every education is how best to prepare a man to carry his lifelong burden joyfully. Surely it is not by deceiving him into the hope that it will be entertaining, nor by teaching him to avoid it as far as he can. Is it not rather by trying, in so far as in us lies, to make him see the interest which the uninteresting may have for him? We Americans are perhaps in greater danger than others in this matter, because the whole tendency of our life is towards the avoidance or the removal of unpleasant things. It is a curious fact that the Continental languages do not offer precise equivalents for our word "comfort." We all understand, however, what that word means: it is the avoidance of discomforts, the making our way as straight and as soft as possible, the padding of rough spots, the cultivation of fastidious refinements, in which the American leads all the world. The danger in our education is that we shall go so far in directing our children's minds to the interesting that they will cultivate the same dread of that which does not interest them at once which we are all cultivating as to the stuffing of our chairs, the elegance of our traveling arrangements, the fastidiousness of our toilet, and so on.

By the side of the principle that one does best that in which one is interested let us place two others in equally large letters. First, that within the dullest routine there lies hidden some element of interest, if we will only do the thing nearest as if there could not be any other work possible to us. There does not seem to be much poetry in the digging of a garden bed. To the clown there is none, but the man of thought and refinement will find in the sweet odor of the upturned earth, in the skill needed to bring the under layer to the surface, to open all to the action of the sun and air, to finish off the top true and even, ready for the

seeding, and in the thought that this is not mere earth, but potential life and beauty in form and color and perfume, — in all these he will find an interest which will lift his work at once upward into the region of true creative activity. The second principle is that, even when work is wholly without interest, there is a discipline in the conquest of a disagreeable task which is of itself an indispensable part of the training of a man. "Waterloo was won on the football field of Eton," and the lesson of discipline which the youth knows so well how to apply in his sports must be learned also in preparation for the Waterloos of the intellect.

Mugwumps and their Forbears.

— The late Regius Professor of History at Oxford has left to the world as a parting legacy his brilliant lectures on Erasmus. In these he has given a picture of one who may be called the ideal member of that rare order of which I write. That order has been designated by various names, more or less derogatory, —time-servers, Laodiceans, trimmers, Adullamites, and, more lately, by the epithet "mugwump," which, having a local usage in Connecticut, traceable to Eliot's Indian Bible (wherein, by the way, it stood for something entirely different), has become a part of our political speech. Those to whom it is applied form a class, never a large one, of persons who possess the power of seeing fairly the opposite sides of a question, and who lack the barnacle faculty of sticking tight to whatever one is attached, whether it be the steadfast rock or the restless keel. Either conservative or progressive, party men are the rule, "mugwumps" the exception. But the mugwump is not to be confounded with the Vicar of Bray class, nor yet with the "third party" adventurer who makes his profit by holding the balance of power, though he may resemble both. When the mugwump wavers, it is to desert the winning for the losing side. If he creates a party, he presently steps out of it to criticise. Cleanness of hands and clearness of head are his virtues, and these often go with a squeamish niceness which uses the sunshine of good fortune to discover the spots which in days of cloud are invisible.

The reason for the smallness of this class is not far to seek. The judicial talent — that is, the power of accurate maintaining of mental equipoise — is won by slow degrees. Men of action require present certainties or preponderant probabilities, and have no time to waste in examination. It is often noticed that when a lawyer of eminence is raised to the bench, his first year at *nisi prius* is apt to stir the wrath of the bar. He cannot at once lay off the advocate's habit of identifying himself with the side to which he inclines. He decides justly enough, as a rule; but the piece of evidence or the line of argument which moves him stands to him in his notes for his brief, and instead of charging his jury he labors for their verdict as if he held a retainer from Doe or Roe. It is only after a few reversals *in banco*, and the purgatorial fire which counsel so deftly and politely apply to their legal masters, that the ermine emerges from the silk gown.

The mugwump is a product of modern civilization. He is not to be found in the history of the Grecian states any more than in that which nearly resembles it, the history of the Italian cities of the Middle Ages. There was a triple influence at work which prevented the chances of his arising. Each Greek commonwealth felt the inextinguishable jealousy of its rivals. Sometimes in concert with this, and sometimes in opposition to it, was the ever-moving struggle between aristocracy and democracy. Over all was the broad bond of Hellenic nationality, which was felt when the little peninsula between the Adriatic and the Ægean seas was threatened by foreign foes. A Greek was swayed now by one and now by another of these forces, and was never sure which would be the prevailing one. The statesman who attempted to take a middle place between contending factions found himself forced into alliance with one or the other of these outside influences.

When authentic Roman history is reached, the day of political principles has passed. In the time of Julius Cæsar, in the days of the triumvirates, and under the Empire, the only real question was one of personal leadership. A Roman followed Cæsar or Pompey, Antony or Octavius, as the chief in a great civil strife, either from attachment to the man or from self-interest in his triumph. It was a simple calculation of the odds of success. It is impossible to read a page of Sallust or Cicero without seeing how the personal element predominated. All the high-flown declamation about the *res augusta Romæ* meant only the Rome

which should belong to my party, and not to your party. When, after the fall of the Latin Empire, the huge imbroglio of feudal Europe arose, the same personal instinct was uppermost. It was of the essence of feudality that a man should remain true to the chief to whom he owed immediate fealty. Upward through various gradations everybody was supposed to belong to somebody else, till the two topmost over-lordships of pope and kaiser, in church and state, were reached. To fall off from one rule was to come under its rival.

It might seem as if, in the Wars of the Roses, a political principle was involved, but that was the mere pretext under which the great houses of York and Lancaster struggled for the crown. The real motives by which Warwick was swayed from side to side were the fortunes of the Nevilles, and his personal friendships or antipathies toward Henry or Edward.

The Reformation offered the first opportunity for the divided and balancing mind to find its place. Erasmus is the foremost representative of a position in which many found themselves. Though he remained faithful to the ideal Church into which he was born by baptism, and from which he received the orders of the priesthood, he never ceased to fight the actual Church. Its doctrines, its organization, its rites, its crimes, and its follies he never apologized for or ceased to attack. He seems to have clung to his nominal allegiance chiefly for the chartered liberty it gave him of saying more effectively what he thought fit. Of the two real adversaries, the Romish clergy, the monks especially, who resisted all reform, and the root-and-branch Lutherans, he was equally the foe. Both parties tried in vain to secure his great powers in their own exclusive service. He loved ease and literary leisure as only one of his high abilities and delicate temperament could love these, and yet to the last he refused the positions which could fetter his freedom of utterance. He shrank from peril, but less from personal timidity than from his conviction that persecution settled nothing. He was equally unwilling to burn or to be burnt, because he felt that this was the most illogical and ineffectual way of refuting an opponent.

One must come down a century to meet with the next great illustrator of this topic, Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, whom the present Contributor has always greatly admired. Macaulay used his polished satire upon him, and has sketched for him a possible career on the supposition that he survived the fatal field of Newbury. A thoroughgoing partisan like Macaulay, of whom a friend said, "I wish I was as cock-sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything," was unable to comprehend a man who would not commit himself unreservedly to one side or the other in a great civil strife. Like the Church of Rome, he was indeed willing to allow the plea of invincible ignorance to those not on his side. They are mistaken, yet perhaps cannot help it. But that any should see the good and the evil in both parties, and espouse neither for better or for worse, was to him the sign of radical weakness. He felt in the same way toward Halifax and Temple, men by no means of the same loftiness of character, but whose likeness in intellect and temperament led them in the same path.

The mugwump earns no high place on the rolls of fame. He does not bring great results to pass, or reach an absolute end. But the world is more and more learning that great results are not always happy results, and absolute ends desirable finalities. Luther achieved the dismemberment of Latin Christianity, and to-day the hearts of the good and devout are anxiously asking for the restoration of lost unity. Could it be offered on the platform of Erasmus it might be gladly accepted. Cromwell overthrew the ancient monarchy and the Church of England. The nation was glad to get them back on almost any terms. Robespierre triumphed over the Girondins. To-day their memory is pityingly honored, while his is execrated.

The looker-on who notes the headlong rush of the locomotive, or peers into the engine-room of a great ocean steamer, loses himself in the contemplation of power and energy. But he does not see, unless instructed, the restraining devices by which the enormous forces of the steam are checked and controlled. The work of the mugwump is akin to that of these hidden valves and stops. He is angrily or contemptuously thrust aside by the men of sharp and fixed ideas, who are ready to pay any price to reach their millennial imaginings, but who find out, when these are reached, the reality

of the latent defects which lurk in their schemes.

To recur to the figure used before, the partisan barnacle sticks to its rock, let the waves lash it as they will, or clings to moving ship, unknowing that it really clogs the progress it exults in ; but out of it comes nothing (unless we accept the ancient legend), not even a goose.

"He that wavereth," said that stanch old conservative, St. James, "is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed ;" but the wave has power not only to wash clean the shores of continents, but to preserve the purity and vigor of the illimitable ocean. To its sharp and bitter brine the barnacle owes the life which enabled the shellfish to cleave fast to the support of its choice. Give to the extremists, whether ultramontane or radical, their own way, and the consequences would be unmixed calamity. It is the far-seeing and moderating influence of the mugwumps of the world, the remnant who do not bow the knee to the Baal of the hour, which enables the true prophet to come in his appointed time, and to do his needful work.

Rossini, Composer and Gourmet.

— The bringing out of Verdi's Othello at the Paris Opéra, and the final closing up of the restaurant Magny, — both important events of the late autumn of 1894, — have stranded safely from the ebb tide of Rossini's fame some noteworthy anecdotes.

It was in 1816 that Rossini wrote his Otello and brought it out in the Fondo theatre of Naples. Murat had just been driven away, and the people were celebrating the return of the Bourbons. Rossini's director at that time was the "prodigious *impresario*," of whom Stendhal spoke so often, not always in good part, — a man who had risen from being messenger boy, horse jockey, café waiter, usurious money-lender on a small scale, farmer-out of the public gaming-tables, to be director, first of La Scala at Milan, and afterwards of San Carlo and the Fondo in Naples. *Il Napoleone degl' impresarii* made a cast-iron contract with the composer, whose coming popularity he had scented, binding him to write two new operas a year, and to arrange suitably any old ones that he, Domenico Barbaja, might choose for either of his two theatres. This was to go on for several years, during which Rossini was to be paid annually twelve thousand francs, with an interest of some two thousand more in the gaming-tables, — not three thousand dollars in all.

Rossini made hay while the sun shone, in more senses than one. His first opera was on Elizabeth, queen of England, in which the title rôle fell to the singer Colbran, Barbaja's special favorite and property. Rossini ended by running away with her and marrying her, to repent of his bargain later, so far as one of such ineradicable high spirits could repent.

Meanwhile San Carlo was burned, and the composer was allowed to go off to Rome to write the Barber of Seville. When his director demanded the opera for the Fondo, Otello was forthcoming. The libretto was contemptible as poetry, but it followed in the main Shakespeare's story, and the music won a great success. So the piece went traveling through the Italian cities. Lord Byron was present in Venice when it came out, and wrote : "They have crucified Othello in opera. The music is good, but lugubrious. As to the words, all the real scenes of Iago have been cut out. They have substituted for them the greatest nonsense conceivable ; the handkerchief has become a *billet-doux*, and the leading singer would not black his face." In Rome things went worse yet. The audience would not hear of Desdemona being killed. So it was arranged that when Othello raised his *cangiaro* to strike her, she should fall on her knees, crying, "I am innocent !" "Is it true ?" questioned the terrible Moor. "I swear it !" was the answer. And Othello, taking Desdemona by the hand, led her to the front of the stage, where, both smiling, they sang the duo from the composer's Armida — and the curtain fell.

In 1821 Otello was produced in Paris, and for a time nothing was heard along the boulevard but the songs of the gondolier and the willow. Poets like Lamartine and the very young Alfred de Musset joined with musicians like Boieldieu in extravagant praise. Stendhal wrote : "The glory of Rossini has no other bounds than those of civilization ; and he is not yet thirty years old." Malibran took the part of Desdemona to her father Garcia's Othello. The latter was so real in his tragedy that the daughter sometimes feared he would actually kill her. (The Roman softening of the plot had been abandoned.) In

New York, where they were singing, the wicked squint-eyes of her father made so terrifying an impression on her, one night, that, seizing his uplifted hand, she bit it till the blood flowed. Garcia bellowed with rage, and the audience applauded frantically, not dreaming how real was the artists' acting. It was in Rossini's Otello that Tamberlick made his famous *ut* heard. The piece kept its vogue in Paris as long as it was sung in its original Italian. In 1844 a French adaptation was given at the Opéra proper, and the Romanticists, who prided themselves on knowing and appreciating their Shakespeare, indignantly organized a campaign against it. Théophile Gautier led the attack, with a criticism more delicious to present ears than the *naïvetés* of the piece itself.

First was the regulation compliment to Rossini, as to Wagner nowadays. "All the Germans and all the Israelites [Meyerbeer, evidently] will vainly gnaw their nails and wear out their arms up to the elbow on their pianos, to find little phrases of three or four measures; they will never succeed in producing one of those melodies which the *maestro* sends flying from his bedside without taking the trouble to gather them up."

Next comes the serious head-shaking. "When the poet is the great William Shakespeare, neither more nor less, the case is grave. . . . It is very probable that Rossini, ignorant great genius that he is, had no knowledge of the real Moor of Venice." And so on *ad infinitum*.

The piece did not survive the attack, and only fragments of it remained popular for concert music. Rossini himself, in a letter to "a young composer" who had asked him how to make an overture, amused himself long afterwards with remembrances of these earlier pieces.

"1. Wait till the eve of the day fixed for the representation. Nothing stirs up the spirit more than necessity, the presence of a copyist waiting for your work, and the importunity of a director in trouble who tears out his hair by the handful. In my time, in Italy, all directors were bald before they were thirty years old.

"2. I composed the overture of Otello in a little room of Barbaja's palace, where that baldest and fiercest of directors had shut me up by force, with nothing but a dish of macaroni, and with the threat that I should not quit the room with my life until I had written the last note.

"3. I wrote the overture of the Gazza Ladra the day of its first representation, under the roof of La Scala, where I had been imprisoned by the director, and where I was watched by four stage carpenters, who had orders to throw my work down from the window, sheet by sheet, to the copyists waiting below to transcribe it. In default of paper with music on it, they were to throw me out of the window.

"4. For the Barber of Seville I did better. I had not composed an overture, but I took one which I designed for an opera *semiseria* called Elisabetta. The public was highly pleased.

"5. I composed the overture of Comte Ory while fishing, with my feet in the water, in company of M. Aguado (the well-known Spanish banker of Paris), and while he was talking to me about the finances of Spain.

"6. The overture of William Tell was written under very similar circumstances.

"7. As to Moses in Egypt, I made no overture at all."

Rossini might treat his music lightly, but his dinners — never. One biographer says of him: "I have seen him weep only twice in his life. . . . The second time was on Lake Leman, one day when a sudden swell caused to fall into the water a truffled pullet which he was making ready to carve."

In 1842, a famous cook who had married the sister of Papa Brébant, *restaurateur des lettres*, opened the restaurant Magny in an old house in a narrow street of the Latin Quarter. It was as old as the first theatre of the Comédie-Française, which has left its name to the neighboring Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie. This was the centre of the life of the schools before Baron Haussmann opened the wide Boulevard Saint-Michel. At the corner was the Rue Saint-André-des-Arts, which Du Maurier has thinly disguised in the very real romance of the unreal Trilby. Here were the Café Procope frequented by Voltaire, and La Belle Rôtisseuse, and many another nucleus of art, culinary and otherwise. One of the first clients of Magny was Rossini. The two respected profoundly each other's art, as did Alexandre Dumas and Bignon later. Between them they invented an artistic triumph, which has so far lived as long as the master's music. This was the "*filet* Rossini," with

the "*purée* Magny." Rossini needed three saucepans for the preparation of the dish to which he has left his name. One was for the meat itself, the second for the *foie gras* with butter, the third for the truffles *au Madère*. The purée was made from potatoes baked in the oven, emptied out of their jackets with a spoon, passed through a sieve, and worked with an equal quantity of the freshest butter of Normandy.

These were Rossini's golden days, when his patronage was good as gold. By the time of the first Paris World's Fair in 1855, the little old place, with its miller's ladder leading to the upper rooms for private dinners, could charge a boulevardier fifty francs for his special dish of "chicken lights *à la suprême*." It was in the later years of Rossini, and without his presence, that Sainte-Beuve and Gavarni the caricaturist organized the dinners at Magny's, where Turgéneff met Théophile Gautier and Flaubert, and Renan held the indiscreet discourse reported by the Goncourt brothers.

Collecting Birds' Eggs.

— If it be true that the child, in his individual life from the cradle up, is a fair representative of the various stages in the advance of the race, then at some particular period every boy must be a young savage. One peculiarity of the savage is his recklessness of life, and it is therefore important that the boy should be educated out of that stage as fast as possible. It is sometimes hard to do this, and at the same time develop a taste for natural history. But the two can go hand in hand, if there be wise instructors. Is it wise, however, as has been suggested, to advise the robbing of birds' nests as one step in this development in street boys? Even those who should know better destroy many rare birds by taking the eggs. The rarer the birds, indeed, the more diligently does the professional collector seek for their eggs.

Mr. Eldridge E. Fish, the author of that charming book The Blessed Birds, says with reference to this: "The Agassiz Association, itself a worthy organization, with laudable aims, soon had thousands in its ranks who degenerated into mere specimen-gatherers. The egg-collecting craze infected boys alike in cities, villages, and rural districts. The country was scoured far and near for nests and eggs. Lawns, hedges, orchards, fields, and highways were mercilessly ransacked, and every nest, common or rare, despoiled; even cemeteries, always favorite resorts for the birds, were not exempt from the destroyer. Within the last few years millions of eggs have thus been destroyed, and little scientific knowledge gained by this manner of study. . . . I have had thousands brought to me by boys for identification. . . . The boys had little or no knowledge of the subject, often not knowing what species they had robbed. These eggs were to them as so many marbles, or other toys, — trophies, valuable only as objects of barter; but the effects on the bird population were none the less injurious. . . . Our birds have all been identified and described, and a further persecution of them in that direction is selfishly barbarous, and ought not longer to be tolerated."

By all means let the boys learn to know the birds. Mr. H. E. Parkhurst, in The Birds' Calendar, tells how that can be done without killing a bird or robbing a nest. And if boys wish to know more about the eggs of the different species, any city lad can have the privilege of studying eggs at the various natural history museums, and can exercise his skill in other directions by making wax imitations of them. A complete description of the way to do this is given in The Extermination of Birds, by Edith Carrington.

An egg seems a trifle, but if it is the cradle from which might have sprung a wood thrush or a bobolink, it is a serious loss to crush it.

One of the surest ways of acquiring an influence over rough boys is to instill into their hearts a love of nature, or rather to develop that love which is dormant in most of us. But is it not better, along with such an education, to give also lessons in self-control; to teach them to find nests, study them, and even examine the eggs, without touching them; to gather for botanical purposes only as many flowers as are really necessary, leaving some to beautify the earth and to multiply their kind; to study trees without girdling the trunks; and to hunt for frog spawn without stoning the frogs? A genuine love of nature means such sympathy with all nature's children, animal and vegetable, that the lover learns to exercise a jealous care lest they suffer at his hands. With this proviso, let the street boys go into the fields and woods; the more of them, the better.

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THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

PRELUDE.

To Sir Edward Seaforth, Bart., *of Sangley Hope in Derbyshire, and Seaforth House in Hanover Square.*

Dear Ned, — You will have them written, or I shall be pestered to my grave! Is that the voice of a friend of so long standing? And yet it seems but yesterday since we had good hours in Virginia together, or met among the ruins of Quebec, and you gave me back my sword that Bedford, Monro, and yourself honored so in gallant fighting, and they made sacred by their death while using it. My memoirs, — these only will content you? And to flatter or cajole me, you tell me Mr. Pitt still urges on the matter. In truth, when he touched first upon this, I thought it but the courtesy of a great and generous man. But indeed I am proud that he is curious to know more of my long captivity at Quebec, of Monsieur Doltaire and all his dealings with me, and the motions he made to serve La Pompadour on one hand, and, on the other, to win from me that most perfect of ladies, Mademoiselle Alixe Duvarney.

Much that I might write, touching upon large public matters wherein I was an humble instrument to great ends, is of little present moment. Our bright conquest of Quebec is now heroic memory, and honor and fame and reward have been parceled out. So I shall but briefly, in these memoirs (ay, they shall be written, and with a good heart), travel the trail of history, or discourse upon campaigns and sieges, diplomacies and treaties. I shall keep close to my own story; for that, it would seem, yourself and the illustrious minister of the King most wish to hear. Yet you will find figuring in it great men, like our flaming hero General Wolfe, and also General Montcalm, who, I shall ever keep on saying, might have held Quebec against us, had he not been balked by the vain Governor, the Marquis de Vaudreuil; together with such notorious men as the Intendant Bigot, the civil governor of New France, and such noble gentlemen as the Seigneur Duvarney, father of Alixe.

I shall never view again the lofty heights of Quebec, nor the citadel where I was detained so barbarously, nor the gracious Manor House at Beauport, sacred to me because of her who dwelt therein — how long ago, how long! Of all the pictures that flash before my mind when I think over those times, one is most with me: that of the fine guest-room in the Manor House, where I see moving the benign maid who alone can make this story worth the telling. And with one scene therein, and it the most momentous in my life, I shall begin my tale.

I beg you, convey to Mr. Pitt my most

obedient compliments, and say that I take his polite wish as my command.

With every expression of my regard, I am, dear Ned, affectionately your friend,

ROBERT STOBO.

I.

When Monsieur Doltaire entered the salon, and, dropping lazily into a chair beside Madame Duvarney and her daughter, drawled out, "England's Braddock has gone to heaven, Captain Stobo, and your papers send you there also," I did not shift a jot, but looked over at him gravely, — for, God knows, I was startled, — and I said, "The General is dead?"

I did not dare to ask, Is he defeated? though from Doltaire's look I was sure it was so, and a sickness crept through me, for at the moment that seemed the end of our cause. But I made as if I had not heard his words about my papers.

"Dead as a last year's courtier, shifted from the scene," he replied; "and having little now to do, we 'll go play with the rat in our trap."

I would not have dared look towards Alixe, standing beside her mother then, for the song in my blood was pitched too high, were it not that a little sound broke from her. At that, I glanced, and saw that her face was still and quiet, but her eyes were shining, and her whole body seemed listening. I dared not give my glance meaning, though I wished to do so. She had served me much, had been a good friend to me, since I was brought a hostage to Quebec from Fort Necessity. There, at that little post on the Ohio, France threw down the gauntlet, and gave us the great Seven Years' War. And though it may be thought I speak rashly, the lever to spring that trouble had been within my grasp. Had France sat still while Austria and Prussia quarreled, that long fighting had never been. The game of war had lain with the Grande Marquise, — or La Pompadour, as she was called, — and later it may be seen how I, unwillingly, moved her to set it going.

Answering Monsieur Doltaire, I said stoutly, "I am sure he made a good fight; he had gallant men."

"Truly gallant," he returned, — "your own Virginians" (I bowed); "but he was a blunderer, as were you also, monsieur, or you had not sent him plans of our forts and letters of such candor. They have gone to France, my captain."

Madame Duvarney seemed to stiffen in her chair, for what did this mean but that I was a spy? and the young lady behind them now put her handkerchief to her mouth as if to stop a word. To make light of the charges against myself was the only thing, and yet I had little heart to do so. There was that between Monsieur Doltaire and myself — a matter I shall come to by and by — which well might make me anxious.

"My sketch and my gossip with my friends," said I, "can have little interest in France."

"My faith, the Grande Marquise will find a relish for them," he said pointedly at me. He, the natural son of King Louis, had played the part between La Pompadour and myself in the grave matter of which I spoke. "She loves deciding knotty points of morality," he added.

"She has had chance and will enough," said I boldly, "but what point of morality is here?"

"The most vital — to you," he rejoined, flicking his handkerchief a little, and drawling so that I could have stopped his mouth with my hand. "Shall a hostage on parole make sketches of a fort and send them to his friends, who in turn pass them on to a foolish general?"

"When one party to an Article of War brutally breaks his sworn promise, shall the other be held to his?" I asked quietly.

I was glad that, at this moment, the Seigneur Duvarney entered, for I could

feel the air now growing colder about Madame his wife. He, at least, was a good friend; but as I glanced at him, I saw his face was troubled and his manner distant. He looked at Monsieur Doltaire a moment steadily, stooped to his wife's hand, and then offered me his own without a word; which done, he went to where his daughter stood. She kissed him, and, as she did so, whispered something in his ear, to which he nodded assent. I knew afterwards that she had asked him to keep me to dinner with them.

Presently turning to Monsieur Doltaire, he said inquiringly, "You have a squad of men outside my house, Doltaire?"

Doltaire nodded in a languid way, and answered, "An escort — for Captain Stobo — to the citadel."

I knew now, as he had said, that I was in the trap; that he had begun the long sport which came near to giving me the white shroud of death, as it turned white the hair upon my head ere I was thirty-two. Do I not know, the indignities, the miseries I suffered, I owed mostly to him, and that at the last he nearly robbed England of her greatest pride, the taking of New France? For chance sometimes lets humble men like me balance the scales of fate; and I was humble enough in rank, if in spirit always something above my place.

I was standing as he spoke these words, and I turned to him and said, "Monsieur, I am at your service."

"I have sometimes wished," he said instantly, and with a courteous if ironical gesture, "that you were in my service; that is, the King's."

I bowed as to a compliment, for I would not see the insolence, and I retorted, "Would I could offer you a company in my Virginia regiment!"

"Delightful! delightful!" he rejoined. "I should make as good a Briton as you a Frenchman, every whit."

I suppose he would have kept leading to such silly play, had I not turned to Madame Duvarney and said, "I am most sorry that this mishap falls here; but it is not of my doing, and in colder comfort, madame, I shall recall the good hours spent in your home."

I think I said it with a general courtesy, yet, feeling the eyes of the young lady on me, perhaps a little extra warmth came into my voice, and worked upon Madame, or it may be she was glad of my removal from contact with her daughter; but kindness showed in her face, and she replied gently, "I am sure it is only for a few days till we see you again."

Yet I think in her heart she knew my life was periled: those were rough and hasty times, when the axe or the rope was the surest way to deal with troubles. Three years before, at Fort Necessity, I had handed my sword to my lieutenant, bidding him make healthy use of it, and, traveling to Quebec on parole, had come in and out of this house with great freedom. Yet since Alixe had grown towards womanhood there had been strong change in Madame's manner. I was glad to know her husband stayed the same, as indeed, so far as he might, he did through most that came and went.

"The days, however few, will be too long until I tax your courtesy again," I said. "I bid you adieu, madame."

"Nay, not so," spoke up my host. "Not one step: dinner is nearly served, and you must both dine with us. Nay, but I insist," he added, as he saw me shake my head. "Monsieur Doltaire will grant you this courtesy, and me the great kindness. Eh, Doltaire?"

Doltaire rose, glancing from Madame to her daughter. Madame was smiling, as if begging his consent; for, profligate though he was, his position, and more than all, his personal distinction, made him a welcome guest at most homes in Quebec. Alixe met his look without a yes or no in her eyes, — so young, yet having such control and wisdom, as I have had reason beyond all men to know.

Something, however, in the temper of the scene had filled her with a kind of glow, which added to her beauty and gave her dignity. The spirit of her look caught the admiration of this expatriated courtier, and I knew that a deeper cause than all our past conflicts — and they were great — would now, or soon, set him fatally against me.

"I shall be happy to wait Captain Stobo's pleasure," he said presently, "and to serve my own by sitting at your table. I was to have dined with the Intendant this afternoon, but a messenger shall tell him duty stays me. . . . If you will excuse me!" he added, going to the door to find a man of his company. He looked back for an instant, as if it struck him I might seek escape, for he believed in no man's truth; but he only said, "I may fetch my men to your kitchen, Duvarney? 'T is raw outside."

"Surely. I shall see they have some comfort," was the reply.

Doltaire then left the room, and Duvarney came to me. "This is a bad business, Stobo," he said sadly. "There is some mistake, is there not?"

I looked him fair in the face. "There is a mistake," I answered. "I am no spy, and I do not fear that I shall lose my life, my honor, or my friends by offensive acts of mine."

He was a man of dignity, and yet great warmth of nature. "I believe you," he said, "as I have believed since you came, though there has been gabble of your doings. I do not forget you bought my life back from those wild Mohawks five years ago. You have my hand in trouble or out of it."

Upon my soul, I could have fallen on his neck, for the blow to our cause and the shadow on my own fate oppressed me for the moment. I had not thought I should ever lack courage before my enemies, however hard my case.

At this point the ladies left the room to make some little toilette before dinner, and as they passed me the sleeve of Alixe's dress touched my arm. I caught her fingers for an instant, and to this day I can feel that warm, rich current of life coursing from finger-tips to heart. She did not look at me at all, but passed on after her mother. Never till that moment had there been any open show of heart between us, though at first in my captivity — I own it to my shame — I had made her a friend chiefly that I might use her kindness some perilous day of escape. But that soon passed, and then I wished her friendship for her own and for my own sake. Also, I had been held back because when I first knew her she seemed but a child. Yet how quickly and how wisely did she grow out of that! She had a playful wit, and her talents were far beyond her years. It amazed me often to hear her sum up a thing in some pregnant sentence which, when you came to think, was the one word to be said. She had such a deep look out of her blue eyes that you scarcely glanced from them to see the warm sweet color of her face, the fair broad forehead, the brown hair, the delicate richness of her lips, which ever were full of humor and of seriousness, — both running together, as you may see a laughing brook steal into the quiet of a river.

Duvarney and I were thus alone for a moment, and he straightway dropped a hand upon my shoulder. "Let me advise you," he said: "be friendly with Doltaire. He has great influence at the Court and elsewhere. He can make your bed hard or soft at the citadel."

I smiled at him, and replied, "I shall sleep no less sound because of Monsieur Doltaire."

"You are bitter in your trouble," said he.

I made haste to answer, "No, no; my own troubles do not weigh so heavy — but our General's death."

"You are a patriot, my friend," he added warmly. "I could well have been

content with our success against your English army without this deep danger to you, for I cannot count you enemy of mine."

I put out my hand to him, but I did not speak, for just then Doltaire entered. He was smiling at something in his thought.

"The fortunes are with the Intendant always," said he. "When things are at their worst, and the King's storehouse, the dear La Friponne, is to be ripped by our rebel peasants like a sawdust doll, here comes this rich news of our success on the Ohio; and in that Braddock's death the whining beggars will forget their empty bellies, and bless where they meant to curse. What fools, to be sure! They had better loot La Friponne. Lord, how we love fighting, we French! And 't is so much easier to dance, or drink, or love." He stretched out his shapely legs as he sat musing, and talking as if to himself.

Duvarney shrugged a shoulder, smiling. "But you, Doltaire, — there 's no man out of France that fights more."

He lifted an eyebrow. "One must be in the fashion; besides, it does need some skill to fight. The others — to dance, drink, love: blind men's games!"

He smiled cynically into the distance. I never knew a man who had so keen a view of life as he. Indeed, I used to marvel at the pith and depth of his observations; for though I agreed not with him once in ten times, I loved his great reflective cleverness and his fine penetration, singular gifts in a man of action. But then, action to him was a playtime; he had that irresponsibility of the Court from which he came, its scornful endurance of defeat or misery, its flippant look upon the world, its scoundrel view of women. Then he and Duvarney talked, and I sat thinking. Perhaps the passion of a cause grows in you as you suffer for it, and I had suffered, and suffered most by a bitter inaction. Governor Dinwiddie, Washington (alas that, as I write the fragment chapters of my life, among the hills where Montrose my ancestor fought, George leads the colonists against the realm of England!), and the rest were suffering, but they were fighting too. Brought to their knees, they could rise again to battle, and I thought then, How more glorious to be with my gentlemen in blue from Virginia, holding back death from the General, and at last falling myself, than to spend good years a hostage at Quebec, knowing that Canada was for our taking, yet doing nothing to advance the hour! In the thick of these thoughts I was not conscious of what the two were saying, but at last I caught Madame Cournal's name; by which I guessed Monsieur Doltaire was talking of her amours, of which the chief and final was with Bigot the Intendant, to whom the King had given all civil government, all power over commerce and finance in the country. The rivalry between the Governor and the Intendant was keen and vital at this time, though it changed later, as I will show. At her name I looked up and caught Monsieur Doltaire's eye.

He read my thoughts. "You have had gay hours here, monsieur," he said, — "you know the way to probe us; but of all the ladies who could be most useful to you, you left out the greatest. There you erred. I say it as a friend, not as an officer, there you erred. From Madame Cournal to Bigot, from Bigot to Vaudreuil the Governor, from the Governor to France. But now" —

He paused, for Madame Duvarney and her daughter had come, and we all rose.

The ladies had heard enough to know Doltaire's meaning. "But now — Captain Stobo dines with us," said Madame Duvarney quietly and meaningly.

"Yet I dine with Madame Cournal," rejoined Doltaire, smiling.

"One may use more option with enemies and prisoners," she said keenly, and the shot ought to have struck home. In so small a place it was not easy to draw lines close and fine, and it was in the power of the Intendant, backed by

his confederates, to ruin almost any family in the province if he chose; and that he chose at times I knew well, as did my hostess. Yet she was a woman of courage and nobility of thought, and I knew well where her daughter got her high, fine flavor of mind.

I could see something devilish in the smile at Doltaire's lips, but his look was wandering between Alixe and me, and he replied urbanely, "I have ambition yet — to connive at captivity," and then he looked full and meaningly at her.

I can see her now, her hand on the high back of a great oak chair, the lace of her white sleeve falling away, and her soft arm showing, her eyes on his without wavering. They did not drop, nor turn aside; they held straight on, calm, strong — and understanding. By that look I saw she read him; she, who had seen so little of the world, felt what he was, and met his invading interest firmly, yet sadly; for I knew long after that she had then a smother at her heart, foreshadowings of dangers that would try her as few women are tried. Thank God that good women are born with greater souls for trial than men; that, given once an anchor for their hearts, they hold until the cables break.

When we were about to enter the dining-room, I saw, to my joy, Madame incline towards Doltaire, and I knew that Alixe was for myself, — though her mother wished it little, I am sure. As she took my arm, her finger-tips plunged softly into the velvet of my sleeve, giving me a thrill of courage. I felt my spirits rise, and I set myself to carry things off gayly, to have this last hour with her clear of gloom, for it seemed easy to think that we should meet no more.

As we passed into the dining-room, I said, as I had said the first time I went to dinner in her father's house, "Shall we be flippant, or grave?"

I guessed that it would touch her. She raised her eyes to mine and answered, "We are grave; let us seem flippant."

In those days I had a store of spirits. I was seldom dismayed, for life had been such a rough-and-tumble game that I held to cheerfulness and humor as a hillsman to his broadsword, knowing it the greatest of weapons with a foe, and the very stone and mortar of friendship. So we were gay, touching lightly on events around us, laughing at gossip of the doorways (I in my poor French), casting small stones at whatever drew our notice, not forgetting a throw or two at Chateau Bigot, the Intendant's country house at Charlesbourg, five miles away, where many a plot was hatched, reputation soiled, and all clean things dishonored. But she, the sweetest soul France ever gave the world, could not know all I knew, guessing only at heavy carousals, cards, song, and raillery, with far-off hints of feet lighter than fit in cavalry boots dancing among the glasses on the table. I was never before so charmed with her swift intelligence, for I never had great nimbleness of thought, nor power to make nice play with the tongue. My one important gift of mind or manner was a sense of what ought to be said, and what left unsaid, — a thing that stood by me often, though, with my quick temper, I now and then spoke against my judgment.

If, before, I had been a prisoner of France, I was now a prisoner of one who, I prayed, would lock me up in her heart, and let me nevermore be free. From that cheerful prison light would come to warm and brighten the citadel on the Heights, which, like the Bastile, had opened to far more than it had ever sent out again. As I said, until that evening there had never been definite sign between us, and I could not be sure that soft hand-pressure, like a pad of roseleaves, meant more than the pity of a gentle heart; for, welcome among my enemies as I had been because of my gayety in misfortune, I was not vain enough to think I had entrance at the inner gates of any woman's favor.

"You have been three years with us,"

suddenly said her father, passing me the wine. "How time has flown! How much has happened!"

"Madame Cournal's husband has made three million francs," said Doltaire, with dry irony and truth.

Duvarney shrugged a shoulder, stiffened; for, oblique as the suggestion was, he did not care to have his daughter hear it.

"And Vaudreuil has sent bees buzzing to Versailles about Bigot and Company," added the impish satirist.

Madame Duvarney responded with a look of interest, and the Seigneur's eyes steadied to his plate. All at once by that I saw the Seigneur had known of the Governor's action, and maybe had counseled with him, siding against Bigot. If that were so, — as it proved to be, — he was in a nest of scorpions, for who among them would spare him, Marin, Cournal, Rigaud, the Intendant himself? I think he felt I understood, for presently he raised his eyes to mine, and although we sent no message in our looks, I knew that there was peril for him also. Such as he were thwarted right and left in this career of knavery and public evils.

"And our people have turned beggars; poor and starved, they beg at the door of the King's storehouse. It is well called La Friponne," said Madame Duvarney, with some heat; for she was ever liberal to the poor, and she had seen manor after manor robbed, and peasant farmers made to sell their corn for a song, to be sold to them again at famine prices at La Friponne. Even now Quebec was full of pilgrim poor begging against the hard winter, and execrating their spoilers.

Doltaire was too fond of digging at the heart of things not to admit she spoke truth.

"La Pompadour et La Friponne!
Qu'est que cela, mon petit homme?"
"Les deux terribles, ma chère mignonne,
Mais, c'est cela —
La Pompadour et La Friponne!"

He said this with cool drollery and point, in the patois of the native, so that he set us all laughing, in spite of our mutual apprehensions.

Then he continued, "And the King has sent a chorus to the play, with eyes for the seesaw, and no will to stop the buzzing; and more, no purse to fill."

We all knew he meant himself, and we knew also that so far as money went he spoke true; that though hand-in-glove with Bigot, he was poor, save for what he made at the gaming-table and got from France. There was what might have clinched me to him, had things been other than they were; for all my life I have loathed the sordid soul, and I would rather, in these my ripe years, eat with a highwayman who takes his life in his hands than with the civilian who robs his king and the king's poor, and has no better trick than false accounts, nor better friend than the pettifogging knave. Doltaire had no burning love for France, and little faith in anything; for he was of those Versailles water-flies who recked not if the world blackened to cinders when their lights went out. As will be seen by and by, he had come here to seek me, and to serve the Grande Marquise.

More speech like this followed, and amid it all, with the flower of the world beside me at this table, I remembered my mother's words before I bade her good-by and set sail from Glasgow for Virginia.

"Keep it in mind, Robert," she said, "that an honest love is the thing to hold you honest with yourself. 'T is to be lived for, and fought for, and died for. Ay, be honest in your loves. Be true."

And there I took an oath, my hand clenched beneath the table, that Alixe should be my wife if better days came; when I was done with citadel and trial and captivity, if that might be.

The evening was well forward when Doltaire, rising from his seat in the drawing-room, bowed to me, and said, "If it pleases you, monsieur?"

I rose also, and prepared to go. There was little talk, yet we all kept up a play of cheerfulness. When I came to take the Seigneur's hand, Doltaire was a distance off, talking to Madame. "Stobo," said the Seigneur quickly and quietly, "trials portend for both of us." He nodded towards Doltaire.

"But we shall come safe through," I said.

"Be of good courage, and adieu," he answered, as Doltaire turned towards us.

My last words were to Alixe. The great moment of my life was come. If I could but say one thing to her out of earshot, I would stake all on the hazard. She was standing beside a cabinet, very still, a strange glow in her eyes, a new, fine firmness at the lips. I felt I dared not look as I would. I feared there was no chance now to speak what I would. But I came slowly up the room with her mother. As we did so, Doltaire exclaimed and started to the window, and the Seigneur and Madame followed. A red light was showing on the panes.

I caught Alixe's eye, and held it, coming quickly to her. All backs were on us. I took her hand and pressed it to my lips suddenly. She gave a little gasp, and I saw her bosom heave.

"I am going from prison to prison," I said. "But I leave my loved jailer behind."

She understood. "Your jailer goes also," she answered, with a sad smile.

"I love you! I love you!" I urged.

She was very pale. "Oh, Robert!" she whispered timidly; and then, "I will be brave, I will help you, and I will not forget. God guard you."

That was all, for Doltaire turned to me then and said, "They 've made of La Friponne a torch to light you to the citadel, monsieur."

A moment afterwards we were outside in the keen October air, a squad of soldiers attending, our faces towards the citadel heights. I looked back, doffing my cap. The Seigneur and Madame stood at the door, but my eyes were for a window where stood Alixe. The reflection of the far-off fire bathed the glass, and her face had a glow, the eyes shining through, intent and most serious. Yet how brave she was, for she lifted her handkerchief, shook it a little, and smiled.

As though the salute were meant for him, Doltaire bowed twice impressively, and then we stepped forward, the great fire over against the Heights lighting us and hurrying us on.

We scarcely spoke as we went, though Doltaire hummed now and then the air La Pompadour et La Friponne. As we came nearer I said, "Are you sure it is La Friponne, monsieur?"

"It is not," he said, pointing. "See!"

The sky was full of shaking sparks, and there was a smell of burning grain.

"One of the granaries, then," I added, "not La Friponne itself?"

To this he nodded assent, and we pushed on.

II.

"What fools," said Doltaire presently, "to burn the bread and oven too! If only they were less honest in a world of rogues, poor moles!"

Coming nearer, we saw that La Friponne itself was safe, but one warehouse was doomed and another threatened. The streets were full of people, and thousands of excited peasants, laborers, and sailors were shouting, "Down with the palace! Down with Bigot!"

We came upon the scene at the most critical moment. None of the Governor's soldiers were in sight, but up the Heights we could hear the steady tramp of General Montcalm's infantry as they came on. Where were Bigot's men? There was a handful — one company — drawn up before La Friponne, idly leaning on their muskets, seeing the great granary burn, and watching La Friponne threatened by the mad crowd and the fire. There was not a soldier before the Inten-

dant's palace, not a light in any window.

"What is this weird trick of Bigot's?" said Doltaire, musing.

The Governor, we knew, had been out of the city that day. But where was Bigot? At a word from Doltaire we pushed forward towards the palace, the soldiers keeping me in their midst. We were not a hundred feet from the great steps when two gates suddenly swung open, and a carriage rolled out swiftly and dashed down into the crowd. I recognized the coachman first, Bigot's, an old one-eyed soldier of surpassing nerve, and devoted to his master. The crowd parted right and left. Suddenly the carriage stopped, and Bigot stood up, folding his arms, and glancing round with a disdainful smile, and not speaking a word. He carried a paper in one hand.

Here were at least two thousand armed and unarmed peasants, sick with misery and oppression, in the presence of their undefended tyrant. One shot, one blow of a stone, one stroke of a knife — to the end of a shameless pillage. But no hand was raised to do the deed. The roar of voices subsided, — he waited for it, — and silence was broken only by the crackle of the burning building, the tramp of Montcalm's soldiers in Mountain Street, and the tolling of the cathedral bell. I thought it strange that almost as Bigot came out the wild clanging gave place to a cheerful peal.

After standing for a moment, looking round him, his eye resting on Doltaire and myself (we were but a little distance from him), Bigot said in a loud voice: "What do you want with me? Do you think I may be moved by threats? Do you punish me by burning your own food, which, when the English are at our doors, is your only hope? Fools! How easily could I turn my cannon and my men upon you! You think to frighten me. Who do you think I am? Am I a Bostonnais or an Englishman? You — revolutionists! T'sh! You are wild dogs without a leader. You want one that you can trust; you want no coward, but one who fears you not at your wildest. Well, I will be your leader. I do not fear you, nor do I love you, for how have you deserved my love? By ingratitude and aspersion? Who has the King's favor? François Bigot. Who has the ear of the Grande Marquise? François Bigot. Who stands firm while others tremble lest their power pass to-morrow? François Bigot. Who else dare invite revolution, this danger," — his hand sweeping to the flames, — "who but François Bigot?" He paused for a moment, and looking up to the leader of Montcalm's soldiers on the Heights, waved him back; then he went on: —

"And to-day, when I am ready to give you great news, you play the mad dog's game; you destroy what I had meant to give you in our hour of danger, when those English came. I made you suffer a little, that you might live then. Only to-day, because of our great and glorious victory" — He paused again. The peal of bells became louder. Far up on the Heights we heard the calling of bugles and the beating of drums; and now I saw the whole large plan, the deep dramatic scheme. He had withheld the news of the victory that he might announce it when it would most turn to his own glory. Indeed, having first received the news, he withheld it from the Governor till he could, by himself declaring it, turn it to his own account. Perhaps he had not counted on the burning of the warehouse, but this would tell now in his favor. He was not a large man, but he drew himself up with dignity, and continued in a contemptuous tone: —

"Because of our illustrious victory, I designed to tell you all my plans, and, pitying your trouble, divide among you at the smallest price, that all might pay, the corn which now goes scorching to the stars."

A groan broke from the people, and then some one from the Heights above, not from the crowd, called out shrilly,

"What lie is in that paper, François Bigot?"

I looked up, as did the crowd. A woman stood upon a point of the great rock, a red robe hanging on her, her hair free over her shoulders, her finger pointing at the Intendant. Bigot only glanced up, then smoothed out the paper.

"My news will make you fall upon your knees," he said to the people in a clear but less steady voice, for I could see that the woman had disturbed him. "You will get you to prayers for forgiveness. His most Christian Majesty is triumphant upon the Ohio. The English have been killed in thousands, and their General with them. Do you not hear the joy-bells in the Church of Our Lady of the Victories? and more — listen!"

There burst from the Heights on the other side a cannon shot, and then another and another. At this the people gave a loud shout, and many ran to Bigot's carriage, reached in to touch his hand, and called down blessings on him.

"See that you save the other granaries," he urged; "then remember to bless La Friponne in your prayers!"

It was a fine piece of acting, and yet he poured such scorn into the last words that I thought the people must have hated him afresh. But they gave a great cheer instead. Then again from the Heights above came the woman's voice, so piercing that the crowd turned to her.

"François Bigot is a liar and a traitor!" she cried. "Beware of François Bigot! God has cast him out."

Bigot now glanced up, and a dark look came in his face; but presently he turned, and gave a sign to some one near the palace. The doors of the courtyard flew open, and out came squad after squad of soldiers. In a moment, they, with the people, were busy carrying water to pour upon the side of the endangered warehouse. It was well that the wind was with them, else it and the palace also would have been burned that night.

The Intendant still stood in his carriage watching and listening to the cheers of the people. At last he beckoned to Doltaire and to me. We both went over.

"Doltaire, we looked for you at dinner," he said. "Was Captain Stobo" — nodding towards me — "lost among the petticoats? He knows the trick of cup and saucer. Between the sip and click he sucked in secrets from our garrison, — a spy where had been a soldier, as we thought. You once wore a sword, Captain Stobo."

"If the Governor would grant me leave, I would not only wear, but use one, your excellency knows well where," I said.

"Large speaking, Captain Stobo. They do that in Virginia, I am told."

"In Gascony also, your excellency."

Doltaire laughed outright, for it was said that Bigot, in his coltish days, had a shrewish Gascon wife, whom he took leave to send to heaven before her time. I saw the Intendant's mouth twitch angrily.

"Come," he said, "you have a tongue; we 'll see if you have a stomach. You 've languished with the girls; you shall have your chance to drink with François Bigot. Now, if you dare, when we have drunk to the first cockcrow, should you be still on your feet, you 'll fight some one among us, first giving ample cause."

"I hope, your excellency," I replied, with a touch of vanity, "I have still some stomach and a wrist. I will drink to cockcrow, if you will. And if my sword prove the stronger, what?"

"There 's the point," he said. "Your Englishman loves not fighting for fighting's sake, Doltaire; he must have bonbons for it. Well, see: if your sword and stomach prove the stronger, you shall go your ways to where you will. There!"

If I could but have seen a bare portion of the craftiness of this pair of devil's artisans! They both had ends to serve in working ill to me, and neither was content that I should only be shut away in

the citadel. There was a deeper game playing. I give them their due: the trap was skillful, and in those times, with great things at stake, strategy took the place of open fighting here and there. For Bigot I was to be a weapon against another; for Doltaire, against myself.

What a gull they must have thought me! I might have known that, with my lost papers on the way to France, they must hold me tight here till I had been tried, nor permit me to escape. But I was sick of doing nothing, thinking with horror on a long winter in the citadel, and I caught at the least straw of freedom.

"Captain Stobo will like to spend a couple of hours at his lodgings before he joins us at the palace," the Intendant said, and with a nod to me he turned to his coachman. The horses wheeled, and in a moment the great doors opened, and he had passed inside to applause, though here and there among the crowd was heard a hiss, for the Scarlet Woman had made an impression. The Intendant's men essayed to trace these noises, but found no one. Looking again to the Heights, I saw that the woman had gone. Doltaire noted my glance and the inquiry in my face, and he said: —

"Some bad fighting hours with the Intendant at Chateau Bigot, and then a fever, bringing a kind of madness: so the story creeps about, as told by Bigot's enemies."

Just at this point I felt a man hustle me as he passed. One of the soldiers made a thrust at him, and he turned round. I caught his eye, and it flashed something to me. It was Voban the barber, who had shaved me every day for months when I first came, while my arm was stiff from a wound got fighting the French on the Ohio. It was quite a year since I had met him, and I was struck by the change in his face. It had grown much older; its roundness was gone. We had had many a talk together; he helping me with French, I listening to the tales of his early life in France, and to the later tale of a humble love, and the home which he was fitting up for his Mathilde, a peasant girl of much beauty, I was told, but whom I had never seen. I remembered at that moment, as he stood in the crowd looking at me, the piles of linen which he had bought at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, and the silver pitcher which his grandfather had got from the Duc de Valois for an act of merit. Many a time we had discussed the pitcher and the deed, and fingered the linen, now talking in French, now in English; for in France, years before, he had been a valet to an English officer at King Louis's court. But my surprise had been great when I learned that this English gentleman was no other than the best friend I ever had, next to my parents and my grandfather. He was bound to Sir John Godric by as strong ties of affection as I. What was more, by a secret letter I had sent to George Washington, who was then as good a Briton as myself, I had been able to have his young brother, a prisoner of war, set free.

Now I felt that he had something to say to me. But he turned away and disappeared among the crowd. I might have had some clue if I had known that he had been crouched behind the Intendant's carriage while I was being bidden to the supper. I did not guess then that there was anything between him and the Scarlet Woman who railed at Bigot.

In a little while I was at my lodgings, soldiers posted at my door and one in my room; Doltaire gone to his own quarters, and promising to call for me within two hours. There was little for me to do but to put in a bag the fewest necessaries, to roll up my heavy cloak, to stow safely my pipes and two goodly packets of tobacco, which were to be my chiefest solace for many a long day, and to write some letters, — one to Governor Dinwiddie, one to George Washington, and one to my partner in Virginia, telling them my fresh misfortunes, and begging them to send me money, which, however useless in my captivity, would be important

in my fight for life and freedom. I did not write intimately of my state, for I was not sure my letters would ever pass outside Quebec. There were only two men I could trust to do the thing. One was a fellow-countryman, Clark, a ship-carpenter, who, to save his neck and to spare his wife and child, had turned Catholic, but who hated all Frenchmen barbarously at heart, remembering two of his bairns butchered before his eyes. The other was Voban. I knew that though Voban might not act, he would not betray me. But how to reach either of them? It was clear that I must bide my chances.

One other letter I wrote, brief but vital, in which I begged the sweetest girl in the world not to have uneasiness because of me; that I trusted to my star and to my innocence to convince my judges; and begging her, if she could, to send me a line at the citadel. I told her I knew well how hard it would be, for her mother and her father would not now look upon my love with favor. But I trusted all to time and Providence. I said also, as cheerfully, yet as earnestly as I might, that, for her peace, her interest might have been better placed elsewhere, but that I could not bring myself, even for that, to unwish the thousand wishes of my heart. Because the chasm between our countries' amities was great, so much deeper was my love that had bridged it over, and so much the more should it be bulwarked, that in happier times, when maybe St. George's ensign, and not the golden lilies, should float above the citadel, our love might show the way to the mingling of our races to a mutual peace. Now that I think of it, I might have left those last vain things unsaid. But indeed this sort of prophecy was a comfort, and I had ample need to hope for our final triumph in the sorrow of our late bitter mishaps. And as it proved in the end, I was not blowing bubbles to charm a fond eye, but lighting a watchfire for a heart that had to steer for the port of Home upon a stormy sea.

I sealed my letters, put them in my pocket, and sat down to smoke and think while I waited for Doltaire. To the soldier on duty, whom I did not notice at first, I now offered a pipe and a glass of wine, which he accepted rather gruffly, but enjoyed, if I might judge by his devotion to them.

By and by, without any relevancy at all, he said abruptly, "If a little sooner she had come — aho!"

For a moment I could not think what he meant; and then I saw.

"The palace would have been burnt if the girl in scarlet had come sooner — eh?" I asked. "She would have urged the people on?"

"And Bigot burnt, too, maybe," he answered.

"Fire and death — eh?"

I offered him another pipeful of tobacco. He looked doubtful, but accepted.

"Aho! And that Voban, he would have had his hand in," he growled.

I began to see more light.

"She was shut up at Chateau Bigot — hand of iron and lock of steel — who knows the rest! But Voban was for always," he added presently.

The thing was clear. The Scarlet Woman was Mathilde. So here was the end of Voban's little romance, — of the fine linen from Ste. Anne de Beaupré and the silver pitcher for the wedding wine. I saw, or felt, that in Voban I might find now a confederate, if I put my hard case on Bigot's shoulders.

"I can't see why she stayed with Bigot," I said tentatively.

"Aho! Break the dog's leg, it can't go hunting bones — *mais, non!* Holy, how stupid are you English!"

"Why does n't the Intendant lock her up now? She 's dangerous to him. You remember what she said?"

"*Tonnerre*, you shall see to-morrow," he answered; "now all the sheep go bleating with the bell. Bigot — Bigot — Bigot! There is nothing but Bigot! But, pish! Vaudreuil the Governor is

the great man, and Montcalm, aho! son of Mahomet! You shall see. Now they dance to Bigot's whistling; he will lock her safe enough to-morrow — unless some one steps in to help her. Before to-night she never spoke of him before the world — but a poor daft thing, going about all sad and wild. She missed her chance to-night — aho!"

"Why are you not with Montcalm's soldiers?" I asked. "You like him better."

"I was with him, but my time was out, and I left him for Bigot. Pish! I left him for Bigot, for the militia!" He raised his thumb to his nose, and spread out his fingers. Again light dawned on me. He was still with the Governor in all fact, though soldiering for Bigot, — a sort of watch upon the Intendant.

I saw my chance. If I could but induce this fellow to fetch me Voban! There was yet an hour before I was to go to the intendance.

I called up what looks of candor were possible to me, and told him bluntly that I wanted Voban to bear a letter for me to the Seigneur Duvarney's. At that he cocked his ear and shook his bushy head, fiercely stroking his mustaches.

"Aho!" he said.

I knew that I should stake something if I said it was a letter for Mademoiselle Duvarney, but I knew also that if he was still the Governor's man in Bigot's pay he would understand the Seigneur's relations with the Governor. And a woman in the case with a soldier, — that would count for something. So I said it was for her. Besides, I had no other resource but to make a friend among my enemies, if I could, while yet there was a chance. It was like a load lifted from me when I saw his mouth and eyes open wide in a big soundless laugh, which came to an end with a voiceless *aho!* Here I gave him another tumbler of wine. Before he took it, he made a wide mouth at me again, and slapped his leg. After drinking, he said, "*Poom* — what good? They 're going to hang you for a spy."

"That rope 's not ready yet," I answered. "I 'll tie a pretty knot in another string first, I trust."

"Damned if you have n't spirit!" said he. "That Seigneur Duvarney, I know him; and I know his son the ensign — *whung*, what saltpetre is he! And the mademoiselle — excellent, excellent; and a face, such a face, and a seat like leeches in the saddle. And you a British officer mewed up to kick your heels till gallows day! So droll, my dear — aho!"

"But will you fetch Voban?" I said.

"To trim your hair against the supper to-night — eh, like that?"

As he said it he puffed out his red cheeks with wide boylike eyes, burst his lips in another soundless laugh, and laid a finger beside his nose. His marvelous innocence of look and his peasant openness hid, I saw, great shrewdness and intelligence, — an admirable man for Vaudreuil's purpose, as admirable for mine. I knew well that if I had tried to bribe him he would have scouted me, or if I had made a motion for escape he would have shot me without pause. But a lady, — that appealed to him; and that she was the Seigneur Duvarney's daughter did the rest.

"Yes, yes," I said, "one must be well appointed in soul and body when one sups with his Excellency and Monsieur Doltaire."

"Limed inside and chalked outside," he retorted gleefully. "But M'nsieu' Doltaire needs no lime, for he has no soul. No, by the sweet Sainte Héloise! The good God did n't make him. The devil laughed, and that laugh grew into M'nsieu' Doltaire. But brave! — no kicking pulse is in his body."

"You will send for Voban — now?" I asked softly.

He was leaning against the door as he spoke. He reached and put the tumbler on a shelf, then turned and opened the

door, his face all altered to a grimness. "Attend here, Labrouk!" he called; and on the soldier coming, he blurted out in scorn, "Here 's this English captain can't go to supper without Voban's shears to snip him. Go fetch him, for I 'd rather hear a calf in a barnyard than this whing-whanging for 'M'nsieu' Voban.'"

He mocked my accent in the last two words, so that the soldier grinned, and at once started away. Then he shut the door, and turned to me again, and said more seriously, "How long have we before Monsieur comes?" — meaning Doltaire.

"At least an hour," said I.

"Good," he rejoined, and then he smoked while I sat thinking.

It was near an hour before we heard footsteps outside; then came a knock, and Voban was shown in.

"Quick, monsieur," he said. "M'nsieu' is almost at our heels."

"This letter," said I, "to Mademoiselle Duvarney," and I handed four: hers, and those to Governor Dinwiddie, to George Washington, and to my partner.

He quickly put them in his coat, nodding. The soldier, — I have not yet mentioned his name, — Gabord, did not know that more than one passed into Voban's hands.

"Off with your coat, m'nsieu'," said Voban, whipping out his shears, tossing his cap aside, and rolling down his apron. "M'nsieu' is at the door."

I had off my coat, was in a chair in a twinkling, and he was clipping softly at me as Doltaire's hand turned the handle of the door.

"Beware — to-night!" Voban whispered.

"Come to me in the prison if you can," said I. "Remember your brother!"

His lips twitched. "M'nsieu'," he said, "I will come if I can. And these letters shall be delivered." This he said in my ear as Doltaire entered and came forward.

"Upon my life!" he broke out. "These English gallants! They go to prison curled and musked by Voban. *Voban*, — a name from the court of the King, and it garnishes a barber. Who called you, Voban?"

"My mother, with the curé's help, m'nsieu'."

Doltaire paused, with a pinch of snuff at his nose, and replied lazily, "I did not say 'who called you *Voban?*' Voban, but who called you here, Voban?"

I spoke up testily then of purpose: "What would you have, monsieur? The citadel has better butchers than barbers. I sent for him."

He shrugged his shoulders and came over to Voban. "Turn round, my Voban," he said. "*Voban* — and such a figure! a knee, a back like that!"

Then, while my heart stood still, he put forth a finger and touched the barber on the chest. If he should touch the letters! I was ready to seize them — but would that save them? Twice, thrice, the finger prodded Voban's breast, as if to add an emphasis to his words. "In Quebec you are misplaced, Monsieur le Voban. Once a wasp got into a honeycomb and died."

I knew he was hinting at the barber's resentment of the poor Mathilde's fate. Something strange and devilish leapt into the man's eyes, and he broke out bitterly, "A honey-bee got into a nest of wasps and died."

I thought of the Scarlet Woman on the hill.

Voban looked for a moment as if he might do some wild thing. His spirit, his devilry, pleased Doltaire, and he laughed. "Who would have thought our Voban had such wit? The trade of barber is double-edged. Razors should be in fashion at Versailles."

Then he sat down, while Voban made a pretty show of touching off my person, and I cheered myself with the thought that the letters were safe in the barber's pocket. A few minutes passed so, in which the pealing of bells, the shouting

of the people, the beating of drums, and the calling of bugles came to us clearly.

A half hour afterwards, on our way to the Intendant's palace, we heard the Benedictus chanted in the Church of Our Lady of the Victories as we passed, — hundreds kneeling outside, and responding to the chant sung within: —

"*That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hands of all that hate us.*"

At the corner of a building which we passed, a little away from the crowd, I saw a solitary cloaked figure. The words of the chant, following us, I could hear distinctly: —

"*That we, being delivered out of the hands of our enemies, might serve Him without fear.*"

And then, from the shadowed corner came in a high, melancholy voice the words: —

"*To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace.*"

Looking closer, I saw it was Mathilde. "Aho!" said Gabord's voice behind me.

Doltaire smiled as I turned and begged a moment's time to speak to her.

"To pray with the lost angel and sup with the Intendant, all in one night, — a liberal taste, monsieur; but who shall stay the good Samaritan!"

They stood a little distance away, and I went over to her and said, "Mademoiselle — Mathilde, do you not know me?"

Her abstracted eye fired up, as there ran to her brain some little sprite out of the House of Memory and told her who I was.

"There were two lovers in the world," she said: "the Mother of God forgot them, and the devil came. I am the Scarlet Woman," she went on; "I made this red robe from the curtains of the evil place."

Poor soul! My own trouble seemed then as a speck among the stars to hers. I took her hand and held it, saying again, "Do you not know me? Think, Mathilde!"

I was not sure that she had ever seen me, to know me, but I thought it possible; for, as a hostage, I had been much noticed in Quebec, and Voban had, no doubt, pointed me out to her. Light leapt from her black eye, and then she said, putting her finger on her lips, "Tell all the lovers to hide. I have seen a hundred François Bigots."

I looked at her, saying nothing, — I knew not what to say. Presently her eye steadied to mine, and her intellect rallied. "You are a prisoner, too," she said; "but they will not kill you: they will keep you till the ring of fire grows in your head, and then you will make your scarlet robe, and go out, but you will never find It — never. God hid first, and then It hides. . . . It hides, that which you lost — It hides, and you cannot find It again. You go hunting, hunting, but you cannot find It."

My heart was pinched with pain. I understood her. She did not know her lover now at all. If Alixe and her mother at the Manor could but care for her, I thought. But alas! what could I do? It were useless to ask her to go to the Manor; she would not understand.

Perhaps there come to the disordered mind flashes of insight, illuminations and divinations, greater than are given to the sane, for she suddenly said in a whisper, touching me with a nervous finger, "I will go and tell her where to hide. They shall not find her. I know the wood-path to the Manor. Hush! she shall have all I have — except the scarlet robe. She showed me where the May-apples grew. Go," — she pushed me gently away, — "go to your prison, and pray to God. But you cannot kill François Bigot, — he is a devil." Then she thrust into my hands a little wooden cross, which she took from many others at her girdle. "If you wear that, the ring of fire will not grow," she said. "I will go by the

wood-path, and give her one, too. She shall live with me: I will spread the cedar branches and stir the fire. She shall be safe. Hush! Go, go softly, for their wicked eyes are everywhere, the were-wolves!" She put her fingers towards my lips for an instant, and then, turning, stole softly away towards the St. Charles River.

Doltaire's mockery brought me back to myself.

"So much for the beads of the addled; now for the bowls of sinful man," he said.

III.

As I entered the Intendant's palace with Doltaire I had a singular feeling of elation. My spirits rose unaccountably, and I felt as though it were a fête night, and the day's duty over, the hour of play was come. A sort of fire seemed suddenly to play along my veins, and I had a rare lightness of heart. I must needs have felt ashamed of it then, and now, were I not sure it was some unbidden operation of the senses. I believe times come when there pass into us feelings which are alien to our will. We think we should feel this way or that, suiting our spirits to events, and lo! where we had thought to mourn we laugh; where thought to burn go cold; dance where thought to drag on heavy weights of life. Here was I with every cue to show myself in heaviness, with shadows behind me and before, sick for my country's sake and for my own, denied the one hostage of my fortune — a sword — lilting it almost in the chief camp of my enemies. Maybe a merciful Spirit sees how, left alone, we should have stumbled and lost ourselves in our own gloom, and so gives us a new temper fitted to our needs. Or is it that when certain great events send out awakenings to the remotest corners of our being, the original perversions in us — the taint of the Satanic and intractable — spring up also, and for a moment disport themselves beside the roused heralds of sleeping virtues? I remember that at the great door I turned back and smiled upon the ruined granary, and sniffed the air laden with the scent of burnt corn — the people's bread; that I saw old men and women who could not be moved by news of victory, shaking with cold, even beside this vast furnace, and peevishly babbling of their hunger, and I did not say, "Poor souls!" that for a time the power to feel my own misfortunes seemed gone, and a hard, light indifference came on me. Can one part of a man's soul grow numb and draw back, and another, not meant for action, but for temptation, creep out and play tricks like an elfish schoolboy? These are things beyond me, for I am, and have ever been, more a man of action and feeling than meditation, and I set them down roughly here only to show it was not my will to act as I did, and past my understanding.

For it is true I entered the Intendant's great dining-hall, and looked upon the long loaded table, with its hundred candles, its flagons and pitchers of wine, and on the faces of so many idle, careless gentlemen bid to a carouse, with a manner, I believe, as reckless and jaunty as their own. And I kept it up, though I saw it was not what they had looked for. I did not at once know who was there, but presently, at a distance from me, I saw the face of Juste Duvarney, the brother of my sweet Alixe, a man of but twenty or so, who had a name for wildness, for no badness that I ever heard of, and for a fiery temper. He was in the service of the Governor, an ensign. He had been little at home since I had come to Quebec, having been employed up to the past year in the service of the Governor of Montreal. We bowed, but he made no motion to come to me, and the Intendant engaged me almost at once in gossip of the town; suddenly, however, diverging upon some questions of public tactics and civic government. He much surprised

me, for though I knew him brave and able, I had never thought of him save as the adroit politician and servant of the King, the tyrant and the libertine. I might have known by that very scene a few hours before that he had a wide, deep knowledge of human nature, and despised it; unlike Doltaire, who had a keener mind, was more refined even in wickedness, and, knowing the world, laughed at it more than he despised it, which was the sign of the greater mind. And indeed, in spite of all the causes I had to hate Doltaire, it is but just to say he had by nature all the great gifts — misused and disordered as they were. He was the product of his age; having no real moral sense, living life wantonly, making his own law of right or wrong. As a lad, I was taught to think the evil person carried evil in his face, repelling the healthy mind. But long ago I found that this was error. The most beautiful and touching faces I have ever seen were those of men and women who set aside all moral obligations. At times they carried a delicacy and a depth almost pathetic, even when they railed; which was, maybe, knowledge of life. Who shall measure these? I had no reason to admire Doltaire, and yet to this hour his handsome face, with its shadows and shifting lights, haunts me, charms me. The thought came to me as I talked with the Intendant, and I looked round the room. Some present were of coarse calibre, — bushranging sons of seigneurs and petty nobles, dashing and profane, and something barbarous; but most had gifts of person and speech, and all seemed capable.

For myself, for a time I almost forgot my miserable state, and my spirits continued high. I sprang alertly to meet wit and gossip, my mind ran nimbly here and there, I filled the rôle of honored guest. But when came the table and wine, a change befell me. From the first drop I drank, my spirits suffered a decline. On one side the Intendant rallied me, on the other Doltaire. I ate on, drank on; but while smiling by the force of will, I grew graver little by little. Yet it was a gravity which had no apparent motive, for I was not thinking of my troubles, not even of the night's stake and the possible end of it all; simply a sort of gray color of the mind, a stillness in the nerves, a general seriousness of the senses. I drank, and the wine did not affect me, as voices got loud and louder, and glasses rang, and spurs rattled on shuffling heels, and a scabbard clanged on a chair. I seemed to see and know it all from a distance, but I was not touched by the spirit of it, was not a part of it. I watched the reddened cheeks and loose scorching mouths around me with a sort of distant curiosity, and the ribald jests flung right and left struck me not at all acutely. It was as if I were reading a Book of Bacchus. I drank on evenly, not doggedly, and answered jest for jest without a hot breath of drunkenness. I looked several times at Juste Duvarney, who sat not far away, on the other side of the table, behind a grand piece of silver filled with October roses. He was drinking hard, and Doltaire, sitting beside him, kept him at it. At last the silver piece was shifted, and he and I could see each other fairly. Now and then Doltaire spoke across to me, but somehow no word passed between Duvarney and myself.

Suddenly, as if by magic — I know it was preconcerted — the talk turned on the events of the evening and on the defeat of the British. Then, too, as strangely I began to be myself again, and a sense of my position grew upon me. I had been withdrawn from all real feeling and living for hours, but I believe that same suspension was my salvation. For with every man present deeply gone in liquor round me — every man save Doltaire — I was sane and steady, and settling into a state of great alertness, determined on escape, if that could be, and bent on turning every chance to serve my cause.

Now and again I caught my own name mentioned with a sneer, then with remarks of surprise, then with insolent laughter. I saw it all. Before dinner some had been made aware of the new charge against me, and, by instruction, had kept it till the inflammable moment. Then, when the why and wherefore of my being at this supper were in the hazard, the stake, as a wicked jest of Bigot's, was mentioned. I could see the flame grow inch by inch, fed by the Intendant and Doltaire, whose hateful final move I was yet to see. For one instant I had a sort of fear, for I was sure they meant I should not leave the room alive; but anon I grew angry, and I felt a river of fire flow through me, rousing me, making me loathe the faces of them all. Yet not all, for in one now most pale, with dark, brilliant eyes, I saw the looks of my flower of the world: the color of her hair in his, the clearness of the brow, the poise of the head, — how handsome he was! — the light springing step, like a deer on the sod of June. I mind when I first saw him. He was sitting in a window of the Manor, just after he had come from Montreal, playing a violin which had once belonged to De Casson, the famous priest whose athletic power and sweet spirit endeared him to New France. His fresh cheek was bent to the brown, delicate wood, and he was playing to his sister the air of the undying chanson, "Je vais mourir pour ma belle reine." I loved the look of his face, like that of a young Apollo, open, sweet, and bold, all his body having the epic strength of life. I wished that I might have him near me as a comrade, for out of my hard experience I could teach him much, and out of his youth he could soften my blunt nature, by comradeship making flexuous the hard and ungenial.

I went on talking to the Intendant, while some of the guests rose and scattered about the rooms, at tables, to play picquet, the jesting on our cause and the scorn of myself abating not at all. I would not have it thought that anything was openly coarse or brutal; it was all by innuendo, and brow-lifting, and maddening, allusive phrases such as it is thought fit for gentlefolk to use instead of open charge. There was insult in a smile, contempt in the turn of a shoulder, challenge in the flicking of a handkerchief. With great pleasure I could have wrung their noses one by one, and afterwards have met them tossing sword-points in the same order. I wonder now that I did not tell them so, for I was ever hasty; but my brain was clear that night, and I held myself in proper check, letting each move come from my enemies. There was no reason why I should have been at this wild feast at all, I a prisoner, accused falsely of being a spy, save because of some plot by which I was to have fresh suffering and some one else be benefited, — though how that could be I could not guess at first.

But the reason came soon enough, and then I understood everything. I had a name, not undeserved, for being an expert swordsman; and Bigot and Doltaire knew this well, for I had proved it once since coming to Quebec, with the most noted bully and swordsman of New France, who had given me offense in the presence of some ladies. The Governor winked then at a hostage of war being granted a sword for dueling, and he would no doubt wink again, if I lived to see it. While these thoughts were passing through my mind, I heard a young gentleman say to Duvarney over my shoulder: —

"Eating comfits and holding yarn, — that was his doing at your manor when Doltaire came hunting him."

"He has dined at your table, Lancy," broke out Duvarney hotly.

"But never with our ladies," was the biting answer.

"Should prisoners make conditions?" was the sharp, insolent retort.

The insult was conspicuous, and trouble might have followed, but that Doltaire came between them, shifting the attack.

"Prisoners, my dear Duvarney," he said, "are most delicate and exacting; they must be fed on wine and milk, they must have the wild honey. I would I were a prisoner. It is an easy life, and hearts grow soft for them. As thus — Indeed, it is most sad: so young and gallant; in speech, too, so confiding! And if we babble all our doings to him, think you he takes it seriously? No, no, — so gay and thoughtless, there is a thoroughfare from ear to ear, and all 's lost on the other side. Poor simple gentleman, he is a claimant on our courtesy, a knight without a sword, a guest without the power to leave us — he shall make conditions, he shall have his caprice. La, la! my dear Duvarney and my Lancy!"

He spoke in a clear, provoking tone, putting a hand upon the shoulder of each young gentleman as he talked, his eyes wandering over me idly, and beyond me. I saw that he was now sharpening the sickle to his office. His next words made this more plain to me: —

"And if a lady gives a farewell sign to one she favors for the moment, shall not the prisoner take it as his own? The peacock cries for every eye — who shall gainsay the peacock? Shall the guinea cock? The golden crumb was thrown to the guinea cock, but that 's no matter. The peacock clatters of the crumb — and ambles to spread his tails elsewhere." At that he spoke an instant in Duvarney's ear. I saw the lad's face flush, and he looked at me angrily.

Then I knew his object: to provoke a quarrel between this young gentleman and myself, which might lead to evil ends; and the Intendant's share in the conspiracy was to revenge himself upon the Seigneur for his close friendship with the Governor. If Juste Duvarney were killed in the duel which they foresaw, so far as Doltaire was concerned I was out of the counting in the young lady's sight. In any case my life was of no consequence, for that was already determined on, I was sure. Yet it seemed strange that Doltaire should wish me dead, for he had reasons for keeping me alive, as will be seen. Why he himself did not choose to fight me I know not, save that he thought this the more delicate and entertaining revenge.

Juste Duvarney liked me once, I knew, but still he had the Frenchman's temper, and had always to argue down his bias against my race, and to cherish a good heart towards me; for he was young, and most sensitive to the opinions of his comrades. I cannot tell you what misery possessed me when I saw him leave Doltaire, and, coming to me as I stood alone by the chair where the Intendant had been sitting a moment before, say, —

"What secrets found you at our seigneury, monsieur?"

I understood the taunt, — as though I were the common interrogation mark, the abuser of hospitality, the abominable Paul Pry. But I held my wits together.

"Monsieur," said I, "I found the secret of all good life: a noble kindness to the unfortunate."

There was at that a laugh from some, led by Doltaire, a concerted influence on the young gentleman. I cursed myself that I had been snared to this trap.

"The insolent," said Duvarney, "not the unfortunate."

"Insolence is no crime, at least," I answered quietly, "or this room were a penitentiary."

There was a moment's pause, and presently, as I kept my eye on him, he raised his handkerchief and flicked me across the face with it, saying, "Then this will be a virtue, and you may have more such virtues as often as you will."

In spite of will, my blood pounded in my veins, and a devilish anger took hold of me for an instant. To be struck across the face by a beardless Frenchman, scarce past his teens, — it shook me more than now I care to own. Yet I may easily be forgiven, for the wrongs which I suffered afterwards. I felt my cheek burn, my teeth clinched, and I know a

kind of snarl came from me; but again, all in a moment, I caught a turn of his head, a motion of the hand, which brought back Alixe to me. Anger died away, and I saw only a youth flushed with wine, stung by suggestions, with that foolish pride the youngster feels — and he was the youngest of them all — in being as good a man as the best, and as daring as the worst. I felt how useless it would be to try the straightening of matters there, though had we two been alone a dozen words would have been enough. But to try was my duty, and I tried with all my might; almost, for Alixe's sake, with all my heart.

"Do not trouble to illustrate your meaning," said I quietly. "Your phrases are clear and to the point."

"You bolt from my words," he retorted, "like a shy mare on the curb; you take insult like a donkey on a well-wheel. What fly will the English fish rise to? Now it no more plays to my hook than an August chub."

I could not help but admire his spirit and the sharpness of his speech, though it drew me into a deeper quandary. It was clear that he would not be tempered to friendliness; for, as is often so, when men have said things angrily, their eloquence feeds their passion, and convinces them that they are almost holy in their cause. Calmly, but with a most heavy heart, I answered: —

"I wish not to find offense in your words, my friend, for in some good days gone you and I had pleasant commerce, and I cannot forget that the last hours of a light imprisonment before I entered on a dark one were spent in your father's home, at the right hand of the brave Seigneur whose life I once saved."

I am sure I should not have mentioned this in any other situation, — it seemed as if I were throwing myself on his mercy; but yet I felt it was the only thing to do, — that I must bridge this affair, if at cost of some reputation.

It was not to be. Here Doltaire, seeing that my words had indeed affected my opponent, said: "A double retreat! He swore to give a challenge to-night, and he cries off like a sheep from a porcupine; his courage is so slack, he dares not move a step to his liberty. It was a bet, a hazard. He was to drink glass for glass with any and all of us, and fight sword for sword with any of us who gave him cause. Having drunk his courage to death, he'd now browse at the feet of those who give him chance to win his stake."

His words came slowly and bitingly, yet with an air of damnable nonchalance. I looked round me. Every man present was full-sprung with wine; and a distance away, a gentleman on either side of him, stood the Intendant, smiling detestably, a keen, houndlike look shooting out of his small round eyes.

I had had enough; I could bear no more. To be baited like a bear by these Frenchmen, — it was aloes in my teeth. I was not sorry, I think, that these words of Juste Duvarney's gave me no chance of escape from fighting; though I would it had been any other man in the room than he. It was on my tongue to say that if some gentleman would take up his quarrel I should be glad to drive mine home, though for reasons I cared not myself to fight Duvarney. But I did not, for I knew that to carry that point farther might rouse a general thought of Alixe, and I had no wish to make matters hard for her. Everything in its own good time, and when I should be free! So, without more ado, I said to him: —

"Monsieur, the quarrel was of your choosing, not mine. There was no need for strife between us, and you have more to lose than I: more friends, more years of life, more hopes. I have avoided your bait, as you call it, for your sake, not mine own. Now I take it, and you, monsieur, show us what sort of fisherman you are."

All was arranged in a moment. As we turned to pass from the room to the courtyard, I noted that Bigot was gone.

When we came outside, it was just one, as I could tell by a clock striking in a chamber near. It was cold, and some of the company shivered as we stepped upon the white, frosty stones. The October air bit the cheek, though now and then a warm, pungent current passed across the courtyard — the breath from the people's burnt corn. Even yet upon the sky was the reflection of the fire; and distant sounds of singing, shouting, and carousal came to us from the Lower Town.

We stepped to a corner of the yard and took off our coats; swords were handed us, — both excellent, for we had had our choice of many. It was partial moonlight, but there were flitting clouds. That we should have light, however, pine torches had been brought, and these were stuck in the wall. My back was to the outer wall of the courtyard, and I saw Bigot at a window of the palace looking down at us. Doltaire stood a little way off from the rest of us, below, yet where he could see us to advantage. Before we engaged, I looked intently into my opponent's face, and measured him carefully with my eye, that I might have his height and figure explicit and exact; for I know how moonlight and fire distort, how the eye may be deceived. I looked for every button; for the spot in his lean, healthy body where I could disable him, spit him, and yet not kill him, — for this was the thing furthest from my wishes, God knows. Now the deadly character of the event seemed to impress him, for he was pale, and the liquor he had drunk had given him dark hollows round the eyes, and a gray shining sweat was on his cheek. But his eyes themselves were fiery and keen to a degree, and there was reckless daring in every turn of his body.

I was not long in finding his quality, for he came at me violently from the start, and I had chance to know his strength and weakness also. His hand was quick, his sight clear and sure, his knowledge to a certain point most definite and practical, his mastery of the sword delightful; but he had little imagination, he did not divine, he was merely a brilliant performer, he did not conceive. I saw that if I put him on the defensive I should have him at advantage, for he had not that art of the true swordsman, the prescient quality which foretells the opponent's action and stands prepared. There I had him at fatal advantage, — could, I felt, give him last reward of insult at my pleasure. Yet a lust of fighting got into me, and it was difficult to hold myself in check at all, nor was it easy to meet his breathless and adroit advances. Then, too, remarks from the bystanders worked me up to a deep sort of anger, and I could feel Doltaire looking at me with that still, cold face of his, an ironical smile at his lips. Now and then, too, a ribald jest came from some young roisterer near, and the fact that I stood alone among sneering enemies wound me up to something like hate, to a point where pride was more active than aught else. I began to press him a little, and I pricked him once, and then a singular feeling possessed me. I would bring this to an end when I had counted ten; I would strike home when I said "ten."

So I began, and I was not aware then that I was counting aloud. "One — two — three!" It was weird to the onlookers, for the yard grew still, and you could hear nothing but maybe a shifting foot or a hard breathing. "Four — five — six!" There was a tenseness in the air, and Juste Duvarney, as if he felt a menace in the words, seemed to lose all sense of wariness, and came at me lunging, lunging with great swiftness and heat. At first I had meant to wound him slightly, not fatally, but now I was incensed, and he must take what fortune might send; you cannot guide your sword where it will do the least harm when you fight as did we.

I had lost blood, and the game could go on no longer. "Eight!" I pressed him sharply now. "Nine!" I was preparing for the trick which would end the

matter, when I slipped on the frosty stones, now glazed with our tramping back and forth, and, trying to recover myself, left my side open to his sword. It came home, though I partly diverted it. I was forced to my knees, but there, mad, unpardonable youth, he made another furious lunge at me. I threw myself back, deftly avoided the lunge, and he came plump on my sword, gave a long gasp, and sank down. At that moment the doors of the courtyard opened, and men stepped inside, one coming quickly forward before the rest. It was the Governor, the Marquis de Vaudreuil. He spoke, but what he said I knew not, for the stark upturned face of Juste Duvarney was there before me, there was a great buzzing in my ears, and I fell back into darkness.

Gilbert Parker.

THE SECRET OF THE ROMAN ORACLES.

Archæologists of the old school believe — and we are inclined to believe with them — that the present generation has carried rather too far the *furore* for archaic art. As a classic musician is lowered in his own estimation if his performance is understood by a general public, so the lecturer on ancient art, ambitious to be considered "one of the elect," must confine himself to the very remotest period of Greek plastic art, when the modeling of the human form was still in its rudimentary stage. Professional scholars who are in this frame of mind can remain indifferent, and even cold, before productions of a highly developed age, but go into ecstasies at the sight of a torso shaped like the trunk of a tree, or of a head whose eyes bend inwards at an angle of thirty-five degrees. They go much further than the Preraphaelites, and that is saying a good deal.

An exaggerated temper of this kind has led students to show, possibly to feel, a decided contempt for Greco-Roman art of the first and second centuries of our era. Rome has been avoided as if it were a place hardly worth wasting one's time upon, much less seriously studying. "Rome was born too late for us," said a dear American friend once, on his way from Council Bluffs to Athens; and he stands by no means alone in the expression of such feelings. We feared at one time that our case was lost forever. Three or four centuries of Roman history had been wiped from the pages of text-books; and those who still had a spark of faith in old traditions were denounced by Ihne as "perverted by an obstinate historical conservatism, very much akin to superstition."

How slow the reaction against this unjust proscription has been in coming! But it has come at last; students begin to perceive that there are other periods in the history of art worthy their attention, besides the Dædalian infancy of plastic works; that the archaic must be taken as a starting-point, not as defining the limit of their studies; that the evolution of Greek sculpture into various styles and schools can be followed nowhere so advantageously as in Rome, by means of the copies chiseled, cast, or painted in imperial times; that if Greek art is divinely ideal, the Romans understood better how to apply its many productions to the necessities and comforts of life; that Rome, in short, is the best centre for the study of practical archæology.

In a paper on The Methods of Archæological Research, read by Sir Henry Howorth, July 24, 1894, at the Shrewsbury meeting of the Royal Archæological

Institute, I find these words, which I submit for the consideration of American students : —

" We can scarcely realize that hardly a generation has gone since, at the British Museum, it was the fashion to admit only classical antiquities as worthy of collection, and that the priceless treasures dug up by Faussett and Rolfe were treated as rubbish, unworthy of a place in that sanctuary of the arts, and had to seek a home in a provincial museum. Fifty years ago, a man who had devoted his time, his purse, and his knowledge to creating a worthy department of British antiquities would not have been rewarded with the Order of the Bath, but would have been treated by the students of so-called high art as a barbarian and a Philistine, fit only to consort with people like you and me. We have changed all this, but its mischievous results still remain. If we go to the British Museum, we shall find the noblest collection of Greek art in the world. Taken altogether, it is quite unapproachable, thanks to the labors, the zeal, and the taste of many good men, and notably of the late and the present curators of that department. But when we turn to Rome, — Rome, the mother of modern Europe; Rome, the Britain of old days, the great type of practical good sense in government; the Rome whose roads and bridges, whose colonies and towns, whose laws and municipal institutions, are only rivaled by our own, and which ruled the world for a thousand years and more, — where are we to look for an adequate picture of the life her citizens led, and of the vast colonial dependencies she controlled? We have a few busts, we have a room devoted to the antiquities of Roman Britain, and then we find the mistress of many legions, and mother of us all, treated everywhere as a sort of Cinderella to her favored sister of Greece, — a mere outhouse and barn attached to a Greek palace. Our contention is that there ought to be in our great museum, if not a special department of Roman antiquities, at least special rooms devoted to them, worthy of the fame of Rome, and of its importance in human history. For many of us who love art, but also love history, it is quite as important to know what were the surroundings of Tiberius and of Marcus Aurelius as of Pericles and Alexander the Great."

I fell to thinking over these things, apropos of a discovery lately made at Terracina which throws light on the ancient oracles. Having occasion to refer to Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, to ascertain whether Jupiter Anxur, worshiped at Terracina, had been given a place among the oracular divinities, I found thirty columns given up to the illustration of the Greek oracles, and barely *one* to that of the Roman.[1] And yet if we wish to make ourselves acquainted with the organization, structure, and management of these world-renowned sanctuaries, not by reading texts alone, but by personal examination; if we wish to discover the secret of those organized impostures, there is no place so abundant as Italy — nay, as the neighborhood of Rome — in existing remains, ready to tell us how responses were given.

The most popular mode of divination in central Italy was the drawing of lots, or *sortes*. The sortes were little counters, made of bone or wood, inscribed with a sentence, and kept in a kind of dice-box. A boy would draw one at random, and the words written on it would be taken as a response or omen. Livy relates that in 218 B. C. one of the lots kept for use in the temple of Falerii leapt out of its own accord. It bore the words *Mavors telum suum concutit* (" Mars shakes his javelin "), which were taken as a warning of the advance of Hannibal by Lake Trasimene. Another device practiced in times of public calamities was the substitution of smaller sortes for those generally in use. This alleged miracle

[1] Vol. ii. pp. 277–92. Third edition. 1891.

was called *attenuatio sortium*, and its awe-inspiring omen was averted, or supposed to be averted, by the celebration of the *lectisternium*.

A considerable number of sortes were discovered in the sixteenth century in the Euganean Hills, near the Bagni di Abano, the ancient Fons Aponi. Here was an oracle called the oracle of Geryon, because it was connected with the tenth labor of Hercules; with the capture, that is, of Geryon's oxen, and the driving of the herd from Spain to Greece. The oracle was consulted by Tiberius at the beginning of his campaign in Illyricum: the words which he drew by lot told him to throw golden dice into the spring. Suetonius says that in doing so he turned up the highest possible numbers (sixes), and that the gold dice could still be seen under water in Hadrian's time. The Abano counters registered in Corpus Inscr. Latin., vol. i. nos. 1438–1454, are seventeen in number, and contain about fifteen syllables each. There is very little common sense in them; at all events, they are altogether enigmatical. For instance: (No. 1452.) "Do you come to consult me, after you have lost all hopes?" (No. 1450.) "Now you come to consult me? The time is past." (No. 1445.) "Many men are mendacious. Do not believe them."

Sortes were not always drawn by a boy. To avoid the least suspicion of foul play, they were sometimes thrown into a *situla*, or urn, filled with water; and when this was poured out, the lot which first appeared floating on it was decisive.

This childish and innocent kind of divination was given up towards the end of republican times, except at Præneste (Palestrina), and new methods were devised by the keepers of oracles to satisfy the curiosity of their clients.

The number of these clients must have been enormous, to judge from the size, magnificence, and wealth attained by Roman oracular sanctuaries in the first century of our era. Let us remember that Tivoli, a straggling city of 10,297 inhabitants, is built almost entirely within the inclosure of the sanctuary of Hercules, and that 6129 Palestrinians dwell comfortably in a portion of the sanctuary of Fortuna Primigenia Prænestina. This structure covers 1,700,000 square feet on the slope of Monte S. Pietro; the frontage of the tower terrace is 1500 feet; the pinnacle of the rotunda rises to the height of 420 feet above the same terrace.

The temple of Hercules Victor at Tivoli was but little inferior in magnitude. The length of the structure, which includes porticos, libraries, theatre, basilicas, covered ways, stairs, gardens, dwellings of priests, etc., is exactly 2000 feet; the area, 800,000 square feet. These figures convey only the idea of size; they give no idea of the elegance and artistic wealth which made such places serve for museums of statuary, picture-galleries, record-offices for the history of the Roman world, and exhibition places for curiosities of every description.

The responses of the oracular god Hercules were given not only in his sanctuary at Tibur, but also in his more modest Roman temple by the Circus Flaminius; and while we remain uncertain just how the trick was done at Tibur, the secret of the Roman shrine was found out in 1864. On August 8 of that year, the masons Antonio Cancedova and Luigi Andreani discovered in that portion of Pompey's Theatre now occupied by the Palazzo Pio (Righetti, piazza del Biscione, 95) a sort of huge coffin, built of stones and covered with slabs of marble, at the bottom of which was lying the colossal gilt-bronze statue of Hercules, which the discoverer presented to Pope Pius IX. It has since been given a place of honor in the rotunda of the Vatican. Since this Hercules was the protecting god of riders and charioteers, his temples are always found close to Roman circuses. The one connected with the Circus Flaminius was placed under the

protection of *Hercules Magnus;* the one connected with the Circus Maximus was dedicated to *Hercules Victor.* It was natural that riders and charioteers, with their backers and bookmakers, should be anxious to know what their chances were on the coming of great race-days. The oracle was close by, and the priest only too ready to cater to their demands. The responses were given in the following clumsy way. In the back of the head of the statue there was a hole, thirty-eight centimetres in diameter, through which a full-grown youth could easily make his way into the body of the colossus. The experiment was actually tried by a boy named Pietro Roega, in November, 1864, in the presence of Commendatore Tenerani, Visconti, Grifi, and other personages, and the sound of the boy's voice, in answer to the questions addressed to him, was very impressive, and almost supernatural in its suggestion.

The same system of giving responses by word of mouth was practiced in the oracle of Valpantena. This oracle, in spite of its typical importance, is little known to students, and I think it has been examined archæologically twice only: about 1740, by Scipione Maffei, who describes it in his Verona Illustrata, and in 1819, by Antonio Bresciani, who calls it *una delle cose rarissime d' Italia.*

At the entrance to the Valpantena, north of Verona, there is a church of Santa Maria delle Stelle, built on a spur of the Monte di Mizzole, and surrounded by wild and impressive scenery. It appears that when the Euganeans were driven towards the Alps and the Lago di Garda by the Heneti, or Veneti, and settled in the district which still bears their name, the spur of Santa Maria delle Stelle was selected as the seat and centre of their mysterious worship, where prophetic responses were given in the name of one of their gods.

If we can believe the description by Bresciani, the pilgrim wishing to penetrate the *Antrum Sortium* (the Cave of Responses) was made to follow a passage only four feet high and one and a half wide, cut in the living rock. Before he had proceeded far into the depths of the mountain he was arrested by a sort of wail or lamentation, as if some one were dying of asphyxia; and indeed, the want of air, the narrowness of the passage, and the deadly loneliness of the place gave to the pilgrim himself a feeling of suffocation. At a turn of the passage the feeble groans suddenly changed into a thundering noise, as if a hundred lions were roaring at the same time, or as if a hundred bulls were being slain on the subterranean altar of the god. Both effects were produced by the sound of a waterfall which indistinctly strikes the ear in the first arm of the corridor, and becomes deafening as soon as one enters the second and more direct passage. In this excited and terrorized frame of mind the oracle-seeker was introduced into the cave. Bresciani says that the acoustic properties of the cave are such that even the low tones of the human voice have a strange and mysterious effect. A square opening in the ceiling, like a chimney pipe, communicates with a recess where one or more priests could hide themselves and give their responses to the applicant below. The oracle of Valpantena was connected with a temple, turned afterwards into a church (the crypt of the present one) in the time of Pope Honorius II.

But the most recent and most curious discovery bearing on this subject of oracular practice was made at Terracina early in 1894. Terracina, or Tarracina, founded by the Volscians, who called it Anxur, colonized by the Romans B. C. 329, owed its reputation, first, to its being the most important station of the Appian Way, halfway between Rome and Capua; secondly, to its sanctuary of Jupiter Anxur, or Anxurus, which is mentioned more than once by classic writers, although its exact location was until recently a matter of dispute.

Livy (xxviii. 11, and xl. 45) relates

that the temple was struck by lightning in the years 548 and 575. It has been inferred from this statement that the structure must have occupied a commanding and exposed position, a fact confirmed by Virgil (Æneid vii. 799), who says that it could be seen for many miles around, as far as Ardea and the banks of the Numicius. There is a promontory at Terracina, the Monte Sant' Angelo, a noted landmark for coasting-vessels, which rises abruptly from the sea to the height of 610 feet, and although the ruins by which the promontory is crowned bore the false name of Palazzo di Teodorico, local archæologists had pointed it out as a possible or probable site of the sanctuary of Jupiter. No better or more prominent location could have been selected on the whole coast between Monte Argentaro and Gaeta, with the exception, perhaps, of the sacred island of Circe, which was crowned in its turn by monuments of prehistoric ages.

Both Greeks and Romans had an eye for beauty in their edifices, as well as a keen discrimination in the selection of sites. The greater part of the headlands of Peloponnesus, Attica, Ionia, of the Ægean islands, of the western coast of Italy, of Magna Græcia and Sicily, were covered with temples, or trophies, or tombs of heroes. These structures of shining marble, backed by masses of evergreens, seen under the play of light and shade, sometimes among the clouds and flashes of lightning, sometimes tinted by the rays of the setting sun or by the opal dawn of Aurora, must have given to those coasts a type of marvelous beauty. "The mainland of those days appeared to the eyes of the weather-beaten sailor like the image of Cybele, who, crowned with towers and sitting on her rocky throne by the shore, ordered her son Neptune to make smooth the way to the harbor." [1]

The discovery to which I refer was due, like so many others, to chance. A treasure-hunter, Luigi Antonio Capponi, having been led to believe that gold coins in considerable number were buried among the ruins of Monte Sant' Angelo, was caught in the act of digging at the southwest corner of what proved afterwards to be the temple of the god Anxur. The city engineer saw at once the importance of what Capponi had uncovered, and with the pecuniary help of the municipality and of the state was able to undertake regular excavations.

The temple, 33.50 metres long, 19.70 metres wide, faces due south, and is built in the Corinthian order, with columns of alabaster from Monte Circeo. There are remains of the altar on which the statue of the god was placed; of the steps leading from the sacred area to the temple; of the frieze, ornamented with heads of lions; there are also fragments of statuary. The temple was undoubtedly destroyed in or about the year 426, after the promulgation of the edict of Theodosius for the suppression of pagan places of worship. The ruin of the beautiful structure was caused by fire, as shown by a layer of coals, ashes, and calcinated stones above the pavements. The statues were broken in pieces, and the fragments thrown into the burning ruin. One of the *favissæ*, containing votive offerings to the god, has been found uninjured by fire.

To understand the meaning and importance of these extraordinary votive objects, we must remember that the national Volscian god Anxur was represented as in the prime of youth: therefore, when in course of time Anxur was Romanized, the title of "Jupiter puer" became his special attribute. A pedestal inscribed "Iovi puero" was seen at Terracina by Schott in 1624, and the image of the god on the *denarii* of the *gens* Vibia is decidedly youthful in appearance. No wonder, then, that votive offerings to Jupiter Anxur should take the shape of *crepundia*, or childish playthings. The objects are cast in lead from a mould, so that there are several reproductions of

[1] Chateaubriand, Itinéraire, p. 118.

the same toy. There is a complete set of furniture for a tiny dining-room, comprising a three-legged table (*mensa tripes*), an easy-chair (*cathedra supina*), a sideboard (*repositorium*), a candlestick (*cerriolarium*), a waiter carrying a tray (*puer dapifer*), a pair of dancing-slippers (*soleæ*), a plate of fish (*piscium patina*) containing a pair of mullets (*? mullus barbatus*), a salt-cellar in the shape of a shell, a soup-plate, a fruit-plate, a drinking-cup in the shape of an œnochoe (a dipper-like utensil for filling the winecup), and several kitchen utensils, like a frying-pan, a gridiron, etc. These tiny implements are about one inch in length.

Jupiter Anxur not only watched over the safety of coasting-vessels from his lofty observatory, but also gave responses to those seeking to read the book of the future. The field of inquiry, however, must have been very limited, because the child-god could say only *yes* or *no*. His answers, in the affirmative or in the negative, were given in a very ingenious way.

East of the temple a pinnacle of live rock rises from the level of the platform, like a pyramid, measuring seven metres by six metres at the base, and five metres in height. The rock is pierced by a hole communicating with a cave or crypt, which in its turn is accessible by means of a narrow passage opening in the side of the mountain. The pilgrim would state his case to the god, throwing at the same time a handful of straw or of dry leaves into the funnel of the pinnacle. According as the leaves or straws were absorbed or shot up into the air, the pilgrim read his answer as yes or no. The absorbing or rejecting current could easily be produced by lighting a fire in the cave, by shutting or opening the entrance door, etc.

The edict of Theodosius did not put a stop to superstitions of this kind. Pagan worship was suppressed, but not the practice of divination. It would be highly interesting to follow the various manifestations of this practice from the fall of the empire to our own times. The theory of that eminent naturalist who divided the human species into two classes, those who cheat and those who are cheated, is as true now as it was in the good old times of the oracles.

Rodolfo Lanciani.

SIMULACRA.

Dark in the west the sunset's sombre rack
  Unrolled vast walls the rams of war had split,
  Along whose battlements the battle lit
Tempestuous beacons; and, with gates hurled back,
A mighty city, red with ruin and sack,
  Through smouldering breaches, crumbling bit by bit,
  Showed where the God of Slaughter seemed to sit
With Conflagration glaring at each crack.

Who knows? Perhaps as sleep unto us makes
  Our dreams as real as our waking seems
    With recollections time cannot destroy,
So in the mind of Nature now awakes
  Haply some wilder memory, and she dreams
    The stormy story of the fall of Troy.

Madison Cawein.

SOME CONFESSIONS OF A NOVEL-WRITER.

FEW of the present generation of readers will remember the fugitive slave cases that agitated the country about the middle of the century, one of which, that of Anthony Burns, shook the conservative town of Boston as by a moral earthquake. To this affair especially, and to two or three similar cases, I owed, in a large measure, the powerful impulse that urged me to the writing of an anti-slavery novel. How I was influenced by them; how, almost in spite of myself, and against my own literary taste and judgment, I was led to construct a story with the one tabooed and abominated subject craftily concealed (as was charged at the time) in the very heart of it, a surprise to be exploded like a bombshell in the face of unsuspecting readers, — how I came to commit this atrocity, if it was one, I shall endeavor to show in this chapter of reminiscences.

I early imbibed a prejudice against any agitation of the slavery question. In the small community in western New York where I was brought up, I knew, in my boyhood, only two outspoken abolitionists. One of these was our good Presbyterian minister, Mr. Sedgwick, a worthy man with an unfortunate hobby, as it was deemed, and as perhaps it was. His hearers were all good Whigs and Democrats, who paid him for preaching sound doctrinal discourses, and did not care to be reminded, Sunday after Sunday, that, as members of the two great political parties of the day, they were wickedly winking at a wrong committed in States some hundreds of miles off. Whatever the subject of his sermon, he was apt to introduce his *delenda est Carthago* somewhere in the course of it; and he was particularly vehement in his arguments against those who endeavored to prove by the Bible that slavery was right. The other abolitionist was a somewhat eccentric young man, who taught our district school two or three winters, and taught it very well. But as he was known to entertain erratic ideas on various subjects, and had been heard to declare that "even if the Bible said slavery was right, that would n't make it so," his advocacy was not of a kind to help an unpopular cause. In short, he did n't count; and Mr. Sedgwick stood bravely alone, our sole, persistent, in-season and out-of-season, rabid abolitionist.

I never was a good listener to sermons of any sort, unless they happened to be interesting; and when imprisoned in the bare old meeting-house, I was usually thinking so intently of other things that I would hardly be aware of the unwelcome topic being hammered on the ministerial anvil, until I saw my father begin to fidget in his seat, and the frown to gather on his brow. Often the cloud would remain until dispelled by the genial influence of the late Sunday dinner. Once when I had been left at home, and went to open the dooryard gate for the one-horse family wagon as it drove up, I noticed the ominous scowl on my father's face, and said, loud enough to be heard, —

"I guess Sedgwick has been pounding slavery on his pulpit cushion again today."

"Another of his everlasting abolition harangues!" exclaimed my father, as he got down from the wagon at the door. "I wish I had some sort of patent, long-action, quick-pressure gag to spring on him the instant he speaks the word 'slavery.'"

And yet he was a hater of all kinds of oppression, and one of the most scrupulously just men I ever knew.

"Wrong?" he would say. "Of course it 's wrong; nothing under heaven can

make it right for one human being to own another. But what 's the use of fighting it here at the North? Leave it where it is, and it will die of itself. Any serious attempt to abolish it will bring on civil war and break up the Union."

He often made use of these stereotyped words; but he would add, "I 'm opposed to the spread of it; we 've a right to take that stand," — little dreaming that in less than twenty years a determined "stand," taken by the North against the extension of slavery, would bring on attempted disunion and the civil war he dreaded.

So the subject of abolition became to me a disagreeable one, and continued so after I went to Boston in 1848, then in my twenty-first year. I did not find it popular in that highly conservative city. The followers of Garrison and Phillips were few; society looked upon them as dangerous fanatics, and the very name of *abolitionist* was covered with an opprobrium that clung to it long after the course of political events had justified their moral convictions. The slave power itself was fast doing more than its most relentless enemies could accomplish towards awakening not Boston only, but all the North, to the insatiableness of its greed and the danger of its aggressions. Its reign was a reign of terror. Good people who, like my father, quieted their consciences with the cry, "Let it alone! leave it where it is! don't agitate the subject!" found that it would not be let alone, that it would not rest where it was, that it was itself the great agitator, which would not cease its menaces until it could flaunt its black flag over the whole abject Union.

The enactment, in 1850, of the Fugitive Slave Law, turning all the North into a hunting-ground for escaping human chattels, roused a spirit of resistance in thousands who had hitherto remained indifferent, or timidly submissive, to the encroachments of the monster. It made an "anti-slavery fanatic" of me. How dangerous I was I did not myself suspect, until Mr. Ben: Perley Poore, then publishing his Sentinel in Boston, went off to Washington, and left me in charge of the paper. He had been gone a week or two, when something on the subject of Northern abolitionism in one of our Southern exchanges provoked me to reply. I meant my article to be dispassionate and judicial; and when it was written and carefully revised, I could n't see anything in it that should give offense to right-thinking readers. So I printed it. Then the deluge! I hardly knew what I had done, when my good friend Poore came hurrying back from Washington, and walked most unexpectedly into the Sentinel office one morning, where he found me seated at the desk, unconscious as a cherub of any wrong-doing. When I expressed surprise at seeing him so soon, he said he thought it was time for him to come and look after his editor. Always genial and kind, he yet made me feel extremely uncomfortable when he added, —

"Good heavens, Trowbridge! what were you thinking of, to turn the Sentinel into an abolition paper?"

"Is that the way you look at it?" asked the cherub.

"That 's the way subscribers will look at it," he replied.

A good deal nettled, I said, "Then perhaps you would like me to leave the paper?"

"Leave the paper?" he echoed, with about the bitterest laugh I ever heard from his lips. "Print another such article, and the paper will leave us!"

He went on to give a grimly humorous account of the sensation my poor little screed created in Washington, where he had many friends and subscribers, all of pro-slavery sentiments, and of his sudden haste to leave that city.

"Of course," he added, "I laid it all to the boy I had left in the office."

"Well," I said, "what was there about

the boy's article that they could reasonably object to?"

He was generous enough to reply, "Nothing, in my opinion. Every word of it is true enough. And you may think it strange that a man can't print in his own paper what he thinks on a great public question like slavery; but that is a fact. We shall see."

And we did see. Angry protestations from subscribers were already lying unopened on his desk. More came in, from North and South alike; and one of our South Carolina exchanges did me the honor to answer my article with an insolent threat of secession, — an old threat from that State, even in those days, and not altogether an idle one, as was so long believed.

Mr. Poore was too good a friend to discharge me for an act of indiscretion already committed. But he was right in his prognostication. The paper soon after left us; that, too, without the help of another anti-slavery leader. How many subscriptions my imprudence lost it I never knew. It never had too many.

I shared the intense interest awakened in Boston by its famous fugitive slave cases of 1850 and 1851, — the romantic escape of Ellen and William Craft, and the more notorious and dramatic episodes of Shadrach and Thomas Simms. Yet I hardly realized what inflammable anti-slavery stuff was in me, until the capture of Anthony Burns occurred, in May, 1854.

I was living in bachelor lodgings in Seaver Place, engaged in writing the novel Martin Merrivale, when the terrible realities of that event put my poor, fictitious characters to ignominious flight, and kindled in me a desire to write a novel on a wholly different subject.

It was not easy, at that time, to take a runaway slave out of Boston; secrecy and subterfuge had to be used, without much regard to the forms of law. Burns was arrested on a false pretext, and hurried before United States Commissioner Edward G. Loring, before it was known that kidnappers were again in the city. It had been hoped that the rescue of Shadrach and the tremendous difficulties encountered in the rendition of Simms would sufficiently discourage similar attempts, as indeed they did for a time. Burns had really been seized, not for any petty offense, as was pretended, but as a fugitive from the service of Charles F. Suttle, a Virginia slaveholder. The truth became quickly known, despite the precautions taken to conceal it; and the report, which was made a rallying cry to the friends of the oppressed, "Another man kidnapped!" ran with electric swiftness through the city.

Commissioner Loring was also judge of probate, and a man of eminent respectability. In his private life he was, no doubt, just and humane. I was present, and watched his face with painful interest, when he rendered his decision in the case. In vain had Mr. Richard H. Dana made his eloquent plea for the prisoner, warning the commissioner that what he was about to do would take its place in history, and praying that it might be in accord with a large interpretation of the law, with the higher conscience, and with mercy. The commissioner had evidently determined to perform what he deemed his duty, without any betrayal of emotion. His face was slightly flushed, but firm. My pity was not all for the slave; some of it was for such a man in such a place. On a bench before him sat Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips, the great preacher and the brilliant orator, whose certain and terrible denunciations of what he was about to do might well have made him pause. Perhaps, as a commissioner acting under the Fugitive Slave Law, and ignoring the laws of Massachusetts, he could not have rendered a different judgment. But he might have resigned his commission, and washed his hands of the whole black business in that way. Without a tremor of lip or of voice, he coldly reviewed the evidence and the law in

the case, and remanded Anthony Burns to slavery. Then Parker and Phillips arose, and walked arm in arm out of the court-room, conversing in low tones, with bowed heads and lowering brows.

Meanwhile Boston was in a turmoil of excitement. Public meetings were held, an immense one in Faneuil Hall on the evening preceding the removal of the fugitive; and that night there was a gallant attack upon the Court House in which he was confined. A stick of timber was used as a battering-ram against one of the western doors, which was broken in; there was a *mêlée* of axes, bludgeons, and firearms, and one of the marshal's guard was killed. But the assailants, led by that ardent young reformer, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of whom, later, the world was to hear considerably more, and by a colored man, Lewis Hayden, were unsupported, and were driven back.

Reports of the Faneuil Hall meeting and of the assault on the Court House rallied an immense crowd to Court Square and the adjacent streets the next morning, to witness the final act of the drama. It was a black day for Boston, that 27th of May, 1854; the passions of men were stirred to their depths, and often friends were divided against friends. I remember meeting in the crowd one with whom I had been on intimate terms not long before. He had been an officer in the Mexican war, and was as much of a Roman as to his nose and character as any man I ever knew. But that day the Roman in him was enlisted in a bad cause. Drawing me aside in the crowd, and opening his vest, he grimly called my attention to a revolver thrust into an inside pocket.

"What 's that for, Ned?" I asked, in the old familiar way.

"I am one of the marshal's private deputies," he answered, with brutal frankness. "There are over a hundred of us in the Court House there and in this crowd. At the first sign of an attempt to rescue that damned nigger, we are going in for a bloody fight. I hope there 'll be a row, for it 's the top-round of my ambition to shoot an abolitionist."

"Well, Ned," I replied, "you may possibly have an opportunity to shoot me; for if I see a chance to help that 'damned nigger,' as you call him, I 'm afraid I shall take a hand."

Any attempt of the kind at that time was out of the question. But for a misunderstanding a rescue might have been effected when the Court House door was battered in the night before. That failure had rendered subsequent success impossible; and it is a curious circumstance that the fiery Wendell Phillips himself was largely responsible for it. While, like most of the speakers at the Faneuil Hall meeting, he was in favor of a forcible deliverance of Burns, — declaring, "If that man leaves Boston, Massachusetts is a conquered State!" — he yet opposed those who would have hurled his host of hearers, excited and irresistible, against the Court House that night. "The zeal that will not hold out till morning," he said, "will never free a slave."[1]

But the morning was too late. The broken door was barricaded; the Court House was a fortress. Besides his hundred deputies, — men recruited for the most part from the brutal and vicious classes of society, frequenters of grog-shops and gaming-saloons, — besides this posse of desperadoes, disposed as his special guard and distributed through the crowd they were to watch and thwart, the marshal had the police force of Boston and a large body of militia, ostensibly to keep the peace, but practically to aid him in his ignoble task. The Court House was encircled by bayonets, and Court Street and State Street were lined on both sides with files of troops, keeping a lane open all the way to Long Wharf for the expected procession.

[1] Quoted by Hon. Henry Wilson in his exceedingly interesting and valuable History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America.

At last it set forth, led by a vanguard of armed police. "There he is!" went up a half-stifled cry from the multitude; and there indeed he was, that one poor, hunted, black bondman, whom a derisive fate had that day made the most-talked-of and important figure in all New England. What must he have thought of the great concourse of citizens, the swords and clubs and muskets, that met his bewildered gaze as he walked forth from his prison? — all there for him, the wretched and baffled runaway from Virginia! I remember well his scared black face, as he rolled his eyes about for a moment before he was hurried away; not so very black, either, — a complexion rather of bronze than of iron, — with a gleam of excitement in it which was almost a smile. He had heard the blows that thundered against the Court House door the night before; he knew what they meant; he knew how Shadrach had been rescued; but if he still cherished a hope of his own deliverance, it must have abandoned him at that moment. All was over. The free land to which he had escaped through difficulties and dangers was no free land for such as he. Back he must go to bondage and the lash.

There was no pause. The marshal and his special guard inclosed Burns in a compact phalanx, following the vanguard, and another body of armed police brought up the rear. The march was rapid, amid groans and hisses, and now and then a cheer, from the ranks of spectators. From Court Square into Court Street, gazed at from hundreds of windows, some of which were draped in black in token of the city's humiliation; past the old State House, and over the very ground where the first blood was shed preluding the Revolutionary struggle, some of it the blood of a black man, — scene of the Boston Massacre; and so on, down State Street, moved the strange procession, between the two rows of bayoneted guns, to Long Wharf, where, by the President's orders, a revenue cutter was in waiting, to receive on board the kidnappers and their prey.

It was a long time before I could sit down again quietly to the fiction on which I was engaged. I felt a burning desire to pour out in some channel the feelings which, long suppressed, had been roused to a high pitch of excitement by this last outrage. Still, something of the old repugnance to the subject of slavery remained; I shrank from the thought of making a black man my hero; the enormous popularity of Uncle Tom, instead of inciting me to try my hand at an anti-slavery novel, served rather to deter me from entering the field which Mrs. Stowe had occupied with such splendid courage and success.

More than once, before the Anthony Burns affair, before Uncle Tom even, the fugitive slave as a subject for a novel had come up in my mind, and I had put it resolutely aside; but now it presented itself again, and persistently haunted me. "Why a black man?" I said to myself. "All slaves are not black. And why a man at all?" as I thought of Ellen Craft. "Sympathy will be more easily enlisted for a woman, white, with native refinement and sweetness of character, and yet born a slave, with all the power and prejudice of legal ownership and cruel caste conspiring to defeat her happiness." And I fell to thinking of that worst form of slavery which condemned to a degrading bondage not those of African blood alone, but so many of the descendants of the proud white master race.

Though I was hardly conscious of it, the thing was taking shape in my mind when I went to spend the summer — of 1854 — in the bosom of the Green Mountains. In the broad and beautiful valley of Otter Creek I found, in an old farmhouse, a quiet place to live, and think, and write. I gave four or five hours a day to Martin Merrivale, which was then appearing in monthly numbers from the press of Phillips, Sampson & Co., and

had ample leisure, in the long summer afternoons, to bathe in the streams, wander in the woods, climb the mountains, and in the course of my rambles make extensive acquaintance with the country and the people.

One day, while exploring the interval about the confluence of Otter Creek and Mad River, — which became Huntersford Creek and Wild River in the novel, the scene of the fishing adventure of Mr. Jackwood and Bim ; lost, like them, amid the tortuous windings of the two streams, still further lost in my own imaginings, — I suddenly saw rise up before me out of the tall grass the form of an old hag. And it was not an old hag at all, but a beautiful girl in disguise ; nor yet a girl, but really a creature of my own imagination, which appeared as vividly to my mind's eye as if it had been either or both.

"Both it shall be," I said ; "a forlorn maiden in the guise of an old woman, lost here in this wilderness of alders and long grass and labyrinthine streams ! — a mystery to be accounted for." And the phantom-like projection of my fancy took its place at once in the plan of the story, giving it life and form from that hour.

I was impatient to get "Martin" off my hands, and to begin the new novel, of which I wrote the first chapters in the old Vermont farmhouse, in the midst of the scenes described. It was then thrown aside, to be taken up later, under very different circumstances. I carried the manuscript to Europe with me in the spring of 1855 ; and having settled down in Passy, just outside the walls of Paris (now a part of Paris itself), I resumed work upon it, writing a chapter, or a part of a chapter, every morning, and joining my friends in excursions in and about the gay capital in the afternoon.

I had one friend there who, by his sympathetic and suggestive criticisms, assisted me greatly in my work. He read the manuscript almost as fast as it was written, and was always eager to talk with me about the incidents and characters, and their development ; thus keeping up my interest in them when it might otherwise have flagged, amid the diversions of a life so strangely in contrast with the life I was depicting. Often we walked together to the Bois de Boulogne of an evening, sat down on a bench by one of the lakes, and discussed the Jackwood family, Enos Crumlett and Tildy, Hector and Charlotte, and the slave-catchers, until these became more real to us than the phantasmal beings, in carriages or on foot, moving before our eyes in the lighted park. This friend was Lewis Baxter Monroe, afterwards well known as Professor Monroe of the Boston School of Oratory, which he established and made famous.

The story finished, I had great trouble in naming it. I suppose a score of titles were considered, only to be rejected. At last I settled down upon "Jackwood," but felt the need of joining to that name some characteristic phrase or epithet. Thus I was led to think of this Scriptural motto for the title-page : "A certain *woman* went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves." Which suggested the question, "Who was *neighbor* unto this woman ?" and the answer, "*Neighbor Jackwood.*" And I had my title.

I read the proofs of the novel in the spring of 1856, after my return to America ; but it was not published until the following winter, for a special reason, which found considerably less favor with the author than with the publishers. Mr. Phillips was afraid the work might be lost sight of in the dust raised by Mrs. Stowe's Dred, which he was to issue about the time my humbler venture was ready. I was repaid for this tax upon my patience when, after the book had been out a few days, and the press notices were beginning to come in,

Mr. Phillips greeted me one morning with his peculiarly stately bow and a serene smile, and remarked significantly, "Our friend Jackwood need n't have been afraid of anybody's dust."

It had the advantage of a fresh and unhackneyed theme, and was the first serious attempt to depict those phases of country life amid which the narrative moves, and to render the speech of the people with due regard to its humorous flavor, yet absolutely without exaggeration. Although it was written "with a purpose," that purpose was inclosed, as far as possible, in the larger aim of telling a strong and interesting story. Of course the anti-slavery element in it was liberally denounced, and the bombshell of surprise, before mentioned, caused a shock to the prejudices of many worthy people. They were horrified by the mere suggestion of a union between the hero and heroine. I had been careful to offset the cloud of heredity resting upon her by one more terrible lowering upon his family and threatening him; but those so quick to take offense at the one gave no heed to the other.

The success of the novel led to its dramatization by the author for the Boston Museum stage, then managed by the veteran actor W. H. Smith, who took the title rôle of Neighbor Jackwood. The part of Enos Crumlett was expanded to the proportions of William Warren, a comic actor of rare powers, for many years a prime favorite with Boston audiences, who never wearied of his broad yet delicate and genial humor. I engaged all the players to read the book while studying their parts, and thus secured unusually good personations of the characters from a mediocre company. We had a bright young girl, Rose Skerritt, to personate Bim. Mrs. Thompson, who was never a noticeably bright star in anything else, blazed out conspicuously as Grandmother Riggles-ty, into which character she threw energies she was not before supposed to possess, — so conscientious in her presentation of it that, as Dr. Holmes remarked, she "took out her teeth."

The first night of the piece was memorable to at least one person in the audience. I went early to the theatre, and ensconced myself, with a friend, in an obscure corner, where I could carefully watch the performance, to see where it dragged, and note whatever changes should be made in the inevitable "cutting" process to take place the next day. All went prosperously, until suddenly there was a hiss, and a storm of howls and hisses immediately followed. A crisis in the plot had been reached which roused the opposition of the pro-slavery part of the audience, — a very large part, as it seemed for a while. A counter-storm of cheers and clappings set in, and there was a prolonged uproar that threatened to end the performance. If the tempest of opposition was overcome for a few moments, it would burst forth again as soon as the applause subsided; and the same battle had to be fought over again. Victory at last remained with the friends of the piece, and the performance proceeded.

"You will cut out those objectionable speeches?" my friend whispered in my ear.

"No," I replied; "I will strengthen them."

An amusing incident occurred when we were on our way to the theatre that first night, Monday, March 16, 1857. Being just then personally interested in playbills, I turned aside to see what a man was pasting over one which I had regarded with especial satisfaction, whenever I passed it that day and the preceding Sunday. It was the bill of the *next day's* performance of Jackwood; and on it was announced, in the showy head-lines then in vogue, the astonishing success of the first performance, which we were then on our way to witness!

TREMENDOUS HIT ! !

RECEIVED WITH THUNDERS OF APPLAUSE ! ! !

"All right, only the man is a little too previous," observed my friend, as we went on, laughing. "But we 'll take it as a good omen."

Having allayed the excitement which impelled me to write one anti-slavery novel, I did not entertain the possibility of ever being moved to write another. Political events rushed rapidly to a crisis, which came with the election of Lincoln, and brought to exultant souls the certainty that the encroachments of the slave power had at last reached a barrier forever impossible for it to overpass. The war of secession was a war of emancipation from the start. It could not be otherwise, whether the actors engaged in it wished it so or not; campaigns and acts of Congress, battles and proclamations, victories and defeats, were not so much causes or hindrances as eddies of the stream, in whose mighty movement they were formed and swept along.

I was eager to bear my own humble part in the momentous conflict, and took up again the only weapon I had any skill to use. I wrote a patriotic story, The Drummer Boy; not especially designed as an attack upon slavery, more than any word uttered or blow struck for the Union was a word or blow aimed at the enemy striving to destroy it. But the old heat was fevering me, and no sooner was The Drummer Boy hurried on his mission than I flung myself upon the writing of as fiery an anti-slavery fiction as I was capable of compassing. The country had been but slowly awakening to a consciousness of the truth that the slave was not only to be freed; he was also to cease to be a merely passive occasion of the contest, and to become our active ally. Too many calling themselves patriots still opposed emancipation and the arming of the blacks, and clung tremblingly to the delusion that the Union and slavery might both be preserved. The idol-house of the old prejudice was shattered, but not demolished. I was impatient to hurl my firebrand into the breach.

In this case I had a title for my novel before a page of it was written. Wishing to bring into it some incidents of guerrilla warfare and of the persecutions of Union men in the border slave States, I cast about for some central fact to give unity to the action, and form at the same time a picturesque feature of the narrative. The idea of a cave somehow suggested itself, and I chose for the scene a region where such things exist. As no especial economy was required in its construction, I thought I might as well have a cavern of some magnificence; or rather, I thought little about it, — the whole thing flashed upon me like a vision, as I lay awake one night, with my imagination aflame, lighting up that strange world under the eyelids so vivid amid the surrounding dark. The cave, the burning forest, and the firelit waterfall, with much of the plan of the drama, all came to me, as I recall, in those two or three hours of intensely concentrated thought. I adopted "Cave" at once as part of my title, but felt that it was necessary to make some felicitous addition. I was some time, indeed many nights and days, in finding a fit name for my runaway slave, who was to inhabit the cavern and help me out with my title. "Cudjo" was finally decided upon for him, and "Cudjo's Cave" for the book. But the hero of it was not Cudjo, although I no longer shrank from giving a black man that rôle. Neither was it the young Quaker, turned fighter; Penn Hapgood was only the ostensible hero. The real hero, if the story had one, was the proud and powerful, full-blooded African, Pomp, whom I afterwards carried forward into the third and last of my war stories, The Three Scouts.

Cudjo's Cave was a partisan book, frankly designed to fire the Northern heart. This was, perhaps, the chief of its

many faults. It contained scenes of violence such as I should never, under other circumstances, have selected as subjects for my pen. I adapted, but did not invent them; the most sensational incidents had their counterparts in the reign of wrath and wrong I was endeavoring to hold up to the abhorrence of all lovers of the Union and haters of slavery and secession. The art of the book suffered also from the disadvantage I labored under of never having visited the region I described, or studied the dialect of the people. The result was something quite different from what discriminating readers have noticed in Neighbor Jackwood, where, almost unconsciously to the author, the dialect became so much a part of the characters that no two of them, not even members of the same family, are made to talk just alike, but each has his or her own persistent peculiarities of speech. The fault I speak of lay deeper, however, than the dialect. The characters of the later novel were portrayed more from without; those of the earlier one, more from within. But though lacking in true emotional depth, the inferior work had an external life and an impetuous movement which gave it vogue, and enabled it to carry something of the political influence it was intended to convey.

It was written with great rapidity in the summer of 1863, and published in December of that year. It was issued by a young and enterprising firm that displayed considerable ingenuity and no little audacity in advertising it. Pictures of the cave were on envelopes and posters, and I remember a bookseller's window on Washington Street rendered attractive by a pile of the freshly bound volumes erected in the similitude of a cave. A private letter to the author from Secretary Chase, then at the zenith of his fame as a national financier, was made to do service in ways he could hardly have anticipated any more than I did when the publishers obtained permission of him to use it. It was printed, and extensively copied by the press, and the interior of every horse-car in Boston was placarded with a signed extract from it, outstaring the patient public week after week in a manner that would have made the great secretary wince, could he have seen it, as it did me.

The publishers' methods combined with the circumstances of the time to secure immediate popularity for the book, — a popularity it still continues in a measure to enjoy, having long outlived the occasion that called it forth, and the existence of the firm that launched it so successfully.

At the close of the war I paid a visit to East Tennessee, and was pleased to find that I had not gone far wrong in my descriptions of the region where the scenes of the story are laid. But I failed to get any authentic news of the actors in it, or to discover the precise locality of the cave. I have lately been told that there is somewhere in Kentucky a cave which guides and hotel-keepers claim as the original and only Cudjo's. I have never seen it.

J. T. Trowbridge.

GRIDOU'S PITY.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

On an August evening of the year 1792, a girl was sitting on the terrace of a chateau about a day's journey from Paris, as journeys went at that time, though even then there was one mode of rapid transit which is in use at the present day. Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, with her eyes fixed dreamily on the stiff magnificence of the garden in the moonlight, had in thought returned to Paris, where she had left her father on coming to make a visit to her maternal grandmother.

"Mademoiselle," said an old servant, approaching her with a bow and in reckless defiance of national decrees, "madame the countess is asking for you."

"Has anything happened?" she inquired quickly, fancying there was something of perturbation in his voice.

"Madame the countess did not say so, mademoiselle."

The countess was found in conference with a stranger of *bourgeois* appearance, who stood before her; but the conversation ceased as Mademoiselle de Sombreuil entered the room, and the silence which followed was of such duration that she had begun to look from the stranger to her grandmother and back again, when he spoke: "My wig must be an excellent disguise, if Mademoiselle Marie does not know me."

"Monsieur l'Abbé de Saint-Mart!" she exclaimed in astonishment.

"At your service, mademoiselle," he returned, with a courtly bow. And then there was silence again.

"Oh, what is it? what has happened?" she cried.

"There has been an insurrection in Paris, Marie," said her grandmother. "The people have attacked the Tuileries, and the king and all the royal family are imprisoned at the Temple."

"How terrible! How dare they? The queen! The royal children!" And yet, with all her indignation and horror, there was something of relief in her looks.

"And they pretend to have discovered a plot among the nobles. There have been — there have been arrests" — continued the old lady, beginning to falter. But that was enough. A pallor overspread the girl's face.

"My father!"

"Yes, Marie, alas!"

Then it was the abbé who had her rapid questions to answer. How? When? Where? And, "Oh, why was I not with him?" But at that thought a change came over her countenance, a look as of a sudden resolution. "I can go to him now! I can beg to be imprisoned with him! They will never refuse me that!"

"Marie, you are mad!"

"No, no, I must! I cannot stay here! I should die! I *must* go!" Then appealing to the abbé, "Oh, speak for me! You know what we are to each other. I could cheer him and comfort him — my poor father!"

The abbé looked at her with evident sympathy, and after a moment's reflection said, "Countess, perhaps the idea is not so wild as it seems."

"Impossible! How could Sombreuil wish it? His daughter in a prison! Are you mad too, abbé? Say no more, Marie!"

But Marie was not to be silenced.

"Grandmamma, it is true that if you asked him he would say *no*, and yet if I were there he would be glad. He is not well of late. He needs me; he does indeed!"

"The marquis is not strong," said the abbé, "that is true, and if Mademoiselle Marie were there, there might be allevia-

tions, — unless the jailer is more of a clod than most men." He spoke with the air of one in the habit of saying pretty things.

And so, after numberless arguments back and forth, and since it was two to one, for the abbé was completely captivated by the young girl's filial devotion, the countess was finally brought so far as to say, But how could Marie get to Paris? She herself being "nailed to her chair" by infirmity, to whom could she trust her granddaughter?

"You can trust her to me, madame. I am on my way there."

"You! With a warrant out against you, and when you have the luck to be out of that accursed city! It is putting your head in the lion's mouth, abbé."

"Ah well, I shall take it out again as soon as possible. I am going over to England."

"But to go through Paris! I beg of you! If it is anything to do with money, let me" —

"Thank you, countess, but it is not money, though I have some lying there which I shall take as I pass. No, but there is some one who has been of use to me in the little affair I have had in hand; it does n't seem quite right to give him no warning now that the plan is abandoned, and it 's 'devil take the hindmost.'"

That indeed was indisputable, but the old lady's face still wore a foreboding look.

Then, finally, came the question of where Marie could go in Paris. What friends had they left there in these days?

"I can go to my good Louison, grandmamma." That was her old nurse, as she explained to the abbé. Louison was married, and was living in Paris. "And she will be delighted to have me. She is a royalist at heart, and much attached to us all, though her husband is a 'patriot.' But he would go with me to the people I must see in order to get admission to the prison. Louison will arrange that."

"The very place for you!" said the abbé enthusiastically. "You could not be better off than there."

By singular good fortune, the abbé was possessed of a passport which corresponded to the situation. A lady, a relative of his own, had started to go under his escort to Paris, but had stopped short at a neighboring chateau. Now Marie had but to take her place, the description would answer at a pinch, and he would be spared making explanations to the first local authority on the road, and procuring, perhaps with difficulty and danger, a fresh passport for himself alone. He was traveling under his family name of Bertin, and Marie was to pass as his niece. They were to start very early the next morning, in order that she might be safe under her nurse's roof by nightfall; and they had also to take a circuitous route, for on the usual road to Paris Mademoiselle de Sombreuil would be recognized, and curiosity would be awakened if she were seen with a person of the abbé's apparent condition. Furthermore, considering the times, it was evidently undesirable to stand out for etiquette; a maid or servant would simply attract attention, which the abbé had above all things to avoid.

"No, we will go in a post-chaise, like honest bourgeois," said he. "Mademoiselle Marie will have the goodness to dress very plainly, and I, her uncle, shall be taking her to her father. Nobody can have anything to say to that, I imagine."

. . . . . .

Two travelers had arrived in a post-chaise, at noon, in the little village of N——, and were dining at the Golden Lion.

"She is as pretty as an angel," said the hostess, as she stood at the inn door after serving her guests.

"And the bourgeois gave the postilion a famous tip," said the stable-boy who passed just then.

At that, a man sitting with several others on a bench in front of the house got up and peered in at a window of the

public room, as if a bourgeois who was free with his money were something to look at, though it may have been the hostess's remark which led him to think that "she" must be worth seeing. His example was followed by one and another, until there was a row of heads at each window, — a state of things which attracted attention from within, for presently somebody announced, "He 's laughing at us."

None of them liked that; but the one who liked it least remained at his post of observation when the others went back to their bench to finish the nooning; only whereas he had looked before in idle curiosity, it was now with a certain malevolence that he watched the stranger's every movement. To his mind, a man who laughed at people, especially if he wore a better coat than they, could not be imbued with proper respect for the doctrine of equality; he felt disposed to keep an eye on such a person, and he was unfavorably impressed by what he saw. The traveler scrutinized the hostess's good things with a doubtful air, helped himself sparingly, and always began by tasting the least little bit, as if he thought they might be in the habit of poisoning people at the Golden Lion. Such ways appeared to the spectator much of a piece with laughing at one's equals. But just because he was displeased he continued to look; and so it happened that in the end he saw something worth while, and made what he believed to be an important discovery. This was nothing more nor less than that the bourgeois, in his neat brown homespun suit, had the hand of an "aristocrat." As he sat there negligently stroking the old house-dog which had come in to make friends, his hand, standing out in relief against the creature's dark head, looked as slender and white as a fine lady's. Whereupon the spy, after calling his companions to verify the fact, went in great excitement to tell the innkeeper that he was harboring suspicious company.

At first that worthy was much put about by the announcement, and thought his neighbor the cobbler rather meddlesome. For really, supposing the guest were an aristocrat, when he had paid for "the excellent dinner he had eaten," as he courteously expressed it, the host was quite willing he should go and get arrested elsewhere; he did not wish to have any disturbance made in his house. And what if he sent for a detachment of the national guard, and the man turned out to be only a bourgeois, after all? A pretty to-do there would be then with the military! Still, these were only first thoughts, and all he said was, "Pooh! pooh!" being a cautious man, and not wishing to appear unpatriotic. When he was reminded of Drouet, at Sainte-Menehould, who had got thirty thousand francs and a seat in the National Assembly for his timely action, to say nothing of immortal fame, he began to see that it might be a duty he owed to the country to take steps in this matter. For it was perfectly possible that this was, as the cobbler said, some nobleman who had been concerned in the late conspiracy, or somebody who was getting up a fresh one, or even the Count d'Artois himself; and the lady with him would then be some friend of the Austrian woman. All this was whirling round in the innkeeper's head, the Count d'Artois and the thirty thousand francs coming continually uppermost, together, however, with a suspicion that it was not "the grand opportunity for the village to display its patriotism" that actuated the cobbler so much as a secret design of claiming half the reward. He was thinking of all these things when the post-chaise, which had not yet been countermanded, rattled to the front of the house, and the travelers appeared in the doorway ready to set off.

The village consisted merely of a few houses close about the inn, and it never took long to get the whole population together on occasion. The bourgeois, therefore, looked in surprise upon an as-

semblage of men, women, and children gathered between him and his vehicle, and asked, "Why, what is going on here? Is it a holiday?" And then, signing to the postilion, "Drive up, friend. It is time we were off."

But the postilion sat his horse like a statue; and, moreover, as nobody else offered to move, driving up to the door was plainly out of the question.

Upon that the traveler looked more astonished still, and even a little annoyed as he turned to the innkeeper to inquire whether that was not his chaise, and why then he was unable to get into it. It was some one out of the crowd who said by way of answer, "You 're an aristocrat!"

"*What?*"

"You 're an aristocrat!" the voice repeated.

It was not a pleasant group to face, for at the word "aristocrat" every countenance darkened, and the men who had implements of labor with them, such as axes and pitchforks, looked quite capable of using them on behalf of the nation, if need were. Nevertheless, the bourgeois gazed steadily at his accuser, though still with an air of perplexity and amazement which, as he turned again to the postmaster, said as plainly as words, Can I believe my ears? Did you hear it, too?

"Monsieur," said that personage, already realizing the difficulty of telling a man he was the Count d'Artois, when he looked as innocent as a baby, "monsieur, there is some idea that — that — In short, you would do well to state who you are."

"Who I am? I am Jean-George Bertin, as my passport informs you! And when I 'm called an aristocrat, I should like to know the reason why!" said the bourgeois in a rather high key. "Just tell me now, *you* who have seen plenty of people of one sort and another, and know what 's what, do I look like an aristocrat?" He stepped back a little, and stood with his legs firmly planted, as if to afford every facility for judging whether or no his figure deserved to be styled aristocratic.

Now nothing was more fixed in the innkeeper's mind than the conviction that he did know what was what; and furthermore, in the emphasis laid on the word "you" he felt an acknowledgment of the, to him, equally patent fact that in this respect he was in advance of his neighbors. Still, a man may be never so superior, and yet be slightly taken aback when he is challenged to prove it on the spur of the moment; whence it happened in this instance that the innkeeper first looked rather foolish, and then laughed a little, as the safest thing to do.

"Ah, very well!" began Monsieur Bertin, with an air of relief at finding one person, at any rate, in his senses, when again he was interrupted by a voice: —

"You have hands like a fine lady!"

"*Indeed!*" he exclaimed, facing round in an instant, and glancing over the crowd with mingled contempt and indignation. Then raising one of those offending members, — which looked no longer so phenomenally delicate, encased as it now was in a baggy glove, — he said slowly and impressively, "My mother was a good woman, which *I* consider something more than a fine lady; and if I have her hand, I am not ashamed of it."

It is highly probable that they all shared his opinion with regard to the intrinsic worth of good women, but, as a matter of fact, they were left under the imputation of an undue regard for rank and wealth when he re-addressed himself, with dignity, to the innkeeper: —

"To you, *citoyen*, I am prepared to give any explanation which you require. As master of the post, you would be solely responsible were I prevented from continuing my journey, and it is but right that you should know all I can tell you before you take a step which would certainly be attended with serious consequences. My name you are already acquainted with. I will add that I was born in S——; that my business has

been chiefly in the province of X——, where I have had to do with flocks on a somewhat large scale; that I have lately retired from this occupation; and that the object of my journey to Paris is to see some one with whom I have been transacting matters of importance, and to get some money which I have lying there. So much for myself. My niece's name you have seen in my passport, and you have only to compare her description with the *demoiselle* here," indicating his companion, who had been looking quietly on at the controversy; "and I will add, for your further satisfaction, that I am taking her to Paris, to her father, who lives in the Rue Sainte-Marguerite, and from whom we have had bad news. If now you wish to ask any questions, I am ready to answer them to the best of my ability."

But the only question in the postmaster's mind, by that time, was how he himself could have been led by the nose into such a scrape. As his own prospects for acquiring thirty thousand francs declined, he felt so much the more respect for a man who had perhaps accumulated twice that sum as a great sheep-farmer, and was now retiring from business to live in dignified seclusion on his income. He hastened to protest that he was entirely satisfied; that in fact he had always been satisfied, though, unfortunately, there were persons who conceived it their duty to interfere in what did not concern them, — casting a furious glance at the cobbler who had so nearly involved him in the "serious consequences" of a government inquiry.

"But you will understand, citoyen, that no harm was intended?"

"Really!" replied the worthy man. "I am glad to know it. I thought from appearances there was an intention of detaining me here, which I should have considered harmful in the extreme, seeing that my business will brook no delay."

"Drive up, postilion!" cried the innkeeper; and this time the villagers scattered to the right and left, and the chaise stopped before the door with a flourish.

The young girl got in at once, but Monsieur Bertin, notwithstanding the pressing nature of his affairs, seemed disposed to linger and relieve his mind of a growing sense of injury.

"I never in all my life before was told that I was not what I pretended to be," he observed.

"Of course not, monsieur, of course not. But you see, in these times, and when one has just heard of an abominable plot, people's minds are excited. I assure you, I regret it exceedingly."

"So do I!" snapped out the sheep-farmer. And even when the other had him by the elbow and was impelling him gently towards the chaise, with wishes for a pleasant journey, he suddenly turned himself about, and began indignantly, "In all the years I have traveled" —

But the young bourgeoise interposed from the vehicle, with her flutelike voice: "Oh, come, uncle, think no more about it! The good people believed they were doing right. It was for the sake of the nation."

So he was got into the chaise, and the door closed on him; and at the last he seemed to regret his display of ill humor, for he looked out of the window and said quite amiably, "There, there! Good-day, citoyen. Mistakes will occur sometimes, — mistakes will occur." Then, as the chaise clattered off, he sank back into his corner of the carriage and burst into smothered laughter.

"Oh, monsieur l'abbé, it is nothing to laugh at!" said Marie. "One ought to be very seriously thankful." Nevertheless, she was infected by his merriment.

Once on the road, they could talk freely: there was no danger of the postilion overhearing, with the front window up.

"How I trembled for you!" Marie continued, as she recovered herself.

"And how much indebted I am to you for trembling so discreetly, mademoiselle! You acted my niece to perfection."

"Why, I merely stood there, and did nothing at all."

"Which is precisely what she would have done if she knew it was all right and there was no occasion for alarm. And when she did call at last, in her coaxing little voice, to her irate old uncle, it was only he who could guess that Mademoiselle Marie had had enough of the comedy."

"Yes, so she had. But I really believe that you, monsieur l'abbé, would have liked to stay there another half hour and fool that poor man."

He laughed delightedly. "And please to note that everything I told him was perfectly true. Had I not, as grand-vicar of X——, my flocks scattered over a whole diocese? Perhaps I did n't succeed in the business so well as it may have appeared to our friend the innkeeper," he added, with a momentary gravity. "However, I am not responsible for the inferences drawn."

"But you said my father lived in the Rue Sainte-Marguerite."

"My dear young lady, you don't know your Paris as I do. He does live there just now, though we hope it is not for long." And then, to divert her mind from that too absorbing subject, he inquired cheerfully, "And how did I act the honest bourgeois, mademoiselle? Also to perfection? Well, I have a little bit of talent for the stage, I believe."

The day wore on, and the travelers stopped nowhere longer than was necessary to make changes of carriage, until late in the afternoon, when clouds rolled up black and threatening, and a thunderstorm was imminent. They were then approaching the station next before Paris, and it was plain they would be obliged to remain there until the tempest should be over.

"If only we meet with no ill fortune!" sighed Marie.

"To which end I shall perhaps do well to keep my gloves on," the abbé responded coolly.

They drove up to the inn with the first flash of lightning and roll of thunder, and were welcomed by the hostess, who congratulated them volubly on escaping a storm which promised to be violent. Her husband was absent, it appeared, but Madame Leroux was quite capable of fulfilling his functions, and ushered them into the public room, talking all the while. The new form of address was not yet universal, and from old habit it was "monsieur" and "mademoiselle" with her, in spite of her being very patriotic, as they presently discovered; for she gave them the pleasure of her company, and began at once upon the late events in Paris. She was accustomed to read the newspapers, she informed them, and moreover she "reasoned" and "reflected" on what she read; so it was the result of these combined mental processes with which she now favored them in the form of a monologue. Marie was glad not to be obliged to answer, though it was trying to her loyalty to seem to assent by silence while the good woman talked about the king. Not that she was virulent against him, — she called him "poor man," even; but royalty, for her, was unquestionably a thing of the past.

"And it 's only a monstrous pity we did n't perceive a year ago, when the king tried to escape, that that was the best thing which could happen to us. Now we 've got him in the Temple and don't know what to do with him, whereas if we had had the sense then to say, 'A pleasant journey to you!' we should have seen the last of him for good and all, with no trouble to us, and his own fault for running away. But there! people never know when they 're well off. Why, even when those old princesses, the king's aunts, undertook to depart, it was as much as ever if we let them go. To be sure, we talk of the nation being in its infancy, and so we may regard them as two old dolls that we could n't bear to give up. Though why,

goodness knows, for it cost us a pretty penny to keep them in food and frippery. Really, now that we 've discovered at last where all the money went to that has been ground out of the people in taxes, it is astounding! Just for those old ladies and their hangers-on, so many hundred thousand francs a year for fish, so many for fowls, and all the rest in proportion. One would think they were ogres! No wonder there was nothing left for the soldiers to eat! It seems as if we could n't have been in too great a hurry to get rid of such people. And it 's just the same with the nobility. *I* don't regret the emigration; it is n't to the credit of those who go, to be sure, but it 's a gain to us who stay." She paused suddenly, and remarked, to Marie's alarm, "Mademoiselle looks as if she did n't agree with me."

"Ah, madame," said the abbé, "when one is young and romantic, a castle is a pretty feature in the landscape, and one thinks the people who live there must be something remarkable."

This was very well by way of coming to the rescue, but it had for a consequence that Madame Leroux now addressed herself particularly to Marie.

"Yes, yes, the chateau is beautiful, no doubt; but did you ever think of the village below it, mademoiselle? Of course not, — people who live in towns know nothing of the country; but I can tell you that the village is n't beautiful, for I 've seen the wretchedness of it with my own eyes. And the cottages are worse inside than they are out. How many human beings do you suppose those deplorable hovels hold sometimes? Father and mother, and grown children and babies; and if there is n't a grandmother or grandfather into the bargain, it 's good luck! And all that in two little rooms with the bare ground for a floor, and the only light from a window as big as your hand. Can there be cleanliness or decency in such a place? Why, the pigs of monsieur le marquis, up at the chateau, are better housed! Or if not the pigs, then the horses, and that nobody can deny. Is there a leak in the stable-roof? Send for the workmen immediately! The hay will be injured, and the valuable animals may take harm. But when the cottage-roof leaks, what happens? Why, nothing, except that the children get up in the night, and drag the sack of straw, on which they are lying like a litter of kittens, away from under the dripping. You see, there 's nothing to injure there, and that sort of animal is n't valuable. They are raised at no expense to monsieur le marquis. When one of *them* is sick, there 's no need even to send for the horse-doctor, for if they die there are always plenty more. Why they don't die by the dozen is the only wonder. It is n't the care they get that keeps them alive, when their mother is working in the fields. I suppose it 's the food, though you might n't think so, to look at it. And when there is n't enough of it, such as it is, the children go out on the highway and beg, or they go up to the chateau, maybe, and twitter around the door like sparrows; and if a few crusts are thrown to them, that 's charity! Well, they grow up on it somehow, but it tells, too. Among peasants, mademoiselle, a girl of your age, what with hard work and poor fare, is no longer young, and a woman of thirty is old. Probably the grand people at the chateau suppose peasants ought to look like that, — that it 's because they 're coarse, common folk. But it is n't; it 's because they work like cattle, and with all their labor can't get black bread enough to satisfy their hunger. And it is only three years ago that if, in an evil moment, they thought to put something in the pot by killing a hare, even in their own field, it was a case for the galleys, though the noble family at the chateau and their friends might ride through the field any day, when they were hunting, and trample down the

grain. That was one of their 'rights.' And then consider, mademoiselle, that it 's these same peasants who have paid all the taxes hitherto. Yes, your remarkable people at the chateau were 'exempt' from this and 'exempt' from that, by reason of their nobility, until in the end they contributed as good as nothing at all to the state. They could n't afford to, for their daughters must make a fine appearance at court, and their sons must be well placed in the army; and so it was the peasant who paid the tally and the twentieth and the poll-tax to the king, and the salt-tax and half a dozen other taxes to the treasury, and tithes to the clergy, and feudal dues to the lord of the manor into the bargain. Is it surprising, then, if he had n't enough left to keep body and soul together?

"Perhaps some of the nobles were more considerate, do you say, mademoiselle? But even if now and then, after a bad harvest, they did n't press for their dues, it was in their own interest that they abstained, for the peasant must eat. It 's an unfortunate arrangement of nature, no doubt, but, like the ox, he must have a certain amount of food, or he can't work; and then who would till the fields?

"But there! what 's the use of talking and exciting one's self? We 've got matters in our own hands now, and can do better than talk. And after all, there 's this to be said for the nobles: they were born into the abuses they called their 'rights,' and they took things as they found them; but the clergy, — that 's different. A man is n't born a priest; he takes it upon himself; he promises to follow Christ. And how has he done it in this land of ours? Mind you, I 'm not talking against religion, mademoiselle; I believe in religion, but I don't believe in men who were a shame and a scandal to the flocks they professed to tend. And I 'm not saying a word against the country *curés*, either; there are good men among them, and Heaven knows they 're as hard put to it as the peasants themselves sometimes; and when they resign their little pittance for conscience' sake, I respect them, mistaken though they are. Yes, even when they go about persuading the poor ignorant people that a constitutional mass is worse than none, and will take them straight where they don't want to go when they die, — that too may be only an unfortunate crook they 've got in their conscience. But to hear that the higher clergy can't think it right to take the oath is a little too much! The simple truth is that they are nobles, and go with their class; they are for the king because the king is for them; and as to all the conscience they 've got amongst them, I would n't give *that* for it!" with a contemptuous snap of her fingers. "For if they had any, would n't they have shown it before now? Would a Cardinal de Rohan have kitchen utensils of solid silver when the people were dying by thousands of starvation? Would all those bishops and abbés and what not have left their work to others, and gone to spend their enormous revenues in Paris and Versailles? Oh, you need n't look shocked at me, mademoiselle! Your uncle would tell you the same thing. He is a man, and he knows. I ask you, monsieur, were not those noble priests a scandal to Christian people?"

"Ah, madame, it is to be feared they often were."

She looked at Marie in triumph, and continued: "*They* follow Christ! When they rolled in their gilt coaches, monsieur, and fared sumptuously every day, when they carried jeweled snuffboxes costly enough to support a whole parish, when they passed their time acting plays with gay ladies and writing verses in their honor, — I ask you once more, was there anything of our blessed Lord in all that?"

"No, madame," he answered very gently.

Marie went to the window to hide the confusion she felt for the poor abbé.

"Well, then," continued Madame Le-

roux, "am I not right in saying that they have no conscience in the matter?"

But at that he hesitated, and finally replied, "Let us be charitable, madame. I believe there are good men, too, in the ranks of the higher clergy, and perhaps even among those whom you condemn so justly there may be some who find themselves, when it comes to the point, a little more faithful to their vows than one would have supposed from their way of living."

"Well, perhaps so," she admitted rather reluctantly; one or two there might be, but not many. And then, suddenly remembering her duties as hostess, she cried, "But see! it is clearing off. You will want to be going."

She had one thing more to say, though. As they stood ready to get into the chaise, she called their attention to a fine old linden-tree, from which the wind had torn many of the leaves and scattered them far and wide.

"Before the storm they looked green and fresh, but they were ready to fall. And it 's just the same with the people we 've been talking about: they looked to be in their glory, but the Revolution is sweeping them all away."

The last stage of the journey was a very silent one. The travelers talked a little only at the start, about indifferent things, because each, for the sake of the other, wished to ignore the painful impression of their late experience.

The abbé, however, knew very well that this extremely gentle but perfectly self-possessed young lady had always held pretty much the same opinion of him that the innkeeper's wife had proclaimed. As a well-bred girl, she had treated the friend of her family with all due consideration, and he, as a well-bred man, had made no sign of his intuitive discovery; but there it was, an impalpable, though none the less impassable barrier between them.

He was right. When others deplored his missing a bishopric, to which but for the social cataclysm he would have attained, Mademoiselle de Sombreuil had discreetly reflected that she knew of no qualification he possessed for that office, unless it were his having supereminently beautiful hands and his being such very good company. Yet now, remembering what he had just said, — the pitiful little plea for "some, at least, even though justly condemned," — she asked herself if, in his refusing the oath to the Constitution, there might not have been another motive than the mere fact that he was a noble and went with his class. Then, by an insensible transition of ideas, she was thinking of his "white mass," — the first mass of a young priest, — which his lady mother must have followed with profound devotion; for to her, "good woman" as she was, the entrance of her youngest into the Church would have meant something beyond the certainty of a respectable provision in life; and perhaps to him too, then, — who could say? Yes, surely, to him too, then.

But reflections of this nature could not long detain Marie from plans of what must be done on the morrow, and what she should say to the revolutionary leaders whom she meant to approach with her petition; for if one refused, she would appeal to another. As often as the possibility of a repulse occurred to her, she said to herself, "But I must, I *will* go to him!" and then, in fancy, she pleaded her cause all over again to somebody else whose heart might be softer.

The abbé was equally absorbed in his reflections, whatever they were; and as he looked far off into the distance, his delicate face wore an intensely serious expression. Now and then, when he turned and their eyes met, he would smile a little absently as acknowledging a sense of companionship, and then resume his study of the distant landscape.

On nearing Paris, however, they both roused themselves: the abbé to express once more the deep interest he felt in the success of Marie's errand, while she

begged him not to think of trying to see her again after they should have parted at her nurse's house, but to accomplish what he had come for, and get away from the city as soon as possible.

"Louison will take great care of me, and the citizen Picard, her husband, will go with me everywhere and do just as she tells him; he always does."

"What a delightful family arrangement!" exclaimed the abbé, in admiration. "If only every patriot had a Louison attached to him!"

But as he must hear, he said, how her affairs had sped, it was agreed that she should leave a letter with her nurse, which he would find means to get in one way or another.

"And now see what a superb sunset, Mademoiselle Marie! Let us take it as a good omen for us both."

The outlying district around a great city usually presents a dismal appearance, but just then the waste fields and poor hovels were glorified by a reflection from the sky, crimson to the very zenith.

"Look at the water," continued the abbé; "even that is red."

And so it was; little pools had formed everywhere on the low-lying land from the heavy rain, and they too gave back the sunset flush.

"Why, it looks like blood!" exclaimed Marie.

In a few moments more they were at the guard-house, where soldiers and idlers were grouped together, and one or two vehicles were either coming or going. A man in civilian's dress, but wearing the tri-colored scarf which denoted that he was on official business, stood somewhat apart, and as the chaise began to draw up he moved towards it, followed by everybody else. There was just time to think that this looked as if they were expected, when the door was opened by a guard, and the man with the scarf said abruptly, "Descend, if you please."

They did so amid a portentous silence; and as they stood, a half circle of eager gazers formed before them, leaving a free space for the dignitary of the tri-color, from whom every one seemed to hold aloof with a certain respect. No notice was taken of Marie; it was to get a good view of the abbé that the people pushed and elbowed one another, and those behind stretched their necks; the official personage also fixed his eyes upon him, as if to strike terror into his very soul. But there he mistook his man. Although from the first moment of painful surprise the abbé knew that his fate had overtaken him, he was far from being overcome by it, and returned the look with an appearance of saying, "Two can play at this game."

"Abbé Saint-Mart, I arrest you in the name of the nation!" said he of the scarf sternly, and then added his credentials: "Commissioned thereto by the Commune of Paris."

Marie gave a little cry, and there was a murmur of approval among the bystanders; but the person most concerned simply took off his hat, and tossed his wig into the gutter as something for which he had no further use, remarking as he did so that it was very hot and uncomfortable. So he stood self-confessed, with his tonsure and the crisp curling dark hair which became him better than the rather frouzy disguise he had adopted.

Angered by this manifestation of indifference to the majesty of the law, the commissioner said quickly, "I advise you to keep that on."

"And why?"

"Because you may be recognized in passing through the streets; and if the people, to show their appreciation of you as a burning and shining light in the Church, should undertake to hang you up instead of the lantern, I am not sure that I could prevent it."

"I am sure you could not," said the abbé calmly. "This government has not yet proved itself strong enough to cope with little disorders of that kind. However, I will take the risk." Then he

turned to Marie, who stood in mute distress, and, clasping her hands in his, said gently, "Why, dear child, you must n't mind so much! I was watched, you see, and it would have been either there or here, so I am glad to have come with you thus far."

"Who is this?" burst in the commissioner, ready to vent his wrath on whomsoever it might be.

"This is Mademoiselle de Sombreuil," answered the abbé unhesitatingly; for he believed that to make any further mystery was useless; he hoped, too, that her filial devotion would awaken sympathy. "Her father has been arrested, and she has come to Paris to beg the favor of being imprisoned with him."

"Aha! Involved in the late conspiracy!" sneered the commissioner, as if he had expected nothing better, in view of the company she was in. But it was not for him to concern himself with persons who wished to be imprisoned, and he said no more. His sentiments were echoed, however, among the lookers-on, and the inevitable word "aristocrat" began to circulate at once.

"Yes," said the abbé, taking it up boldly and addressing himself now to them, "an aristocrat, if you choose to call her so, but also a woman, — young, alone, and unprotected, now that I must leave her." His eyes wandered over the crowd. "Which of you will conduct her safely where she wants to go?"

It was the sort of appeal that would seldom fail to meet with a response even from the roughest mob, and here there were some very respectable elements. There were also elements not so respectable, men who perhaps had been attracted to that vicinity by the little dramshop close at hand; but the abbé had fixed his hopes on a decent-looking citizen of middle age who seemed as if he might be returning from a stroll in the fields; or, he thought, possibly one of the guards would be off duty, and in his uniform would make Marie a very proper escort. Instead of this, however, it was the unexpected that happened. Before any one else could answer, the least prepossessing individual of them all stepped forward and said, "Priest, *I* will."

Decidedly unprepossessing he was, at the first glance: a gaunt figure, a haggard face, clothes greatly the worse for wear, altogether a strange companion for Mademoiselle de Sombreuil; and yet the abbé, when he looked him straight in the eyes, could see that he meant what he said, and that being the case, there was nothing for it but to accept. He answered simply, "I thank you, citoyen."

But he was ill advised in making any suggestions, such as that the chaise would take Marie into the city as far as the post-house, and there a carriage could be procured.

"Priest," said the man again, "I have promised to conduct her safely where she is going. It is enough!" He had evidently just that sort of regard for an ecclesiastic to which the commissioner had alluded, and he wanted no directions from such an one.

The abbé bent his head, and said so quickly and so low that only Marie could hear it, "Forgive me, my poor child! But he is honest, and your tact will help you out."

With that they were forced to part; and it was a short leave-taking, for the commissioner was impatient: a fatherly embrace, a few encouraging words, thoughtful as the abbé was for her even to the last, then the carriage that was in waiting bore him away, and Marie stood there alone, with a feeling of unspeakable desolation at her heart.

What fate was in store for him, that kind friend? For he had become a friend to her in her trouble. The man she had thought of slightingly belonged to the old days that were gone beyond recall, that the Revolution had swept away, and she saw now only a man who had more conscience than one might have supposed from his manner of living, and

who was at heart more of a priest than he himself had known.

Overcome as she was by the terrible ending of the journey, Marie would have liked to say nothing at all to her singular escort, who got into the chaise with her and took the abbé's place; but his offer to accompany her was an act of generosity towards one whom he regarded as a natural enemy, and she did not wish to seem insensible to that, however little she appreciated the benefit in itself, so, after a while, she forced herself to speak.

"It is kind of you to come with me."

"Somebody had to."

"I fear you may be tired with your day's work, and I am taking you out of your way." She saw that he was, or ought to be, a workingman.

"No."

Then there was silence. Marie felt that she had done her part; and perhaps he thought so, too, for presently, of his own accord, he vouchsafed the information that he worked on the quays, but there was nothing going on there then.

"That is unfortunate."

"No, it does n't matter."

"You have been prudent, no doubt, and laid up something for a rainy day."

To her surprise, this honorable imputation was taken ill.

"Why should I lay up money?" he asked, fiercely, as it seemed to her.

She suggested that he might do it for his family, if he had one.

At this he glared at her, and she could see that there was something working in his mind. Finally he said, "I had a wife and children. They are dead."

"Oh, I have pained you! I am so sorry!" she exclaimed, with such feeling that he seemed mollified.

Then, like many persons with a great grief, once he had mentioned it, he could not help talking about it. He told her, in his uncouth way, how, three years before, he had lost his wife and two children in the course of a few days.

"How sad! And all of the same disease?"

"Yes, all of starvation. You start," he continued, "and you wonder that I let them die. You think I should have worked; you think I should have laid up money. Yes, that was the time to lay up money!" He gave a short, bitter laugh.

"It was a terrible year," said Marie.

"Do you know that? *You?*"

She looked at him compassionately, but did not say that she had done all in her power, with the resources her father could allow her, to help such unfortunate families as they chanced to hear of.

"Yes, it was terrible," he resumed. "A man might work then as he would, he could n't buy bread enough, it was so dear. And what bread! She could n't eat it, she was so weak and ill already, and with a child to nurse. She pined away till she was nothing but a skeleton. Then she and the baby died the same day; the boy two days after."

Marie looked at him mutely. What could she say? It was heart-rending.

"I was glad at the time," he added. "I did n't have to see them suffer any more. But now, when things are going better, I think what I might do if they were alive."

The interruption of arriving at the post-house came as a relief just there. There was no long delay, however, for a *fiacre* was easily procured, and they set off once more, having a good part of the city to traverse. Marie experienced a momentary surprise when her companion, instead of mounting the box, put her portmanteau there, and seated himself beside her again in the vehicle; but it was a proof that he had not found the society of an "aristocrat" positively odious, while she, on her part, felt the sincerest sympathy for him, and would have liked to show it.

"And so things are already better, now?" she said, hoping to reopen the conversation on a more cheerful basis.

"Yes, it is a little easier to live. At

least, rich people pay their share of the taxes, and the poor are not so ground down. They don't get the blue man quartered on them, at any rate. We 've done with that."

"What do you mean by the 'blue man'?"

"Why, the *garnison* for the capitation." [1] And when she still looked wondering, he laughed, with a sneer. "You never heard of that, of course! No, the nobility did n't pay it. But the workingman, the day laborer, who had more than he could do to feed his family, he paid such and such a sum out of his earnings; and when he had n't the money, they sent a man in a blue coat to live on him till he got it, and he was charged so many sous daily for the man's board. Well, it was a clever plan, for you paid *then* just to get rid of the garnison. You sold what you had, — your furniture, your clothes, anything. I sold my wife's bed for that, and she died on straw."

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Marie, involuntarily putting out her hand as if he hurt her. She had heard too much about the miseries of life in that one short day. For though she had been charitable where she could, her position and her age had made any real personal acquaintance with the sufferings of the poor impossible.

"Do you care?" he asked, eying her curiously. And then, at the reproach in her look, "Well, nobody cared in the time of it. The king and queen, the nobles and priests, — did it ever make any difference to them?"

"Oh, they were not so hard-hearted as you think!" she cried. "They did n't know; they could n't picture it to themselves."

"And why should they? *They* were happy. They had all *they* wanted."

"But that is past. You need not feel so bitter towards them any more. They are not happy now."

"No; they have to help support the nation now, and they can't wear the fine clothes they used to, nor dress up their servants like a procession on Shrove Tuesday," he pronounced scornfully.

"You speak as if money were everything; there are other troubles than the loss of money. How should you feel if some one whom you loved more than anybody else on earth were in prison, and you dared not even think what might come of that?"

A recollection dawned in his face. "Ah yes, your father. That priest said he had been arrested."

"And so you see, yourself, how easy it is not to think of other people's sorrows," she answered gently.

Nothing was spoken after that for a time; then he began in a mild voice: "And you are going to your father, *citoyenne?*" That form of address sounded very courteous from him as compared with his brusqueness hitherto.

"I trust so, but I must get permission."

"In what prison is your father, citoyenne?"

"He is at the Abbaye."

"They have taken that priest there," he observed casually, and for a moment Marie felt a joyful surprise, as if she were going to meet the abbé again; then she reflected how foolish was her hope, since bolts and bars could constitute a far more effectual separation than miles of land or sea. And directly she had something else to think of, for they were nearing her destination.

"We shall soon be there," she said, as she gave him money to pay the driver, but then still held her purse in her hand, meditating.

"It is very kind of you to have put yourself out for me," she continued presently, "and having accepted the kindness, I simply say 'thank you;' it is all I can do. But you have told me such sad things, and I know you have no work, I should be truly glad if, for *fraternity's*

[1] This was not a poll-tax, but a tax on capital. The laborer's wages were accounted his capital, and taxed accordingly.

sake, you would n't refuse this." There was a gold-piece shining between her fingers.

He looked neither hurt nor angry, though he shook his head; but it was not the mere magic of the word "fraternity" that charmed him; he had already discovered for himself that she could see a brother in any suffering man.

"I don't want it," he answered, simply but decidedly. "I have enough. I have food and lodging. Sometimes when I don't work it 's because I don't choose. A man who has only himself to provide for needs little."

. . . . . .

Louison was astonished beyond measure when her young lady arrived in such company, and moreover asked that some refreshment might be offered to the citizen Gridou, and then with her own hand presented the wine which was all he would consent to take. The good nurse stood by, wide-eyed; and when he was gone, and the situation had been hastily made clear to her, she simply passed from one state of amazement into another. She had learned already from the newspaper, to her grief and dismay, of the arrest of monsieur the marquis; but that Mademoiselle Marie wanted to join him in prison! — she struck her hands together over her head. The only commendable thing about the plan was that her hospitality should be claimed to further it, and in her pride and pleasure she made Marie feel that the whole little household was turned upside down for her accommodation. The "patriot" was unceremoniously sent with his pipe into the shop which he kept in the front part of their dwelling, in order that a table might be spread for the guest in the family living-room, and she must occupy his great leather-covered armchair, rather to her discomfort, and, as she feared, to his; and finally she overheard Louison reproaching him for addressing Mademoiselle de Sombreuil as "citoyenne," while he protested mildly that that was as proud a title as any one could desire, and that, moreover, her father was not a marquis and she was not Mademoiselle de Sombreuil any longer.

"And just for that reason, all the more!" exclaimed Louison.

But he took that for one of the silly things that women would say sometimes, and, believing you must not expect too much logic from them, made no reply.

After doing what justice she could to Louison's supper, Marie was left to a period of quiet while further preparations for the night went on elsewhere. The only child of the family, a boy about ten years old, was in the room with her; but he was shy of the guest, and she, wearied with the emotions of the day, let him alone, and sat thinking, until a monotonous and continuous sound attracted her attention and made her look to see what the child was about.

He was littering the table with bits of paper, using, however, a certain method in his manner of procedure; for he held a pair of scissors in one hand, while with the other he advanced a strip of paper towards them, along the table, saying as he did so, "Here comes a fine gentleman," or "priest," or "officer;" and when the paper reached the shears, he would duck it down and snip off the end, with "Click! and off goes his head!" and then instantly recommence the process; the only variation being in the person who was subjected to this treatment, and who might be any one, as the fancy took him.

He was so absorbed in this singular pastime as to be quite unconscious that Marie was watching him, while she herself was fascinated by the very monotony of it, and there is no saying how long it might have continued but that, on a sudden, just as he was beginning again, "Here comes a fine young lady," it was his mother who came and finished the sentence with "Click! and off goes *your* head!" as she gave him a box on the ear and snatched the scissors away from him.

"The child went the other day with a parcel of rascally boys and saw some executions," she explained to Marie, who was almost as much taken by surprise as the young patriot himself at this conclusion of the ceremonies, "and so we 've had nothing but guillotining in the family ever since, and I 'm sick of it."

Poor little Jean had had enough of it, too, for the moment; he sat scowling, and Marie said quickly, "Ah, well, if that is it, it is not a pretty play. Let us think no more of it. Give me the scissors, Louison, and I will cut out some animals with which Jean can stock a farm."

Louison looked on in admiration to see Mademoiselle Marie relieve the child's discontent by turning his mind to healthier thoughts, and prophesied that she would "make that boy adore her, just like everybody else." In spite of this the young patriot fell into disgrace again later; for when Marie and his mother were talking together, and it was nothing but "monsieur le marquis," and "my father," and "the prison," and there was evidently something very sad about it all, his unlucky pastime recurred to him, and he must needs inquire, "Is he going to be guillotined?"

He was nimble enough to get out of his mother's reach on the instant, and he took warning at the terrible threat, "If you say that word again!" But as soon as it appeared to be safe, he returned to where he could gaze at Marie to his heart's content. She, however, did not feel sure whether he was "adoring" her, or merely meditating on future possibilities, and saying to himself, *Click!*

Grace Howard Peirce.

BOVA UNVISITED.

The railway of the Reggio-Napoli line, before it enters upon the long and melancholy distances of the eastern coast of Calabria, takes a charming run around the pointed toe of the boot of the Italian peninsula. At only about twenty-five kilometres' distance from the city of Reggio, on this road, — so my kinsman and good comrade the lieutenant deciphered from the cryptograms of the railway guide, — is the town of Bova, one of the ancient Greek settlements left stranded here and there in Calabria and Sicily; whose inhabitants, although they have constant dealings with the neighboring population, retain with extraordinary tenacity the traditions, costumes, rituals, and language originally brought from Greece. These colonies, it is said, more closely preserve the old Hellenic speech and customs than do the modern Greek peoples.

Therefore we decided that we must visit Bova, see the picturesque Albanian dress, and hear the soft, incomprehensible jargon, and perhaps also the wild ballads of the place. Unlike other Italian poetry are these legendary dance-songs about captive maids and Turkish pirates, or the little Constantine who arose from his grave in order to lead his sister to her bridal.

One fine April morning, then, we took our places in a sort of Italian version of the American railway car, with subtle distinctions of plush and haircloth to differentiate the first class from the second, instead of the solid wooden walls of the ordinary European wagons. To an imaginative passenger, that car had the effect of a spirit of liberal monarchy, avoiding the sharply drawn discriminations of an effete autocracy and the uncritical crowding of a democracy. It was a gratifying sort of car to persons who usually renounced first-class transit, but this time we were able to save both our pride and our

money. The train was an accommodation train, and, being Italian, and south Italian, was more accommodating than others, so that it took two hours and a half to cover the twenty or twenty-five kilometres between Reggio and Bova station. But its inscrutable delays and languorous dallyings with time and space were all the better for us, to whom the going was of as much interest as the getting there; for the way was charmingly picturesque along that south curve of the coast, past little agricultural and fishing villages that have something of the Oriental character. Across the strait Messina is poised, as if ready to run to meet halfway her sister city of Reggio; to the southwest lies the dark line of the Sicilian coast; and above a mass of cloud rises a cone of pure-tinted opal, Etna. In the middle distance spreads the brilliant azure field of the Mediterranean, dotted with many white *pecorelle*, the little sheep whose wool is the sea-foam, and whose shepherd is the breeze. The fishing-boats out at anchor dance to the pastoral piping, but they would be drawn up on the beach quickly if in the offing should be heard the shouts of the storm-wind, the strong herder of the *cavalloni*, the wild sea-horses that shake the blue plain with manifold trampling, as, with white manes tossing, they gallop to the charge of the coast.

The railroad passes between long hedges of aloe and of Indian figs with their grotesque and improbable forms. To the left are vast gardens of *agrumi*, orange, lemon, citron, bergamot; the last a staple and a specialty of this region of Calabria. The rich verdure is frequently interrupted by wide *fiumare*, arid, stony tracts wrinkled by watercourses, which, in the latter part of the winter, are flooded by the melting snows of the mountains. But that April time when we traversed them they were threaded by slender streams.

The train passed by the town of San Gregorio, where the shore was populated by fishermen who, having beached their boats, were opening the nets and taking out the fish, which the women carried away in baskets on their heads. Other women, standing many yards apart, were stretching long webs of homespun linen to bleach under the potent springtide sun.

Flame-red geraniums gleamed in the hedges of Melito of the many gardens, whose church has a large dome like that of an Arab mosque. And now only leagues of blue water were between us and the Orient; the train had gone past the Strait of Messina, and had rounded the southern point of Calabria.

At Amendolea — named for the almond groves, which are not visible from the railway, but no doubt are ensconced in sunny hollows — a great fiumara issues between steep and bizarre hills, earthquake-smitten, their sides rugged and bare, streaked with scrambling thickets of Indian fig. Here and there on small plateaus are clumps of fruit-trees and olives, or fields of greenstuff and forage. Patches of a rich magenta color show the bloom of the *sulla*, a sort of pink vetch, used as fodder for horses and cattle. It is pretty to see a donkey carrying home his own supper, the red flowers emerging from full panniers against his gray flanks.

The peach-trees, that April day, were great bouquets of pale rose-tinted flowerage. In strong contrast were the disconsolate files of the eucalyptus with their drooping branches and trunks from which the bark peels away in strips, leaving them in white, unhealthful nakedness. In the distance, villages and farmsteads are perched upon the heights; the buildings are of stone, so that they can hardly be distinguished from the natural caves and peaks of the rock.

Finally the station of Bova was reached, a small hamlet, as if a vestibule to the town itself, which is somewhat distant, on the crest of the mountain. The people of the railway village are like other Calabrians in their dress, manners, and speech; the Albanian characteristics that we sought were to be found only by climbing. The lieutenant and I set off

gayly on foot up the hill-path, declining all proffers of guides and donkeys. We were on the side of a little acclivity when we were hailed by a dweller in the valley, who warned us that it would take several hours of cart or saddle to reach the height of Bova. Other inhabitants joined in counsel, "Try not the path;" and we, taking into consideration all the sub-tropical substitutes for the pine-tree's withered branch and the awful avalanche, decided that our motto was *not* Excelsior. We yielded at once, and came down by a precipitous little track to the fiumara, and told each other that we had all the time meant to go that way, in order to look at some rustic cottages, and, farther on, a ruined ancient watch-tower set on the verge of a cliff fronting the sea. Neither of us explained why we had wished to climb a hill in the opposite quarter, but we said that we took pride in the flexibility of our plans when "the strong god Circumstance" should give them ever so slight a push in a new direction.

"We are not obstinate," we declared; "we are not like donkeys. The world is full of fine things to be seen, and 't is a toss-up which of them is to be regarded and admired next. *Suvvia*, come along."

The only hindrance was the importunate rivulet of the fiumara, which ran in zigzags across our path, so that we had to cross it three times in as many hundred yards. Surely, that was the *fuddittu* himself, the tricksy sprite of southern Calabria, sometimes good, sometimes bad, but always unaccountable. (They call him *folletto* in central Italy, in Venice he is *mascarol*, in Naples *munaciellu*, in the Cosentino *monacheddu*.) That day, who but he pulled the wine-flask from under the arm of the lieutenant just as we were crossing the stepping-stones of the fiumara, so that the bottle went into fragments on the pebbles, and the wine made crimson the river, as in some sanguinary legend of the battles of Alaric in Calabria! Two friendly native boys, who had placed the stepping-stones and given a hand to help the signora across the brook, were quite in accord with my lamentation: "Look! this is partly my fault. If I had thought to wear the bracelet with the *cornicedda*, this misfortune would not have happened, nor my relative have been left with a dry mouth!"

(After that the bracelet went on all excursions. *Fora-malocchio!* Certain precautions ought not to be neglected, and, in short, what harm is there in a little amulet? I ask the unprejudiced reader. But it appears to me that amulets lose their power in the positive American atmosphere, so that the bracelet now stays at home or goes forth as chance wills.)

The younger of the boys went away to buy a small flask of the black Calabrian wine, while the elder acted as our guide to the ruined castle. He wanted a job and the relative pence. His trade was that of shoemaker, but most of his townsfolk go barefoot: therefore he shall not be blamed if he played upon my feminine timidity, telling me that there were fierce dogs at the farm, but he knew how to pacify them; the signora must not fear. He even pointed out the shed where the savage beasts were supposed to lurk; but he must have charmed them with power, for not a bark was heard as we went by, talking, as our guide counseled, "in a usual manner, in order not to make them suspicious." So, having passed by Cerberus in safety, we descended a broken pathway enlivened by many small flowers, coral-pink or deep-sea blue, and by crowds of marigolds and white daisies. The boy, finding that the signora was no scoffer at popular beliefs, began to tell about the old castle.

"You see, your excellency, it was built in the times of the Saracen pirates, in order to defend the country. They say that there is great treasure shut up inside, underground, but nobody knows how or where to find it."

"But is it not known what things

must be done to loosen the spell? Was there perhaps a Moorish slave killed in that place, and enchanted, that he might guard forever the treasure?"

"Maybe so. We do not know anything about it, nor what has to be done. There are so many of these treasures buried, and until they shall be found Calabria has to remain always poor."

"Let us hope that some fine day they will be discovered, and then Calabria will be rich."

"Let us hope, signora. But there is wanted the book of command."

"I understand. Rutilio."[1]

"That 's it, — Rutilio."

"Eh, if the true book could be found, and the right pages, something might be done."

"And neither do we know where to get the book."

"Also this is a difficulty. But do they not dig inside there?"

"What do I know about it, your ladyship?" (Which, with a Calabrian, means that he knows all about it, but is too prudent to tell.) "So much I can say, that once there came two gentlemen, Greeks, very learned. They wished to dig; they may have found some broken pottery, a few coins of brass. I don't know. But in any case, they were made to run away, for we took up sticks."

By this time we had come out upon the postal road, which winds in fine curves around the cliffs at some height above the shore. We stopped to admire a towering rock, which, moreover, had been blasted away in constructing the road, and is left a sheer precipice of a hundred and fifty metres. The red and yellow fruits of the last year were hanging from the Indian-fig plants near the top of the cliff, for not even the goats can climb there to gather them. In some places the earth and the rock are supported by masonry, to avert the danger of a landslide. On the crown of the cliff is a villa with annexed buildings. A shed at the base of the precipice, beside the road, a cart, and a mule that stood eating his straw, served the eye to measure the imposing elevation of the rock. We sat down upon a wall, that I might sketch the cliff and the villa and the Indian figs.

Our young friend the shoemaker hinted a just criticism when he said that he supposed "the signora intended to make a beautiful copy afterward." It was answered him that the copy might not succeed in being beautiful, but at all events nothing could be worse than the original sketch; and we all laughed. At least, those who pretend to nothing are spared disillusions in art.

Then a noble old peasant came along, looked at the sketch, asked if we were traveling for diversion, and if that did not cost much money, and invited us to ascend to his dwelling on the top of the rock, enter the house, and eat our lunch there. We accepted the invitation, given with the serious courtesy of a Calabrian. We climbed the steep and tortuous path. We were shown the bergamot press with its ingenious machinery, the invention of a citizen of Reggio, well deserving as the promoter of a unique industry. We admired a great black pig sunning himself in front of his thatched hut. In Calabria, the grandiose Homeric epithets, such as "kingly hearted swine," do not seem unfitting, so portly is the form, so thick and dark are the bristles, so lordly is the bearing of the pigs, who, for manners, are called "the blacks," or, with irony, "the seminarists." Four cows of the pretty Sicilian race, a dear little calf whose fawn-colored first coat would soon be changed for a gray one like his mother's, a donkey, a dog, and a very cordial cat formed the four-footed part of the family, and to all these we were duly presented.

The peasant, his wife, and two little daughters gave us a charming welcome, and unclosed for our reception a room of the villa (which belongs to a gentleman of Reggio, and of which this worthy family are the care-takers). We opened the

[1] The title of a popular work on magic.

basket of lunch which we had brought with us, and sat at the table with its clean linen and green-painted Calabrian plates. The fine old peasant, with dramatic gestures, related his experiences, in the times of Garibaldi, as corporal in a regiment of grenadiers. The details, well understood by the lieutenant, were too technical for me, so I slipped out to sit on the doorstep with the goodwife and her little girls, who were entertaining the shoemaker and his brother.

A page from the sketch-book served to cut out a whole company of paper girls dancing the *ridda* hand in hand. The pencil and water-colors that had been so inadequate for the landscape did themselves credit when it was a question of a paper doll in Calabrian costume, without economies of blue, pink, or yellow paint.

We chatted about the fuddittu, and were certain that the disaster of the wine bottle was due to his presence and to the absence of the bracelet. "On that bracelet," I told them, "is the hand that makes the *cornicedda*, the little horns against the evil eye; the *cuoricino*, the little heart, for courage; and the *pesciolino*, the little fish, for shrewdness and agility. Also I have 'a coin out of use,' and when that shall be attached to the bracelet these things will not happen any more. But the fuddittu has certain manners. May he be far from us!"

This rhetorical excursion was meant to call forth the views of the good woman. We all united in a profound sigh, to express how dark are the ways and how vain the tricks of the fuddittu; then my hostess began: —

"And the fuddittu comes to sit upon people's chests in the night, so that they cannot breathe.

"Yes, precisely so a young girl in Reggio has told me. She went to pay a visit to her aunt, and found her without voice, as if from a great hoarseness of a cold. The aunt told Lucrezia that it was the work of the fuddittu, and they need not call the doctor nor the wise woman, for as the trouble came so it would pass; and in fact, after two or three days she was well.

"And when the fuddittu sits upon your chest, and to drive him away you exclaim, 'Mamma mia!' that the Madonna may aid, he counterfeits your voice, 'Mamma mia!'" (The squeak was delicious with which the good woman rendered the tone of the imp.) "And you lament, 'Mara me!' and he repeats, 'Mara me!'"

"He makes you the echo."

"Exactly, — the echo. Eh, he does so many things! But if you know how to take him, signora, he brings you fortune."

"One must keep his red cap."

"That's it. When you see him, do not be afraid, but lift off his little cap. He will pray that you give it back to him, but you hold firm; then he will offer you treasures, great money, and you don't accept, but instead you put the cap under the kettle, among the ashes of the hearth; because the fuddittu is a cleanly little spirit, and he will not go among the cinders, in order not to soil himself. So you have him in your power, and you command him, 'Bring me money,' and he will bring you some gold. And you, signora, don't be too soon content. 'This is not enough,' you tell him; 'you have to bring me more.' And he goes back to get for you money and money, and you still say, 'This is not enough for me,' until it appears to you that it suffices, and then you give him his cap, and he makes you a fine bow and departs."

"So many thanks for the good counsel. I shall not fail to follow it, if ever I meet the fuddittu."

"Eh, 't is difficult, signora mia! In these days the spirits do not let themselves be seen as in other times. Then there was more ignorance, yes, but also more innocence. Now the world becomes always worse; there 's no longer any innocence, because of so much learning; so that things which used to be seen by our fathers do not show themselves to

us, for cause of too much learning, your ladyship."

We agreed that learning, little or much, is a dangerous thing, and that to live in this world as one ought it is necessary to have faith. Then we compared notes concerning the evil eye, its perils and its antidotes. The goodwife showed me a plant growing in a pottery vase upon the little terrace, a sort of cactus with gray spiny leaves fantastically shaped, which is called *malocchio* because it has the virtue to avert the evil eye. Evidently the beneficent charm worked, for the household was in health and prosperous. And those humble folk were excellent company; one has been present at many a polite function where the talk was not found half so inspiriting or the personalities so attractive as in the home of the brave ex-corporal and his family. When we came away, they all accompanied us some distance on the postal road. The kind woman insisted that she would give me her arm for the descent of the cliff, because "the little feet of the signora are not accustomed to such a goats' path." With a profusion of thanks, compliments, and a whole discourse of gestures and waving kerchiefs, the farewells were made. The young shoemaker and his brother went with us still further. The last that we saw of them they were making their homeward way along the stony bed of the fiumara.

"Good-by, signor lieutenant. I kiss the hands of your ladyship. Good-by."

"Good-by and good fortune, my brave boys."

And so back again as we came, by the picturesque railway, to Reggio. At the station, Frontino, the pet gray colt, was waiting to take us at a square trot through the Corso to the house where my mother stood on the balcony to welcome the returned excursionists, and hear about our pleasurable failure to behold the Greek types of Bova.

Elisabeth Pullen.

EVENING IN SALISBURY CLOSE.

THE sudden sunlight swept the minster-close,
Day's expiation for its hours of gloom;
And every figure on the fair façade,
Each saint with hand uplifted, gained a grace,
A happier halo than the sculptor's art,
Howe'er so marvel-working, had bestowed.
Only the pillared porch and those deep eyes,
The windows wide that ever watch the west,
Caught the wind-wavering shadows of the elms.
All the great Gothic glory of the spire
Reached heavenward irradiate; gray to gold
By momentary magic turned, and poised
Like some aerial pinnacle of dream.
And while the sight hung on the miracle,
Out of the silent symmetry of the tower
Slipped down the unseen silver of the chimes,
Softer than snowfall, soothing as the sense
Of slumber after vigils held till dawn.

Clinton Scollard.

IMMIGRATION AND NATURALIZATION.

THE "cholera scare," as it was called, of 1893, which had its origin among the steerage passengers of the great Atlantic liners, brought the results of unlimited and uncontrolled immigration vividly before the American people; and it is to be hoped that the subsidence of that panic will not cause us to postpone a consideration of the problem until a fresh epidemic brings it up again to our minds with threatening force.

I do not propose at present to consider the medical and sanitary aspects of the subject, as they will doubtless be thoroughly studied by the national and state sanitary officers, and met by harmonious and effective measures. My motive now is to define the civil status of the immigrant when he lands, and when he proposes, or does not propose, as the case may be, to become an American citizen. Perhaps by examining the question of the alien's nationality at this end of the line we may find methods to influence his movements at the other, or foreign end. The problem to be solved — and a most difficult one it is — is, what new legislation, if any, is needed, that will be for the interest of the alien immigrant as well as for our own, and will remedy the pernicious effects, political, social, and economic, which, as is becoming more and more evident, are resulting from the unchecked immigration and reckless naturalization of foreigners in the past. A combination of the statutes on immigration and naturalization, as explained further on, would go far toward effecting the solution.

The authority for the present legislation on naturalization is found in the Constitution of the United States, which gives Congress power "to establish a uniform rule of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcy."

Just what distinction, if any, was here intended between a "rule" and a "law" is not evident; be that as it may, Congress has interpreted the section as giving it the right to make laws regarding naturalization, so far as the forms of the process go and the courts which shall carry them out; but it has not made any laws obliging the States, or even the United States courts in the States, to carry out the provisions in a "uniform" way, nor has it established any machinery by which the "uniform rule of naturalization" which it is empowered, though not compelled, by the Constitution to establish, can be made useful either to the alien himself or to the nation at large. Not only each State and Territory, but even each court in them, may, and generally does, have its own forms of admitting aliens to citizenship in the place where they reside, so that there are numbers of unnaturalized or semi-naturalized aliens exercising the same right of franchise as fully naturalized, or even as native-born citizens.

The first step for the alien to take is to declare before any court having a seal and a clerk, except the police court of the District of Columbia, that it is his *bona fide* intention to become a citizen of the United States, and to renounce his allegiance to every other government. The court then gives him a certificate, known as the "intention" paper, stating that he has complied with these conditions.

Here it must be carefully noted that thus far the alien has recorded merely the declaration of his intention to become a citizen at some future day, at least two years off, and if he has just landed, at least five years off; often this intention is not carried out. The renunciation of allegiance to his sovereign, also, is incomplete, until the alien takes out his final paper. The full and final renunciation of allegiance is not, as many

aliens and even as some lawyers suppose, made at the time of declaring the intention to become a citizen. And the propriety of this is evident. The alien, after taking out his first paper, is, as it were, in a state of probation for the next few years. He may prove to be an undesirable citizen by getting into prison, or he may change his mind and go back to his native land to live. In the latter case, the alien, not having finally renounced allegiance to his sovereign, is free to return to his own country and resume all the rights of citizenship without going through the process of being naturalized. In other words, the filing of a declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States does not terminate a man's alienage, on the one hand, — although he may be permitted by the laws of the State of his residence to vote and hold office, — nor his citizenship in his native country, on the other hand.

Such cases constantly occur, especially with Germans, who are so strongly attached to their "fatherland." This point may be of importance in determining an alien's nationality and his claims on our government for protection. And here it may be remarked that aliens who have taken out only the first paper are not entitled to a passport, as many of them suppose, to their great disappointment.

The celebrated Koszta case, which nearly involved us in war, is an instance of the misunderstanding about renouncing foreign allegiance at the time of taking out the intention paper. The circumstances were as follows : —

Martin Koszta, a Hungarian by birth, came to this country in 1850, and declared his intention, in due form of law, to become a citizen. After remaining two years he visited Turkey. While at Smyrna he was forcibly seized, taken on board of an Austrian man-of-war then lying in the harbor of that place, and confined in irons, by Austrians, who avowed the design of taking him into the dominions of Austria. Our consul at Smyrna and our legation at Constantinople interposed ineffectually for his release. At this juncture, Commander Ingraham, with the United States sloop-of-war St. Louis, arrived at Smyrna. After inquiring into the circumstances of the case, and consulting with our legation at Constantinople, he came to the conclusion that Koszta was entitled to the protection of this government, and, by clearing his decks for action and training his guns on the Austrian vessel, took energetic and prompt measures for Koszta's release before sunset. The Austrian commander, under this pressure, turned Koszta over to the French consulate, to be kept while his case was discussed by a court of all the foreign consuls at Smyrna. This resulted in his release. The affair led to a voluminous correspondence between our government and that of Austria, which was sent to Congress, and made a great point of in the next presidential message. Secretary Marcy, in his dispatch to our minister in Turkey, said :

"From the statement of the case, it is quite evident that Koszta, at the time he was kidnapped, was not a subject of the Emperor of Austria. He had withdrawn from his allegiance to the Austrian government, and the course of that government towards him was at least an implied consent to his withdrawal. By acts concurred in by both parties the ties of allegiance were severed. He had renounced on his part, as Austria had on hers, all claims to reciprocal acts or duties resulting from their former political connection as sovereign and subject, and they stood toward each other as if no such connection had ever existed."

If this opinion is based solely on the fact that Koszta had declared his intention to become an American citizen, it is misleading; for, as we have shown above, there had been no withdrawal from Austrian allegiance except a bodily one, to which it is more than doubtful if Austria had ever given either written or implied consent; perhaps she had not even

had any knowledge of the matter at the time Koszta emigrated. Some of the Continental governments issue a permit to travel implying a return in a limited time.

There are no acts known to diplomacy, except naturalization treaties, which can be concurred in by both governments, by which the ties of allegiance can be severed, and these treaties apply only to fully naturalized citizens. Our laws provide that an alien shall reside in this country until he is a full-fledged citizen, and can be protected under a naturalization treaty, if we have one with his nation. Koszta had not, certainly under the authority of our statutes, "renounced" anything, and had he gone to Austria instead of to Turkey all our diplomacy and ships-of-war could not have prevented his being put into the Austrian army, any more than they can prevent the semi-naturalized American who returns to Germany from being put into the German army. This is happening every day, and our government never thinks of alleging "withdrawal from allegiance," or "mutually severed ties," or any other diplomatic reasons, to the contrary. Aliens return at their own risk, and they know it. The best argument for protecting Koszta was that given in another part of Mr. Marcy's dispatch, as follows: —

"Whatever may have been Koszta's citizenship (not being a subject of the Ottoman Porte), he was, while at Smyrna, a Frank or sojourner, and might place himself under any foreign protection he chose to select, and the Turkish government respect the rights he thus acquired."

This plea alone was sufficient to protect him, and it was hardly worth while to waste words on any other. Austria had no right to touch him because he was in Turkey, and we had a right to protect him because he asked us to, and that is all there was in it. Koszta's right to protection was also based by Mr. Marcy on the ground of his having acquired *domicile* here, a doctrine which was expounded by Mr. Webster in the Thrasher case as follows: —

"The general rule of the public law is that every person of full age has a right to change his domicile, and it follows that when he removes to another place, with an intent to make that place his permanent residence, or his residence for an indefinite period, it becomes instantly his place of domicile: and this is so notwithstanding he may entertain a floating intention of returning to his original residence or citizenship at some future period. It is well known that hundreds of thousands of persons are now living in this country who have not been naturalized according to the provisions of law, nor sworn any allegiance to this government, nor been domiciled among us by any regular course of proceedings. What degree of alarm would it not give to this vastly numerous class of men, actually living amongst us as citizens of the United States, to learn that by removal to this country they have not transferred their allegiance, from the government to which they were originally subject, to this government!"

This quotation furnishes a good illustration of the defective enforcement of our naturalization laws. The number of this class of aliens is estimated to be at present over thirty-two per cent of the whole population.

In Koszta's case Mr. Marcy subsequently admitted: "Had Koszta been within the jurisdiction of Austria when he was seized, the whole character of the case would have been changed, and the forcible taking of him from the legal custody of Austrian officers could not have been defended on any principle of municipal or international law." If that be the case, what becomes of the law of domicile which we have attempted to graft on international law, and for ignorance of which Mr. Marcy administered a scathing rebuke in his note to the Austrian minister?

We have no naturalization treaties with Italy and Russia, and those nations, in the cases of returning semi-naturalized or even fully naturalized American citizens, snap their fingers at our naturalization laws, and clap our citizens into the army, or condemn them to fine, imprisonment, or exile, as they see fit. Even the so-called international law, which we are so fond of citing in our disputes with foreign nations, is admitted by them to a very limited extent, especially in military questions, from the fact that there is no uniform code of international law agreed upon and ratified by treaty among all nations, with penalties other than war for its infraction; and without penalties no law can be enforced. The military nations consider the treatises on international law as the more or less correct, interesting, and harmless lucubrations of studious and well-meaning but self-opinionated and narrow-minded professors and jurists. Several pages of Wheaton's Commentaries are devoted to showing how unsuccessful the author was in urging Prussia to accept his views of exterritoriality, and the imperial government of Germany declines in the same way to modify her military system to suit the opinions of her own Heffter and Bluntschli.

So much for the preliminary stage of naturalization. Supposing now that the alien has arrived at the time of being fully naturalized, his next step is to declare on oath, in court, that he will support the Constitution of the United States, and that he renounces his allegiance to his former sovereign. He must also prove "to the satisfaction of" the court that he has resided continuously in the country for five years, and in the State or Territory one year, and that during that time he has borne a good character and been loyally disposed to the principles of the Constitution. He must also renounce any hereditary titles or orders of nobility that he may hold.

The courts generally require the testimony of two witnesses to the alien's residence and character, but it is to be feared that in most cases these witnesses are men of straw, and it is generally to the clerk of the court that the question of "satisfaction" is left. In actual cases tested no trace of the witnesses could be found. (On the other hand, the judges themselves have sometimes refused to naturalize applicants, for want of proof of good character.) A remedy for this defect would perhaps be a provision in the statute that the alien's antecedents must be vouched for in writing by two responsible house-owners of the locality, at least one month before the final papers are issued, so as to allow time for investigation, should there be any suspicious circumstances or any doubt on the part of the court. It is always in the power of the same court that confers citizenship to annul it on sufficient evidence; but it would be better to make sure of positive proof at first than to trust to negative proof later, when it is difficult to establish facts and dates perhaps several years old. It would also be well to adopt the German system of having a form of oath specified and fixed by statute, with definite penalties for perjury. The present want of this prevents prosecution in foreign countries for perjury in cases of application for United States passports. There is now no prescribed oath except for officials when sworn into office.

Aliens who have received an honorable discharge from our military service may become citizens without a previous declaration of intention, or proof of more than a year's previous residence in the country and the possession of a good moral character. This section has been interpreted to apply to the sailors as well as the soldiers in the United States service; otherwise the former would be at a great relative disadvantage, as they would have to wait another five years after their discharge to be naturalized, unless their sea service were considered as equivalent to residence on land, which it undoubtedly is.

The merchant service has a section to itself, which however is a dead letter, and will probably be replaced by a new law now before Congress. As it stands at present, alien seamen are required to declare their intention, to prove three years' service subsequently on a merchant vessel, and to show a good-conduct discharge. They are then "deemed citizens for the purpose of serving on board of any American merchant vessel, and for all purposes of protection." This law was probably framed to provide against impressment on foreign ships. It would be sufficient to apply the ordinary naturalization law to such seamen, counting their years of sea service as so many years of residence on land.

The law regarding minor aliens is important, and needs alteration to avoid complications with foreign governments. An alien emigrating to this country previous to his coming of age may, when that time arrives, and after a residence of five years, be admitted to citizenship on proving good character, loyalty, and an avowed intention, for the two years next preceding, to become a citizen of the United States.

This section would seem expressly made to enable the young man liable to service abroad to come over to this country at the age of eighteen years, just before he has to report for military service, and thus escape his military duty. After five years he returns to his native land, shakes his naturalization paper in the faces of the recruiting officers, and encourages the young men in his village to emigrate likewise. He is then grossly incensed at not being allowed to remain; and the archives of our legations and the Department of State are at once encumbered with a mass of useless correspondence on the subject. A few instances of this kind bring our citizenship into contempt, and render our naturalization treaties inoperative. Many expulsions of our naturalized citizens, especially from Germany, occur every year, on the ground of "inciting to emigration," and are based on the inalienable right of every government to expel any person whom it considers dangerous to the state. The naturalized citizens so expelled cannot be protected under the "two years" clause of our naturalization treaties with the North German Confederation. These treaties, indeed, have never been accepted in so many words by the Empire, and do not therefore apply, except by courtesy, to the important provinces of Alsace-Lorraine and Schleswig-Holstein, which furnish a large number of our young immigrants. This might possibly be remedied by refusing to allow the immigration of any young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one years, which would relieve us from some embarrassment with foreign governments, prevent much competition with our young men for employment, relieve our public schools, and make the parents more careful of emigrating before the elder sons had performed their military duties.

The other sections of our naturalization law are not of special importance here, though they all need revision and adaptation to the increase of immigration since they were made. The ones that I have discussed are taken from older statutes. Up to March, 1790, no laws on the subject were passed, and the act of that date merely provided that, in order to become a citizen, an alien had only to make application to a court in the place where he had resided at least one year, prove that he was a person of good character, and make oath to support the Constitution of the United States.

It is evident that such a simple mode of admission to citizenship could not long continue without being abused, and accordingly we find that this act was repealed by the one of January 29, 1795, which required a notice of three years, at least, of the alien's intention to become a citizen and to renounce his former allegiance. He was also obliged, as

now, when finally admitted, to prove a residence of five years, to renounce his old allegiance, and to take the new allegiance oaths. This act was followed by others of April 14, 1802; March 26, 1804; March 3, 1813; March 12, 1816; May 26, 1824; May 24, 1828; and February 1, 1876. From these the present statute is compiled. The intention clause of the present law is taken from the acts of 1802, 1824, and 1876. Under the first of these acts, as we have seen, the intention had to be expressed at least three years before final admission, which is perhaps preferable to the two years now required. There was also in that act a very important provision that every alien, if of age, or, if a minor, by his parents or guardian, must make a report to the district court of the place where he arrived, or to a court of record of some other locality, of his name, age, birthplace, nation, and allegiance, the country whence he emigrated, and the place of his intended settlement. The court was required to furnish the alien with a certificate of such record for a fee of fifty cents. The alien was also required to produce this certificate when he presented himself for final naturalization. This last provision, which was reiterated even more positively in the act of 1816, it was, apparently, found impossible to carry out, for, after exemption of some classes of immigrants, it was finally repealed by the act of 1828. Its enforcement was made difficult by the neglect to require the report to be made by the immigrant immediately on landing. Had this been done, a duplicate of the original certificate, which in many cases, doubtless, was lost before five years had elapsed, could always have been obtained by application to the court where the record was made. It might be well to renew this provision, with the addition I have suggested, especially if, as recommended in several of the presidential messages, a national bureau of naturalization were established, where all applications for citizenship in the States and Territories, made out in one common form, as our passport applications all over the world now are, would be recorded. This would go far towards detecting fraudulent voters.

The act of 1813 provided that an alien must not leave the United States at all during the five years of his probation. This requirement was subsequently repealed, and the present condition of a residence for the "continuous term" of five years next preceding admission is interpreted very leniently, and in many cases is probably never inquired into at all. It would be better, however, if it were, for it is often grossly abused, as is discovered in taking the declarations of naturalized citizens applying for passports in foreign countries. It then appears that the alien's stay in the United States has been only a series of very short visits, all of which added together would not make five years, and that he has no immediate intention of returning to this country; his only object being to escape military duty while he is engaged in business in Europe. Frauds of this kind were apparently detected, for under the act of 1828 the places of residence had to be declared and testified to by citizens whose names were recorded. This, while intended at that time to meet those cases where the alien could not produce the intention paper required in previous acts, might well be revived by requiring the intention paper to be certified to annually by a government official, to the effect that the alien had appeared in person before him. This certification could then be reported to the central bureau, to keep the alien's record complete from the time of landing, and obviate the necessity, at the time of final naturalization, of producing witnesses to the date of arrival and to five years of continuous residence.

I have now given the essential points in the legislation which affects the admission of aliens to citizenship. Let us

now see what legislation there is for their admission into the country.

The oldest statutes regulating and limiting immigration are those of March 3, 1875, excluding felons, and August 3, 1882, for further carrying out the preceding, levying a tax of fifty cents on each immigrant, and requiring the owners of vessels to take back such persons as were not permitted to land. The next acts are those of February 26, 1885, the first of the so-called "imported labor" acts; March 3, 1891, amending the preceding one; and March 3, 1893, which embodies all the preceding ones, adds certain stringent provisions for enforcing them, and is the one now in operation.

There is no special provision in the Constitution conferring legislative power on Congress for the specific object of controlling immigration except Sec. 8, giving the power of "providing for the general welfare" of the United States, or Sec. 9, relating to the "migration or importation of persons," which was intended to cover the slave-trade. The control of immigration comes under the "implied powers" of Congress, and was exercised a century ago in the passing of the alien law of June 25, 1798, authorizing the President to order out of the country such aliens as he might deem dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States.

The object of the act now in force is to warn foreign governments, immigrants, immigration agents and societies, and steamship and railroad companies that immigrants will not be allowed to land on our shores or enter our territory, except on the condition that, before embarking, and immediately on disembarking, they answer the most minute questions as to their age, nationality, destination, means for travel and subsequent support, family relations and ties, and physical condition. The officers of the vessel bringing them must also swear to the statements obtained by them of the emigrants before a United States consular official at the port of embarkation, accounting for all the emigrants, and, on reaching our shores, must deliver these statements, so certified, to the authorized agents of the Bureau of Immigration of the Treasury Department, who have authority to detain immigrants until thoroughly satisfied of the correctness and completeness of their statements. Officers of vessels not conforming to these requirements are fined, and immigrants not coming up to the proper standard, morally, mentally, and physically, must return to Europe at the expense of the steamship company that brings them. Certain exceptions in the contract labor class are made for official and family servants, workmen imported for new industries, and members of artistic, theatrical, and other professions. This act went into force in April, 1893.

Its effect is shown by the report for 1894 of the Superintendent of Immigration, an official appointed under the amendatory act of 1891. It appears from this report, which is deserving of careful study, that during the last fiscal year 288,020 immigrants arrived. Of these, 285,651 were landed, and 2369 were debarred and deported at the expense of the steamship lines. Of those deported, 1533 were under contract to perform labor, made previous to sailing, and 836 were returned for other reasons. In addition to this, 417 immigrants who had been landed were sent back for having become public charges within one year after their arrival. It also appears that our almshouses, hospitals, and insane asylums have been so relieved by these rigorous measures that the bureau is not advised of any cases of immigrants now in these institutions suffering from insanity or loathsome diseases, or who have become burdens from other causes.

In 1893, 440,783 immigrants arrived, a decrease of 141,044 as compared with

the year 1892, during which 581,827 arrived; and the decrease in the following year was 152,763 as compared with 1893; or a total decrease in the two years of 293,807 immigrants, which is more than the total number of arrivals for the year ending June 30, 1894.

The decrease in 1893 was largely caused by quarantine regulations against cholera, and that in 1894 was largely attributable to business depression and diminished demand for labor; but with all this allowance, the decrease must be greatly due to strict inspection, prompt deportation of the prohibited classes, and the conviction on the part of both immigrants and transportation agencies that our immigration laws have been, and will continue to be, faithfully and rigorously executed. The double system of inspection before sailing and after arrival will doubtless become more effective with practice and experience, and may be aided further by some changes in the law. The number of undesirable immigrants will continue to decrease, and those who are allowed to remain will prove to be a more desirable class of citizens for amalgamation with our population. As regards the competition with foreign labor, we find also that in 1892, out of 581,827 immigrants only 932 alien contract laborers were returned; in 1893, out of 440,783 immigrants 516 were returned; and in 1894, out of 288,020 immigrants 2369 were returned; thus proving the increasing benefit of the law to the working classes of the United States.

In face of this report of the Superintendent of Immigration, it is not evident why the Immigration Restriction League, in its pamphlet entitled The Present Aspect of the Immigration Problem, should say, "This new law adds a little more 'red tape,' but as it does not increase the number of the excluded classes, it cannot be expected to diminish sensibly the quantity or greatly improve the quality of our immigration."

Now, if this legislation has, as we believe, so conclusively proved the necessity and possibility of limiting the number and determining the quality of immigrants, why cannot the same machinery be utilized for controlling and limiting the naturalization of aliens? Why cannot the Superintendent of Immigration be made also Superintendent of Naturalization? As I have suggested above, let all the immigrants who are allowed to land be furnished with a certificate to that effect, stamped with the date of their landing, and retaining the number which they had on the ship's immigrant list, to provide against similarity of names. Then let all such immigrants as intend to become citizens make their declaration of intention at once before some United States official, whose attestation would be equivalent to that of a clerk of a court. Let that attestation be indorsed on the previous landing certificate. Then let the alien be required to present this certificate, so indorsed, before some United States official, even if it be only a local postmaster, once a year, to be stamped and dated, and indorsed again by two responsible witnesses to his good character and actual residence during the year, as provided in the law of 1828. Let this attestation be reported by means of printed blank forms to the superintendent. This should be repeated annually for five years. Then when the alien presents himself for final naturalization, which should be before some court, either let him be required to produce his landing certificate, as under the law of 1802, with the intention indorsement and the five annual residence indorsements, or, if that paper be lost, let him apply to the superintendent's office for a certificate that he has complied with the law at all the stages of his residence in the country. This should be required long enough before the final naturalization for the court to be thoroughly satisfied that the alien is a fit candidate for citizenship. Then he should receive his final paper; otherwise not. Each of

the States and Territories should also be urged to conform its laws of local citizenship to the requirements of the national law; and at any rate, no alien who is not fully naturalized should be allowed to sit on a jury, or to vote for President of the United States, for a member of Congress, or for any judicial official. As long as aliens are allowed to live among us with all the rights and privileges of native citizens, and States and Territories are allowed to decide who are citizens, and when and how they can vote, the provision of the Constitution that Congress has power to establish a uniform rule of naturalization would seem to be a farce, and our country will continue to be subjected to all the present abuses of the franchise, and to the dishonest and wasteful mismanagement of our municipal affairs which makes us a by-word among nations, and a mortification to the better elements of our population.

H. Sidney Everett.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

VII.

Jane Granite stood at the foot of the steep, uncarpeted stairs. She had a stone-china cup filled with tea in her hand. She had hesitation in her mind, and longing in her heart. When the minister had sent word that he would eat no supper, it was plain that something must be done. Her mother was out, and Jane had no superior intelligence to consult. For Mrs. Granite was appointed to the doom that overtakes the women of a poor and struggling religious movement: she was ex-officio beggar for the new mission; on this especial occasion she was charged with the duty of wringing a portion of the minister's almost invisible salary out of the least unfriendly citizens of the town. The minister had observed her from his window, tugging at her black skirts, as she sallied forth, ankle-deep, in the slush of the February afternoon; and his brows had darkened at the sight. For the good woman would trudge and soak five miles for — what? Possibly five dollars. How dreary the devices of small people to achieve large ends!

To the young man who had never had to think what anything cost, the cold, pecuniary facts of his position were galling past the power of these simple people to comprehend.

He did not care too much on his own account. He felt more surprise than impatience to see his coat turn shiny and frayed, and to know that he could not get another. He was learning not to mind his straw mattress as much as he did at first, and to educate himself to going without magazines and to the quality of Mrs. Granite's tea. When a man deliberately elects a great personal sacrifice, he does not concern himself with its details, as women are more likely to do.

But there were aspects of his chosen work to which his soul was as sore as a boy's. He could not accustom himself with the ease of a poor man's son to the fact that a superb, supreme faith like the Christianity of Christ must beg for its living. "It degrades!" he thought, looking up from his books. "Lowell was right when he said that no man should preach who had n't an independent property." His Bible fell from his clenched hand; he picked it up penitently, and tenderly smoothed the crumpled leaf at which it had opened. Half unconsciously, he glanced, and read, "Take no scrip in your purse." His burning eye fol-

lowed along the page; softened, and grew moist.

"Perhaps, on the whole," he said aloud, "he really knew as much about it as any American poet."

He returned patiently to his preparation for the evening service; for he worked hard for these fishermen and drunkards, — harder than he had ever worked at anything in his life. To make them one half hour's talk, he read, he ransacked, he toiled, he thought, he dreamed, he prayed.

The only thing which he had asked leave to take from his uncle's house was his own library. It piled Mrs. Granite's spare chamber from the old brown carpet to the low and dingy ceiling. Barricades of books stood on the floor by the ugly little coal-stove, and were piled upon the stained pine table at which he sat to study in a hard wood chair with a Turkey-red cushion. Of the pictures dear to his youth and to his trained taste, but two had come through with him in the flying leap from Beacon Street to Mrs. Granite's. Over the table in his study a fine engraving watched him. It was Guido's great St. Michael. Above the straw mattress in the chilly closet where he slept hung a large photograph of Leonardo's Christ; the one from the Last Supper, as it was found in the ruined fresco on the monastery wall.

But Jane Granite stood irresolute upon the bare, steep stairs, with the stone-china teacup in her hand.

The minister had never concentrated his mind on Jane. He was a busy man. She was a modest, quiet girl; she helped her mother "do" his rooms, and never slammed the door when she went out. He felt a certain gratitude to her, for the two women took trouble for him far beyond the merits of the meagre sum allowed them for his bread and codfish. But for the life of him, if he had been required to, he could not have told anybody how Jane Granite looked. When her timid knock struck the panel of his door, he started impatiently, put down his pen, and patiently bade her enter.

"I thought perhaps, sir, you would drink your tea?" pleaded Jane. "You have n't eaten a morsel, and mother will mind it when she comes home."

Bayard looked at her in a dazed way; trying to see the connection between forty-cent Japan tea and that beautiful thing said of Whitefield, that he "forgot all else about the men before him but their immortality and their misery."

"It 's getting cold," said Jane, with quivering lip. "I stood on the stairs so long before I could make up my mind to disturb you. Let me get a hot cup, now, sir, — do!"

"Why, I 'll come down!" said Bayard. "I must not make myself as troublesome as this."

He pushed away his books, and followed her to the sitting-room, where, in default of a dining-room, and in vague deference to the antecedents of a guest popularly reported not to be used to eating in the kitchen, the meals of the family were served.

"Maybe you 'd eat the fish-hash — a mouthful, sir?" asked Jane, brightening; "and there 's the stewed prunes."

Bayard looked at her, as she ran to and fro, flushed and happy at her little victory over his supperless intentions. Jane was a trig, neat body; small, as the coast girls often are, — I wonder why? whether because the mother was underfed, or over-anxious when the fleets were out? Jane Granite wore a blue gingham dress, closely fitted to a pleasant figure. She had a pleasant face, too; she had no beauty, but that certain something more attractive than beauty to many men, — a kind of compactness of feature, and an ease of outline which haunts the retina; it is not easy to describe, but we all know it. Her mother had told the minister that Jane was keeping company — that is the Windover phrase — with some one; the details had escaped his memory.

He looked at her now, for the first time, attentively, as she served his tea. She flitted about lightly. She sang in the kitchen when she saw him smile. When he said, "Thank you, Jane! You have given me a delicious supper," a charming expression crossed her face. He observed it abstractedly, and thought, How kind these good people are to me! The paper shades were up, and Jane wished to draw them when she lighted the kerosene lamp; but Bayard liked to watch the sea, as he often did at twilight. The harbor was full, for the weather was coming on wild. Clouds marshaled, and broke, and retreated, and formed upon a stormy sky. The lights of anchored fleets tossed up and down in the violet-gray shadow. The breakers growled upon the opposite shore. The best thing about his lodging was its near and almost unobstructed view of the sea, which dashed against a slip of a beach between the wharves of Windover Point, within a thousand feet of Mrs. Granite's cottage.

As he sat, sipping his green tea, and making believe with his hash, to save the feelings of the girl, — watching the harbor steadily and comfortably the while, and saying nothing, — he was startled by the apparition of a man's face pressed stealthily against the window-pane, and disappearing as quickly as it came. Bayard was sitting between the window and the light. Jane was dishing out his prunes from a vegetable dish into a blue willow saucer, and had seen nothing. Wishing not to alarm the girl, he went to the window quietly, and looked out. As he did so, he perceived that the intruder had his hand on the knob of the front door. Bayard sprang, and the two met in the cottage entry.

"What are you doing here?" began Bayard, barring the way.

"I guess I 'd better ask, what are *you* a-doin' *here?*" replied the other, crowding by the minister with one push of an athletic shoulder. "I 'm on my own ground. I ain't so sure of you."

Little Jane uttered a cry, and the athletic young man strode forward, and somewhat ostentatiously put his arm about her waist.

"Ah, I see!" smiled the minister. "It *is* strange that we have not met before. We must often have been in the house at the same time. I am a little absent-minded. Perhaps it is my fault. A hundred pardons, Mr." —

Trawl. Ben Trawl was the name. Ben Trawl was not cordial. Perhaps that would be asking too much of the lover who had been mistaken for a burglar by another man; and the young minister was already quite accustomed to the varying expressions with which a provincial town receives the leader of an unpopular cause. He recognized Ben Trawl now, — the young man who had the straight eyebrows, and who did not drink, who had been one of the crowd at the fight in Angel Alley on the ordination day which never had ordained.

The pastor found the situation embarrassing, and was glad when Mrs. Granite came in, soaked through and tired, with drabbled skirts.

She had collected six dollars and thirty-seven cents.

Bayard ground his teeth, and escaped to his study as soon as he could. There they heard him, pacing up and down hotly, till seven o'clock. Bayard had arranged one of those piteous attempts to "amuse the people," into which so much wealth of heart and brain is flung, with such atmospheric results. His notion of religious teaching did not end with the Bible, though it began there. The fishermen, who had irreverently named the present course of talks "the Dickens," crowded to hear them, nevertheless. The lecture of that evening (Sydney Carton, he called it) was a venture upon which Bayard had expended a good deal of thought and vitality.

Poor, wet Mrs. Granite waded out again, without a murmur, to hear it. She walked beside the minister, alone; it was

a long walk, for the new people met in the well-known hall at the head of Angel Alley.

"Ben Trawl 's kinder off his hook," she explained apologetically. "He would n't come along of us, nor he would n't let Jane come, neither. He has them spells."

Jane Granite watched them off with aching heart. As he closed the door, the minister smiled and lifted his hat to her. Where was there a smile like *his* in all the world of men? And where a man who thought or knew so little of the magic which his beauty wrought?

For love of this radiance and this wonder the heart of the coldest woman of the world might have broken. Little Jane Granite looked after him till he was drowned in the dark. She came in and stood at the window, busying herself to draw the shade. But Ben Trawl watched her with half-closed eyes; and when bright, wide eyes turn dull and narrow, beware of them!

"Come here!" said Ben, in the voice of a man who had "kept company" with a girl for three years. In Windover, the respectable young people do not flirt or intrigue; breach of troth is almost unknown among them. To walk with a girl on Sunday afternoon, and to kiss her Sunday evening, is to marry her, as a matter of course. Ben Trawl spoke in the imperious tone of the seafaring people who call a wife "my woman," and who lie on the lounge in the kitchen while she brings the water from the well. "You come here, Jane, and sit on the sofy alongside of me! I 've got a word or so to say to you."

Jane Granite came. She was frightened. She sat down beside her lover, and timidly surrendered the work-worn little hand which he seized and crushed with cruel violence within his own.

"Mr. Granite was n't never wholly satisfied about Ben," Mrs. Granite was saying to the minister as they splashed through the muddy slush. "His father 's Trawl the liquor dealer, down to Angel Alley, opposite our place, a little below. But Jane says Ben don't touch it; and he don't. I don't know 's I 've any call to come between her and Ben. He 's a stiddy fellow and able to support her, and he 's that fond of Jane" —

"He seems to be," said Bayard musingly. His thoughts were not with Mrs. Granite. He hardly knew what she had said. He was not used to this petty, parish atmosphere. It came hard to him. He underestimated the value of these wearisome trifles in the large work performed by little people. Nothing in the world seemed to him of less importance than the natural history of Ben Trawl.

"The wind is east," he said abstractedly, "and there 's a very heavy sea on."

He cast at the harbor and the sky the anxious look habitual with the people of Windover; the stranger had already acquired it. He had not been a month in the fishing-town before he noticed that the women all spoke of their natural foe as the "terrible sea."

The hall which the new people had leased for their services and entertainments had long borne the grim name of Seraph's Rest; having been, in fact, for years, a sailors' dance-hall of the darkest dye.

"Give us," Bayard had said, "the worst spot in the worst street of this town. We will make it the best, or we will own ourselves defeated in our work."

In such streets and in such places news has wings. There is no spot in Windover where rumor is run down so soon as in Angel Alley.

Bayard had talked perhaps half an hour, when he perceived by the restlessness in his crowded and attentive audience that something had happened. He read on for a moment: —

"'*Are you dying for him?*' *she whispered.* '*And his wife and child. Hush! Yes.*'"

Then, with the perfect ease which he always sought to cultivate in that place between speaker and hearer, "What is

the matter?" he asked in a conversational tone.

"Sir," said an old captain, rising, "there 's a vessel gone ashore off Ragged Rock."

Bayard swept his book and manuscript off the desk.

"I was about to read you," he said, "how a poor fellow with a wretched life behind him died a noble death. Perhaps we can do something as grand as he did. Anyhow, we 'll try. Come, boys!"

He thrust himself into his coat, and sprang down among the audience.

"Come on! You know the way better than I do! If there 's anything to do, we 'll do it. Lead on, boys! I 'm with you!"

The audience poured into Angel Alley, with the minister in their midst. Confusion ran riot outside. The inmates of all the dens on the street were out. Unnoticed, they jostled decent citizens who had flocked as near as possible to the newsbearer. Panting and white, a hatless messenger from the lighthouse, who had run all the way at the keeper's order to break the black word to the town, reiterated all he knew: "It 's the Clara Em! She weighed this afternoon under full canvas — and she 's struck with fourteen men aboard! I knew I could n't raise nobody at the old Life-Saving Station" —

"It 's t'other side the Point, anyhow!" cried a voice from the crowd.

"It 's four mile away!" yelled another.

"Good heavens, man!" cried Bayard. "You don't propose to wait for *them?*"

"I don't see 's there 's anything we can *do*," observed the old captain deliberately. "The harbor 's chock-full. If anybody could do anything for 'em, some o' them coasters — but ye see there can't no boat *live* off Ragged Rock in a breeze o' wind like this."

"How far off is this wreck?" demanded Bayard, inwardly cursing his own ignorance of nautical matters and of the region. "Can't we get up some carts and boats and ropes, and ride over there?"

"It 's a matter of three mile an' a half," replied the mate of a collier, "and it 's comin' on thick. But I hev known cases where a cart — Now there 's them I-talians with their barnana carts."

"You won't get no fog with this here breeze," contended a very ancient skipper.

"What 'll you bet?" said the mate of the collier.

An Italian with a fruit cart was pushed forward by the crowd; an express cart was impressed; ropes, lanterns, and a dory appeared from no one knew where, at the command of no one knew who. Bayard suggested blankets and dry clothes. The proposal seemed to cause surprise, but these supplies were volunteered from somewhere.

"Pile in, boys!" cried the minister in a ringing voice. He sprang into one of the carts, and it filled in a moment. One of the horses became frightened at the hubbub and reared. Men swore and women shrieked. In the momentary delay, a hand reached over the wheel and plucked at Bayard's sleeve. He flashed the lantern in his hand, and saw a woman's strained, set face. It was Job Slip's wife, Mari, with the little boy crying at her skirts.

"Sir," she said hoarsely, "if it 's the Clara Em, he 's aboard of her — for they shipped him at five o'clock, though they see the storm a-comin' — and him as drunk as death. But it 's true — he got it at Trawl's — I see 'em lift him acrosst the wharf an' sling him over int' the dory."

"I 'll do my best," said Bayard, with set teeth. He reached over the wheel as the horses started, plunging, and wrung the hand of the drunkard's wife. He could not trust himself to say more. Such a vision of what life meant to such a woman swept through Angel Alley upon the wings of the gale that he felt like a man whose eyes have beheld a panorama on a stage in hell.

Many people, as the carts rolled

through the town, followed on foot, among them a few women whose husbands, sweethearts, or brothers were known to be aboard the Clara Em.

"Here 's an *old* woman with a boy aboard! Seems you might find room in one them wagons for her!" cried a young voice. It was the girl known to Windover only by the name of Lena: she for whom the "terrible sea" could have no horrors; the one woman of them from whom no betrothed lover could sail away, to whom no husband should return.

"She 's right about that. We must manage somehow!" called Bayard.

Strong hands leaned out and swept the old woman up over the wheel, and the horses galloped on.

There was neither rain nor snow; but the storm, in the seaman's sense of the word, was approaching its height. The wind had now become a gale, and blew southeast. The sky was ominously black. To Bayard's sensitive and excited imagination, as he looked out from the reeling wagon, the mouth of the harbor seemed to gape and grin; the lights of the fleet, furled and anchored for dear life, lost their customary pleasant look, and snapped and shone like teeth in the throat of a monster.

The wagons rolled on madly; the horses, lashed to their limit of speed, leaped down Windover Point. They had now left the road, and were dashing across the downs which stretched a mile farther to the eastern shore. The roughness of the route had become appalling, but a Cape horse is as used to boulders as a Cape fisherman; neither wagon overset, though both rolled like foundering ships. The lanterns cut swaths of light in the blackness which bounding wheels and racing heels mowed down before them.

Walls of darkness rose ahead, and at the outermost, uttermost margin roared the sea. It seemed to Bayard as if the rescuing party were plunging into eternal mystery.

The old woman whose son was aboard the Clara Em crouched at the minister's feet. Both sat in the dory, which filled the wagon, and which was packed with passengers. The old woman's bare hands were clenched together, and her lips shut like iron hinges. Bayard wondered at her massive silence. It was something primeval, solemn, outside of his experience. The women of the shore, in stress like hers, would weep, would sob or shriek. But to the women of the sea this anguish was as old as life itself: to it they were born, and of it they were doomed to die; they bore it as they did the climate of the freezing Cape.

"That there saving service could n't ha' done nothin' ag'in' a wreck on Ragged Rock if they wanted to," observed the old captain (they called him Captain Hap), peering from the wagon towards the harbor shore. "It 's jest 's I told ye; they 're too fur — five mile across."

"But why is there no station nearer?" demanded Bayard, with the warmth of inexperience. "Why is nothing put over here, if this reef is so bad, where it is needed?"

"Wall," said Captain Hap, with deliberation, "that 's a nateral question for a land-lubber. Every seaman knows there ain't no *need* of gettin' wrecked on that there reef. It 's as plain as the beard on your face. Windover Light to the west'ard, Twin Lights to the east'ard, a fog-bell, and a bell-buoy, and a whistlin'-buoy — Lord! why, *everybody* knows how to keep off Ragged Rock!"

"Then how did this vessel happen to strike?" persisted Bayard.

The men interchanged glances, and no one answered him.

"Hi there! Look, look! I see her! I see her spars!" yelled a young fellow on the front seat of the wagon. "It 's her! It 's the Clara Em! . . . Lord A'mighty! what in —— was they thinkin' of? She 's got on full canvas! See her! see her! see her! See her lights! It 's *her*, and she 's bumpin' on the reef!"

Cries of horror ran from lip to lip.

The driver lashed his horses onward, and the men in the wagons flung their lanterns to and fro in uncontrollable excitement. Some leaped over the wheels and ran shouting against the gale.

"Clara Em, ahoy! Clara Em, ahoy!"

But the old woman at Bayard's feet sat still. Only her lips moved. She stared straight ahead.

"Is she praying? or freezing? Perhaps she 's out of her mind," thought Bayard.

He gently pulled her blanket shawl closer over her bare head, and wrapped it around her before he sprang from the wagon.

VIII.

There was but little depth of snow upon the downs and cliffs, but such as remained served to reflect and to magnify all possible sources of light. These were few enough and sorely needed. The Windover Light, a revolving lantern of the second power, is red and strong. It flashed rapidly, now blood-red, and now lamp-black. Bayard thought of the pillar of fire and cloud that led the ancient people. There should have been by rights a moon; and breaks in battalions of clouds, at rare intervals, let through a shimmer paler than darkness, though darker than light. Such a reduction of the black tone of the night had mercifully befallen, when the staggering wagons clattered and stopped upon the large oval pebbles of the beach.

The fog, which is shy of a gale, especially at that season of the year, had not yet come in, and the vessel could be clearly seen. She lay upon the reef, broadside to the breakers; she did not pitch, but, to a nautical eye, her air of repose was the bad thing about her. She was plainly held fast. Her red portlight, still burning, showed as each wave went down, and the gray outlines of her rigging could be discerned. Her foremast had broken off about five feet from the deck, and the spar, held by the rigging, was ramming the sides of the vessel.

The astonishing rumor was literally true. The Clara Em, one of the famous fishermen of which Windover was too proud to be vain; the Clara Em, newly built and nobly furnished, — none of your old-time schooners, clumsy of hulk and rotten of timbers, but the fastest runner on the coast, the stanchest keel that cleft the harbor, fine in her lines as a yacht, and firm in her beams as an ocean steamer; the Clara Em, fearing neither gods nor men nor weather, and bound for Georges' on a three weeks' fresh-fishing trip, had deliberately weighed anchor in the teeth of a March southeaster, and had flung all her clean, green-white sails to the gale. As nearly as could be made out from the shore, she had every stitch up, and not a reef to her face, and she lay over against the rock like a great eagle whose wings were broken. Even a landsman could comprehend the nature of this daredevil act; and Bayard, running to lend a hand to slide the dory from the wagon, uttered an exclamation of indignant horror.

"How did this happen? Were they mad?"

"Full," replied the old captain laconically.

"Yes, I see she 's under full sail. But why?" he persisted innocently.

The old captain, with a curious expression, flashed a lantern in the young minister's face, but made no reply.

Cries could now be heard from the vessel; for the wind, being dead off, bore sounds from sea to shore which could by no means travel from shore to sea. Ragged Rock was a rough spot in the kindest weather; and in that gale, and with the wind in that direction, the roar and power of the surf were great. But it should be remembered that the blow had not been of long duration; hence the sea was not what it would be in a few hours, if the gale should hold. In this fact lay the only possible chance of ex-

tending rescue in any form to the shipwrecked crew.

"Clara Em, aho—oy—oy!" yelled a dozen voices. But the united throats of all Windover could not have made themselves articulate to the straining ears upon the schooner.

"Where 's yer crew? Show up, there! Can't ye do *nothin'* for yerselves? Where 's yer dories? Hey? What? Clara Em, aho—oy—oy!"

"They 're deef as the two years' drownded," said the old captain. "An' they ain't two hundred feet from shore."

"Why, then surely we can save them!" exclaimed Bayard joyfully. But no man assented to the cheerful words.

The dory, a strong specimen of its kind, was now out of the wagon, and a score of arms dragged it over the pebbles. The surf dashed far up the beach, splashing men, boat, wagon, horses. Against the cliff the spray rose a hundred feet, hissing, into the air. The old captain watched the sea and measured the incoming rollers with his deep-set eye.

"Ye cayn't do it," he pronounced. "There ain't a dory in Windover can live in *that*," — he pointed his gaunt arm at the breakers.

"Anyhow, we 'll try!" rang out a strong voice.

Cries from the wreck arose again. Some of the younger men pushed the dory off. Bayard sprang to join them.

"I can row!" he cried, with boyish eagerness. "I was stroke at Harvard!"

"This ain't Charles River," said one of the men. "Better stand back, Parson."

They kindly withstood him, and leaped in without him, four of them, seamen born and bred. They ran the dory out into the surf. He held his lantern high to light them. In their wet oilskins, their rough, wild outlines looked like divers, or like myths of the deep. They leaped in and seized the oars with one of the wild cries of the sailor who goes to his duty, his dinner, or his death by the rhythm of a song or the thrill of a shout. The dory rose on a tremendous comber, trembled, turned, whirled, and sank from sight. Then came yells, and a crash.

"There!" howled Captain Hap, stamping his foot, "I told ye so!"

"She 's over!"

"She 's busted!"

"She 's smashed to kindlin'-wood!"

"Here they be! Here they come! Haul 'em in!"

The others ran out into the surf, and helped the brave fellows, soaked and discomfited, up the beach. They were badly bruised, and one of them was bleeding.

The pedestrians from the town had now come up, — groups of men, and the few women; and a useless crowd stood staring at the vessel. A big third wave rolled over and smashed the port-light.

"It 's been going on all these ages," thought Bayard, — "the helpless shore against the almighty sea."

"Only two hundred feet away!" he cried. "I *can't* see why *something* can't be done! I say, something *shall!* Where are your ropes? Where are your wits? Where is all your education to this kind of thing? Are you going to let them drown before your eyes?"

"There ain't no need of goin' so far 's that," said the old captain, with the aggravating serenity of his class. "If she holds till it ebbs, they can clomber ashore, every man-jack of 'em. Ragged Rock ain't an island except at flood. It 's a long, p'inted tongue o' rock runnin' along, — so. You don't onderstand it, Parson. Why, they could eenymost *walk* ashore, come mornin', if she holds."

"It 's a good pull from now till sun-up," objected a fisherman. "And it 's the question if she don't break up."

"Anyhow, I 'm going to try," insisted Bayard. A rope ran out through his hands, shot high into the air, fell into the wind, and dropped into the breakers. It had carried about ten feet. For the gale had taken the stout cable between its teeth, and tossed it as a dog does a

skein of silk, played with it, shook it to and fro, and hurled it away. The black lips of the clouds closing over the moon seemed to open and grin as the old captain said, "You ken keep on tryin' long 's you hev the inclination. Mebbe the women-folks will feel better for 't; but you cay—n't do it."

"Can't get a rope to a boat two hundred feet away?" demanded Bayard.

"Not without apparatus, no, sir! Not in a blow like this here." The old seaman raised his voice to a bellow to make himself audible twelve feet away. "Why, it 's reelly quite a breeze o' wind," he said.

"Then what *can* we do?" persisted Bayard, facing the beach in great agitation. "What are we here for, anyhow?"

"We ken watch for 'em to come ashore," replied the captain grimly.

Turning, in a ferment half of anger, half of horror, to the younger men, Bayard saw that some one was trying to start a bonfire. Driftwood had been collected from dry spots in the rocks, — or had a bucket of coal-tar been brought by some thoughtful hand? — and in a little cave at the foot of the cliff, a woman, upon her knees in the shallow snow, was sheltering a tiny blaze within her two hands. It was the girl Lena. She wore a woolen cap, of the fashion called a Tam o' Shanter, and a coarse fur shoulder cape. Her rude face showed suddenly in the flaming light. It was full of anxious kindliness. He heard her say, "It 'll hearten 'em, anyhow. It 'll show 'em they ain't deserted of God and men-folks too."

"Where 's my old lady?" added the girl, looking about. "I want to get her up to this fire. She 's freezing somewheres."

"Look alive, Lena! There she is!" called one of the fishermen. He pointed to the cliff that hung over Ragged Rock. The old woman stood on the summit, and on the edge. How she had climbed there, Heaven knew; no one had seen or aided her. She stood, bent and rigid, with her blanket shawl about her head. Her gray hair blew back from her forehead in two lean locks. Black against the darkness, stone carved out from stone, immovable, dumb, a statue of the storm, she stared out straight before her. She seemed a spirit of the wind and wet, a solemn figurehead, an anathema or a prayer; symbol of a thousand watchers frozen on a thousand shores, — woman as the sea has made her.

The girl had clambered up the cliff like a cat, and could be seen putting her arms around the old woman and pleading with her. She did indeed succeed so far as to persuade her down to the fire, where she chafed the poor old creature's hands, and held to her shrunken lips a bottle of Jamaica ginger that some fisherman's wife had brought. But the old woman refused.

"Keep it for Johnny," she said, "till he gets ashore." It was the only thing she had been heard to say that night.

She pushed the ginger away, and crawled back to her solitary station on the cliff. Some one said, "Let be! Let her be!"

And some one else said, "Whar 's the use?"

At that moment a voice arose: "There 's the cap'n! There 's Joe Salt, cap'n of the Clara Em! He 's acrosst the bowsprit signalin'! He 's tryin' to communicate!"

"We have n't seen another living figure moving across that vessel," said Bayard, whose inexperience was as much perplexed as his humanity was distressed and thwarted by the situation. "I see one man — on the bows — yes. But where are the rest? You don't suppose they 're washed overboard already? Oh, this is horrible!"

He was overwhelmed at the comparative, almost indifferent calmness of his fellow-townsmen.

The light-keeper and the old captain had run out upon the reef. They held both hands to their ears. The shouts from the vessel continued. Every man

held his breath. The whirling blast, like the cone of a mighty phonograph, bore a faint articulation from the wreck.

"Oh!" cried the young minister. "He says they 're all sunk!"

He was shocked to hear a laugh issue from the lips of Captain Hap, and to see, in the light of the fire, something like a smile upon the keeper's face.

"You don't understand, sir," said one of the fishermen respectfully. "He says they 're all" —

"May as well out with it, Bob," said another. "The parson 's got to get his initiation someways. Cap'n Salt says they 're drunk, sir. The crew of the Clara Em is all drunk."

At this moment a terrible shriek rang above the roar of the storm. It came from the old woman on the top of the cliff.

Her eyes had been the first, but they were not the only ones now, to perceive the signs of arousing life upon the wreck.

A second man was seen to climb across the bows, to pause for an instant, and then to plunge. He went out of sight in a moment. The inrolling surf glittered in the blaze of the bonfires like a cataract of flame. The swimmer reappeared, struggled, threw up his arms, and disappeared.

"I have stood this as long as I can," said Bayard in a low, firm voice. "Give me a rope! Tie it around me, some of you, and hold on! I 'm going to try to save that man."

"I 'll go myself," said one of the fishermen slowly.

"Bob," replied the minister, "how many children have you?"

"Eleven, sir."

"Stay where you are, then," said Bayard. "Such things are for lonely men."

"Bring the rope!" he commanded. "Tie it yourselves — you know how — in one of your sailor's-knots; something that will hold. I 'm a good swimmer. I saved a man once on a yachting trip. Quick, there! Faster!"

"There 's another!" yelled the lightkeeper. "There 's a second fellar jumped overboard — swimming for his life! Look, look, look! He 's sunk — no, he ain't, he ain't! He 's bearing down against the rocks — My God! Look at him! look, look, look!"

Busy hands were at the rope about the minister's waist; they worked slowly, from sheer reluctance to do the deed. Bayard stamped the beach with divine impatience. His head whirled with such exaltation that he scarcely knew who touched him; he made out to perceive that Ben Trawl was one of the men who offered to tie the bow-line; he heard the old captain say shortly, "I 'll do it myself!"

He thought he heard little Jane Granite cry out, and that she begged him not to go, "for his people's sake," and that Ben Trawl roughly silenced her. Strangely, the words that he had been reading — what ages since! — in the hall in Angel Alley spun through his mind.

"'Are you dying for him?' she whispered. 'And his wife and child. Hush! Yes.'"

. . . . . .

So! This is the "terrible sea"! This is what drowning means: this mortal chill; this crashing weight upon the lungs, the heart; this fighting for a man's breath; this asphyxia; this battle with wind and water, night and might; this being hurled out into chaos, gaining a foot, and losing three; this sight of something human yonder hurtling towards you on the billow which bears you back from it; this struggling on again, and sweeping back, and battling out!

Blessing on the "gentleman's muscle," trained in college days to do man's work! Thanks to the waters of old Charles River and of merry Newport for their unforgotten lessons! Thank God for that wasted liberal education, — yes, and liberal recreation, — if it teach the arm, and fire the nerve, and educate the soul to save a drunken sailor now!

But save? Can human power save that sodden creature, — only wit enough left in him to keep afloat and drift, dashing inward on the rocks? He swirls like a chip. But his cry is the mortal cry of flesh and blood.

Bayard's strangling lips move: "*Now, Almighty Father, Maker of Heaven and Earth*" —

There were mad shouts upon the beach. A score of iron hands held to the line, and fifty men said to their souls, "That is a hero's deed." Some one flung the rest of the pailful of tar upon the fire, and it blazed up. The swimmer saw the yellow color touch the comber that broke above his head. The rope tightened like the hand of death upon his chest. Caught, perhaps? Ah, there! It has grazed the reef, and the teeth of the rock are gnawing at it; so a mastiff gnaws at the tether of his chained foe, to have the fight out unimpeded.

"If it cuts through I am gone," thought Bayard. "*And Jesus Christ Thy Son, our Lord and Saviour.*"

"Haul in! Haul in, I say! Quick! Haul 'em in for life's sake, boys! She tautens to the weight of two. *The parson 's got him!*"

The old captain jumped up and down on the pebbles like a boy. Wet and glittering, through hands of steel, the line sped in.

"Does she hold? Is she cut? Haul in, haul in, haul in!"

The men broke into one of their sudden, natural choruses, moving rhythmically to the measure of their song: —

> "Pull for the shore, sailor,
> Pull for the shore!"

As he felt his feet touch bottom, Bayard's strength gave way. Men ran out as far as they could stand in the undertow, and seized and held and dragged, some the rescuer, some the rescued; and so they all came dripping up the beach.

The rope dropped upon the pebbles, cut to a single strand.

Bayard was with difficulty persuaded to release his rigid clutch from the shoulder of the fisherman, who fell in a shapeless mass at his preserver's feet. The light of the tar fire flared on the man's bloated face. It was Job Slip.

"Where 's the other?" asked Bayard faintly. "There were two."

He dimly saw, through streams of water, that something else had happened; that men were running over the rocks, and collecting in a cleft, and stooping down to look, and that most of them turned away as soon as they had looked.

The old woman's was the only quiet figure of them all. She had not left her place upon the cliff, but stood bent and stiff, staring straight ahead. He thought he heard a girl's voice say: —

"Hush! Don't talk so loud. She does n't know — it 's Johnny; and he 's been battered to jelly on the rocks."

. . . . . .

"Mr. Bayard, sir," said Job, who had crawled up and got as far as his knees, "I was n't wuth it."

"That 's so," said a candid bystander, with an oath.

"Then *be* worth it!" said Bayard in a loud voice. He seemed to have thrown all that remained to him of soul and body into those four words: as he spoke them, he lifted his dripping arms high above his head, as if he appealed from the drunkard to the sky; then he sank.

The gentlest hands in the crowd caught him, and the kindest hearts on the coast throbbed when the old captain called:

"Boys! Stand back! Stir up the fire! Where 's the dry blankets? There 's plenty to 'tend to Johnny. Dead folks can bury their dead folks. Hurry up them dry clo'es an' that there Jamaiky ginger! This here 's a livin' man. Just a drop, sir — here. I 'll hold ye kinder easy. Can't? *What?* Sho! . . . Boys, the parson 's hurt."

At that moment, a sound, solemn and sinister, reverberated from the tower of the lighthouse. The iron lips of the fog-bell opened and spoke.

IX.

Captain Hap had reached the years when a trip to the Grand Banks is hard work, dory-fishing off the coast a doubtful pleasure, and even yachting in an industrial capacity a burden. He had a quick eye, a kind heart, a soft foot, and the gentle touch strangely enough sometimes to be found in hands that have hauled in the cod-line and the main-sheet for fifty years. In short, Captain Hap made an excellent nurse, and sometimes served his day and generation in that capacity.

Bayard lay on the straw mattress under the photograph of Leonardo's Christ, and thoughtfully watched Captain Hap. It was the first day that conversation had presented itself to the sick man in the light of a privilege; and he worked up to the luxury slowly through intervals of delicious silence.

"Captain Hap, I am quite well now — as you see. I must speak next Sunday."

"Call it Sunday arter," suggested Captain Hap.

"It was only a scratch on the head, was n't it, Cap'n? And this cold. It *is* a bad cold."

"For a cold, yes, sir, — quite a cold. You see, it anchored onto your lungs: there air folks that call such colds inflammation. That there cut on the head was a beautiful cut, sir; it healed as healthy as a collie dog's, or a year-old baby's. We 'll have you round now, sir, before you can say Cap'n Hap!"

"Cap'n Hap?"

"Well, sir?"

"You 've done something for me, — I don't know just what: whether it 's my life that 's saved, or only a big doctor's bill."

"Ask Mrs. Granite, sir, and that there handy girl of hers; we 're all in it. You kept the whole crew on deck for a few days. You was a sick man for a spell."

"Captain, I am a well man now; and there 's one thing I will know. I 've asked you before. I 've asked when I was out of my head, and I 've asked when I was in it, and I 've never got an answer yet. *Now* I 'm going to have it."

"Be you?" said Captain Hap. His small, dark, soft eyes twinkled gently; but they took on lustre of metal across the iris, as if a spark of iron or flint had hit them.

"It is time," replied Bayard, "that I knew all about it."

"Meaning" — began the captain softly.

"Meaning everything," said Bayard impatiently. "The whole story. It 's the best thing for me. I dream about it so."

"Yes, I 've noticed your dreams was bad," replied the nurse soothingly.

"Captain, where 's the Clara Em?"

"To the bottom," responded the fisherman cheerfully.

"And the men? The crew? Her captain? Job Slip? How many were drowned? Out with it, Cap'n! I 'm not very easy to deceive when I 'm in my senses. You may as well tell me everything."

"Mebbe I mought," observed the captain. "Sometimes it 's the best way. There was n't but one of 'em drowned, sir, — more 's the pity."

Bayard uttered an exclamation of shocked rebuke and indignation; but the old captain sat rocking to and fro in Mrs. Granite's best wooden rocking-chair, with the placid expression of those who rest from their labors, and are not afraid that their works should follow them.

"Fellars that 'll take a new fisherman — a regular dandy like that — and smash her onto Ragged Rock, bein' in the condition those fellars were, ain't *worth* savin'!" said the seaman severely. "Your treasurer here, J. B. S. Bond, he says last time he come to see you, says he, 'The whole of 'em warn't *worth* our minister!'"

"I must speak to Mr. Bond about that," said the young man, with a cler-

ical ring in his voice. "It was n't a proper thing for him to say. Who was drowned, Captain Hap?"

"Only Johnny," replied the captain indifferently. "He was born drunk, Johnny was; his father was so before him, and three uncles. He ain't any great loss."

"Did you see Johnny's mother, Captain, — on the cliff, there, — that night?"

"I did n't take notice of her particular," replied Captain Hap comfortably. "I see several women round. There 's usually a good many on the rocks, such times."

"Well, you 've got me," said Bayard, with a smiling sigh. "I 'm a little too weak to play the parson on you yet, you Christian heathen, you stony-hearted minister of mercy!"

"Sho!" said the captain. "'T ain't fair to call names. I can't hit back, on a sick man."

"Very well," said Bayard, sinking back on his thin, small pillows. "Just go ahead and tell me the whole business, then. Where is Job Slip?"

"Off haddockin'."

"Sober?"

"So far. He 's come over here half a dozen times, but the doctor would n't let him up to see you. His wife come, too. That woman, she 'd kiss the popples[1] underneath your rubber-boots."

"Where 's Johnny's mother?"

"They took her to the Widders' Home yesterday. Some of 'em screeches all the way over. Folks say she never said nothing."

"What became of all those men, — the crew and captain?"

"Why, they waited till ebb, just as I told you. Then they come ashore, the whole twelve on 'em. The crew they come first, and Cap'n Salt — that 's Joe Salt — he follered after. There was some folks waited round to see 'em off; but it come up dreadful thick, spite of the breeze, — so thick it had stems to it. You could n't see the vessel, not a line of her, and 't was kinder cold and disagree'ble. So most the folks went home. But they got ashore, every man-jack of 'em alive."

"Thank God!" breathed the sick man.

"Well," said the captain, "that 's a matter of opinion. You 've talked enough, sir!"

"Just one more, Cap'n Hap! Just this! This I 've *got* to know. What was it — exactly — that those men did? How did they come to be in such a plight? How in the world — that beautiful new boat — and an intelligent officer at the helm, Captain — how on earth did it come about?"

"The Clara Em was sot to sail," replied Captain Hap calmly. "That 's about all. Her owners they were sot, and her cap'n he was sot. It was the sotness done it. They 'd make the market first, you see, if they got the start, — and it 's a job gettin' your crew aboard, you know. Anything to get your crew. Drunk or sober, that is n't the point. Drunker they be, the easier to ship 'em. *See? Get your crew.* Get 'em anyhow! They was all full, every mother's son of 'em. Cap'n Joe, he was the only sober soul aboard, and that 's the truth, and he knew it when he set sail. Yes — oh yes. The storm was comin'. He knew it was breezin' up. Oh yes, of course. So he got some sober men off the wharves to help him at the sheets, and he put up every stitch. Yes, sir! every stitch he had! And out he sails, with thirteen drunken men aboard, — him at the wheel, and not a hand to help him. That 's the English on 't. The boat was d—— drunk, beg your pardon, Parson! He driv right out the harbor, and it was a sou'easter, and blew quite a breeze o' wind, and you see he tacked, and set in, and he was tackin' out, and it had breezed up consider'ble more 'n he expected. So he drove right on the reef. That 's about it."

"But why did n't he take in sail?"

"How was he goin' to do it with that crew? Why, he could n't leave the wheel to tie a reef-point."

[1] Windover for pebbles.

"But there was his anchor."

"Did you ever try to heave one of them big anchors? It takes four men."

"What a situation! Horrible!"

"Wall, yes, it was inconvenient, — him at the wheel, and a dead-drunk crew, thirteen of 'em, below. Why, they was too drunk to know whether they drowned or not."

"Can the boat be raised? Will she ever be good for anything?"

"Kindlin' wood," remarked the captain dryly.

"Captain Hap," asked Bayard feebly, "do things like this often happen?"

"Sometimes."

"Is n't this an extreme case?"

"Wall, it don't happen every day."

"But things of this kind, — do they occur often? Do you know of other cases?"

"Windover don't have the monopoly of 'em, by no means," mused Captain Hap. "There was the Daredevil over on South Shore. She was launched about a year ago. She went on a trial spin one day, and everybody aboard was pretty jolly. They put all their canvas up to show her off. It was a nor'wester that day, and they driv her right before the wind. She jest plunged bows down, and driv straight to the bottom, the Daredevil did. Some said it was her name. But, Lord! rum done it."

"What do people say, how do they take it here in Windover, this case of the Clara Em? Were n't they indignant?"

"Wall, the insurance folks was mad."

"No, but the people, the citizens, the Christian people, — how do they feel about it?"

"Oh, they 're used to it."

Bayard turned wearily on his hard bed. He did not answer. He looked out and towards the sea. The engraved Guido over the study-table between the little windows regarded him. St. Michael was fighting with his dragon still.

"*He* never got wounded," thought the sick man.

"Captain," he said presently, "these rooms seem to be full of — pleasant things. Who sent them all?"

"Them geraniums and other greens? Oh, the ladies of the mission, every mother's daughter of 'em, married and single, young an' old. Jellies? Lord! yes. Jellies enough to stock a branch grocery. What there *is* in the female mind, come to sickness, that takes it out in jellies" — mused the captain.

"I 've taken solid comfort out of this screen," said Bayard gratefully. "I did suffer with the light before. Who sent that?"

"That 's Jane Granite's idee," replied the captain. "She seems to be a clever girl. Took an old clo'es-horse and some rolls of wall-paper they had in the house. They give fifteen cents a roll for that paper. It 's kinder tasty, don't you think? 'Specially that cherubim with blue wings settin' on a basket of grapes."

"That reminds me. I see — some Hamburg grapes," said Bayard, with the indifferent air of a man who purposely puts his vital question last. He pointed to a heaping dish of hothouse fruit and other delicacies never grown in Windover.

The captain replied that those come from the Boston gentleman; they 'd kept coming all along. He thought she said there was a card to 'em by the name of —

"Worcester?" asked the sick man quickly.

That was it, — Worcester.

"He has n't been here, has he? The gentleman has n't called to see me?"

The nurse shook his head, and Bayard turned his own away. He would not have believed that his heart would have leaped like that at such a little thing. He felt like a sick boy, sore and homesick with the infinite longing for the love of kin. It was something to know that he was not utterly forgotten. He asked for one of the Boston pears, and ate it with pathetic eagerness.

"There 's been letters," said the cap-

tain; "but the doctor's orders are ag'in' your seeing 'em this week. There 's quite a pile. You see, its bein' in the papers let folks know."

"In the papers! *What* in the papers?"

"What do you s'pose?" asked the captain proudly. "A fellar don't swim out in the undertow off Ragged Rock to save a d—— fool of a drunken fisherman every day."

"I 'll be split and salted," added the fisherman-nurse, "if we did n't have to have a watchman here three nights when you was worst, to keep the reporters off ye! Thirteen Windover fellars volunteered for the job, and they would n't none of 'em take a cent for it. They said they 'd set up forty nights for you."

"For *me*?" whispered the sick man. His eyes filled for the first time since the Clara Em went ashore on Ragged Rock. Something new and valuable seemed to have entered life as suddenly as the comfort of kin and the support of friends, and that bright, inspiriting atmosphere, which one calls the world, had gone from him. He had not expected that precious thing, — the love of those for whom we sacrifice ourselves. He felt the first thrill of it with gratitude touching to think of, in so young and lovable a man, with life and all its brilliant and beautiful possibilities before him.

. . . . . .

It was an April night, and sea and sky were soft in Windover.

A stranger stood in Angel Alley, hesitating at a door which bore above its open welcome these seven words: —

"The Church of the Love of Christ."

"What goes on here?" the gentleman asked of a bystander.

"Better things than ever went on here before," was the reply. "They 've got a *man* up there. He ain't no dummy in a minister's choker."

The stranger put another question.

"Well," came the cordial answer, "he has several names in Angel Alley: fisherman's friend is one of the most pop'lar. Some calls him the gospel cap'n. There 's those that prefers jest to say, the new minister. There 's one name he *don't* go by very often, and that 's the Reverend Bayard."

"He has no right to the title," murmured the stranger.

"What 's that?" interposed the other quickly.

The stranger made no reply.

"Some call him the Christ's Rest man," proceeded the bystander affably.

"That is a singular — ah — remarkable cognomen. How comes that?"

"Why, you see, the old name for this place was Seraph's Rest: it was the wust hell in Angel Alley — see? — before he took it up an' sot to prayin' in it. So folks got it kinder mixed with the Love of Christ up on that sign there. Some calls the place Christlove, for short. I heerd an I-talian call him the Christman t'other day."

The stranger took off his hat by instinct, it seemed, unconsciously; glanced at the inscription above the door, and passed thoughtfully up the steep, bare stairs into the hall or room of worship.

The service was already in progress, for the hour was late, and the gentleman observed with an air of surprise that the place was filled. He looked about for a comfortable seat, but was forced to content himself with standing-room in the extreme rear of the hall. Crowds overflowed the wooden settees, brimmed into the aisles, and were packed, in serried rows as tight as codfish in a box, against the wall. The simile of the cod was forced upon his mind in more senses than one. A strong whiff of salt fish assailed him on every side. This was varied by reminiscences of glue factories, taking unmistakable form. An expression of disgust crossed the stranger's face; it quickly changed into that abstraction which indicates the presence of moral emotion too great for attention to trifles.

The usual New England religious audience was not to be seen in the Church of the Love of Christ in Angel Alley. The unusual, plainly, was. The wealth and what the Windover Topsail called the society of Windover were sparsely represented on those hard settees. The clean, sober faces of respectable families were out in good force; these bore the earnest, half-perplexed, wholly pathetic expression of uninfluential citizens who find themselves suddenly important to and responsible for an unpopular movement; a class of people who do not get into fiction or history, and who deserve a quality of respect and sympathy which they do not receive; the kind of person who sets us to wondering what was the personal view of the situation dully revolving in the minds of Peter and the sons of Zebedee when they put their nets to dry upon the shores of Galilee, and tramped up and down Palestine at the call of a stronger and diviner mind, wondering what it meant and how it would all end.

These good people, not quite certain whether their own reputations were injured or bettered by the fact, sat side by side with men and women who are not known to the pews of churches. The homeless were there, and the hopeless, the sinning, the miserable, the disgraced, the neglected, the "rats" of the wharves and the outcasts of the dens.

The stranger stood packed in, elbow to elbow, between an Italian who served the country of his adoption upon the town waterworks, and a dark-browed Portuguese sailor. American fishermen, washed and shaven, in their Sunday clothes, filled the rear seats. Against the wall, lines of rude, red faces crowded like cattle at a spring: men of the sea and the coast, men without homes or characters; that uninteresting and dangerous class which we dismiss in two idle words as the "floating population." Some of these men were sober; some were not; others were hovering midway between the two conditions: all were orderly, and a few were listening with evidences of emotion to the hymn, in which by far the greater portion of the audience joined. A girl wearing a Tam o' Shanter and a black fur cape, and singing in a fine, untrained contralto, held her hymn-book over the settee to the Italian.

"Come, Tony! Pass it along!" she whispered. "I can get on without it. Make 'em pile in and sing along the wall there!"

With rude and swelling cadence the fishermen sang: —

"I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord."

Their voices and their hearts rose high on one of those plaintive popular melodies of which music need never be ashamed.

"I need Thee, oh! I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour" . . .

The stranger, who had the appearance of a religious man, joined in the chorus heartily; he shared the book which the girl had given to the Italian, who came in a bar too late, and closed the stanza on a shrill solo, —

"I co—home to Thee."

This little incident excited a trifling smile; but it faded immediately, for the preacher had arisen. His appearance was greeted with a respect which surprised the stranger. The audience at once became grave even to reverence; the Italian cuffed a drunken Portuguese who was under the impression that responses to the service were expected of him; the girl in the Tam o' Shanter shook a woman who giggled beside her. A fisherman whispered loudly, "Shut up there! The parson ain't quite tough yet. Keep it quiet for him! Shut up there, along the wall!"

There is nothing like a brave deed to command the respect of seafaring men. Emanuel Bayard, when he plunged into the undertow after Job Slip's drunken,

drowning body, swam straight into the heart of Windover. A rough heart that is, but a warm one, none warmer on the freezing coast, and sea-going Windover had turned the sunny side of its nature, and taken the minister in. The standards by which ignorant men judge the superior classes — their superb indifference to any scale of values but their own — should deserve more study than they receive.

It had never occurred to Bayard, who was only beginning to learn to understand the nature of his material, that he had become in three weeks the hero of the wharves and the docks, the romance of Angel Alley, the admiring gossip of the Banks and Georges', the pride and wonder of the Windover fishermen. Quite unconscious of this "sea change," wrought by one simple, manly act upon his popularity, he rose to address the people. His heart was full of what he was going to say. He gave one glance the length of the hall. He saw the crowds packed by the door. He saw the swaying nets, ornamented with globes and shells and starfish, after the fashion of the fishing-town; these decorations softened the bare walls of the audience-room. He saw the faces of the fishermen lifting themselves to him and blurring together in a gentle glow. They seemed to him, as a great preacher once said of his audience, like the face "of one impressive, pleading man," whose life hung upon his words. He felt as if he must weigh them in some divine scales into which no dust or chaff of weakness or care for self could fall.

Something of this high consciousness crept into his face. He stood for a moment silent; his beautiful countenance, thin from recent suffering, took on the look by which a man represses noble tears.

Suddenly, before he had spoken a word, a storm of applause burst out, shook the room from wall to wall, and roared like breakers under his astonished feet. He turned pale with emotion, but the fishermen thundered on. He was still so weak that this reception almost overcame him, and involuntarily he stretched out both his hands. At the gesture the noise sank instantly; and silence, in which the sigh of the saddest soul in the room might have been heard, received the preacher.

His sensitive face, melted and quivering, shone down upon them tenderly. Men in drunken brawls, and men in drowning seas, and women in terrible temptation, remembered how he looked that night, when the safe and the virtuous and the comfortable had forgotten.

The stranger back by the door put his hat before his face.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

AT THE GRANITE GATE.

THERE paused to shut the door
A fellow called the Wind. . . .
With mystery before,
And reticence behind,

A portal waits me too
In the glad house of Spring;
One day I shall pass through,
And leave you wondering.

It lies beyond the marge
Of evening or of prime,
Silent and dim and large,
The gateway of all time.

There troop by night and day
My brothers of the field;
And I shall know the way
Their wood-songs have revealed.

The dusk will hold some trace
Of all my radiant crew
Who vanished to that place,
Ephemeral as dew.

Into the twilight dun,
Blue moth and dragonfly,
Adventuring alone,
Shall be more brave than I?

There innocents shall bloom,
And the white cherry-tree,
With birch and willow plume
To strew the road for me.

The wilding orioles then
Shall make the golden air
Heavy with joy again,
And the dark heart shall dare

Resume the old desire,
The exigence of spring,
To be the orange fire
That tips the world's gray wing.

And the lone wood-bird (Hark,
The whippoorwill night long
Threshing the summer dark
With his gold flail of song!)

Shall be the lyric lift
When all my senses creep,
To bear me through the rift
In the blue range of sleep.

And so I pass beyond
The solace of your hand;
But ah, so brave and fond!
Within that morrow land,

Where deed and daring fail,
But joy for evermore
Shall tremble and prevail
Against the narrow door,

Where sorrow knocks too late,
And grief is over-due,
Beyond the granite gate
There will be thoughts of you.

Bliss Carman.

A PUPIL OF HYPATIA.

Toward the middle of the last decade of the eventful fourth century A. D., when the great Theodosius, who had lately closed the pagan temples, was near his death at Milan, and the kingdom of this world was falling helplessly into its two halves of Eastern and Western empire, a distinguished young Greek from Cyrene, in North Africa, left his home to study philosophy in the still famous pagan school of Alexandria. His name was Synesius, and he had a pedigree beside which the best authenticated descent from the most grasping of mediæval barons appears insignificant. "If I have no other merit," he exclaimed long afterward, in the midst of a powerful appeal to his fellow-citizens against the rapacity of a base-born prefect, "I am at least sprung from ancestors whose succession stands inscribed in your public records, from Eurystheus (the Heraclid), who led the Dorians into Sparta, down to my own father."

But the future in store for him was well hidden from the mind of the young pilgrim of learning at the time when, after sailing eastward for four days along the African coast, he wrote gayly back from the mouth of the Alexandrian harbor to his brother left behind in Cyrene: "The wind, though very light, has been always in our favor, so that, while our daily run seemed small, we insensibly made good progress, until, on the fifth evening, we descried the beacon-light which they kindle upon a lofty tower for the guidance of passing mariners. In less time than it takes to tell it, we had disembarked on the island of Pharos; and a barren spot it is, with no trees or growing crops, but only a few salt grasses." They had, in fact, landed at the base of the father of all lighthouses.

The venerable city which Synesius had quitted was one of five whence the great promontory which embraced them all derived its name of the Libyan Pentapolis. The adjoining country was both beautiful in its natural features and rich with the culture of a thousand years; but Cyrene itself was no longer its capital, and is described by Ammianus Marcellinus at about this time as "*deserta*," — shrunk in population and falling into decay. The imposing aspect of the great metropolis to which the student went — or something very like grandeur — has been made familiar to the imagination of us all through historical romance and scenic representation. But let us try, as far as possible, to dismiss from our minds the idealized portraits of Hypatia and her contemporaries, and consider the sufficiently remarkable facts concerning the head of the Alexandrian school of that day as we find them dryly

recorded by a contemporary, the ecclesiastical historian Socrates: —

"There was a woman in Alexandria named Hypatia, a daughter of Theon the philosopher, — so learned that she surpassed all the savants of that time. She therefore succeeded to the chair of philosophy in that branch of the Platonic school which follows Plotinus, and gave public lectures on all the doctrines of the same. Wherefore students resorted to her from all parts; for her deep learning made her both serious and fearless in speech, while she bore herself composedly even before the magistrates, and mixed among men, in public, without misgiving. Her exceeding modesty was extolled and revered by all. So then wrath and envy were kindled against this woman." Socrates proceeds to record, in the same dispassionate strain, the unspeakable tragedy of Hypatia's murder by a Christian mob, twenty years later than the time of which we now speak, adding that the inconsistency of the crime with Christian professions created great indignation against Cyril and the whole Church of Alexandria; and he concludes with the simple but significant remark, "The thing was done during Lent."

Not a written word of Hypatia's own remains, nor the semblance of a formal report of any of her lectures. But we know, in a general way, what she taught, though we can only guess at the extent to which her lessons were enforced by the charm of her personality and the evident fervor of her convictions. She expounded that mystic Neo-Platonism, the last result of centuries of Greek speculation, embracing the remains of many philosophic systems, which had become the religion of nearly all those more elevated heathen minds which could no longer pretend, even to themselves, that they believed in the gods of Olympus. She taught the ultimate unity of one supreme God, remote, unsearchable, unapproachable even, in any direct fashion, by finite beings; incapable also, as it would seem, of acting upon these except through intermediary agencies. From this transcendent One there issued, however, as inevitably as light from the sun, that universal Mind, whose innate ideas are the first patterns or prototypes of the things of sense. From the universal Mind there was thought to proceed a third and lesser deity, the world-soul, which pervades all the material universe, and of which the universe itself and the sentient beings whereby it is peopled are a direct emanation. Matter is evil; soul is pure. Man, a mixture of the material and spiritual, has the power, by unflinching self-discipline and subjugation of the senses, to lift himself to a level whence he may receive from the universal Mind a direct revelation of divine truth. This glorious vision once attained, he can and will have no further desire, save to free himself entirely from the trammels of "those things of time and sense which perish with the using," and dare that plunge into the fathomless depths of the divine, described in the mystic phrase of Plotinus as "the flight of the one to the One."

A certain correspondence, on its metaphysical side, of this system with the new faith which had just become the state religion of the Roman Empire is at once apparent. On the practical side, if the new Academy did not proclaim, it certainly did not preclude, the love of one's neighbor. At the same time, it was no religion for the multitude. It could not provide the "joy of the spirit," that ineffable boon of restored simplicity, of perfect relaxation, recuperation, reconciliation, for the strained and weary soul which was the crowning gift of the gospel of glad tidings to men of good will. But it could and did suffice, as the histories of Hypatia and Synesius and many others prove, for the formation of character.

To the public exposition of this abstract and austere creed Hypatia added

instruction in rhetoric, in mathematics, in physics, as then understood; assuming, after a fashion, like every public teacher of that time, to cover the whole field of human knowledge. Synesius, who had no doubt been born and bred a Neo-Platonist, seems to have attended with special assiduity her lectures on mathematics and the art of oratory. Teacher and pupil were not far from the same age,[1] though Hypatia was presumably the elder. Synesius remained her pupil for more than a year, and it is plain that he soon became a favored, and in some sort an intimate one. They must already have been upon the easiest of terms when he could send her a friend (possibly his uncle Alexander, a philosopher of some renown) with such a word of introduction as follows: —

"To the Lady Philosopher:

"I seem to be playing the part of Echo, for I do but repeat the testimony of others in earnestly recommending to you the signal merits of Alexander."

It was perhaps the death of his father which called the student rather abruptly back to Cyrene before the close of the year 395. At all events, there seems to have ensued, not long after, a division of the paternal estates, by which Synesius received the country house and farm, situated in an exceedingly fertile region near the borders of the Libyan Desert, about thirty miles south of Cyrene. He also came into possession of the family books — his father having been a man of letters as well as of leisure — and of the rustic slaves, whom he claims to have regarded as his personal friends, and whom he treated most humanely. The elder brother, Euoptius, fixed his residence at Phycus, the port of Cyrene, though he also spent much time at Alexandria. There was a sister, too, Stratonice, a woman so beautiful that Synesius himself says of her portrait-statue that one doubted whether it were hers or that of the golden Venus; she married an officer of Arcadius's guard, and lived in state at Constantinople. But before settling down to the country life which he so singularly loved, proposing to divide his time, as he himself tells us in his curious treatise on Dreams, "between books and the chase," the young philosopher felt bound to visit Athens.[2]

The "sacred" city, long fallen from her old glories, both of action and of art, had become a species of university town, venerable indeed and beautiful in its way, but to Synesius, after Alexandria, both dull and disappointing. To his brother, always his most frequent correspondent, he had written, just before setting out for Greece, in the lively vein that was natural to him: —

"My journey to Athens will have two advantages: I shall get clear of my present worries, and I shall no longer be abashed by the erudition of those who have been there. Not that they seem to know much more about Plato and Aristotle than the rest of us mortals; but because they have seen the Academy and the Lyceum, and the painted portico where Zeno used to lecture (painted no more, however, since some proconsul or other has carried off the pictures), they behave themselves among us like demigods among donkeys."

From one of the stations of his return voyage he writes again, lamenting that there is nothing imposing about Athens now save the names of her famous localities. "It is Egypt, in our day, which cultivates the seeds of wisdom gathered by Hypatia. Athens was once the very hearth and home of learning. Now it is the emporium of the honey trade!"

The difficulties mentioned in the first of these notes can hardly have been pri-

[1] The date of Synesius's birth is variously conjectured, but it must lie between the years 370 and 375. He was probably about twenty at the time of his first visit to Alexandria.

[2] Some of the authorities think that Synesius stopped at Athens on his way home from Alexandria.

vate embarrassments, since the fortunes of Synesius were very flourishing at that time. His reference is doubtless to the distracted condition of his native province, which had been visited, during the century then closing, with most of the traditional plagues of Egypt, beside being rent by earthquakes, desolated by the incursions of barbarous tribes, and plundered by the soulless and shameless rapacity of Roman governors. Now Cyrene had become a portion of the Eastern Empire, and the local senate resolved to exercise its privilege of sending a special ambassador to Constantinople, who should present the young Emperor Arcadius with a golden crown and a congratulatory address, represent the distress of the Pentapolis, and sue for imperial relief, both by the lightening of taxes and by the reinforcement of garrisons. Somewhat unwillingly, — for, as we have said, the life of his remote estate was exactly suited to his rural and scholarly tastes, — Synesius consented to undertake this mission, and in the already sumptuous capital of Constantine he passed the three years from 397 to 400. It was a period upon which he looked back with a sort of impatient regret, from amid the grave and pressing preoccupations of his later life. "Oh, if I had not wasted those years!" he says in one place; yet he tells us again that his mission was measurably successful, and they were years of no small moment in the world's history, — great actors thronging the stage at Constantinople, and great events following one another with dramatic rapidity. Synesius was destined to see, during his sojourn in the Eastern capital, both its occupation and partial plunder by the Gothic soldiery of Gainas, and a great slaughter and subsequent expulsion of the barbarians, through an outburst of rare energy on the part of the citizens.

Rufinus, the infamous first minister of Arcadius, had speedily fallen, only to be succeeded by a worse miscreant than himself, in the contemptible person of the eunuch Eutropius. Through the machinations of the latter, the weakling Emperor had been married to the beautiful *parvenue* Eudoxia, whose insensate pride and extravagance John Chrysostom, the saint of the golden tongue, lately come from Antioch, and just now at the summit of his power in the metropolitan church, deplored and rebuked in vain. Synesius must have heard Chrysostom preach, probably many times, for we know from himself that he went often to the Christian churches, and found their services curiously attractive.

A majority of the imperial officers, though by no means all, were now nominal Christians; and Synesius had come furnished with excellent introductions, while his genial and versatile spirit enabled him to make friends rapidly among clever men of all shades of speculative opinion. The highest in rank of these friends, as well as the most distinguished character among them, Aurelian, who was three times prætorian prefect, and consul in the year of Synesius's return to Africa, is supposed to have embraced Christianity at about this time.

None of Synesius's private letters from Constantinople have been preserved. If he wrote any, — and we can hardly fancy that so full and facile a correspondent failed to do so, — they seem never to have reached their destination. But there is an interesting note to Aurelian, written apparently not long after his return to Africa, to thank the consul for some signal service, which may be inserted here as indicating the love and reverence which he came to entertain for the man:

"If states have souls, as indeed they have, — tutelary genii, divine guardians, — you must have won the grateful remembrance of all such, for benefits conferred while you held high office. Never doubt that these beings will at all times stand your friends and advocates; beseeching the universal God to reward you, as you deserve, for having copied

his dealings with men as closely as may be. For the power to do good is all men have in common with God; and imitation is identification, and unites the follower to him whom he follows."

This is the letter of a Platonist, certainly, but one who is no bigot, and who seems inclined, at least in his own fancy, to associate the watch and ward of dæmons and genii with the intercession of Christian saints.

It was not until 399, after he had been nearly two years in Constantinople, that, through Aurelian's intercession, Synesius obtained personal access to the Emperor, and permission to deliver his long-prepared address. That address, retouched a little, no doubt, but substantially the same as it was spoken, has come down to us in the form of an essay on monarchical government, De Regno. It is very fine and outspoken in tone; beginning with a picture of the ideal monarch, who thinks largely and lives simply, seeking always the best men for his officers, disdaining vain ostentation, cultivating the personal attachment of his subjects, ever striving to lighten their burdens and to constitute himself their earthly providence. Proceeding from theory to practical application and appeal, the orator uses wonderfully little of servile circumlocution, but dwells upon the widespread misery and manifold perils of the time; praying the young sovereign to come promptly to the aid, not of his own obscure province alone, but of all his people, if haply the sublime vision of Plato may at last be realized, and Arcadius himself embody, in his auspicious reign, the grand ideal of the philosopher-king.

The mournful vanity, as we know it now, of this Utopian dream invests the closing paragraphs of the De Regno with a pathos which they were probably far from breathing when uttered in the imperial presence; for the general tone of the address is, after all, most sanguine. The only other piece of literary work which Synesius is known to have attempted in Constantinople was the first part of a sort of allegorical romance, entitled Ægyptius, or The Egyptian; a story "with a purpose," designed to illustrate the providence of God in delivering the city from the Goths, through the instrumentality of Aurelian, who figured in the tale as Osiris.

It was the severe earthquake of the year 400, of which Chrysostom speaks as having sent the people in throngs to the churches, which finally caused Synesius to leave rather hastily for his African home. "The sea seemed to me safer than the land," he observes dryly. But he wrote back, at the first opportunity, to apologize for his unceremonious departure, and also to beg, with characteristic good nature, that a certain superb Egyptian rug, on which he had been used to recline in the palace porticos while waiting to be received by the Emperor, might be given to the notary Asturius, who had always greatly admired it.

The homeward voyage was not altogether propitious, if, as appears to us most probable, it was then that he suffered the harmless shipwreck of which he has left us so amusing an account. He seems to have gone first to Alexandria, and thence to have embarked for Cyrene upon a coasting-vessel, which, after grounding twice, was driven helplessly out to sea, and finally had to discharge its passengers at the tiny port of Azarium. The letter sent back from this hamlet to Euoptius, then in Alexandria, is very graphic, and describes with much humor the apathy of the captain, who was so loaded with debt that he appeared, on the whole, to prefer foundering to meeting his creditors at Cyrene; the fanaticism of the Jew pilot, who flatly refused to work at all on a Friday night because it was the preparation for the Sabbath, and who plainly thought it would be a good deed to drown as many Gentiles as possible; the excitement of

the women on board. Unhappily, this delightful letter is unreasonably long, as the writer himself acknowledges. On his arrival in his native city, he found a state of things calculated to subdue his exuberant spirits. The barbarians were again harrying the land, and the government officials, as usual, were offering no effective resistance. Synesius must have seen Hypatia, too, during that flying visit to Alexandria, and what seems his first letter after his arrival at Cyrene is addressed to her, and shows how little their honorable friendship had suffered during his three years' absence in the East.

"To the Lady Philosopher," he begins, as usual, and then comes a verse from Homer: "'*Though all things be forgotten in the home of the dead, yet even there, methinks, I shall remember my dear*' Hypatia. But I am hemmed in by the troubles of my country, and much distressed on her behalf. Not a day passes that I fail to see men slain like cattle in some violent fray. The very air I breathe is foul with death; my own turn is like to come next. For how can hope live under these most sorrowful skies, dark with the shadowing wings of birds of prey? Yet here I am bound to remain so long as the present state of things continues. How else, indeed, being, as I am, a Libyan, brought up here, and with the tombs of no inglorious ancestors ever before my eyes? You, I think, are the only being who could wean me from my country; and not even you, so long as I am needed here."

This, one would think, must have been in answer to an entreaty from Hypatia that he would forsake a scene so unfavorable to philosophic repose and reflection as the Cyrene of that period. It was a mania of the day, by which Christians and pagans were alike possessed, to find a peculiar merit in this kind of retreat from action and relinquishment of responsibility. But Synesius had Spartan blood in his veins, and his eminently manly and healthy instincts taught him a more excellent way. Presently we find him flinging off his momentary depression, organizing a stout resistance to the invaders, drilling recruits, and importing arms and other munitions of war. To his weaker brother, shivering with ague and apprehension at Phycus, he sends a stirring, not to say stinging appeal: —

"Are we to stand tamely by, and see these wretches prepared to perish rather than surrender their ill-gotten booty to its rightful owners, and shall we care only to protect our miserable persons? Shall we not rather brave all hazards for the homes, the shrines, the laws, endeared by such venerable associations? We are no men if we hesitate. Myself, such as I am, I propose to have at the barbarians. I want to test in person the quality of their courage who presume to insult Roman citizens. Even a sick camel, as the proverb says, can carry the load of many asses, and I have observed that in affairs of this kind the men who are most anxious about their own lives usually die, while those who take no thought for themselves survive: I prefer to be one of the latter. I will fight though I perish, but I believe I shall survive. I am, at all events, a Lacedæmonian, and I remember the message of the ephors to Leonidas: 'Let them (the soldiers) go prepared to resist to the death, and they will not die.'"

By and by the tyranny of the moment passed over; this particular outbreak of the empire's incurable disease was subdued, and the savages retired for the nonce into their desert. Synesius could then go down with a clear conscience to his beloved country home, which had not yet been molested, and where, beside hunting regularly and with enthusiasm, and looking carefully after the culture of his fields and the welfare of his people, he applied himself once more to literary work. He completed the allegorical romance begun in Constantinople; and it

may have been at this time, also, that he wrote his *jeu d'esprit* on the advantages of baldness, as well as a poem on the pleasures of the chase, the Cynegetica, which has not come down to us.

The letters of this period[1] are again quite gay. There is one to his brother, describing the lamentable marriage which one of their kindred was about to make, and the flagrant levity and absurdity of the underbred bride; the whole arrangement, plainly, being most distasteful to the descendant of Eurystheus. Then there is an interesting note to his lifelong friend Herculianus, who had been a fellow-pupil of his in Hypatia's school, concerning the recapture of a fugitive slave: "Not one of those whom I inherited, pray understand, or who have been brought up with me. These are all well educated, and have been treated so entirely as my equals that they love me as the master of their choice rather than dread in me a ruler appointed by law. This Philoromus belonged to my first cousin, the daughter of Amelius, and she made him over to me. But having been carelessly brought up, and never properly controlled, he could not endure the Spartan regimen of this philosophic house."

Elsewhere, in reply to a letter in which Euoptius had bemoaned his own bad health, Synesius writes: —

"What can you expect but chills and blood-poisoning, if you will stay on in that hot, unwholesome Phycus? It would be a miracle if your health were not undermined. . . . But if you will only come to me, you may, please God, get quite well again. I never could understand the pleasure of stretching one's self out upon a sandy beach, your only resource there. . . . But here you may sit under shady leafage, and when you are tired move on from tree to tree, or even from one grove to another, if you do not mind crossing a little brook. How softly the leaves rustle in the breeze! What an endless variety of bird-notes! Also of flowers and shrubs, some native and some cultivated! The air is sweet, the earth lavishly generous. I'll not praise my grotto of the nymphs, — it would need Theocritus to do that; but I have not begun to tell you all."

Here, too, not far from this time, Synesius must have written the first four of the ten so-called Hymns which bear his name. They are all in one or other of the short metres which were considered especially appropriate, in the fourth century, to this kind of composition; but the early hymns of Synesius are purely Platonic rhapsodies, often strongly tinged with pantheism, always employing the phraseology of the school whose tenets he professed. Only when, in his attempt to express the Trinity of Plotinus, he uses terms like these, "For where the depth of the Father is, there too, great offspring of his heart, is the glorious Son, who hath made the world in wisdom, and there shines the reconciling light of the Holy Spirit," we must needs think that we see traces of that superficial, and, so to speak, sentimental attraction toward Christianity which he certainly experienced at Constantinople.

In the year 403, being then about thirty, Synesius went again to Alexandria for a visit of some length, and appears almost immediately to have fallen under the strenuous influence of Theophilus, the worldly, ambitious, and intriguing bishop of the metropolitan see. There is no need here to attempt an analysis of that complex and rather repulsive character. Theophilus will be remembered for his violent destruction, ten years or so before this time, of the crowning glory of Alexandrian architecture, — the assemblage of temples and porticos called the Serapeum, — which one of the great travelers of the period pronounced the only group of buildings in the world fit to be named beside the

[1] Presumably, but one has to judge by internal evidence, for the epistles of Synesius are undated; only one of them all, I believe, even naming the consul of the year.

Capitol of golden Rome. He will be remembered well by all who are familiar with the most exquisite piece of religious biography ever written, Cardinal Newman's life of St. John Chrysostom, as the grim foe of that radiant spirit, the man who virtually procured the final banishment into the winter Caucasus, and so the death from exposure, of the angelic orator. He will be remembered by a few as having trained to succeed himself in his sacred office his nephew Cyril, in the first years of whose episcopate Hypatia met her doom. But Theophilus was a man of considerable culture, and it would seem as if there must have been a nobler and more sympathetic side to his nature than these acts reveal, or Synesius could hardly have esteemed him as his later letters prove that he did. On the other hand, Synesius was obviously rather careless in his generosity, and easily credulous of good in other men.

Theophilus was already bishop at the time of Synesius's first visit to the Egyptian capital, nine years before; indeed, the Serapeum must have been destroyed before the Cyrenean ever saw the place. As one among the crowd of pagan undergraduates, he was very unlikely to have attracted the notice of the astute prelate, but now the case was altered. Not only had the still youthful Synesius been ambassador to the Eastern court, and come back with a certain reputation both as a statesman and as a scholar, but he had become a landed proprietor and a local magnate. His soul might be no better worth saving than when he was obscure, but he was now a very desirable acquisition to any party.

It is plain, at all events, from Synesius's own expressions that it was Theophilus who "arranged," as the phrase is, a marriage for him with a Christian maiden, besides performing with his own august hands the ceremony which united them. It is a slender little ghost, this of Synesius's Christian bride, flitting swiftly and shyly across the dismal historic page, never so much as called by name. We know, from allusions both in letters and in the later Hymns, that her husband loved her tenderly, and that he defended her position, when afterward it came to be assailed, with a chivalry rare enough in those times. We know that she lived to bear him three boys, of whom the oldest, at least, was born in Alexandria, and we literally know no more. The most probable conclusion, and the happiest perhaps for her, is that she died before her children, and while still very young. She had, plainly, no interest in her husband's literary work, any more than she can have sympathized with his philosophical opinions; and it was to the greater woman, earlier known and always "platonically" loved, that he still turned for sympathy and counsel, and continued to turn until the end.

During the first year of his married life, while yet in Alexandria, he wrote, in answer to some severe criticisms on his modes of thought and expression, a sort of apologia, or history of his own mental development, which he entitled Dion, and dedicated to his unborn child. But he would not publish it without Hypatia's approval, and he submitted to her judgment, along with the manuscript of the Dion, the curious essay on Dreams, already mentioned, written, as he says, in one night, — "or rather in the latter half of one night;" "the one effort being inspired by man, the latter directly by God." To these, "by way of making complete the number" (that is, the number three, beloved of every Platonist), he added a copy of the letter with which, when in Constantinople, he had accompanied the gift to a certain great personage there of a silver astrolabe, or engraved chart of the celestial sphere; and, in the longest letter to her which we have, he earnestly requests the impartial judgment of Hypatia on the value of all these productions. It was probably favorable, since they all exist; and the De Insomniis, at least, is

full of subtle psychological suggestion, and may still be read with interest by those whom such subjects attract. But in none of them do we find anything which in the smallest degree prepares us to look upon Synesius as a Christian convert, and the reader must judge from the strangely moving letter presently to be quoted how far the masterful patriarch was justified in so regarding him.

In 405 Synesius quitted Alexandria once more, and returned with his wife and child to Cyrene. So good a patriot must needs have felt that his place was there, for the times were worse than ever. He went back to lead for four years more the sort of life which he had broken off in 403, — periods of harassing civic and military service alternating with ever briefer and more precarious intervals of rest in the country home. The letters usually referred to this time are numerous and always high-spirited, if no longer particularly hopeful. Two more boys were born to Synesius; and when they were old enough to begin learning, a little cousin, son of Euoptius, used to share their studies, while a niece, the child, apparently, of the beautiful Stratonice, and greatly beloved by both her uncles, was often a member of the household. But the year 409 brought a sudden arrest, and wrought a great revolution in this anxious and laborious, yet full, humane, and eminently unselfish life.

The Bishop of Ptolemais, now the capital of the Pentapolis, died, and it happened to Synesius, as it had done five and thirty years before to the great Ambrose, to be named, while as yet unbaptized, by popular acclamation, to the vacant see. The cases were after all not very similar. Ambrose, though a layman and a lawyer, was a Christian by tradition and conviction. Synesius, when the popular vote was earnestly enforced by Theophilus as patriarch of the African Church, found himself in a position of painful perplexity. The bishop of those days was also a civil magistrate, clothed with great authority; and so far as the temporal half of his duties went, Synesius probably knew that he was better fitted, by practical experience and the confidence that had been spontaneously reposed in him, to defend the rights and interests of his unhappy compatriots than any other man upon whom their choice might have fallen. But how about his fitness for the spiritual functions of the episcopate, the preparation of heart and mind, the initial and essential gift of faith in the risen Christ? Theophilus might be willing to waive subtleties for the sake of putting a strong man in a difficult place, but Synesius, in the rectitude of his pagan conscience, revolted from so equivocal a position.

The upshot of his mental conflict was that he set forth, in a letter addressed to his brother in Alexandria, but expressly intended to be laid before the Christian authorities there, the fullest and frankest statement possible of his own principles and opinions. Every line of this document — the most significant in some respects of all that have survived out of that transition time — is painfully interesting. We must content ourselves with a few quotations.

After expressing his deep sense of the honor done him by the people of Ptolemais, and of the shame it would be in him to accept that honor unworthily, "You understand," he says, "how it is with me. . . . I habitually divide my days between study and amusement. In the study, especially of things divine, I can isolate and absorb myself completely, but in my pleasures I am peculiarly social. You know that the moment I have shut my books I am ready for any kind of diversion. . . . But a bishop should be a holy man, as inaccessible as God himself to the charm of vain amusements. Ten thousand eyes are on him, scanning the consistency of his life, whose owners will derive scant profit, if any, from their gaze unless he be given over to serious things, and proof against any temptation

to pleasure. Even in sacred matters he is not free to think exclusively of himself, but should take thought for all, as one who is a teacher of laws by which his own conversation is ruled. The labors of all devolve upon him, and unless he is able to perform his task unaided he exposes himself to universal blame." Synesius goes on to say that undoubtedly there are men strong enough to move without staggering under so enormous a load, and at the same time keep the divine spark alight within themselves, but that he is not one of them. He is conscious of misdemeanors and stains without number. But he who undertakes to purify the lives of others should himself be spotless. There is more than this, however, and he cares not who knows it. "Nay, rather I have written with the express purpose of making clear to all men my extreme reluctance to assume this burden, in order that, whatever happens, I may have a conscience void of offense before God and man, and especially before Father Theophilus. For if I tell the truth about myself without reserve, and then leave the decision of my case to him, I ought certainly to be clear of blame. God, therefore, and the laws of my country, and the sacred hands of Theophilus himself have given me a wife, and I hereby declare to the whole world that I will neither put her away nor have clandestine intercourse with her. The one would be contrary to divine, the other to human law. Furthermore, it is the wish of my heart to have a numerous and noble progeny. There is also another point, . . . concerning which he (Theophilus), indeed, has nothing to learn, but I must needs recall it to his memory, pending future discussion, for it is perhaps the most important of all. *It is difficult, I may say it is impossible, that a truth scientifically demonstrated, and once accepted by the understanding, should ever be eradicated from the mind.* Now you know that much of what is held by the mass of men is utterly repugnant to philosophy. It is absolutely impossible for me to believe either that the soul is created subsequently to the body, or that this material universe will ever perish. As for that doctrine of the resurrection which they bruit abroad, to me it is a sacred mystery, but I am far enough from sharing the popular view." He goes on to say that he does not himself believe in imparting transcendental verities to the vulgar. The mass of men ought, he thinks, to be approached in another fashion. "If it were decent for me to accept this charge on the condition of thinking my own thoughts at home, and telling fables to the people abroad, neither teaching them anything new nor disabusing them of old errors, but leaving them exactly where they were before, I might do so. . . . As to preaching doctrines that I do not hold, I call God and man to witness that this I will not do. Truth is of the essence of God, before whom I desire to stand blameless, and the one thing that I cannot undertake is to dissimulate. . . . If, therefore, after this statement, which I have desired to make as explicit as possible, he whom God has empowered shall choose to enroll me among his bishops, I shall submit to the necessity, and regard my commission as divine. I say to myself that I should unhesitatingly obey any mandate of the Emperor, or even of his meanest officer, and how can I dally when it is God who commands?"

Theophilus, as we know, had no hesitation about accepting these terms. He allowed Synesius seven months for deliberation and the study of doctrine, a proceeding as irregular as was the appointment to high ecclesiastical office of a man who had passed through none of the preliminary grades; and so strong, sometimes, during this interval, were the dissuasions of the dæmonic voice in Synesius's own breast that he confesses, in various letters, to having prayed for death, and even meditated flight from his native country, to escape the sharp dilemma.

At the end of the period, however, he received consecration, and entered, with little heart, indeed, but with heroic resolve, upon the duties of the sacred office.

The records of his brief and anxious episcopate are tolerably full, but we do not propose to enter into them minutely. All his favorite pursuits were put aside. He managed the temporal affairs of his diocese with a vigor and ability which answered the highest expectations of his sponsor; he even launched, with signal effect, the thunders of excommunication against an incorrigible imperial officer. He conscientiously studied the Scriptures, of which, at the outset of his ecclesiastical career, he confessed himself almost completely ignorant, and, in the two short homilies of his which we possess, he makes no inapt use of that Biblical phraseology which was then *de rigueur* for a preacher.

Less conventional, and indeed almost incredibly ingenuous, is a letter which he addressed to his clergy collectively, very soon, as it would seem, after assuming office: "I would have dared more than one death to escape this charge, for which I felt myself so unfit. . . . How can I ever, under the manifold pressure of affairs, attain again to those joys of the mind whose first condition is untroubled leisure? And to me and my kind, life is barely livable without such joys. I myself am not equal to this. But with God, they say, all things are possible, — even the impossible. Pray for me, therefore, and direct that prayer be made, both publicly and privately, in every church, whether of city, village, or country, if haply by his mercy I may *find the priesthood a help rather than a hindrance to philosophy*."

Compilers of patrologies and ecclesiastical biographers, most of all the learned and indefatigable Druon, have done their best, as they were bound to do, to represent the conversion of Synesius as authenticated by the sacraments which he must have received, to explain away the anomalies of his position, to charge to an oversensitive humility his obstinate and distressful misgivings. To us the whole moral point and pathos of his story lie in the fact that, for all his rectitude and piety and his deep awe of the episcopal office, he was never, properly speaking, a Christian. A "change of heart" he hardly needed; but whether or no a change of the mature mind be impossible, as he had so simply and solemnly professed his belief, it is clear that, from the hour when Synesius's manly scruples were overborne, his own comfort of soul and poise of spirit were fatally impaired. He does indeed appeal, in his later hymns, to the Son of God as Helper and Saviour. It is as if he craved that Christian consciousness, that sense of the personal sympathy and support of One who had promised to *be with his people alway*, which he must have seen suffice to so many humbler converts. But for him the access to that visionary peace was barred. Private calamities crowded upon him: his fortune melted away, his health was broken, one after another his children were all taken, his house was left unto him desolate. The old props were withdrawn; the new sustained but imperfectly. To his friend Anastasius, after discussing the case of Andronicus, whom he had excommunicated, he wrote, in the sickness of his heart: —

"With me the cure of misfortune has been fresh misfortune. One tempest of the soul has followed another. My very grief for the loss of my boy is now aggravated by wrath" (over the affair of Andronicus). "Do you know that the day of my own death was once foretold to me, and that it proved to be the day on which I was made bishop? My life is changed indeed! Formerly I passed it light-heartedly, as though it were a continual feast-day, and I enjoyed human honors and intellectual pleasures more than any other man who ever embraced philosophy: and this not merely because

of my external advantages, but through the strength and steadfastness of my own soul. Now all is lost; and the saddest and most desperate part of it is, that whereas formerly my prayers were always answered, now I have come to feel that prayer also is vain."

But the days of this anguish were mercifully shortened; and, as the end approached, we find Synesius opening his heart to his early teacher as he could have done to no other living friend. There are two more short letters to Hypatia, and they run as follows: —

"To the Lady Philosopher:

"Fate, which has taken from me 'many and brave children,' has nevertheless not taken my all. She cannot rob me of the love of right, or of the disposition to relieve suffering; she cannot, please God, transform my nature. I have hated injustice, as was meet. How gladly would I also prevent it! But the ability to do this is among the things which I have lost. It vanished before my children.

'The Milesians were brave men in days of yore.'[1]

"There was a time when I had the power to assist my friends; when you called me the providence of others, and even accused me of abusing, on their behalf, my influence with the great. I did indeed employ the latter like my own hands. Now, however, I have no resources remaining, unless you can aid me; for I count you, like my honor, among the good things of which I cannot be deprived. Your influence is still great, and it would be impossible for you to use it otherwise than nobly. I therefore recommend to your protection and that of all your friends, whether in public or in private life, two very distinguished young men, relatives, Nicæus and Philolaus, who desire to recover their patrimony."

[1] Aristophanes, Plutus.

Later still we have what is probably the last letter of Synesius. It is the cry of a brave but heart-broken man, — a faltering confession of mortal weakness and final defeat: —

"I am dictating from my couch these lines which I trust may find you well, — my sister, my mother, my teacher! to whom I owe so much, who deserve every honorable name I can give you. My bodily infirmity comes of the sickness of my soul. The memory of my dead children overpowers me. Synesius ought never to have survived his good days. Like a torrent long dammed up, calamity burst upon me, and the savor of life is gone. If I cannot forget the graves of my children, let me die. But you, may you live and prosper! Greet all my more fortunate comrades for me: the aged Theotecnus first, and after him Athanasius, whom I loved like a brother, and all the rest. And if there be any other who is now very near your heart, greet him too in my name as a cherished friend, for your affection is enough to recommend him. If you care for me still, it is well; if not, this too I can understand."

There is no record of Synesius's death, but it is supposed to have taken place in 414. He had been some five years bishop, and was about forty. If he died in that year, one horror, at least, was spared him. He did not hear that his revered instructress had been torn limb from limb in Alexandria, before the high altar of "the church which is called Cæsar's;" for this happened on the 15th of March, 415.

"Remember March, the Ides of March remember."

The successor of Synesius in the bishopric of Ptolemais was named Euoptius; but whether or no this was his own less distinguished brother is uncertain.

Harriet Waters Preston.
Louise Dodge.

SOME WORDS ON THE ETHICS OF COÖPERATIVE PRODUCTION.

I HAVE endeavored in a former paper to give some idea of the development in the United Kingdom of coöperation for productive purposes. It will have been seen that two different methods are being pursued: one, in which production simply springs out of coöperative consumption, being set on foot with the capital economized by its means, and carried on, chiefly by the great Wholesale Societies, for the primary benefit of the consumer, whether or not any share of profit is allowed to the producer; the other, in which production is set on foot with capital supplied or raised by the producer, and carried on primarily for his benefit, whether or not any share of profit is allowed to the consumer.

The former method is evidently the wide gate, the broad way, to success. The capital has made itself; it has grown out of the unfelt savings which result from coöperative distribution. The custom which is to make that capital fruitful is to a large extent ready found. In treating the producer as a mere earner of wages, even though you should make his position an exceptionally favorable one, you remain in the ordinary groove of competitive trade. The other gate is narrow, the way strait. To raise capital implies effort, self-discipline, self-sacrifice, on the part of the workers. They have no assured market beforehand, even though they may hope for support from a portion, at least, of the coöperative world. They cannot, like the consumers, buy labor and skill in the open market. They must, in the main, themselves supply both, and take up the difficult task of adjusting their claims as workers, which alone they have considered hitherto, to the position of employers. Accordingly, we saw that even the most prominent of the producers' associations, that of the Leicester boot and shoe makers, fell, in point of extent of production, far short of the Leicester boot and shoe factory of the Coöperative Wholesale Society, out of which it sprang.

But this already shows the higher ethical, educative value of the latter form of production. The former may develop, in the person of the manager of the particular works, an honorable and benevolent employer, at the cost of an infinitesimally small amount of self-sacrifice on the part of the hundreds of thousands of members of the societies constituting the Coöperative Wholesale. The latter can live only by the justice, patience, self-restraint, self-sacrifice, if need be, of all concerned in it. The wonder is, not that societies of self-governed producers should fail, but that they should succeed; and it is to the highest credit of our British working class that, undeterred by previous failures, they should still be struggling onward by the narrow way, and, it must be admitted, with increasing success.

That the narrow way was in fact also the better way was formerly recognized on all hands. The seventeen original coöperators of Rochdale looked forward to setting themselves to work out of the saved profits on consumption. But when store after store slid into production without heed of any claim of the worker upon the profits of his labor; when the Coöperative Wholesale Society suppressed bonus to labor, and in course of time claimed and exercised the right of trampling upon existing productive societies in order to establish its own workshops, the old idea of the worker's right to claim a share in the profits of his labor fell more and more into the background. And at last the great discovery was made — it is one that is apt to be made by the successful — that the wide gate and the broad way were the right

ones after all; that the consumers' appropriation of all the proceeds of labor beyond a fair maintenance was the democratic ideal; that social harmony was to be the result of a perpetual tug of war between societies for coöperative consumption, producing all that could be produced by them, and trade unions.

The apostle of this new doctrine was a lady, whose sincerity and earnestness, I hasten to say, are beyond all question, the present Mrs. Sidney Webb, who as Miss Beatrice Potter set it forth explicitly in her work on The Coöperative Movement in Great Britain (1891). Whilst restricting the term "democratic" to that form of coöperation which starts from consumption, she says, indeed, with perfect candor, that "the coöperative store and its dependent federations may either be used as a great engine in the oppression of one worker by another, or as one of the levers whereby the British working class may secure sovereign power in industry as in politics, establishing on a firm basis industrial as well as political democracy. But," she continues, "to bring forth this child of promise we must witness the intermarriage of the coöperative and trade-union movements; not the dissolution of one by the other, but the voluntary interdependence, on terms of equality, of two opposite but complementary corporations, — the citizens organized as consumers, and the workers organized as producers."

Now, before considering the question on the ethical side, let us look at it for a moment from the practical. Who are the consumers? The producers and the non-producers. Who are the non-producers? Children, the old, helpless invalids, idiots, lunatics, loafers, criminals, except so far as child labor, asylum labor, prison labor, may add to the mass of production. Who maintains the non-producers? The producers. According to the new ideal, then, those who are merely dependent upon the producers are to share in fixing the conditions of their labor, and the producers, even if enrolled to the last man in a trade union, must be always numerically the weaker party. But is there the least chance that all producers will ever be enrolled in trade unions? What do Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb say themselves in their History of Trade Unionism? They state the total number of ascertained trade unionists within the United Kingdom in 1892 at 1,507,026, or only 3.98 per cent of the population. No doubt the proportion of members of coöperative societies is smaller still. But what a difference as to resources! The total funds of registered trade unions in England making returns at the end of 1892, according to the last Report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, were £1,546,306, an increase of £13,989 during the year. Let us assume that the non-registered unions had an equal amount of funds (which most assuredly they had not). The result will be a total of under £3,100,000. The share and loan capital of coöperative societies making returns for England (excluding loan societies and trading banks) was £14,468,744, an increase of £997,717 over the previous year. Let us deduct from this the £310,459 stated by Labour Copartnership, the organ of coöperative production, as the capital of productive societies, although several of these are registered under the Companies Acts. There will remain £14,158,285. According to these figures, societies for coöperative consumption in England have nearly five times the capital of English trade unions, but I have put the latter at what must be a greatly exaggerated estimate, since, with very few exceptions, the unregistered unions are far poorer than the registered ones. And this capital is increasing for the consumers, in proportion to that of the trade unions, at the rate of over three thousand per cent. Nor is this all. It is idle to look for any great increase in the funds of trade unions, for the simple reason that all the skilled, well-paid trades may be said to be now in

union. And already, through the bringing of the unions of unskilled workers upon the register, the average amount per member of trade-union funds tends to decrease. This appears by a most valuable table in the Report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies for 1893, page 56, showing that the extra diligence of the last two years in enforcing the returns of trade unions has had the effect of reducing the average reported amount of funds per member. In 1890, when only 164 returns were received from 405 unions, the average per member was £1821. In 1891, when there were 356 returns from 493 unions, the average fell to £1517. In 1892, when 428 returns were received from 441 unions, it fell still further to £1476. Mr. and Mrs. Webb say most truly that "the influence of trade unionism on working-class life cannot be measured by the members actually contributing to the union funds at any one time." But they candidly tell us that "there are many occupations in which trade unionism is non-existent;" that "whole classes of manual workers are practically excluded from the trade-union ranks by the fact that they are not hired workers at wages;" that in "the trades in which the small master survives, or in which home work prevails, we find another region almost devoid of trade unionism;" that "the great army of laborers, as distinguished from mechanics, miners, or factory operatives, are, in normal times, as unorganized as the women workers;" that, "except in certain counties, . . . trade unionism among the farm laborers can scarcely be said to exist;" that "the large class of tramway and omnibus workers have, after a brief rally, reverted to a state of disorganization," while "the great army of warehousemen, porters, and other kinds of city laborers counts only a few hundred trade unionists in all the kingdom;" and again, that "the branches of a labor union are, for one reason or another, always crumbling away, and the total membership is only maintained by perpetually breaking fresh ground." Surely this shows that trade unionism, as a social force, has nearly reached its limits of influence; that its expansion among the laboring class proper has limits which it can hardly pass, and adds but little to its strength. Thus, if coöperative consumption, claiming to regulate production for its sole benefit, continues to develop itself at the present rate, whilst trade unionism must remain substantially confined within its present limits, there can be no possible "interdependence, on terms of equality, of . . . the citizens organized as consumers, and the workers organized as producers," since the organized producers can never, under the trade-union system, embody more than a fraction of the whole. It is quite possible that the strong artisans' unions may — at all events, for a time — hold their own against the coöperative consumers; the weaker laborers' unions, the unorganized labor masses beyond, must go to the wall before them. The so-called "intermarriage of the coöperative and trade-union movements" means simply a new form of social war, to the great disadvantage of at least the poorer producers.

But let us turn now to the ethical side of the question. We must never, indeed, overlook the fact that production and consumption are married in indissoluble union. They represent the *systole* and *diastole* of all life. Man produces to consume; consumes, if he deserves the name of man, to produce. This is true even of the highest and most spiritual production, the production of Good; true of our blessed Lord himself. His "meat" was to do the will of Him that sent him, and to finish his work. He did not thus merely do good; he fed upon the doing of it. And so it is true of every humblest worker under him. Every human spirit is nourished, like that of Christ, by its own right doings in fulfillment of the Father's will.

Nevertheless, as I have argued else-

where before this, the divine element in man is the productive one; the consuming element is the terrene. The former he shares with God, the eternal producer; the latter he shares with all created things. Production is essentially unselfish; the producer, even if he be a rascal, gives away something of himself in the act of production. Consumption is primarily selfish; the consumer, even if he be a saint, takes something to himself. There is, no doubt, an evil production, — of the burglar's and forger's tools, the coiner's dies, the poisoner's drugs, the false weight and scant measure, the jerry-builder's house, the lie tea and wooden nutmeg, and all the foul products of adulteration and swindling trade. But all that is only the misuse, by man's wickedness, of his own God-given powers. Apart from this willful misuse, all production is good, as adding to the world's wealth, material, intellectual, or spiritual. Consumption, on the other hand, is in itself simply non-moral; can become moral only when bearing fruit in production for the producer's and the world's good. To subordinate production to consumption is therefore to subordinate the unselfish to the self-regarding, the ethically good to that which has no intrinsic morality.

Let us endeavor to test these positions by examples. A man lives on the outskirts of civilization; supplying all his own wants and those of his family, subsisting on the fruits of his tillage, the flesh and milk of his herds and flocks, clothing himself and his with skins and wool. He is essentially a producer; a consumer only so far as he is a creature of flesh and blood. He has, no doubt, duties of hospitality, of humanity, towards strangers. Those duties may rank, by national custom, as of high obligation. In some countries, his very enemies, if he has allowed them to eat of his salt, — in other words, if he has treated them as members of his family, — may become temporarily sacred to him. But has any stranger the right, simply as a consumer, to do as he pleases with the results of the producer's labor and assume the direction of it? Evidently not. Apart from the claims of a common humanity, to the consumer as mere consumer the producer owes absolutely nothing.

Now let us suppose that the producer does not or cannot supply himself and his family with all necessary articles of consumption. What he needs must be obtained by means of an exchange with another man, whether directly or through the medium of money. To simplify matters, let us take first the case of pure barter. A, wanting something produced by B, supplies something of his own in exchange. In this case the rights are obviously the same on both sides. Both are producers, both are consumers; each is entitled to a genuine article, to full weight and measure, and what he takes ought to be a fair equivalent for what he gives. Will it make any difference if B, instead of producing the goods that A wants, is able by some other means to acquire them? None whatever; products will still be exchanged for products, and so long as the exchange is fair there will be no robbery. Introduce money as the medium of exchange: will the case be altered? In no wise: the man with money will be entitled only to a fair equivalent in goods, the man with goods to a fair equivalent in money. And now suppose that, through the complex arrangements of society, the one commodity that a man has to sell is his labor: what is the fair equivalent for that labor? Can it be anything short of the whole net value which by his labor he has added to the material on which he has worked? For labor, be it observed (and under the term "labor" I include all activities of body, soul, and spirit), is the only live thing in the world, the only thing which adds value to dead matter. The Koh-i-noor would be valueless to a tribe of apes, or of men leading mere apelike, laborless lives. Its value is built

up out of the labor of the millions of millions of men who have wrought and toiled from the beginning of the world, creating human society and human civilization, and all the tastes and wants which grow out of them. Wages, wherever the product is sold at a profit, are a mere advance of part of that added value. The purchaser, as such, cannot possibly have any primary claim to the balance, which he has done nothing to create.

But whilst recognizing to the full the abstract right of the producer to the whole net value created by his labor, let us never overlook the other side of the question. Whatever value is created by labor takes life only through consumption, whether that of the producer or of some one else. There is no use in baking bread for no one to eat, making clothes for no one to wear, building houses for no one to live in. Creating nothing himself, but only destroying, the consumer nevertheless calls forth all production. Even in the case with which we started, the outdweller from civilization, who supplies all his own wants and those of his family, produces only for his and their consumption. As I said before, man produces to consume, as he should consume to produce. And in our complex civilization, where the human want and the means of supplying that want are often half the world apart, the securing of consumption — of a market, as it is technically termed — becomes all-important to the producer. Here indeed comes in an element distinct in some respects from production, though in principle mainly connected with it, which in our diseased social state too often assumes quite abnormal importance, to the extent of exercising absolute tyranny over both production and consumption, — that of distribution. The claim of the distributer to a share in the proceeds of production is a real though subordinate one. And I am far from denying the expediency, which is very generally recognized by the associated producers, of allowing a share in the profits of production to the consumers themselves. But, different from the claim of the distributer, this seems to me a matter of expediency, and not of right.

If then we take the word "production" in the larger sense that modern political economy is more and more disposed to give it; if we view as producers all who promote the world's wealth or welfare, so as to include not only the righteous statesman, the devoted clergyman, the earnest moralist, the poet, artist, musician, who does not pander to evil thoughts and bad taste, but even the singer of a harmless comic song who by a hearty laugh refreshes the spirit of some jaded worker, and the helpless invalid who by her sweet patience in suffering makes all better men and women who come near to her, we shall find that, in point of fact, instead of consumers' having any right to regulate production, the right is that of the producers to regulate consumption and consumers. It is as producers, not as consumers, that men may claim to restrict the sale of poisons, firearms, intoxicating liquors, to restrain vice and punish crime, to provide for the sick and aged, to educate the young, to legislate and to rule. To use an illustration which I gave of the matter many years ago, an honest producer who should chance to be cast on a desert island with a murderer, a thief, a madman, a loafer, and a child, would be in duty bound, so far as he was able, to assume control over all the others, and for that purpose should or might hang the murderer out of hand, compel thief and loafer to work, place the madman out of the way of mischief, and educate the child. All the six would be equally consumers, but the five non-producers would have absolutely no moral right to resist the righteous sway of the single producer.

I hold, therefore, that notwithstanding the easy success so far of production directed by the coöperative consumer, those

English workingmen are right who persist in the more difficult task of directing their own production. But although the right to a share of profits has been, in the main, the test of difference between the two methods, I hold as fully as Mrs. Webb that the elimination of all profit, the reducing of all trade to a perfectly fair exchange, remains always the coöperative goal. This, however, although she does not seem to see it, involves the tumbling down of the whole fabric of coöperative consumption as now built up, since "divi" is the very mortar that holds it together. She must know that, even if still advocated here and there, the attempt to sell at cost price has been an invariable failure. And how many tolls levied on the producer's work does even cost price include! On the other hand, an interchange of products between establishments of coöperative producers affords a direct way to the goal. At the present moment, the productive associations in the English shoe and boot trade represent an amount of demand for clothing sufficient to maintain an equivalent amount of coöperative production in the tailoring trade, which might be paid for in foot gear, at the fair value of the exchanged articles; the element of profit simply disappearing on both sides in such exchange. The formation elsewhere of coöperative depots like the one now existing in London (Hart Street, Bloomsbury), and the extension of this, would greatly facilitate such transactions.

In the foregoing observations, I have, for the sake of simplicity of argument, left out of consideration the case of those larger and always more and more numerous industries which demand at the outset large capitals. There are two ways of bringing these within the sphere of true coöperative production. One is that of the initiative taken by an individual employer, — Mr. Thomson, of Huddersfield, for example, or Mr. Arthur Brownfield, of Cobridge; or again, of the admission by societies for coöperative consumption, like the Scottish Coöperative Wholesale, of the worker to a share in profits and in management. The other is that of the employment or investment of trade-union funds, beyond what is needed for the immediate objects of the union, in coöperative production. The latter, if the more difficult, is, I believe, the more certain way. And I think it is possible by legislation so to distinguish between the objects of a trade union that whilst its coöperative dealings should create legal rights and legal responsibilities, its dealings as a trade union should remain as now outside of both, until such time as, having brought all production in the trade within its hands, its functions as a trade union would become superfluous, and it would remain simply a guild. Interchange of products between one such guild and another would then be largely facilitated by the habit already acquired of working together for common ends through the meeting together in annual congresses, which are represented from year to year by a permanent committee, and through the personal knowledge which trade-union officials have thus of each other. If work were prosecuted cautiously and steadily on this line, I see no reason why coöperative production on any scale should not eventually be carried on by the producers themselves, supplying from their own collected funds the necessary capital, and from their own ranks the future captains of industry.

J. M. Ludlow.

THE DIRECTION OF EDUCATION.

THE most important, if not the most obvious gains in the modern economic arts are in the ways of saving labor. The century of invention which is nearing its close will remain forever memorable, for the reason that it has vastly increased the resources of civilized people. During this time, the individual man has manifolded his doing power by means of mechanical contrivances which have given him command of natural forces, or have enabled him the more effectually to apply the strength of his own body or that of his domesticated animals. In his ability to produce in all mechanical fields, the average laborer of to-day is at least thrice as effective as his ancestor was two centuries ago. It is indeed likely that a close analysis of the conditions would show that, in mechanical employments, the productive power of men has increased not less than fivefold over what it was in the later years of the eighteenth century; the last hundred years having been greater in results than all the previous ages during which our kind had been learning the lessons of employment.

The profit which we have won, and are yet to win, from the field of invention is to be attributed to the keen sense that we have acquired concerning the vast resources of the natural world, and the infinite variety of ways in which they can be combined so as to yield a diversity of results. The ancients conceived the world as relatively simple. We recognize it as infinitely complex. To them the earth appeared to be a limited realm, whose stores could be readily inventoried. We see it as a universe holding an inexhaustible store of things unknown, all of which may be made useful to man. Thus, from an intellectual point of view, the advance won in the memory of living man, in all that concerns the resources of this world and its relations to mankind, is far greater than is represented in material successes. The triumph of our age is indeed to be found in the sense of the manifold, the diverse, in nature.

By the diversity of employments which have necessarily arisen in our modern life, we perceive, or at least are beginning to discern, that in our fellow-men there is another universe, as rich in resources as the physical world. So long as occupations were limited in their variety, as they were until this developed age, it was a relatively simple classification which had to be provided to include the several kinds of talent that could be of service to society. Above the plane of the common herd, whose peculiar capacities were no more considered than are those of the sheep in the flock, there were but a dozen or so fields of endeavor in which talent was of value. The activities of the statesman, the soldier, the priest, the jurist, the physician, the architect, with some few minor occupations, represented the walks of life upon which a man of capacity could well enter. When placed by birth or the chance of life in any vocation, little account was taken of the special qualities that he might possess. Differences in power were of course well recognized, but diversities of talent, those peculiarities of nature which, developed by education, might fit the person for particular accomplishments, were, until our own time, commonly disregarded.

Even in our day, the diversity of men, that peculiar accommodation of the mental parts which fits each individual for specific duty, and makes every fairly educated person especially suited to some of the manifold tasks of society, has not been formally recognized. We can only note a rough appreciation of the facts in the endless shifting of our population to and fro among the vocations, as each man looks for the exact kind of labor

which he is fitted to do. Laborers and employers are ever seeking to avail themselves of this diversity of talents; in fact, a large part of the gain in the economic efficiency of the labor of our time has doubtless come from this very modern system whereby the man may make a trial of his talents by essaying various forms of work, until he finds the task which is his birthright. It is altogether probable, we may note in passing, that the efficiency of the American laborer, which is recognizedly greater than is possessed by his brethren of the Old World, is in a considerable measure due to the freedom with which he makes these essays.

So far as we have gone in this task of exploring the capacities of men, as yet indeed not very far, we have been led by the needs of classified industries enforcing a choice of men for each particular kind of labor; fitting one man, for instance, to run a locomotive, and another to care for a stationary engine. Thus, in a way, machinery, from the simplest to the most complicated, has become a means of exploring the diversities of human nature, and is helping to show men something of the meaning of their industries. It now seems certain that their experience with the arts will react on their conception of human nature, and will lead to the study of each youth, as not commonplace and uniform with all others, but exceptional, and unrevealed by mere inspection.

It seems to be clear that the next great advance in civilization should not be sought, and will not be found, altogether or even mainly in further conquests of the outer world. Richer fields for exploration, those which will yield vastly greater returns, are to be discovered in the realm of human capacity; in the development of that store of qualities which is latent in every well-conditioned man. Human intercourse is in its nature so limited that it ordinarily reveals only a very small part of the latencies of the individual. Immemorial custom has habituated us to accept the little of our neighbor which is disclosed to us in his aspect or his speech as a satisfactory indication of the man. For the simpler purposes of life these signs of quality are sufficient, but in this new day, when we have to fit men to do deeds of exceeding variety and delicacy; when, in a word, we have to adjust the man to his duty in a way that was not necessary in the ruder and more primitive conditions of civilization, these rude tests will not suffice. In their place must come a system wherein each person shall be explored for capacity, and the task of nurturing the talent shall receive the attention which we already devote to our mechanical contrivances, or to our domesticated animals and plants.

The problem of gauging the capacities of man, particularly in the formative period of youth, has been so far neglected that there is little in the way of knowledge or prescription based thereon which can serve in our inquiry. Here and there, however, there are shreds of information that enable us to make important judgments as to the variety which exists in the invisible kingdom of the mind. Perhaps the most suggestive of these fragments of knowledge, which may be built into the future science of mental diagnosis, has come to us through the system of examinations that is pursued in the honor work at Cambridge, England. In that system, the men who are separated from their fellows by the possession of mathematical talent are, for some years, subjected to a special training, which is substantially the same in all cases; they are then submitted to a long-continued examination, which is clearly contrived to give a very just and complete testing of their relative ability. The candidates who are successful are afterward arranged in the order of their accomplishment. In the opinion of those who have the examination in charge, the difference between the highest senior wrangler and the lowest honor man is fairly to be mea-

sured in a scale containing several hundred units. In another form of statement, the senior wrangler, so far as this science is concerned, overtops the common man as a great mountain does an ordinary house-roof. And yet this vast difference in native capacity is not revealed by any of those tokens of which we take cognizance in our association with men. The existence of this peculiar ability would have remained unknown even to its possessor save for the exceptional opportunity which is afforded by the prize system which has been developed in Cambridge.

Unfortunately, no other important quality of the mind has ever been subjected to the systematic testing which the tripos examinations give to that of mathematics. It is doubtful, indeed, if the various talents, some of them more significant than this capacity, could be gauged with anything like the same accuracy. There is no reason, however, to believe that the range in the ability to deal with formal relations in the computative way is any greater than that which is possible in the other divisions of the intelligence. The history of mechanical invention clearly indicates that if we could school men to their utmost powers in such work, we should in the end find a like difference in their capacities. So, too, for poetic ability, for investigative work, for the tasks of the soldier or the statesman, or the many other branches of thought and action.

There are those who hold that all capacity is a common or united quality; that if a man have mental power it may be turned in any direction, so that from the same strong mind we may, according to the nurture, make the poet, the statesman, the soldier, or the discoverer of natural order. I doubt if any experienced teacher, who has been willing to be taught by his experience, will affirm this opinion. The evidence which comes to him is to the effect that capacities are special; that though mental strength must be the foundation of all ability of a profitable sort, the direction or set of the individual capacity is, in substantially all cases, determined by the conditions of inheritance; that it is implanted in the individual by events which were shaped before he came upon the earth. We may indeed compare the set of intellectual power in particular directions to the flow of streams over the land. The course of the currents is determined by events, not of the moment, but of antiquity. The chances of the day may vary the amount of fluid which the channels contain; art may divert the tide this way or that; but the drainage is in large measure shaped by the structure of the under earth. In the mind, this topography, as we may term it, is clearly a matter of ancestral experience, and is infinitely diversified. It may be somewhat qualified by the powers of education, but the essential form remains to guide the stream of life.

The diversity in the nature of individual minds is not limited to that measure which depends on the variety in the fundamental capacities. Each of these is to be qualified by the exercise of others, so that in the thought which guides to action we commonly find several of the prime factors of the intelligence showing in the work of the moment. It has to be an unusually simple deed that does not call for the exercise of the constructive imagination, the natural powers, the sympathetic emotion, and many other more or less discrete qualities of the mind. The measure of these interactions is varied, and from the variations, in great part, arise the effective differences in men. We note some of these variations in the so-called mirror of the soul, the face, and know full well that, in all the millions of men who are and have been, no two are in countenance just alike; yet the quality of their thoughts is clearly more unlike than the order of their features. It may be well that we can observe little of our kindred; if we could see them entirely, they would perhaps seem so strange to

us that the bond of sympathy could not be preserved.

So far, the individuality of men has been cloaked by the sense of the commonplace which envelops them; with the advance in the complication of society, it is now necessary to seek out the possibilities of its members, and to develop the store of utilities which may there be had. Such a result can be obtained only by a very considerable change in the ideas and methods of our education.

As at present contrived, our educational systems proceed on the assumption that persons of the same sex and age are substantially alike; and further, that the aim of training is to bring the young to certain standard modes of thought and action which experience shows to be best for people according to their social or intellectual casts; in a word, to bring them into an accepted, a necessary state of uniformity, in order that they may fill their appointed stations. It is indeed essential that education should have this result as its main aim, for the swift succeeding generations have to be made ready for duty and marshaled to their places in life. It is owing to the success that has been attained in this fundamental task that civilization has crept onward and upward. Should it be interrupted for one or two generations, our race would fall back towards the undifferentiated state whence it came. To do this gigantic work at all, education, like other industries of civilization, has had to organize its methods so as to give a good average "mill product," or perhaps we might say, mintage. It is now time that we began to consider a change in methods by which the process may be lifted to the higher plane of a fine art, which differs from the grosser work in that each piece is considered by itself, receiving all the care that can be given to it, and this without immediate reference to the money profit which is to be made from the labor.

It seems perfectly clear that the full value of a man cannot be extracted by routine methods. It is, be it said, equally clear that the expenditure in thought and action that will have to be directed to a really individualized method of education, which, from the beginning of its task, with the youth, shall treat the problem in the fine-arts way, is greater than society at present is able to afford. Such an endeavor would demand for each youth something like the personal care which, in a few instances, learned, discreet, and sympathetic parents of ample means have been able to devote to their children. Moreover, it should be said that there are reasons why the study of the youth, with the view of ascertaining the peculiar qualities of his mind, should not be begun at too early an age. In the first stages of development, the aim should be in the main to awaken the elements of the mind which are of general value, the sympathies, and the race motives of honor, as well as to provide the simpler tools which open the ways to thought and action. We may therefore assume that, during the period of infancy, education should retain its present shape, and the time should be devoted rather to the task of awakening the child's capacities than to seeking out and nurturing those exceptional elements of value which may constitute his individuality. Just when the passage should be made from this ideal of general culture to that of fostering the special capacities is not easy to determine, and this for the reason that mental growth differs exceedingly. Some youths attain to their specialized powers long before others have emerged from the common paths which are followed in the earlier years of life. Herein, it may be noted, lies one of the most evil results of the present system, which assumes that like age means like growth.

During the period which precedes puberty, children are much more alike than afterward, save for the exceptional development of talents which, because of

their power, may obtrude themselves and claim a premature place in their life. In fact, the change which takes place in the mind as boys and girls pass to the estate of men and women generally leads to the awakening of those special powers which may be of high value to society. It is as if nature, in the earlier time, was occupied in laying the foundations for the race life, and postponed the growth of the more individualized features until the time when there was need of them. On this account, and so far as the majority of our youths is concerned, it does not seem to be very necessary to vary our educational methods in any considerable way from the present usage, in the period which may be termed the childhood age. It is perhaps too much to expect a change in our system of education which will provide for the precocious children, those in whom, during what should be childhood, the mind departs from the normal rate of advance, and takes on the qualities that we are accustomed to find at a later age. Yet as these abnormal children are often so because of the very strength of their individuality, and may become the ablest of their generation, it is of the utmost importance that their special needs should be considered. In the case of these youths of exceptional nature and singular promise, it would richly profit society to make provision for a special education which should be fitted to their peculiar needs. As it is, their talents are generally denied the chance of growth which is so necessary to faculties at the time they begin to spring into activity.

Assuming that in average youths the most valuable elements of their mental individualities declare themselves at or about the time of puberty, it may be asserted that at this period of education there should begin a careful study as to the tendencies of their intellectual development. It will evidently cost much in the way of labor to do such work; perhaps the most serious part of the effort will be to bring the world to a sense of the importance of the task. It is much the fashion to say to those who seek advice concerning some young person who, in the great awakening of the second decade, shows a marked ability in a particular path of thought or action, that he or she should be kept at work in the old-fashioned way, in order to lay a good foundation for the special courses that may begin at a later time. Unfortunately, often, when the proposed foundations are laid, the neglected talent has vanished. To the naturalist who has come to recognize the meaning of the normal in organic life, this system appears to be excellently well contrived to secure the extinction of nascent talent. He knows full well that in all processes of growth the inertias of inheritance tend to keep the individuals to the average of the species. The tendencies to depart from the normal are ordinarily weak; so that it requires peculiarly favorable conditions to permit them to attain their possibilities. When, in the second decade, the mind suddenly puts forth its new shoots, those which are fostered may well draw away the life from the others. Every one who has reached middle life can look back and see how certain motives of youth, though for a brief period they may have been strong, have withered from lack of culture, while others, originally of less prominence, have, under favoring influences, become the foundations of the mind or the basis of activities. These facts point us to the conclusion that the easiest way in the world to crush out a peculiar manifestation of talent is to subject the youth to a training which will develop the commonplace qualities of the mind in which it seeks to spring.

The division between the primary and the secondary school work, including in the former class the studies which are ordinarily placed in the grammar-school grade, should in the main rest upon the principle that the diversification of talent

becomes most active at or about the age of puberty. In the lower, or, as it would be better to call them, the easier grades of work, the aim should be to imbue the minds of the young with the motives of the race, and to provide them with the simpler tools of education. The next step should be to introduce a sufficient variety of studies to afford an opportunity for a discerning teacher to learn the quality of his pupils. It is easy to suggest this work, but it is difficult to formulate it so that it may have a real value. The matter is one of such importance that I venture to set forth some suggestions which have a foundation in observation.

An experience of thirty years as a college teacher has shown me how desirable it is that young men who come to the later stage of their formal education should be effectively introduced to their new helpers. Of late, as dean of the Scientific School of Harvard University, I have had a large correspondence with the masters and teachers of secondary schools concerning the young men they send up to Cambridge. I am glad to say that from many of these instructors there comes a clear account of the previous mental history of the student, — an account which enables me to see something of his nature as it has been revealed to the discerning eye of his master. These teachers evidently make good use of their chances to learn the bent of their pupils, and their advice concerning it is in almost all cases of very great value. In general, however, the statements are too vague to be of service. They say that the candidate is morally all right; that he is a good or fair student, or, at the worst, that he is erratic; rarely, indeed, is there a hint that he has shown this or that particular capacity or incapacity.

This experience, which I believe to be common to all who have had to do with the task of continuing the work of the secondary schools in institutions of collegiate grade, indicates some very grave defects in our system of education. It is easy to see that in the education of a youth the knowledge of his qualities which the instructors acquire is only less in value than that which is gained by the student himself; but neither here nor in other countries is any systematic effort made to preserve this knowledge, and transmit it from the primary to the preparatory school, or, what is more important, from the latter to the university. On each occasion when the youth passes to a new school, the chance is that he has for a time to be treated in a purely categoric way, without any reference to his individual powers. His work is laid out for him with no reference to his natural bent, and his special talent lacks the sympathy which is the breath of life to any rare quality of the mind. In my experience, it requires, even with a practiced person, one or two years, in order, without any knowledge of a student's previous history, to become well enough acquainted with him to serve as his guide. When, as is often the case, the young man instinctively, or because of the ill treatment which his "hobby" has received, hides his light under a bushel, it may be yet more difficult to discern his quality. Thus the youth is seen to be heavily burdened by this fatal lack of knowledge concerning his possibilities, knowledge which should in some way have gone with him in his passage from one school to another. He is fortunate if the absence of system in this matter does not very seriously diminish his chances of development.

To show the hindering nature of this ignorance, let me present the conditions which will be met at the beginning of the next academic year in the Harvard Scientific School. At that time there will appear about two hundred new students; men who desire in part to obtain a general education in science for the sake of the culture which it may afford, but who in larger measure wish to enter on

work of a special character which may fit them for employment as engineers of various kinds, as architects, chemists, field geologists, or teachers in various subjects. In determining the plans of study which these men are to pursue, it would be desirable to know not only their own lives in a complete way, but those of their ancestors for some generations. In place of this acquaintance there is only the personality of the youth, which of course is much; his account of himself, which, like all personal diagnoses, is apt to be erroneous; and the record of his school or entrance examinations, which is even more likely to be deceptive. The dean, or the adviser to whom the new comer is committed, may do his best to interpret these living enigmas who are entrusted to his care, but he would have to possess supernatural powers to divine all he needs to know. Often the result is blundering and discouragement for both the parties in the work. To a great extent, these ills might be avoided if the indices of the student's character and ability, such as are to be gathered in the fitting-schools, could be sent with him when he enters upon his new courses.

There seem to be but two ways in which we may hope to mend the breach in our educational system which comes from the lack of information concerning youths when they most need the advantages that such information might afford. One of these ways would be to have the connection between the fitting-schools and the universities so intimate that the teachers of the two grades would constitute one body, having a common knowledge of the pupils. Although it is common enough, in this country, to find colleges which maintain fitting-schools within their halls, the system has never found favor with the better class of these institutions; therefore, though the experiment of such a close connection, devised to secure a better integrated education, would be interesting, it is perhaps not worth while to discuss it further. The other way is so to unite the secondary schools and the universities that the teachers of the schools may feel that they do not part from their pupils in the last stage of their education. If it could be so contrived that the masters of the academies should be enlisted among the advisers of the pupils, giving counsel concerning their first steps in the final work of their training, a strong point of advantage would be gained. We might expect to develop a sense of responsibility with reference to a youth's education which would bear equally upon the authorities of the academy and of the university. As a first step in this direction, it might be suggested that each student, at his matriculation, should have, as a part of his introduction to the university, not only the formal and generally useless certificate of good moral character and of fitness to pursue a course of study within its halls, but also a statement as to what is known of his mental peculiarities, his aptitudes and inaptitudes; these are ascertained in the class-room of a good fitting-school more clearly than they can be by any system of entrance examinations.

It may be objected to this plan that the teachers in the secondary schools will fall into the way of giving perfunctory statements, or that their judgment will be of little value, and that they will not like to have this responsibility impressed upon them. To me such objections seem of no weight. As a class I have found these men to be very judicious persons, close observers of character, and in most cases knowing the qualities of their pupils in a measure to which a university teacher, because of the methods of instruction which have to be pursued by him, cannot usually hope to attain. There can be no question that their help in the grave matter of planning the later steps of education would be of great value. It may also be urged against this project that it would diminish the independence of the student in the new life which the

university opens to him; that it would tend to tie him to his past in an undesirable way. To one who sees that the gulf between the academy and the university is a serious evil, this objection will have little weight. Therefore we may assume that a statement of each student's capacities and other mental peculiarities should be sent, as a part of his record, to the university which he is to attend.

Of late years, the custom has grown in this country whereby students are taken on certificate, without special entrance examinations, from the fitting-schools into the institutions of collegiate and university grade. Although there are grave objections to this method, it has one most important advantage in that it serves to ally the fitting-schools in spirit with the institutions to which their pupils go forth. If these certificates were so planned that they would make a real presentation of the individual qualities of the student, and especially if the schools were from time to time inspected and approved by the universities, in the manner now adopted by Harvard through its "schools examinations board," the advantages arising from the system would be so great that they would much outweigh the evils which it might bring. By adopting it, the universities would not only clear away the difficulties of the entrance tests and the evils of cramming which attend them, but would ally the better fitting-schools with their interests in an immediate and effective way. The schoolmasters would no longer feel that their task was done when their pupils were admitted to the universities; they would know that the reception was due to the estimate which they themselves had placed on the qualities and attainments of the youths.

If this practical union between the fitting-schools and the universities should be established, the result would be that, in time, each fitting-school would become the place of preparation for some higher institution. This is, on many accounts, a most desirable arrangement, if indeed it is not a necessary preliminary to the unification of our higher education. A proper integration of the work of the student after he leaves the grammar-school grade demands that the masters of each fitting-school should have clearly in mind the methods and resources of the university or college with which it is connected. They need to keep in close touch with that establishment, for continuance of the educational task they share demands a keen sense of the motives and methods of the institution with which they are collaborating. Such a relation as this between the schools and the colleges or universities cannot be accomplished without an essential unification of their work. Thus contrived, a school could advantageously prepare men for only one seat of the higher learning.

So far as the private schools and endowed academies are concerned, the arrangement above proposed is not only feasible, but is to a certain extent already effected; it is evident that there is a natural tendency towards this alliance of such schools with particular colleges. In the case of public high schools, however, the practicability of the plan is less clear. These schools should not become objects of contest on the part of the universities of this country, as in such a plan of action would be likely to occur. Still, it might be hoped that the pupils who went thence would be helped by such an account of their abilities as would enable those who had to see to their further education to undertake the task intelligently.

It may appear to those who have not faced this problem of the unification of education that too much importance has been given to the need of a knowledge of the past history of the pupil which can be transmitted from one school to another. I must confess that before experience had taught me better, I too should have held that the best plan with a youth was to put the resources of learning before him, leaving him to find his

profit in a way that his individuality might determine; and this, in part, at least, for the reason that the judgment is likely to be cultivated by the responsibility thus laid upon the young man. Thirty years of life as a teacher have served to increase my reverence for the individuality of men, and have indeed convinced me that the first duty of a university officer is to develop that quality in youths. At the same time it has been made plain that the only effective method of attaining this end is through the most intimate knowledge that can be obtained concerning the pupil, and that all the information which can be gained from his previous history and that of his ancestors is scarcely enough for the need. In looking over the instances where I have been able to help young men find the way to their talents, I see clearly that almost all the successes have been due to a close acquaintance with their qualities. It has very often been the case that a former teacher of the youth has given me the key to the problem, — a key which I could not have found by any personal study. It is well to remember that in other fields of life, where actions are subjected to more strenuous criticism than in that of education, the rule is to search the facts, and to trust no one man for a judgment. No man, before the law, can be deprived of his chances in life without the vote of a full jury and the amplest chance to present proof. Something of the same care is due from educators towards the birthright of talent which is possessed by their pupils, and which, however small, may be the guide to their place in the world they are preparing to enter.

The objections to neglect of the individual capacities of a student's mind, to which our system leads, may be stated in a brief way which in general will sum up the considerations of the preceding pages. Society, owing to its nature, is ever demanding peculiar talents. In this age of mechanical industries, the necessity for a varied educational product is increasing at a very rapid rate. To meet this need, it is essential for educators to seek out those — in my opinion, by far the greater part of the youth — who have a special fitness for certain kinds of duty. The various abnormal powers of young people which we term talent are in most cases exhibited about the age of puberty, or about the time when they are in the secondary schools. Unless these tender shoots of exceptional ability are noted and cared for they are likely to perish. Therefore it is of the utmost importance that those who instruct the young in this period of their lives should watch for those buddings of development which are of good promise, as they have to do for those other aberrations which are in their nature degrading. Where the capacity is discovered, it needs to be nurtured, and the knowledge of it should be sent to the teachers who are next to take charge of the youth's education. This transmission can be most effectively accomplished where the men in the two schools know each other; where, in a word, the institutions are united by means of a full understanding as to the joint work which they have in hand. But in whatever measure and manner it can be done, it will be profitable to undertake it. If our educational system could have been deliberately devised, and this in the light of modern experience, care would doubtless have been taken to arrange the work in such a manner that youths would not have incurred the risk of neglect which arises from the separation between the preparatory schools and those to which they next pass. As it is, the system is firmly rooted in custom as well as in certain conveniences and necessities, so that the most that can be done now is to remedy the defects as best we may.

N. S. Shaler.

WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY.

THE time is not long past when "a certain condescension in foreigners" easily gave us pain. There was little achievement behind us as a people to awaken us to national self-consciousness and to a realizing sense of our own great possibilities. Time is changing all that. The men have come, and some, alas, are already gone, of whose achievements we may well be proud wherever we are. In the battles for the conquests of truth there are indeed no distinctions of race, and it needs no international congress to tell us that her champions all belong to one great army. One, of name and fame oversea, is cut down in the van, and another, his fighting days past, drops out at the rear, and becomingly we mourn for their loss, and rejoice in their goodly warfare. But now Whitney is gone, and our joy for his life is all the more glad, and our sorrow for his loss is all the more sorrowful, because he is indeed ours, because he is an American. And we call, as did David lamenting for Abner, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel," yea, and like Jonathan, "in the midst of the battle?"

It is fitting that we pause a little, and, in the spirit of generous laudation, pay tribute to the memory of our illustrious countryman. And not only this; it is meet that we consider the significance of a genuine scholar's career, the lesson of a noble life of service. It would be vain to endeavor, within the present narrow limits, to rehearse or to characterize with any completeness the achievements that make up this remarkable life. Many accounts[1] of it have been given of late in the public prints. Here it is feasible only to present, by way of selection merely, a few facts concerning Mr. Whitney which may serve to illustrate certain essential features of his character and fundamental motives of his life.

[1] Most notable among them is the one by Professor Seymour of Yale, in the American Journal of Philology, vol. xv.

And indubitably first in importance no less than in natural order is the great fact of his heredity. William Dwight Whitney was born in 1827, at Northampton, Massachusetts, and in his veins flowed the best blood of a typical New England community, of the Dwights and the Hawleys, — heroes of the heroic age of Hampshire. His stock was remarkable for sturdy vigor, both of body and of intellect, and was in fact that genuine aristocracy which — if it be true to its traditions — will remain, as for generations it has been, one of the prime guarantees of the permanence of democracy in America. Few places in this land have produced a proportionately greater number of distinguished people than has Northampton. Social advantages were thus added to those of birth, and to all these in turn the advantages of dwelling in a region of great natural beauty.

It was in William Whitney's early infancy that his father moved into a dwelling built on the precise site of the Jonathan Edwards house. This dwelling was the second in a row of six neighboring houses, all of which could boast of more or less notable occupants. In the first lived Dr. Seeger, who was educated at the same school and time as Schiller, at "the Solitude." Beyond the Whitneys' was the house in which lived Lewis S. Hopkins, the father of Edward W. Hopkins, the Sanskrit scholar, of Bryn Mawr. The fourth was the original homestead of the Timothy Dwights, in which the first Yale president of that name, and Theodore, the secretary of the Hartford Convention and founder of the New York Daily Advertiser, were born, both grandsons of Jonathan Edwards. The adjoining place was the home of the elder Syl-

vester Judd, and of his son, Sylvester, the author of Margaret. And the sixth house was occupied by the Italian political exile, Gherardi, and later by Dr. William Allen, ex-president of Bowdoin College.

Whitney was a mere boy of fifteen when he entered Williams College as a sophomore. Three years later (in 1845) he had easily outstripped all his classmates and graduated with the highest honors; and with all that he found ample time to range the wooded hills of Berkshire, collecting birds, which he himself set up for the Natural History Society. The next three or four years were spent by him as clerk in the Northampton Bank, with accounts for his work, German and Swedish for his studies, ornithology and botany for his recreations, and music for his delight, — unless one should rather say that all was his delight. These oft-mentioned studies in natural history I should not linger over, save that their deep significance has hardly been adverted upon in public. They mean that, even at this early age, Whitney showed the stuff which distinguishes the genuine man of science from the jobbers and peddlers of learning. They mean that, with him, the gift and habit of independent and accurate observation and of unprejudiced reflection upon what he himself saw were inborn.

This brings us to a critical period in the determination of his career. In the encyclopædias, Whitney is catalogued as a famous Indianist, and so indeed he was. But it was not because he was an Indianist that he was famous. Had he devoted his life to the physical or natural sciences, he would doubtless have attained to equal, if not greater eminence. Truly, it is not the *what*, but the *how!* That he did devote himself to Indology appears to be due to several facts which were in themselves and in their concomitance accidental. First, his elder brother, Josiah, now the distinguished professor of geology in Harvard University, on his return from Europe in 1847, had brought with him books in and on many languages, and among them a copy of the second edition of Bopp's Sanskrit Grammar. Second, it chanced that the Rev. George E. Day, a college-mate at Yale of Professor Salisbury, was Whitney's pastor. And third, he met with Eduard Desor.

There is in possession of Professor Whitney of Harvard a tattered volume of his father's called the Family Fact-book. It is, I am sure, no breach of confidence if I say, in passing, that this book, with its varied entries in all varied moods and by divers gifted hands, is the reflex of a most remarkable family life and feeling. In it, among many other things, are brief autobiographic annals of the early life of William Whitney, and in its proper place the following simple entry: "In the winter of 1848–49 commenced the study of Sanskrit, encouraged to it by Rev. George E. Day. In June, 1849, went out with Josiah to Lake Superior as 'assistant sub-agent' on the Geological Survey." To William Whitney were entrusted the botany, the barometrical observations, and the accounts. And although the ornithology was not formally entrusted to him, there is abundant evidence that he was habitually on the lookout for the birds, with keen eye and with attentive ear. He must, already in the spring, have made some substantial progress by himself in Sanskrit; for his first published article, entitled On the Sanskrit Language, a translation and abridgment of von Bohlen, appeared in the August number of the Bibliotheca Sacra for 1849, and must therefore have been finished before he left home. With him, accordingly, he took his brother's copy of Bopp.

Besides the two brothers, there was a third man-of-power in the little company that spent the summer among the swamps and mosquitoes of the great copper region. That man was Eduard Desor, already a young naturalist of dis-

tinction, and afterwards famous both in science and in public life in Switzerland. He had come only a short time before, with Agassiz, and as his friend and intimate associate in scientific undertakings, from Neufchâtel to Cambridge. He was by nature full of the purest love for science; and that love had been quickened to ardent enthusiasm by his own work, and by his intercourse with other bright minds and eager workers whom he had known in Paris and Neufchâtel and in the Swiss glacier-camps of Agassiz. Small wonder if the intimate relations of that summer's camp life in common gave opportunity for potent influence of the brilliant young Huguenot upon the brilliant young Puritan. It is to Desor, and to his words and example, that my Cambridge colleague attributes in large measure his brother's determination to devote himself to a life of science rather than to business or to one of the learned professions. That the chosen department was Sanskrit may be ascribed in part to the accident of the books thrown in his way; in part to the interest of the language and antiquities of India, intrinsically and as related to our own; and in part to the undeniable fascination which the cultivation of the virgin soil of an almost untrodden field has for a mind of unusual energy, vigor, and originality.

William Whitney has left a full and interesting journal of this summer. Tuesday, July 24, while waiting for the uncertain propeller to come and rescue them from the horrible insect pests, he writes from Copper Harbor: "For my part, I intend attacking Sanskrit grammar to-morrow." And then, on Wednesday: "I have, after all, managed to get thro the day without having recourse to the Sanskrit, but it has been a narrow escape." And five weeks later, from Carp River: "Another day of almost inaction, most intolerable and difficult to be borne. How often have I longed for that Sanskrit grammar which I so foolishly sent down before me to the Sault!"

The autumn of 1849, accordingly, found him at New Haven, and in company with Professor Hadley, studying under Edward Elbridge Salisbury, the Professor of the Arabic and Sanskrit Languages and Literature. The veteran Indologist of Berlin, Professor Weber, has said that he and Professor Roth account it as one of their fairest honors that they had Whitney as a pupil. To have had both a Whitney and a Hadley at once is surely an honor that no American teacher in any department of philology can match. In a man whose soul was beclouded with the slightest mist of false pretension or of selfishness, we may well imagine that the progress of such pupils might easily have occasioned a pang of jealousy. But Mr. Salisbury's judgment upon them illuminates his own character no less than that of his pupils when he says, "Their quickness of perception and unerring exactness of acquisition soon made it evident that the teacher and the taught must change places."

We have come to the transition period of Whitney's life. He is still a pupil, but already also an incipient master. "1850, Sept. 20. Sailed for Germany in the steamer Washington. Spent three winters in Berlin, studying especially with Dr. Weber, and two summers in Tübingen, Würtemberg, with Professor Roth." Thus runs the entry in the Fact-book. A few lines later we read: "Leaving Berlin in April, 1853, stayed six weeks in Paris, three in Oxford, and seven in London (collating Sanskrit manuscripts), and then returned in the steamer Niagara, arriving in Boston Aug. 5." Such is the modest record that covers the three momentous years of the beginning of a splendid scientific career. For in this brief space he had not only laid broad and deep foundations by studies in Persian, Arabic, Egyptian, and Coptic, but had also done a large part of the

preliminary work for the edition of the Atharva-Veda.

Meantime, however, at Yale, his honored teacher and faithful friend, Professor Salisbury, "with true and self-forgetting zeal for the progress of Oriental studies" (these are Mr. Whitney's own words), had been diligently preparing the way for him; negotiating with the corporation for the establishment of a chair of Sanskrit, surrendering *pro tanto* his own office, and providing for the endowment of the new cathedra; leaving, in short, no stone unturned to insure the fruitful activity of his young colleague. Nor did hope wait long upon fulfillment; for in 1856, only a trifle more than two years from his induction, Whitney had, as joint editor with Professor Roth, achieved a most distinguished service for science by the issue of the *editio princeps* of the Atharva-Veda, and that before he was thirty.

In September, 1869, — that is to say, in the very month in which began the first college year of President Eliot's administration, — Whitney was called to Harvard. It reflects no less credit upon Mr. Eliot's discernment of character and attainments than upon Mr. Whitney's surpassing gifts that the youthful president should turn to him among the very first, for aid in helping to begin the great work of transforming the provincial college into a national university. The prospect of losing such a man was matter of gravest concernment to all Yale College, and in particular to her faithful benefactor, Professor Salisbury. Within a week the latter had provided for the endowment of Mr. Whitney's chair upon the ampler scale made necessary by the change of the times; and the considerations which made against the transplanting of the deeply rooted tree had, unhappily for Harvard, their chance to prevail, and Whitney remained at New Haven.

It was during his studies under Mr. Salisbury, in May, 1850, that he was elected a member of the American Oriental Society. Mr. Salisbury was the life and soul of the society, and, thanks to his learning, his energy, and his munificence, the organization had already attained to "standing and credit in the world of scholars." Like him, Mr. Whitney was a steadfast believer in the obligation of which the very existence of scientific societies is an acknowledgment, — the obligation of professional men to help in "coöperative action in behalf of literary and scientific progress;" and, more than that, to do so at real personal sacrifice.

The first meeting at which Mr. Whitney was present was held October 26, 1853. More than thirty-three years passed, and he wrote from the sick-room, "It is the first time in thirty-two years that I have been absent from a meeting of the American Oriental Society, except when out of the country." His first communication to the society was read by Mr. Salisbury, October 13, 1852; and his last, in March, 1894, at the last meeting before his death. Of the seven volumes, vi.–xii., of the society's Journal, more than half of the contents are from his pen, to say nothing of his numerous and important papers in the Proceedings. In 1857, the most onerous office of the society, that of corresponding secretary, which from the beginning carried with it the duty of editing the publications, was devolved upon him; and he bore its burdens for twenty-seven years. Add to this eighteen years as librarian and six as president, and we have an aggregate of fifty-one years of official service. The American Philological Association, too, is under deep obligation to Whitney. He was one of its founders, and, very fittingly, its first president. For many years he was one of the most constant attendants at its meetings, a valued counselor, and one of its most faithful helpers and contributors.

It may perhaps be a small matter, but

it is yet a significant one, that, after paying his Oriental Society assessments for about thirty-five years, at last, and when facing mortal illness, he paid over the considerable sum required to make himself a life member. A little later, — for the candle still burned, — and with strictest injunction of secrecy during his lifetime, he sent to the treasurer his check for a thousand dollars of his modest savings, to help towards defraying the society's expenses of publication, and in the hope that it might serve as a "suggestion and encouragement to others to do likewise."

Added to all this was his service in keeping up the very high scientific standard of the society's publications. The work of judging and selecting required wide knowledge, and the making of abstracts, much labor; while the revision or recasting of the papers of tiros unskilled in writing demanded endless painstaking, not always met by gratitude and docility. All this cost him a lavish bestowal of time, of which hardly any one in the society knew, and that for the reason that he took no steps to have them know. So exemplary was his freedom from self-seeking in all his relations with the society.

The rehearsal of the titles of Mr. Whitney's books and treatises would give to this paper too much the character of a bibliographical essay; and besides, it would merely tend to impress readers who are accustomed to count volumes rather than to weigh them. His distinguishing qualities, as reflected in his work, are everywhere so palpable that it is not hard to describe them. Perhaps the most striking and pervading one is that which Professor Lounsbury calls his "thorough intellectual sanity." In reading his arguments, whether constructive or critical, one can hardly help exclaiming, How near to first principles are the criteria of the most advanced theories and high-stepping deliverances! With him, the impulse to prick the bubble of windy hypothesis upon the diamond-needle (as the Hindus call it) of hard common sense was often irresistible, and sometimes irresistibly funny. Witness this passage from his boyish journal: "On entering the river [the St. Mary's], we found ourselves in an archipelago of small islands, which stretches from the Sault down to the foot of the Georgian Bay. —— says [that] —— actually visited thirty-six thousand such islands, . . . which in my opinion is a whopper. To have done it, he must have stopped upon ten a day, every day for ten years." This may seem trivial. In fact, it is typical. It is in essence the same kind of treatment that he gave in later life to any loose statement or extravagant theory, although printed in the most dignified journal and propounded by the most redoubtable authority.

Breadth and thoroughness are ever at war with each other in men, for that men are finite. The gift of both in large measure and at once, — this marks the man of genius. That the gift was Whitney's is clear to any one who considers the versatility of his mind, the variousness of his work, and the quality of his results. As professor of Sanskrit, technical work in grammar, lexicography, text-criticism, and the like lay nearest to him; but with all this, he still found strength to illuminate by his insight many questions of general linguistic theory, the origin of language, phonetics, the difficult subject of Hindu astronomy and the question of its derivation, the method and technique of translation, the science of religion, mythology, linguistic ethnology, alphabetics and paleography, and much else. Astonishing is the combination of technical knowledge in widely diverse fields which appears in his elaborately annotated translation of the famous Sanskrit astronomical treatise called Sūrya-siddhānta, and which, again, he brought to bear upon his criticisms of earlier and later attempts to determine the age of the Veda by its references to solar eclipses,

and by its alleged implications respecting the place of the equinoctial colures.

But not only in respect of contents were Whitney's writings of conspicuous merit: he had also the sense of form and proportion, — that sense, for lack of which the writings of many a scholar of equal learning are almost nugatory. At twenty-two, his English style had the charms of simplicity, clearness, and vigor, and they held out to the last. And what could be more admirable than his beautiful essay — a veritable classic — The Vedic Doctrine of a Future Life? His subjects, indeed, if treated seriously, do not lend themselves to the graces of rhetorical or ornate writing; and his concise and pregnant periods sometimes mock the flippant or listless reader. But his presentation, whether of argument or of scientific generalization, is always a model of lucidity and of orderly exposition and due subordination of the parts. This was a matter on which he felt deeply; for his patience was often sorely tried by papers for whose slovenliness in diction, arrangement, and all the externals of which he was a master, the authors fondly thought that their erudition was forsooth an excuse.

Indeed, for the matter of printer's manuscript, more than once has Boehtlingk, the Nestor of Indianists, taxed him home with making it too good; declaring it a wicked sin to put time on such things, though playfully admitting the while that he had killed off with his own desperate copy I cannot remember how many luckless type-setters in the office of the Russian Academy.

Where there was so much of the best, it is not feasible to go into details about all. Yet I cannot omit mention of some of his masterpieces. Very notable is his Language and the Study of Language, a work of wide currency, and one which has done more than any other in this country to promote sound and intelligent views upon the subjects concerned. It deals with principles, with speculative questions, and with broad generalizations, — the very things in which his mastery of material, self-restraint, even balance of mind, and vigorous logic come admirably into play.

Of a wholly different type, but not one whit inferior withal, are his Prātiçākhyas. These are the phonetico-grammatical treatises upon the text of the Vedas, and are of prime importance for the establishment of the text. Their distinguishing feature is minutiæ, of marvelous exactness, but presented in such a form that no one with aught less than a tropical Oriental contempt for the value of time can make anything out of them as they stand. Whitney not only out-Hindus the Hindu for minutiæ, but also — such is his command of form — actually recasts the whole, so that it becomes a book of easy reference.

As for the joint edition of the Atharva-Veda, it is a most noteworthy fact that it has held its own now for thirty-eight years as an unsurpassed model of what a Vedic text-edition ought to be. His Index Verborum to the Atharva-Veda, a work of wonderful completeness and accuracy, is much more than its name implies, and may not pass without brief mention, inasmuch as its material formed the basis of his contributions to the Sanskrit-German lexicon published by the Imperial Academy of Russia. This great seven-volumed quarto, whose steady progress through the press took some three and twenty years, is the Sanskrit Stephanus. Americans may well be proud of the fact that to Whitney belongs the distinguished honor of being one of the four "faithful collaborators" who, next to the authors, Boehtlingk and Roth, contributed most to this monumental work.

Of all his technical works, his Sanskrit Grammar, with its elaborate supplement, The Roots, Verb-forms, and Primary Derivatives of the Sanskrit Language, forms the crowning achievement. Here he casts off the bonds of

tradition wherever they might hamper his free scientific procedure, and approaches the phenomena of language in essentially the same spirit and attitude of mind as that in which Darwin or Helmholtz grappled the problems of their sciences. The language is treated historically, and as the product of life and growth; and the work is filled with the results of scores of minute and far-reaching special investigations. The amount of material which is here subjected to rigorous and original methods of classification and scientific induction is enormous; and none but those who were familiar with his writing-table can well realize the self-restraint that he used in order to bring his results into moderate compass.

In all these technical works there is little that appeals to the popular imagination, and absolutely nothing to catch the applause of the groundlings; but much, on the other hand, to win the confidence of the judicious. It was therefore natural that Whitney should be sought as editor-in-chief for what is in every sense by far the greatest lexicographical achievement of America, The Century Dictionary. And despite the ability and size of the editorial staff, we may well believe that this office was no sinecure. For the settlement of the principles of procedure demanded the full breadth of learning, the largeness of view, and the judicial temper of a master mind. Among the great body of his countrymen, this will be Whitney's best known monument.

Mr. Whitney was a genuine lover of nature and of the world out of doors no less than of his books; and so, with his keen sense of humor and love of fun, he was a charming companion for the woods and hills. Physical courage, too, abounded, often with a daring impulse to meet bodily risk and danger, as when he climbed the so-called Look-off Pine, about one hundred and thirty feet high, a monarch overtopping the primeval forests of the Ontonagon River, and broke off its top as a trophy; or as when, with his brother, he indulged in the youthful escapade of passing the forbidden point of the spire of Strassburg Cathedral by clambering out and around the point of obstruction on the outside, and of mounting thence towards the summit as far as there was any opening within the spire large enough to contain a man's body. He was intensely American, in the best sense of the word; and his patriotism, aside from its loftier manifestations (of which a moment later), showed itself in some lesser ways not unpleasing to recall. In describing his passage through the wilds of the Detroit River, he says in that youthful journal, "There was little difference in the appearance of the two sides; but I endeavored to persuade myself that the American offered evidence of more active and successful industry than the British."

I venture to quote in part the words and in part the substance of a recent letter from one of his old pupils. There is no one, said this pupil, whose privilege it was to know him more intimately, who could not speak of the deep tenderness underlying his ordinary reserve, of his profound sympathy with difficulty and misfortune, and of his ever-steadfast loyalties. Of the last a touching illustration is found in his remembrance of the Schaal family, in whose house *auf dem Graben* he lodged during his Tübingen summers of 1851 and 1852. Nearly forty years later he wrote to this pupil, then in Tübingen, asking him to seek out the Schaals, and to be the bearer of kindly messages to them. Fräulein Schaal spoke of the delight her mother and herself had felt at the messages sent them by the professor who had become so celebrated, but who had not forgotten them, and showed the visitor Professor Whitney's room, all unchanged, a typical *Studentenzimmer;* in the middle, a long, plain table, and by it an uncushioned

armchair. That, said she, was Professor Whitney's chair, and in it he used to sit for hours at that table, almost without moving. When he moved the chair more than a little, I knew that it was time for me to take him his mug of beer, and perchance a bit of bread. And, as a very small girl then, I wondered at the table, which was covered with little bits of paper, which he had arranged in a certain order, and was very particular that no one should disturb. The only adornment which he had in the room was an American flag draped over the mirror; and on the Fourth of July he said he would work an hour less than usual, as it was the anniversary of American independence. The flag was the symbol of a true passion; and in his toils for truth he felt that he was working, first for the welfare, and second for the glory of his country. And as for the latter, how many an American student in Germany has been proud of the generous recognition of Whitney's success! Years ago, continues the letter, I was exchanging a few words with a famous Orientalist. The Herr Professor kindly asked me from what part of America I came. New Jersey, I told him, and his face grew very blank. I know Connecticut, said he. And he knew Connecticut, as did his colleagues, largely because he knew Whitney. So much for the letter of a loving and beloved pupil.

It suggests withal an inquiry: What was the secret of Whitney's great productivity? In the first instance, — that goes without saying, — his native gifts. But it is far from true that native gifts are always fruitful. Next to them came his power of discerning what was the really important thing to do, and his habit — self-imposed, and enforced with Spartan rigor — of doing something every working-day upon that really important thing, and, above all, of doing that something first. Such was his regularity that even the dire necessity — which arose in 1882 — of moving from one dwelling-house into another did not break it. "Even moving," he writes, "I expect to find consistent with regular doses of Talavakāra, etc." The "art of judicious slighting" was a household word in his family, a weapon of might; its importance to the really great is equaled only by its perilousness in the hands of the unskillful. His plans were formed with circumspection, with careful counting of the cost, and then adhered to with the utmost persistence, so that he left behind him nothing fragmentary. We may change Goldsmith's epitaph to suit the case, and say that Whitney put his hand to nothing that he did not carry out, — *nihil quod incepit non perfecit.*

And what shall I say of the lesser virtues that graced him? As patient as the earth, say the Hindus. And endless patience was his where patience was in place. And how beautiful was his gentleness, his kindness to those from whom he looked for nothing again, his gratitude to those who did him a service! And how especially well did the calm dignity which was ever his wont become him when he presided at the meetings of learned societies! How notable the brevity with which he presented his papers! No labored reading from a manuscript, but rather a simple and facile account of results. An example, surely! He who had the most to say used in proportion the least time in saying it. And this was indeed of a piece with his most exemplary habit, as editor of the publications of the Oriental Society, of keeping his own name so far in the background. For how genuine was his modesty of bearing, of speech, and of soul!

And in harmony therewith was his reverence for things hallowed.

> He counted not himself to have attained,
> This doughty toiler on the paths of truth;
> And scorned not them who lower heights had
> reached.

As was his attitude towards things sacred, so also was it towards those who went

before him in science. He did not speak sneeringly of what they, with lesser light, had achieved. And to him Aristotle was none the less a giant because some dwarf on a giant's shoulders can see farther than the giant himself.

If I may cite my own words used on a former occasion, Whitney's life-work shows three important lines of activity, — the elaboration of strictly technical works, the preparation of educational treatises, and the popular exposition of scientific questions. The last two methods of public service are direct and immediate, and to be gainsaid of none; yet even here the less immediate results are doubtless the ones by which he would have set most store. As for the first, some may incline to think the value of an edition of the Vedas or of a Sanskrit grammar — to say nothing of a Prātiçākhya — extremely remote; they certainly won for him neither money nor popular applause; and yet, again, such are the very works in which we cannot doubt he took the deepest satisfaction. He realized their fundamental character, knew that they were to play their part in unlocking the treasures of Indian antiquity, and knew that that antiquity has its great lessons for us moderns; further, that the history of the languages of India, as it has indeed already modified, is also yet to modify, and that profoundly, the whole teaching of classical and Germanic philology, both in method and in contents; and that the history of the evolution of religions in India is destined to exert a powerful influence for good upon the development of religious thought and life among us and our children. He labored, and other men shall enter into his labors. But it is this "faith, the assurance of things hoped for," — *πίστις ἐλπιζομένων ὑπόστασις*, — which is one of the most vital attributes of the true scholar.

In the autumn of 1886 came the beginning of the end, an alarming disorder of the heart. Adhering closely to a strictly prescribed physical regimen, he labored on, according to his wavering strength, heaping, as it were, the already brimming measure of his life-work. His courage, his patient learning of the art of suffering, his calm serenity in facing the ever-present possibility of sudden death, — this was heroic. And through it all forsook him not the two grand informing motives of his life, — the pure love of truth, and an all-absorbing passion for faithful service.

With this love of truth, this consuming zeal for service, with this public spirit and broad humanity, this absolute truthfulness and genuineness of character, is not this life an inspiration and an example more potent by far than years of exhortation? Is not this truly one of the lives that make for righteousness? And what then? On the tympanum of the theatre at Harvard are inscribed in the Vulgate version those noble words from the book of Daniel: —

QVI·AVTEM·DOCTI·FVERINT
FVLGEBVNT·QVASI·SPLENDOR·FIRMAMENTI
ET·QVI·AD·IVSTITIAM·ERVDIVNT·MVLTOS
QVASI·STELLAE·IN·PERPETVAS·AETERNITATES

We may say them of him: And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.

Charles Rockwell Lanman.

MAJOR AND MINOR BARDS.

For those who believe there is no such thing as a long poem, that the mere attribute of length renders it not a poem, this must seem the day of great things in verse. If there was ever a time when the short poem was a main staple of production, that time is now upon us. And not only does this brevity mark the separate pieces of verse, but it is a day, too, of small books. Perhaps there will not be a great lamentation over the passing of epics and five-act tragedies. Economists would tell us that the railroad and the telegraph have changed all that. It must be, then, in answer to some call from the law of supply and demand that the output of thin books of verse, very thin books, is so plentiful. It is, in a word, the day of the Minor Bard. The expression of moods is possibly more than ever a necessity for man. Moods have taken a territory of their own in the chart of the emotions, and it is the mission of the Minor Bard to give them the outward semblance which may or may not keep them from passing into the unexplored regions where many a mood in the previous history of the race must have been lost.

Will it savor too strongly of juggling with words to remark that the term Minor Bard may be taken with some subtler reference to the key in which many of the songs of the hour are pitched? It has been our fortune to read in a comparatively short space of time a large number of these thin books, and it takes no searching eye to detect as their prevailing characteristic that distinct quality of sadness which we are all wont to recognize as a note of our decadent century. If the poet truly fulfills his mission, according to all good authority, he mirrors the spirit of his age, and in the batch of books to be passed forthwith in review necessarily not exhaustive, the singer will be found in many instances to be engaged in this his proper task. The sequence is easy to follow: first, a spirit of sadness abroad in the world; second, a band of singers; third, a collection of books that do not make for joy.

One hardly need say that there are bright exceptions to this tendency. Far be it from us, moreover, to say that in the longer productions some of the truest poetry is not found, and still farther that the bards are completely minor. Where the line of demarcation between the greater and the less should be made, their own consciences and the insight of careful readers will usually tell.

Let us begin with one whose place is, fortunately, not open to question. A new book from Mr. Aldrich is a thing to be thankful for, and in his Unguarded Gates and Other Poems [1] there is a bountiful share of the work which possesses just the kind of beauty one has learned to expect. Most of the poems, if we mistake not, have had their first readings in the magazine. It is of course in a volume that their total impression is first to be felt. There is in them ample evidence of the familiar delicacy of imagination and touch. None but the most sensitive hand could have written such verses as A Shadow of the Night, El Moulok, Broken Music, and parts of Elmwood and White Edith; and rarely, in the lighter vein, does one come upon such gracefulness in narrative as At Nijnii-Novgorod and Nourmadee display. Indeed, it may be said, and especially of some of the more serious poems, that the technique bears so many marks of a master in the singer's art that the poems could be well liked even if their

[1] *Unguarded Gates and Other Poems.* By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

inspiration lacked the charm it holds. This feeling makes us the bolder to wonder how so careful a critic of his own writing as Mr. Aldrich could have let one line in the verses — to be sure, rather informal — on The Sailing of the Autocrat creep into the book.

"Look lively lest yourselves get caught,"

would pass in many books without causing the moment of disappointment it gives one here; but it is not our purpose to cavil at motes when there is so much to enjoy, or to pass on to another book without a word of appreciation of Footnotes as the happiest of titles for the hard-worked quatrain.

A younger poet, to whom we turn with interest and expectation, is Mr. William Watson, in whose volume of Odes and Other Poems [1] many will look for an answer to the hope that the good promise of earlier work is bearing itself out. The answer must be that in the best poems of the book this hope is abundantly carried on, if it is not raised to greater heights. Ode, as used by Mr. Watson, is a rather swelling title for what others might call a poetical epistle to a friend. The volume opens with several such pieces of verse, and in one of them, to H. D. Traill, the poet is seen, as before, at his best, or something very like it, in writing of his art of poetry. Again, in stanzas of The First Skylark of Spring he sings of song with an equally true note. But this is no longer the distinguishing note of his work. His eye is perhaps more than before turned inward, and some of the intensity of self-knowledge finds its way clearly into such lines as his Vita Nuova and the latter part of Lakeland Once More. A sterner gift is shown forth in some of the sonnets, notably in the three called The World in Armour, which may surely be said to have a kinship, which the author would prize, with Wordsworth, in the vigor of their conception of man in his larger political relations. These are really noble sonnets, and a few of the others do not fall below them in impressiveness. Such passion as Mr. Watson's work reveals is still intellectual rather than emotional. He is still a disciple of the school in which Matthew Arnold studied under Wordsworth. Was it not Matthew Arnold himself who likened style to well-fitting, comfortable clothes, showing a man at his best, and hampering none of his movements? Somewhat in this way Mr. Watson has style. His movements are not nimble; they are rather those of a dignified, clear, unhurried person, thoughtful more than impulsive, yet not lacking in intensity of feeling, —

"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

There are, again, a few poems which might have been spared, but the book, as a whole, makes an impression of firmness and power. The poet must not be left, however, as a person with all the virtues, and none of the graces, and to show that the less rigorous emotions are not wholly stricken from his creed, we must quote a graceful lyric, one of the few lighter bits in the volume: —

THE PROTEST.

Bid me no more to other eyes
With wandering worship fare,
And weave my numbers garland-wise
To crown another's hair.
On me no more a mandate lay
Thou wouldst not have me to obey!

Bid me no more to leave unkissed
That rose-wreathed porch of pearl.
Shall I, where'er the winds may list,
Give them my life to whirl?
Perchance too late thou wilt be fain
Thy exile to recall — in vain!

Bid me no more from thee depart,
For in thy voice to-day
I hear the tremor of thy heart
Entreating me to stay;
I hear . . . nay, silence tells it best,
O yielded lips, O captive breast!

[1] *Odes and Other Poems.* By WILLIAM WATSON. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

It is but a part of Mr. Watson which one finds here. In Five Books of Song[1] one has the grateful opportunity of seeing Mr. Gilder in "the altogether," and of noting the complete progress of his poesy. The tendency which has been noticed in his later work towards very *occasional* poems is happily found to be in large measure, indeed, a later tendency. In the five books here done into one there are many poems heartily to be liked, and a few to which it is a genuine pleasure to return more than once. Perhaps nowhere more than in the second book, The Celestial Passion, are these to be found. The feeling, in this volume religious, is very true, as Holy Land, a sonnet, and The Voice of the Pine will show. In the next book, A Woman's Thought is welcome as an old friend; and still farther on, who will not be glad again to "hear the barking of Leo"? The subdivisions of each book into parts is, to a reader's sense, somewhat subtle, and the rivulets of text and meadows of margin do not always please the eye; but having seen the body of the work, one may be sure that a single smaller book of high excellence could easily be made by judicious selections, — and of how many contemporary poets can this be said?

After this manner two poets from overseas are presented to American readers, though in the case of the first, Aubrey de Vere,[2] the selection has not been carried to such a point as to make the volume a small one. From his total work, however, Mr. Woodberry has chosen such poems as body forth the qualities pointed out with insight and skill in the Introduction. The poet is clearly shown "on his own recognizances" to be worthy of the place he has taken as a pure worker in high themes. These, as many know, are largely drawn from Irish history and tradition, especially in the days of early Christianity. Without a strong element of popular appeal, the work has dignity and elevation. That it is not altogether modern one may partially infer from the fact that little of it belongs to the family of short poems; indeed, the greater part of the book is made up of long extracts from longer works. The sonnets, songs, and personal verses which follow them, all speak from a sensitive heart, capable of warm and understanding friendships. To what Mr. Woodberry has said of the poet it might not be amiss to add at least the conclusion of the sonnet to him, in William Watson's book, at which we have just glanced: —

> "Not mine your mystic creed, not mine, in prayer
> And worship, at the ensanguined Cross to kneel;
> But when I mark your faith how pure and fair,
> How based on love, on passion for man's weal,
> My mind, half envying what it cannot share,
> Reveres the reverence which it cannot feel."

The second book of selections from a poet not thoroughly known in America will give many readers a first acquaintance with Arthur O'Shaughnessy.[3] Mrs. Moulton's account of his life and work is sympathetic and temperate. To all her recognition of the poet's qualities of tenderness and fine sense, his modern yet mediævally mystic thoughts of the soul, and, no less, of the body before and after death, we would add a word touching a power in him which we should not expect a woman to overlook. This is his strange understanding of women, whose souls he seems to have read as

[1] *Five Books of Song.* By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: The Century Co. 1894.

[2] *Selections from the Poems of Aubrey de Vere.* Edited, with a Preface, by George Edward Woodberry. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

[3] *Arthur O'Shaughnessy.* His Life and his Work, with Selections from his Poems. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Cambridge and Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1894.

they could hardly have read them for themselves or from one another. Perhaps as well as any other the selection from Chaitivel will show this inner knowledge. The Dream and A Love Symphony are wholly the work of a poet and a lover, as The Fountain of Tears is the song of a true singer. Withal it must be said that O'Shaughnessy touched rather than attained the element of permanence, and is a poet for the few, not for the many.

Related by nationality and mystical flavor to his work is the thinnest book of our collection, The Land of Heart's Desire,[1] by Mr. W. B. Yeats. It is a little Irish play in verse, and tells the story of a new wife called on May eve to join the fairies, with whom more than with her matter-of-fact relations all her kinship lay. It is an attractive piece, with the true poetic feeling which must thrive by the side of a true flavor of fairyland. Nor is it undramatic in its way; one can easily conceive the effect upon spectators, as upon the characters in the play, of the troops of fairies, unseen but felt, coming to the door and dancing through the house. In all the play there is a sort of modern old-worldness that sets it apart as having a charm of its own.

From these singers of other lands let us turn to a few of the New World. In one of his sonnets, Mr. Aldrich, peering into the future of "this young Land," asks: —

> "What other singers shall the womb of Time
> Bring forth to reap the sunny slopes of rhyme?"

With a dozen or more new books of new bards under our eyes we cannot fear that the reaping is to be given over. The value of the harvest remains still to be seen. In Mr. Carman's Low Tide on Grand Pré[2] one of the most individual new notes may be detected. When one has complained of the mannerisms, of the evasions, as they seem at times, of sense in sound, of the suspicions that the poet himself is not always quite sure of his intentions, the fact persists that the writer is a poet, and that the volume as a whole casts over the reader the spell which poetry only can effect. One does not care greatly for words like "unhaste," for phrases — later than Spenser — like "the footing of her feet," and for finding the singer and his themes so often in what the Concord philosophers would call a state of *betweenness*.

> "Between the roadside and the wood."
>
> "Between the woodside and the road."
>
> "Between the winter and the sea."

These are three of the states, and there is yet another, but in a stanza which has a characteristic charm: —

> "Because I am a wanderer
> Upon the roads of endless quest,
> Between the hill-winds and the hills,
> Along the margin men call rest."

One does not care to get out a geography and place these roads; it is enough that they lead one into the vague land of imaginings. Many verses in the book might well be pointed out as showing this land to be far too vague. Yet the impression left by a few such poems as The Eavesdropper, The End of the Trail, and The Vagabonds, and through them by the entire volume, is that of a singer filled with the mystery of the north, with a spirit of unrest, — "unhaste," too, if you will, — in vast sympathy with the persons Stevenson spoke for in the Apology for Idlers, and one — shall we not say? — with the class of vagabonds described by the Old English Statute printed with the charming poem in their praise. Inaction and dreams demand their song no less than stirring life, and of them Mr. Carman sings in this book. Of the means to his

[1] *The Land of Heart's Desire.* By W. B. Yeats. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1894.

[2] *Low Tide on Grand Pré.* A Book of Lyrics. By Bliss Carman. Cambridge and Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1894.

end all praise is to be spoken, for invariably he uses the simplest metres, so musically woven that one does not stop to think of their simplicity, and the restraint which by reason of it is put upon the writer. A more careful criticism of his own work will bring him one day, we hope, to drawing clearer distinctions between the really beautiful parts of it, and the exercises of imagination and expression from which the restraint so well borne in his rhythms is absent.

On the title-page of Songs from Vagabondia[1] Mr. Carman's name is joined with that of Mr. Richard Hovey, or, as the verses within the volume show his more familiar name to be, "Black Richard," or "Dickon." Perhaps the book is best to be regarded as a piece of elaborate fooling; for certainly the three men in the waning moon whose images appear on its cover cannot take it very seriously. "Free" is the note struck at the outset, and the shaking off of conventional trammels is the constant theme of rejoicing. The liberty that is sung is apparently of the kind which Milton identified with something else. Yet after all, like certain collegians who make a boast of wickedness, the singers do not quite convince one of being as bad as they wish to seem. Of the bee in their More Ancient Mariner it is written, —

"His morals are mixed, but his will is fixed."

Their intention, too, is very firm, but the mixing of the morals seems a little more amusing than dreadful. It must be frankly said that there is a good share of rubbish in the book, though one cannot but admire the ingenuity of such rhymes as *tree-toad*, *three-toed*, *vetoed*, and *Gounod's*, *Bluenose*, *who knows*. Now and then, moreover, there is a note, if we mistake not, in which Mr. Carman is recognized at his best, as for example in The Mendicants: —

"Let him wear brand-new garments still
Who has a threadbare soul, I say."

These capital lines of the poem speak from his confessed love of vagabondage, which here has brought his verse into inferior company, and shown his own less creditable work. So "young" an enterprise seems a pity, but it cannot really matter very much.

Another writer with whom "freedom" is a watchword is Mr. Hamlin Garland, and in his Prairie Songs[2] one may taste firstfruits of that "Great Middle West" with which Mr. Garland's hopes for American literature are so bound up. He says in a "Foreword," "I do not expect . . . to have these verses taken to represent my larger work;" but for the Middle West they may surely speak. The songs are largely of the sort which spring out of "remembered emotion." From what Mr. Garland calls "the rancuous tumult of the street," his mind turns back to boyhood and the prairies, and many a verse about them is the result. Most of them have a genuine ring, and some are vivid and some impressive. But through all there is a note of abiding sadness, the note so well known to be characteristic of the prairies. The dull tragedies of the women's lives is again shown clearly forth. To say that this effect of dreary monotony is produced is to say that Mr. Garland has done his work well; but to join with him in the hope that the Middle West will provide us henceforth with American literature is to give melancholia the first place as the national disease of the future.

From the prairies to the schools is a far cry. Several books have come to us, however, bearing unmistakable marks of the study. Sonnets and Other Verses,[3]

[1] *Songs from Vagabondia.* By Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. Boston: Copeland & Day. 1894.

[2] *Prairie Songs.* Being Chants Rhymed and Unrhymed of the Level Lands of the Great West. By Hamlin Garland. Cambridge and Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1893.

[3] *Sonnets and Other Verses.* By George Santayana. Cambridge and Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1894.

by Mr. Santayana, is one of the best of these. In the "other verses" there is something less of distinction than in the sonnets. These, it seems to us, are possessed of a clear, cold beauty of form, and in their thought have an equal elevation. The most considerable group of them reveals a person who has been forced to turn away from the earlier things of faith, and now, though he respects them, and half envies those who hold to them, seeks such solace as nature and abstract thought can afford. The singer's attitude towards the world is best summed up in the three lines, —

> "The crown of olives let another wear;
> It is my crown to mock the runner's heat
> With gentle wonder and with laughter sweet."

Four sonnets on the death of a friend must also especially be mentioned for their beauty. The writer's themes and skill alike lend themselves to the sonnet form, and if the work is to be thought

> "somewhat lacking root in homely earth,"

yet the plane on which it moves is high and pure.

Another volume clearly from the schools is Mr. Hugh McCulloch's The Quest of Heracles.[1] Here, too, there are poems which do not so much concern us as the one thing which is best in the book. This is found in the several long poems of which classical stories are the theme. At their best, as in Antinous and parts of Phaeton, these show a distinct narrative gift, a power to tell old stories in a direct yet imaginative way, with skill in construction not only in the larger plan, but in the technique of episodes and lines. Of the shorter verses in the collection, it is certainly to be remarked with gratefulness that the world is looked upon in an aspect not altogether gray. A few stirring songs of action and love and a group of five sonnets are really attractive. But it is the more sustained work which encourages one to hope for still better things from the new writer. As in Mr. Santayana's book, there is here enough good work to remind us of the creditable place "Earlier Poems" have sometimes taken in the collected writings of men who have "arrived."

Linked with Mr. McCulloch's book by its classicism and its promise is The Wind in the Clearing, and Other Poems,[2] by Mr. Robert Cameron Rogers. Here, too, the best things are based upon classic models, and, for example, in Hylas and Odysseus at the Mast the result is effective. Some of the shorter poems have strength and delicacy, and in the lighter verse it is interesting to find the most attractive bit, An Open Question, a sort of eclogue which turns the memory immediately back to Vergil. Mr. Rogers seems a man with something to say, and if his message and his way of delivering it are not supreme, he has a pleasant skill, from which more important results may yet spring, presumably along the lines which here display most of promise.

Neither from the prairies nor from the schools, but from the factory comes a small book, Skipped Stitches,[3] Verses by Anna J. Grannis, which may remind us how independent of surroundings the gift of poetry can be. The writer, we are told, has worked in a New England mill since she was fifteen, and naturally many of the songs have to do with mill life. There is also a share of the "homely domestic," in which cradles and armchairs play their parts; but throughout the book there are evidences of genuine poetic feeling, of true insight, and here and there is a touch of lyric beauty. The source, if nothing else, would justify us in reprinting this bit: —

[1] *The Quest of Heracles and Other Poems.* By Hugh McCulloch, Jr. Cambridge and Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1894.

[2] *The Wind in the Clearing, and Other Poems.* By Robert Cameron Rogers. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

[3] *Skipped Stitches.* Verses by Anna J. Grannis. Fourth Edition. Keene, N. H.: Darling & Co. 1894.

APRIL.

April laughed and threw a kiss;
Then afraid it seemed amiss,
Quick she dropped a shining tear,
And it straightway blossomed here;
Seeing this, she then threw more,
Crying harder than before —
A tear for every kiss she threw;
From every tear a blossom grew,
Till she laughing, ran away,
And left her flowers all to May.

This lyric brings us to a book which is all lyrical, Poems [1] by John B. Tabb. Father Tabb has found metaphors for very many phenomena of nature and experiences of life. These he has put into small verses, rarely exceeding the length of a sonnet, usually shorter, and frequently a mere quatrain. Many of the conceits are attractive, and the work is nearly always skillfully polished, but the little poems are things best read where many of them first appeared, at the end of a page of prose in a magazine. There they are welcome bits of fancy; here their effect is to leave one feeling as if one had risen from a dinner of crumbs. But it is a pretty little book, and has in it many graceful images which may well be looked at one by one.

Father Tabb is a Southern singer; so, too, is Mr. William Hamilton Hayne, whose Sylvan Lyrics and Other Verses [2] has at least a kindred fanciful quality. Mr. Hayne has a pleasant, imaginative way of seeing analogies in birds, winds, and trees, and putting them into easy verses. There is little in the book, however, that has marked individuality. It is an "oaten stop or pastoral song" with which he soothes our "modest ear," and as one may expect of the music blown through an oat-stalk, strength is not its conspicuous quality. A few tender tributes to the singer's father, a poet himself, mark out some of the best pages in the book.

Through the poetic inheritance the world comes rightly, also, by the volume of Poems [3] by Langdon Elwyn Mitchell, Dr. Weir Mitchell's son. It is a book which would have been more effective had some of the longer productions been spared, for they are by no means always the best things in the collection. Such shorter poems as True Captivity and My Comrade are proof enough of a genuine gift in verse. Mr. Mitchell, however, does not come to us with the only collection which would have gained strength by abridgment. Such another is Poems, New and Old,[4] by William Roscoe Thayer. A few verses like The Last Hunt and the series Echoes from a Garden, which we take to be adaptations of Hafiz, show the writer capable of really poetic work. The pity is the greater, therefore, that several long productions have found their way into the volume, and have made it one which may be expected to add little to the gayety even of towns.

There is, nevertheless, in both of these books a more personal note than one finds in The Flute-Player and Other Poems,[5] by Mr. Francis Howard Williams. There is attractive writing in the book, and a few bits of it stand out by ample reason of their own charm. Such are Servus Servorum Dei and An Ionian Frieze. But much of the work is of the sort that could not possibly have been but for previous poets. For example, the narrative Woman o' the Watch is as good an echo of Enoch Arden as if it had been produced specifically as an exercise in Tennysonian art. In other poems the re-

[1] *Poems.* By John B. Tabb. Boston: Copeland & Day. 1894.

[2] *Sylvan Lyrics and Other Verses.* By William Hamilton Hayne. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1893.

[3] *Poems.* By Langdon Elwyn Mitchell ("John Philip Varley"). Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

[4] *Poems, New and Old.* By William Roscoe Thayer. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

[5] *The Flute-Player and Other Poems.* By Francis Howard Williams. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

minders of the past come through separate phrases, and one finds that Shelley, Milton, George Eliot, Carlyle, and others have lodged their words or turns of speech irretrievably in Mr. Williams's mind. It is not unpleasant to have one's memory of so much that is good renewed, but it does impair a sense of freshness in the book with which the process begins.

Only in its plan A Lover's Diary,[1] by Gilbert Parker, is remindful, too, and that of no less formidable an object of comparison than George Meredith's Modern Love. We say only in plan, for this present series of sonnets, though it tells of the separation and coming together again of lovers, falls infinitely short of the intensity of sense and phrase which stung itself into every line of George Meredith's sequence. In every way it is a less serious "affair" with which Mr. Parker has dealt, and the apparent ease of his sonnet-writing gives the impression that neither the depths nor the heights of the soul were touched in preparation. This may be merely the effect of a "fatal facility;" for surely the verses are so written as to leave one thinking the author might have done them with or without a potent draught from the experience out of which they should at least seem to spring. Many of them are attractive in fancy, as they are fluent in form, and one, calling upon the beloved to know the best things in the singer as the trace of his mother upon him, is of a particularly happy vein.

One more book, another collection of sonnets, and we are done. In Mr. Eugene Lee-Hamilton's Sonnets of the Wingless Hours[2] there is all the rigor which Mr. Parker's collection lacks. From the world, as Mr. Lee-Hamilton sees it, faith, hope, and most of love, except for his art, are gone. Yet to this he hardly brings all which, in his just conception, it deserves. To the sonnet, as his medium, we look for a high expression of art, and find more of desperate vigor than of beauty in his cultivation of the "scanty plot of ground." He has, moreover, the doubtful habit of writing sonnets in pairs, not as separate though allied verses, but as single poems of two stanzas. Yet there is certainly strength in the best pages of the book, and a sort of grim consolation and encouragement for those who would see life as it has appeared to this undefeated singer. For all such persons, especially when they seek consolation in writing verse, perhaps it is well to reflect,

> "The worst is not
> So long as we can say, 'This is the worst.'"

Reviews, like books, must have a beginning, middle, and end. We have had to do mainly with the middle of the volumes at hand. Now it is time to speak of their end, and come to our own. How can we better call attention and pay tribute to a new fashion, restored like many other fashions of our day from the Middle Ages, than by bringing our notice to a close imitated as nearly as possible from the last page of half a dozen of the books at which we have glanced? Then let us write: —

Here
endeth this
notice of a score
of bards, read with
sympathy, and reviewed
with candor in Jan-
uary the year of
our Lord
1895

[1] *A Lover's Diary.* Songs in Sequence. By Gilbert Parker. Cambridge and Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1894.

[2] *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours.* By Eugene Lee-Hamilton. Cambridge and Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1894.

CURTIS AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

Mr. Cary, in the concluding chapter of his well-proportioned book on George William Curtis,[1] says: "In writing the life of Mr. Curtis as an 'American Man of Letters' I have not forgotten his claim to such a designation, though I have tried to give as nearly as possible within the limits of the book the materials for an estimate of his course as a man of public affairs." And he goes on to say: "Had he devoted himself to letters only, or were he known only by his literary work, his reputation in that kind would have been more distinct, and might be more lasting." It happens that along with Mr. Cary's study we have a collection of distinctively literary papers by Mr. Curtis from which to form some judgment of his capabilities in this direction.[2] The volume contains his estimates of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thackeray, Longfellow, Holmes, and Irving, as well as papers on Rachel and Sir Philip Sidney; and they range in time from 1853 to 1891, so that they cover nearly the whole of his active period as a writer. They show the sympathetic side of his nature rather than the specially critical, and are interesting as appreciations of personality quite as much as studies in literature. The substance of his printed work is to be sought elsewhere, in the dignified volumes of his speeches, and in the successive numbers for many years of a magazine and a weekly journal, in which he spoke to an audience which was almost as much his own as a congregation is the personal property of a minister.

Of course we do not measure the literary production of a man by the extent of his writing on literary themes. Prue and I is a better example of what Mr. Curtis might have contributed to literature, had he been more exclusively a man of letters, than this group of essays. But the deliberate appraisal which a writer makes of other writers is often a somewhat unconscious disclosure of his own relations to the craft, and in reading Mr. Curtis's essays one is reminded constantly of his idealistic temper. Always graceful and unfailingly cheerful, he regards literature and literary men with the perceptions of a man of taste. Books, pictures, music, the drama, all interested him, but his love may be said to have been given to the acted drama. He had that kind of imagination which is fed and exhilarated by harmonies of color and form: a stage well set, and the scene of well-equipped men and women acting and singing, contributed that fullness of enjoyment which was essential to his artistic temperament; but it must be choice and clean; it must have simple meaning; mere ornateness had no power to entrap him. Mr. Cary tells a capital story of a competition in eloquence in which Curtis and Senator Conkling indulged; Curtis reciting the peroration of Emerson's Dartmouth address, and laughing over Conkling's recitation of a bit of meaningless rhetoric.

It is tolerably clear from what Curtis accomplished in pure literature, as from what he failed to accomplish, that his attitude was rather that of a man of fine taste than of one who had creative power. He was an appreciator, and some of his most delightful writing is in his reminiscences of men and women in literature or art who had given him pleasure. His taste was a discriminating one, and he gave excellent reasons for his likes and dislikes; but literature did not exist for him as an end in itself, it did not compel

[1] *George William Curtis.* By Edward Cary. [American Men of Letters Series.] Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

[2] *Literary and Social Essays.* By George William Curtis. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1895.

him, and he had not that studious regard for it which might have made him an artist in criticism when he failed of being an artist in creation.

The impelling force in him was moral, and the idealism which was so distinct an element in his nature was made to serve large moral ends. With his fine presence and beautiful voice, there was no profession in which he could take his place so naturally as that of lecturing; and at the time when he came forward into the world the platform was a more effective place for Archimedes than the editor's chair. His ascent of the rostrum was also coincident with the awakening of the moral sense of the nation in its application to national problems, and Curtis easily caught fire from the flame which was rising. He was an artist in his lecturing; he used his exquisite taste to refine and make persuasive the demand which his moral nature thrust upon the attention of his hearers. Phillips had a greater oratorical power, rendered forcible by a stinging invective. Curtis brought his grace and playfulness, his rich harmonies of rhetorical art, to compass the same end. These two would be listened to by men who hated their doctrines, but paid a willing tribute to their oratorical charm. Later, Curtis passed readily from the platform to the editor's chair in a weekly journal; and here, as there, the moral force applied to questions of public concern was the controlling impulse. Literary form was an important constituent in his work as a publicist, but his editorial articles were not designed for their attractiveness to the critical mind; they had something to accomplish in the way of stirring the public conscience, of quickening the sense of right action. He did not regard literary effect as an end in itself, but his artistic sense was not therefore ignored.

We think Mr. Curtis made no mistake in thus yielding his life to the guidance of his morally didactic spirit. Indeed, literature has much to gain from such an example, and the young man who has literary aspirations, and will read Mr. Cary's interesting and manly narrative of the career of a noble American citizen who had by nature a beautiful instrument at his command, and made it do a great and needed work for his country, may well take to heart the lesson implied, but never obtrusively thrust upon him. It is of the utmost consequence to the man of letters in America that, lacking as he does any very close connection with the practical concerns of life through the medium of his profession, he should avail himself of every opportunity to ally his work with those large interests of his fellows which meet them whenever they lift their eyes from the daily task. The man of letters, by virtue of his calling, is almost necessarily an idealist, and it is one of the most desirable features in the discussion of public affairs that the idealist view should be presented. In the case of Mr. Curtis, such was the stress of the times, and such the insistence of the moral force in him, that he subordinated, in obedience to the law of his being, literary to moral activity. In the case of other men, it will be found that, with a primary regard for letters, they have yet so allied themselves with matters of public concern as to leave their impress upon their time. The more the man of letters can identify himself with the interests of the community and the nation as expressed in institutions and organizations, the more sure he is of deliverance from that airy bondage to self which is the chief peril of his vocation.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. History of the United States, by E. Benjamin Andrews. With Maps. Two volumes. (Scribners.) Dr. Andrews's division of our history is interesting. His Introduction is devoted to America before Columbus. Then follows the Fore-History, which extends to the establishment of the government in 1789. This, again, is divided into three periods, the first period, of Discovery and Settlement, from Columbus to 1660; but this throws out the Carolinas and Georgia. The second period covers English America to the end of the French and Indian War; that is, from 1660 to 1763. These divisions strike us as somewhat arbitrary, and as likely to disturb one's sense of the preparatory period which proceeded with no real break until the fall of the French power. The third period carries the history forward to 1789. The first division of the history of the United States proper is well made to extend from 1789 to the end of 1814; but the title of the second period, Whigs and Democrats till the Dominance of the Slavery Controversy, 1814–1840, though easily justified, removes the fundamental basis of development to a sort of false bottom. The party strife was superficial beside the industrial development. For the rest, Dr. Andrews has written with his customary incisiveness, and has made his book rather an essay on the history than a close chronicle. Indeed, it would not be unfair to call it a high-class journalistic work, in which proportion is not the strongest characteristic. But what does he mean by his map of the Southern Confederacy? — Alexander III. of Russia, by Charles Lowe. (Macmillan.) Mr. Lowe writes with what may be called a journalist's impartiality. He has been in the thick of contemporary Russia, and he reports with animation various incidents in history illustrative of the late Czar's attitude, and seeks to trace fairly the several threads of Russian relations with the rest of Europe. He calls in Stepniak, Curzon, and others as witnesses, and on the whole writes an open sketch. — South Africa, the Cape Colony, Natal, Orange Free State, South African Republic, and all other Territories South of the Zambesi, by George M. Theal. The Story of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) The first thought of many, on taking up this book, will probably be that South Africa can hardly be called a nation, in any proper sense of the word. But this is a matter of small consequence when an extension of the term brings into this series so lucid and well-digested a summary of the rather confusing history of the Dutch and English in that far-away land, their contests with each other and with the natives; the annals of every state being supplemented by a succinct account of its present condition. In his larger history, which gives in detail much that is here presented in outline, Mr. Theal has shown his mastery of the subject. His narrative is straightforward and reasonable in tone, and he deals equably with all classes of that mixed population, even with the aborigines, though his views regarding them are not exactly those of the English humanitarian. He shows convincingly how the welfare and even the safety of the colonists have sometimes been sacrificed to the home government's mistaken theories respecting the natives. As South Africa is yearly becoming a more important factor in the development of Greater Britain, this is a welcome as well as an enlightening book. — Edwin Booth, Recollections, by his Daughter, Edwina Booth Grossman. And Letters to Her and to His Friends. (The Century Co.) It is a pity that the letters of one who had such exquisite taste in costume should be placed between such ugly covers. One soon forgets, however, both covers and costumes; for the Booth of these interesting letters is, for the most part, not the actor, but simply the man. And how attractive is the personality here revealed of the most artistic of American actors, and the most poetic, the most imaginative, of all actors of recent times! The book, by the way, contains some excellent pictures of Booth in his more famous parts. — Historical Characters of the Reign of Queen Anne, by Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. (The Century Co.) An estimate of Queen Anne at once just and sympathetic is, we think, found for the first time in these pages. With her keen but kindly insight and trained skill in depicting char-

acter, Mrs. Oliphant has drawn to the life the mild, commonplace woman who was to give her name to a brilliant epoch, and be in a manner the central figure in it. The pathos of her humble feminine history is not overlooked, as it has been by masculine chroniclers, and the high light in the picture, her passion for friendship, is given its true value; while the dazzling dominant figure of the friend is found an always enlivening presence in the scene, with a vitality so strong and enduring that it sensibly influences the now so distant observer. The studies of the Queen and the Duchess are followed by those of Swift, Defoe, and Addison. The great dean is more gently dealt with than is usual, and the opinion is maintained, and well maintained, that Stella's lot was far from a pitiable one. In the interesting comments on Defoe's literary art, its most perfect example is rightly found in The Journal of the Plague Year. The paper on Addison and his Spectator is written *con amore*, and the author's feeling is easily shared by the reader. The volume, in its make-up, — binding, typography, and illustrations, — is an exceedingly handsome one. Especially are the admirably selected and beautifully engraved portraits a delight to the eye, after the process pictures, relevant and irrelevant, which are now lavishly scattered through so many historical works. — Life of St. Francis of Assisi, by Paul Sabatier. (Scribners.) This book, translated by Mrs. Houghton, is written by a French Protestant clergyman, and the spirit in which it is written marks well the happy change from a controversial to a sympathetic attitude on the part of Protestant scholars. M. Sabatier writes with enthusiasm and a strong admiration for his subject, with a disposition, possibly, to pare down the supernatural element, but showing in this rather a general Protestantism than a distinct antagonism. The effect of the memoir is to bring into clear light the human and very beautiful spirit of St. Francis, and to show pathetically how apparently futile was the escape of such a man from the net of ecclesiasticism which wound and wound about him, hampering him and enmeshing his disciples. — Roger Williams, the Pioneer of Religious Liberty, by Oscar S. Straus. (The Century Co.) To Roger Williams, as the first person to secure equality of rights for Jews in the New World, it is fitting that a writer of Mr. Straus's descent should bring this earnest tribute of biography. It is a thorough record of the pioneer's career, told as largely as possible in his own words, and turned constantly towards the light most favorable for showing forth his distinction as an apostle of religious liberty. Not the least of its virtues is that it takes a place amongst the books of recent years which show our Puritan forefathers as they really were. Roger Williams, by contrast, appears as a man almost of our own day and thought. — Pestalozzi, His Aim and Work, by Baron Roger de Guimps. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse.) — The Life and Educational Works of John Amos Comenius, by S. S. Laurie. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse.)

The Drama and Poetry. Theatricals. Second Series. The Album, The Reprobate, by Henry James. (Harpers.) In a preface, Mr. James says of the unacted play that has been put into print, "This sealing of its doom constitutes precisely the ground for an obituary notice." This notice, in the present instance, is in effect a recital of the difficulties that beset the way of a dramatic writer, particularly one who has turned to the stage from other fields. The little essay is most characteristic and readable. The comedies that follow it suffer from the same disabilities which marked the Theatricals published last year. The sententiousness of the dialogue belongs much more to the writer — especially as he is Mr. James — than to the persons of every-day life who are represented. They are cast, in great measure, in a single mould, and it is no more surprising to hear one than another make answer thus to an eager question: "My attestation was unconscious of its fallacy." It may not be quite fair to pick out a single line of this sort, but it indicates a general tendency which makes for anything but spontaneity and the mirrored reproduction of life as it is lived. — Judah, an Original Play in Three Acts, by Henry Arthur Jones. (Macmillan.) The mere fact of the publication of this play by a house of the first standing is another sign that contemporary drama has in it something closely akin to literature. A still surer sign, in the present instance, is that the play reads nearly, if not quite as well as it acts. Its performance by Mr. Willard is so well remembered that nothing need be

said of its plot. In the reading, there is, perhaps, one gain over the stage presentation of the play. It was hard to believe that just such a person as Mr. Willard made Judah Llewellyn could have spoken so promptly the lies which his love for Vashti wrung from him. As one reads the play, with no strongly visualized personality of the young minister before one's eyes, the fall from truth is somehow more readily condoned. Has Mr. Willard presented Judah in his first estate as too true a person, or has Mr. Jones written the lines with too convincing an effect? — The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, a Play in Four Acts, by A. W. Pinero. (Walter H. Baker & Co., Boston.) Given such an idiot as the first Mr. Tanqueray, and all the rest follows. — Because I Love You, Poems of Love, selected and arranged by Anna E. Mack. (Lee & Shepard.) All sentiments, bitter and sweet, from our lyric poets are brought together for this volume. That it has limitations as a complete anthology of the tender passion appears in the omission of Shakespeare and the restriction of Byron to a single short bit. Yet there are many charming things, as there must needs be in the sum of any wide selection of this nature from the poets. A slip from the publishers defines the work as "a rare book to con over with a sweetheart, or from which to select sentiments to accompany a gift of flowers." Here, at least, is a practical suggestion for its future. Let the florists keep it in their shops, as their druggist brethren keep the directory. — An Imaged World, Poems in Prose, by Edward Garnett. With Five Drawings by William Hyde. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) To the senses of touch and sight this is a charming book. To the mind and emotions its appeal lies in the writer's imaginative pictures of a lover's thoughts in autumn, "in grey crowds," and in spring. It is the second series of these impressions that makes the strongest effect, for the sights and suggestions of London dethrone, for the time, the more usual rhapsodies of the lover, and in the streets and hospitals such images are presented to his mind as to make themselves felt also in the imagination of the reader. It may be seen, therefore, why the book is classed with poetry. — Verses and Fly Leaves, by Charles Stuart Calverley. (Putnams.) It is a pleasure to think that this new, pretty edition of Calverley's book will introduce him to readers who have perhaps known his name only, hitherto. Scholars especially, or we may better say well-read persons, will find genuine delight in this plaything of literature. Parodies, charades, Dickens examination-papers, light chaff, all in the best of good taste, make a book which does for literature what Praed did for society. — Adirondack Readings, by Edward Sherwood Creamer. (Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo.) — Nathan the Wise, a Dramatic Poem in Five Acts, translated from the German of G. E. Lessing. (John P. Hopkins, Printer, New Orleans.) — The Songs that Quinte Sang, by Marie Joussaye. (Sun Printing and Publishing Co., Belleville, Can.) — Good Night, Schatz! Realistic Joke and Earnest in One Act. By Adolf Hepner. (St. Louis News Co., St. Louis.) — Oh, Slander not the South! or Two Virginians, by the Author of A Tribute to Grover Cleveland. (Printed by the Stillings Press, Boston.)

Nature and Travel. Riverby, by John Burroughs. (Houghton.) That Mr. Burroughs names his latest collection of papers after his place on the Hudson not only gives a personal flavor which his readers will appreciate, but emphasizes the fact that he is at home among the scenes which he describes. Now and then, as in his paper on the Mammoth Cave or on the Blue Grass Country of Kentucky, he strays from his doorstep, but for the most part he enforces the delightful acquaintance with the world which lies in our own ken. There is about these later essays a mellowness, a genial leisure, which draws the reader into a charmed circle, and gives him a sense at once of wide outlook and close scrutiny. — A Florida Sketch Book, by Bradford Torrey. (Houghton.) Many of the papers in this volume have appeared already in The Atlantic, where they charmed by the lettered vagrancy which marked them. Mr. Torrey is a most discreet rambler. His walks lead him always to something interesting, yet they are not painfully purposeful. As a companion before one goes to Florida, after one comes back, and while one is not even contemplating the journey, he is most agreeable, gently insistent, but never tedious. — In Bird Land, by Leander S. Keyser. (McClurg.) A pleasing collection of sketches from outdoor observation by one who has not only a keen eye, but a humane spirit. The neighborhood of his

observation was that of Springfield, Ohio; but the true bird-lover, though he marks his locality, is no more confined to that locality than a student of human kind is interesting only to his immediate neighbors. Mr. Keyser devotes a chapter to an anthology drawn from Lowell. — The Birds' Calendar, by H. E. Parkhurst. (Scribners.) An informal diary of a year's observations, made in the intervals of business, in Central Park, New York, and practically confined there to the Ramble. But in looking for birds the writer saw many other signs of nature, and the book becomes full of interest thus as a local stimulant, besides being agreeable reading to the lover of outdoor literature. — Voyage of the Liberdade, by Captain Joshua Slocum. (Roberts.) A sea-captain's true story of the loss of his bark, the Aquidneck, on the South American coast, and his building a craft, thirty-five feet over all, in which he sailed safely from the scene of his wreck to Washington. The first half of the volume is given up to the story of the Aquidneck; and but for the good salt flavor which pervades the whole narrative, this seems rather a pity, for the Liberdade part of the tale is the really extraordinary and sufficient cause for writing the book. — Our Animal Friends is an illustrated monthly magazine, published by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, New York. The bound volume, covering the year beginning September, 1893, shows very well the scope of the publication. A few important documents, like laws, annual addresses, and the like, are preserved, but the conductors wisely give up a considerable portion of space to anecdotes, narratives, and practical suggestions. — The Georgian Bay, an Account of its Position, Inhabitants, Mineral Interests, Fish, Timber, and other Resources, by James Cleland Hamilton. (James Bain & Son, Toronto.) — Four Months in New Hampshire, a Story of Love and Dumb Animals. Gold Mine Series, No. 3. Sequel to Black Beauty. (American Humane Education Society, Boston.) — Observations of a Traveler, by Louis Lombard. (Louis Lombard, Utica, N. Y.)

Literature and Literary History. A Little English Gallery, by Louise Imogen Guiney. (Harpers.) Miss Guiney has dedicated her painstaking and scholarly studies of Lady Danvers, of Vaughan, of Farquhar, of Beauclerk and Langton, and of William Hazlitt much too modestly to Edmund Gosse as a "friendly trespass on his fields." Just as the phrase is his who turns it best, so is the field *hers* who makes it yield most abundantly. Miss Guiney has proved that her title to a goodly patch in the spacious domain of three centuries is at least quite as sound as anybody's. She has, moreover, proved her right to a place among the American essayists with whom the publishers have associated her. For her style abounds in the firm, fine strokes that tell. It is always stronger, perhaps, in the selection of details than in the arrangement of them, but this is least notably the case in her hearty, whole-souled appreciation of Hazlitt. — We referred to Dent's sumptuous edition of Sir Thomas Malory's Le Morte Darthur when the first volume appeared. That contained Professor Rhys's Introduction, and Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's — we hesitate to call them illustrations; perhaps "accompaniment" will do. The second volume, completing the work, is now at hand, and we have an opportunity to see how Mr. Beardsley's work stands familiarity, for he and his disciples have been busy with the new gospel of art since the first volume was published. Little is sacrificed to grace. Now and then, as in the frontispiece, there is an austerity of sweetness which commands admiration; but for the most part, the frank, audacious, if you please, subordination of every other purpose to the glorification of the stencil in art leads to striking decorative effects, and occasionally permits a certain solemnity in the figure and suggestive symbolism. We may accept Beardsley, but Heaven preserve us from Beardsleyites! — A History of English Literature, by J. L. Robertson. (Harpers.) This textbook for secondary schools ambitiously undertakes to cover the ground from 449 to 1894! It carries out this purpose merely, of course, in the most general way, — only by taking the longest and most rapid strides. In doing so, it makes some curious omissions and observes some strange proportions. At its best, however, it is good enough in its way — a very bad way — as a fund of bare fact and accepted opinion, as so much grist to be ground in the examination-mill. — Studies in Mediæval Life and Literature, by Edward Tompkins McLaughlin. (Putnams.) Professor Lounsbury laments, in an Introduction, the loss Yale University has suffered in the death of the

young teacher and student a part of whose work is represented by the six essays of this little volume. That it is the work of a person from whom good fruits of scholarship might have been expected appears clearly enough. The essays are rather the result of research and resuscitation than of creative thought; nor are they conspicuously "literary" in feeling; but such a paper as Ulrich von Lichtenstein, the Memoirs of an Old German Gallant, has a distinct value in the telling of a quaint, utterly mediæval story of chivalry. In A Mediæval Woman, too, the tale of Heloise and Abelard is retold with such understanding and clearness of vision as to leave one thoroughly regretful that the end of the book is the end of the writer's work. — American Song, a Collection of Representative American Poems, with Analytical and Critical Studies of the Writers, with Introductions and Notes by Arthur B. Simonds. (Putnams.) The singers represented in this volume are grouped in sequence as Classics, Pre-eminent Later Writers, Forerunners, At Swords' Points (war-poets), and Contemporaries. It will be seen that, aside from the strange chronological order which results, a certain lapping over of class upon class is inevitable. We must confess, moreover, to a failure to grasp the author's principle of selection. Two out of the three "representative poems" by Dr. Holmes are On Sending a Punch Bowl and The Stethoscope Song. Joaquin Miller is represented by five poems of some length, and for Mr. Aldrich's work the slight lyric of two stanzas, Wedded, is the sole voucher. At its best, the book could hardly have been a work destined to fill a "long-felt want," and with its various shortcomings one cannot see for it any very distinct career of usefulness. — For Twelfth Night and All 's Well that Ends Well, in Dent's Temple Shakespeare (Macmillan), the etchings are of the courtyard of the Grammar School and Middle Temple Hall. — The latest couple of the same series includes A Winter's Tale and King John. Mr. Gollancz's prefaces are, as before, excellent examples of editorial self-restraint, and the glossaries and notes are helpful and pertinent. The etched frontispieces are the kitchen in Shakespeare's birthplace and King John's tomb in Rouen Cathedral.

Education and Instruction. Practical Elements of Elocution, designed as a Text-Book for the Guidance of Teachers and Students of Expression, by Robert I. Fulton and Thomas C. Trueblood. (Ginn.) "*Clenched.* (Fig. 16.) In the hand clenched the Mental fingers are drawn into the hollow of the Emotive palm and locked under the strong clasp of the Vital thumb, making a formidable weapon of attack." This, and more, with a picture, is thought necessary to give "Teachers and Students of Expression" a fair idea of a fist. It is quoted here as showing the method employed in large measure by the writers of the book. It is one of those educational works which carefully describe an infinite number of technical points, and therein tell many things which most of us know without being told. It is eminently fitted, however, for the making of "elocutionists." — Curb, Snaffle, and Spur, by E. L. Anderson. (Little, Brown & Co.) A clear and firm presentation of a method — akin to military discipline — of training young horses for the cavalry service, and for general use under the saddle. — History of Higher Education in Rhode Island, by William Howe Tolman. (United States Bureau of Education, Government Printing Office, Washington.) — The Questions and Answers in American History, Civil Government, and School Law, given at the Uniform Examinations of the State of New York. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse.)— From the same publisher we have Boys as They are Made, and how to Remake Them, by Franklin H. Briggs. — Henry Holt & Co. send us Marianne, par George Sand, with Explanatory Notes by Théodore Henckels, and A Laboratory Course in Invertebrate Zoölogy, by Hermon C. Bumpus. — D. C. Heath & Co. publish Mathematics for Common Schools, in three volumes, by John H. Walsh. Part I., An Elementary Arithmetic. Part II., Intermediate Arithmetic. Part III., Higher Arithmetic. Also, Geometry for Grammar Schools, by E. Hunt; Stories of Old Greece, by Emma M. Frith; and My Saturday Bird Class, by Margaret Miller.

Books of Reference. Comprehensive Index of the Publications of the United States Government, 1889–1893, by John G. Ames. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) A valuable because carefully studied and well-devised index. The editor has had many difficulties to over-

come, but his method appeals to the judgment, since it is a subject index, yet gives the material by which one can tell at a glance who was the author of the document, from which department it issued, and in what shape it is to be found. An index of personal names, again, enables one to trace the work of any one man. Such an index published once in five years, and accessible as a card catalogue meanwhile, is simply indispensable. — Sixth Annual Report of the Statistics of Railways in the United States, for the Year ending June 30, 1893, prepared by the Statistician to the Interstate Commerce Commission. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) Is this work by the government to crowd Poor's useful manual out of existence? — The Navigator's Pocket-Book, filled with Pure Gold, arranged for Immediate Reference to any Navigation Subject, by Captain Howard Patterson. (Scribners.) We print but a small part of the title-page of what appears to be an excellent little book of reference for those who follow the sea. It is too much to suppose that a landsman armed with this work, and entrusted with the navigation of a ship, could bring her into port; but if, as a passenger, he should keep the small volume in his stateroom, and from time to time, on deck and in the smoking-room, should give vent to the results of his studies from it, he might easily pass as a sea-going person. For more practical ends, the book contains many concise definitions and rules of nautical procedure. — Five Thousand Words Often Misspelled, by William Henry P. Phyfe. (Putnams.) We do not mean to say that Mr. Phyfe often misspells these five thousand words, any more than that he is in the habit of mispronouncing the seven thousand which made up the bulk of his previous book. He merely sets them down correctly spelled, and provides the reader with various rules. Thereto he adds the rules and list of amended spellings recommended by the Philological Society of London and the American Philological Association. In his own list of five thousand there must be some hundreds that are not often misspelled, for the simple reason that they are not spelled at all. *Monocotyledon* is one of these, and *shough* is another. *Hieroglyfic* is more often used, but without a *ph* would not some of us suspect it of being in the wrong list? — The latest two issues of Murray's A New English Dictionary (Macmillan) cover the opening pages respectively of Volumes III. and IV., D-Deceit, F-Fang. The articles Day and Face, of eight and eleven columns each, indicate the fullness of the treatment, and such words as *fad* and *daisy* — the latter in its slang use — the freshness of the matter. In order to give the results of all this inquiry as promptly as possible, the conductors of the enterprise purpose publishing a section of sixty-four pages in each of two letters once a quarter. D and F are now racing.

Books for and about the Young. Beckonings from Little Hands. (John D. Wattles, Philadelphia.) The author of this little book intimates quite distinctly that these eight studies in child life were made from nature, and are as close to real life as he could make them without throwing aside absolutely the veil of privacy. They have a distinct value as interpretative of childhood in some of its more evasive expression. One suspects possibly a somewhat high-strung temper in the domestic life thus disclosed, and to some it will seem as if the child who is principally concerned lived in a rarefied atmosphere; but there is much delicate discrimination in the observation, and in these days, when we are in danger of a too severely scientific spirit in the examination of childhood, it is very well to be reminded that there is often to be discovered in the child's nature lofty-vaulted chambers to be entered by very low doorways. — The Wagner Story-Book, by William Henry Frost. (Scribners.) Gazing into the fire, the narrator sees the stories of the music-dramas unfold themselves in blazing log or glowing embers, and with such adaptation as may be needful he tells them to a child, — tells them in the right tone, simply, yet with imagination and feeling. But why should every opera appear under an alias, and the characters have no names at all, with the single exception of Venus? — certainly an invidious distinction. If the Knight and the Princess, why not the Goddess? — Olaf the Glorious, by Robert Leighton. (Scribners.) Longfellow, in his Saga of King Olaf, has made that valiant warrior well known to the young English reading world, and Mr. Leighton essays to tell the same story in prose and in much greater detail. He follows the life of his

hero, as recorded in the Heimskringla, with incidental help from old English chronicles, from his boyhood of slavery in Esthonia to his death, king of Norway, in the glorious defeat at Svold. It is an exciting history, full of incident and variety, and is set forth in a simple, dignified, and yet vigorous style, well in keeping with the subject, as are also the fictitious adornments of the narrative. The tale is alive, a quality not always found in attempts to revivify old Scandinavia for youthful readers. — The young Norseman of to-day appears in several different guises in Norseland Tales, by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen (Scribners), and, like his Viking ancestors, — though a more welcome guest, — often in other lands than his own. The stories are brightly written and easily readable, and range in subject from a not too severe realism to fairy lore, including a liberal sprinkling of adventure. — Little Miss Faith, by Grace Le Baron. (Lee & Shepard.) A story for children, of a little girl's country week, wherein she brings great comfort to one of her own age, the angelic invalid, Miss Faith. The tale is rather stiff in style, and the incidents are drawn from story-books rather than from life. — The White Cave, by William O. Stoddard. (The Century Co.) A spirited story of exciting adventure in the Australian bush. There is an outlaw in a wonderful cave with bags of gold galore, who of course proves to be the brother of one of the English traveling gentlefolk who share certain dangers with him, — dangers which at times threaten to annihilate the whole party, though the reader never loses confidence in the author's ingenuity, which will make escape possible for all but the undeserving. — Toinette's Philip, by Mrs. C. V. Jamison. (The Century Co.) A juvenile romance, whose plot is worked out by the aid of some too familiar devices. But the writer is an agreeable as well as a skillful *raconteur*, and her youthful audience will enjoy the story without being conscious of the artificiality of certain portions of it. — The Story of Alexander Retold from the Originals, by Robert Steele. (Macmillan.) The Man who Married the Moon, by Charles F. Lummis. (The Century Co.) Two books which every child ought to own, and which, like most others of the same sort, are for elder folk, also, brimful of delight. In the former, Mr. Steele has told, in an English style of some distinction, the tale that used to be heard, when this big world of ours was younger, in the ruddy glow of castle halls ; and in the latter, Mr. Lummis has translated some stories that are told even now to groups of dusky, wide-eyed Indian boys and girls in the pueblos along the Rio Grande. This Indian folk-lore, as the product of a crude but slowly unfolding imagination, seems to us akin — too remotely, perhaps, to mention it in the same breath — to the old-time legend of Alexander. The print, paper, and binding of Mr. Steele's book, by the way, and the illustrations by Fred Mason, are worthy of especial mention.

Fiction. The Royal Marine, an Idyl of Narragansett Pier, by Brander Matthews. (Harpers.) The climate of Rhode Island is well known to affect strangers with somnolence, but it has rarely, if ever, been so potent as to make the hero of a "Little Novel" (for so the series to which this tale belongs is named) forget whether he has proposed to the heroine in a waking or a sleeping moment. On so important a point the main interest of this story of a "summer girl" hangs. One should not expect too much of seriousness, however, in an Idyl of Narragansett Pier ; and one's gratefulness would not be less if the clever old spinster of the tale had said more things as good as her definition of reading the Sunday papers, — a Half Hour with the Worst Authors.— P'tit Matinic, and Other Monotones, by George Wharton Edwards. (The Century Co.) A group of artist sketches, partly from life, apparently, and partly from imagination, all touched with a somewhat large brush used lightly. The book is a fantastic piece of bibliopegy. — The Chase of Saint-Castin, and Other Stories of the French in the New World, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. (Houghton.) Seven stories, all but one of which have been printed in The Atlantic. Now that they are brought together, one sees how deftly Mrs. Catherwood has strung her beads, and how skillfully she has touched, one by one, points of contact between Englishman, Frenchman, and Indian. The swift course of each story, also, illustrates well the art which the author has learned of sparing nothing from and adding nothing to the needed strokes. — The Rousing of Mrs. Potter, and Other Stories, by Gertrude Smith. (Houghton.)

These are tales rather of promise than of achievement. The first one, to be sure, has an amusing plan, and is effectively enough told. But most of the others strike one with a lack of firmness and "grip." They are generally stories of Western life; not of the stirring frontier, but of the dull country which has settled down into the unhappy way of mistaking small things for great. There are touches of reality in nearly all the stories strong enough to remind one that the true significance of the small things can be brought out by just the right handling; and it is in these touches rather than in the completed tales that the hope of more distinctive work from the new writer is encouraged. — No Enemy (But Himself), by Elbert Hubbard. (Putnams.) The hero of this rather scrambling story is a rich New York bachelor, who takes to the road as a tramp, and, after a battle with drink, walks himself and a girl he has befriended, thinking her at first a boy, into the East River, where they are both drowned. In the tramp period of the tale there is a fair share of humor of the type affected by the vaudeville comedian. An audacious wit to whom the world "owes a living" has many chances of saying funny things to the farmers' wives and others who supply him with food; and into the mouth of his hero Mr. Hubbard has put a deal of the waggishness which newspapers attribute to the tramp mind. It is needless to say that this humor is of the broader type; but such as it is, it stands out as the most successful element of the book. — Paving the Way, a Romance of the Australian Bush, by Simpson Newland. (Gay & Bird, London.) — The Redemption of the Brahman, a Novel, by Richard Garbe. (Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) — The Abraham Lincoln Myth, an Essay in "Higher Criticism," by Bocardo Bramantip. (Mascot Publishing Co., New York.) — The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ, by the Discoverer of the Manuscript, Nicolas Notovitch. Translated from the French by Alexina Loranger. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York.) — A Story from Pullmantown, by Nico Bech-Meyer, and Elsie, a Christmas Story, from the Norwegian of Alexander L. Kjelland, by Miles Menander Dawson. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.)

Music. The Church Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged. Edited by Rev. Charles L. Hutchins. (The Parish Choir, Boston.) The edition of this well-known Hymnal to which we wish to call attention is the Organ edition, the copies of which measure 8 by 12 inches. The book is printed in large, bold type, in both music and words; it is flexible in binding, and must rejoice the heart of every organist who is obliged to bend over his instrument to make out the notes in his ordinary Hymnal. As a piece of book-making, the Organ Hymnal is admirable, in good taste, and with nice regard for all the proportions to be observed. — Observations of a Musician, by Louis Lombard, Second Edition, Augmented. (Louis Lombard, Utica, N. Y.)

Religion and Philosophy. The Pilgrim of the Infinite, a Discourse addressed to Advanced Religious Thinkers on Christian Lines, by William Davies. (Macmillan.) Mr. Davies will be remembered as the author of the discriminating sketch of James Smetham prefixed to the Letters of that artist. In this little volume he has a dozen chapters pointing to a high conception of the personal relations of man to God. The divine in us is postulated, and with temperate, well-weighed words he makes his appeal to this consciousness, seeking to strip his subject of merely conventional dress, and to lay bare those depths of the soul which appear when great waves of life — like suffering, for example — sweep over it. The single-mindedness of the thought is its special charm. The author writes with a sincerity and confidence which give weight to his words. — The Deeper Meanings, by Frederic A. Hinckley. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.) The four exhortations which fill this small book are not sermons, as the word is commonly understood, so much as moral discourses with an intention that is religious in the broader sense. They are all pleas for a higher spirituality in human life, and have the clear merit of sincerity. — The Philosophy of Mental Healing, a Practical Exposition of Natural Restorative Power, by Leander Edmund Whipple. (Metaphysical Publishing Co., New York.) — Philosophy of Reality. Should it be Favored by America? By James McCosh. (Scribners.) — The Supreme Rite of Christianity, by Frank Hallam. (Baughman Stationery Co. Print, Richmond.) — Uplifts of Heart and Will, Religious Aspirations in Prose and Verse, by

James H. West. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.) — A Broader Christianity, an Essay on the Direct Teaching of Jesus, by Philo Hall. (Lovell Brothers Co., New York.) — Heart-Beats, by P. C. Mozoomdar. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by Samuel J. Barrows. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.) — The New Bible and its New Uses, by Joseph Henry Crooker. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.) — What is Inspiration? A Fresh Study of the Question, with New and Discriminative Replies. By John DeWitt. (Randolph, New York.) — The Purpose of God, by Joseph Smith Dodge. (Universalist Publishing House, Boston.) — The Religion of Moses, by Adolph Moses. (Flexner Brothers, Louisville.)

Social Philosophy. Socialism, the Fabian Essays, edited by G. Bernard Shaw. With an Essay on the Fabian Society and its Work, by William Clarke. (Charles E. Brown & Co., Boston.) An American edition of a collection of papers which in England have been taken as the programme of the opportunists in the socialistic party. It is introduced here by Mr. Bellamy, who takes pains to show that the Nationalists accept the socialistic creed, but go farther. The main interest of the book for American readers is in the survey which it gives of the current opinions of intelligent Englishmen on the relation which industrialism bears to society at large. — A new edition of Andrew Carnegie's Triumphant Democracy has been brought out by the Messrs. Scribners. Except in its revised statistics, which are based on the census of 1890, it does not differ materially from the earlier issues of the work. — The Social Contract, or The Principles of Political Rights, by Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Translated by Rose M. Harrington, with Introduction and Notes by Edward L. Walter. (Putnams.) — Political Reform by the Representation of Minorities, by Matthias N. Forney. (The Author, New York.) — Primary Elections, a Study of Methods for Improving the Basis of Party Organization, by Daniel S. Remsen. (Putnams.) — The Annual General Meeting of the Cobden Club, 1894, with the Committees' Reports and Speeches. (Printed for the Cobden Club.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Nameless Season.

In the March page of our almanac, opposite the 20th of the month we find the bold assertion, "Now spring begins;" but in the northern part of New England, for which this almanac was especially compiled, the weather does not bear out the statement.

The snow may be gone from the fields except in grimy drifts, in hollows and along fences and woodsides; but there is scarcely a sign of spring in the nakedness of pasture, meadow, and ploughed land, now more dreary in the dun desolation of lifeless grass, débris of stacks, and black furrows than when the first snow covered the lingering greenness of December.

It is quite as likely that the open lands are still under the worn and dusty blanket of snow, smirched with all the litter cast upon it by cross-lot-faring teams, and wintry winds blowing for months from every quarter. The same untidiness pervades all outdoors. We could never believe that so many odds and ends could have been thrown out of doors, helter-skelter, in three months of ordinary life, till the proof confronts us on the surface of the subsiding snow, or lies stranded on the bare earth. The wind comes with an icier breath from the wintrier north, and yet blows untempered from the south, over fields by turns frozen and sodden, through which the swollen brooks rush in yellow torrents with sullen, monotonous complaint.

One may get more comfort in the woods, though the snow, barred and netted by shadows, still lies deep in their shelter; for here may be found the sugar-maker's camp, with its mixed odors of pungent smoke and saccharine steam, its wide environment of dripping spouts and tinkling buckets, — signs that at last the pulse of the trees is stirred by a subtle promise of returning spring.

The coarse-grained snow is strewn thickly with shards of bark that the trees have

sloughed in their long hibernation, with shreds and tatters of their tempest-torn branches. But all this litter does not offend the eye nor look out of place, like that which is scattered in fields and about homesteads. For nature, left to herself, has a knack of making her rubbish unnoticeable, and herself seemly even in her untidiness. When this three months' downfall of fragments sinks to the carpet of flattened leaves, it will be at one with it, an inwoven pattern, as comely as the shifting mesh of browner shadows that trunks and branches weave between the splashes of sunshine. Among these is a garnishment of green moss patches and fronds of perennial ferns which tell of life that the stress of winter could not overcome. One may discover, amid the purple lobes of the squirrel-cup leaves, downy buds that promise blossoms, and others, callower, but of like promise, under the rusty links of the arbutus chain.

One hears the resonant call of a woodpecker rattled out on a seasoned branch or hollow stub, and may catch the muffled beat of the partridge's drum, silent since the dreamy days of Indian summer, now throbbing again in slow and accelerated pulsations of evasive sound through the unroofed arches of the woodlands. And one may hear, wondering where the poor vagrants find food and water, the wild clangor of the geese trumpeting their aerial northward march, and the sibilant beat of the wild duck's pinions, — hear the carol of an untimely bluebird and the disconsolate yelp of a robin; but yet it is not spring.

Presently comes a great downfall of snow, making the earth beautiful again with a whiteness outshining that of the winter that is past. The damp flakes cling to every surface, and clothe wall, fence, and tree, field and forest, with a more radiant mantle than the dusty snow and slanted sunshine of winter gave them.

There is nothing hopeful of spring but a few meagre signs, and the tradition that spring has always come heretofore.

It is not winter, it is not spring, but a season with an individuality as marked as either, yet without a name.

A Point of Departure. — The journey across continent, from west to east, in midwinter, is very like a voyage. When one lands at St. Paul from the overland train, it is with all the sensations of making port after having passed over the ice-bound sea of the plains. The uniform dazzle of miles of monotonous snow, broken only where it sinks to indigo shadow or swells to crests of intolerable light, has for days given to the world outside the pane a sentiment of immensity rarely matched by the moving sea. There is majesty in the limitless sweep of level earth, so slightly overarched by the level sky, but majesty that becomes desolation when seen in intimate relation to human life. A furry team of horses struggling across the plains, drawing a meagre sledge-load of firewood along a narrow trail in the snow to some unseen farmhouse, hibernating through the long winter months for the resurrection of a few fierce weeks of summer sunshine; a little schoolhouse of unplaned boards perched on a swell of the vast, silent landscape; a farmhouse backed by barn and corral, with a tiny yard in front encircled by a tawdry frill of whitewashed paling, showing yellow above the snow, — all these, with miles of snow between, pierce one with a keener sense of loneliness than could any personal experience. The human element is so inadequate that one passes these scattered evidences of a struggle for life as, in a sound ship, one might pass a frail raft at sea. There are eagle minds upon which this solemn hostility of unconquered nature acts as a challenge; one sees this in the voice and step and eye of men who have built Dakota and Montana towns. Sturdy and unawed, they have fought their way, and wrested for themselves a foothold on the great inhospitable plains. The level, iridescent blaze of cloudless winter days; the treeless prairies aflame with color materialized in a thousand wild flowers; the dreary swells of autumn brown, lifted here and there into sharp buttes of threatening stone, — each in its own way impresses the imagination, but repels the nestling instinct of home-seeking man.

The port of St. Paul once gained, one sees the meeting of East and West. Here the two are not blended the one into the other by imperceptible degrees; it is a sharp encounter. With the possible exception of the old Castle Garden, the Union Station at St. Paul is the most picturesque centre of distribution in this country. It is here that a large part of the westward-crowding world must halt. Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Poles, Germans, Britons, pour into

the station as into the hopper of a great sorting-machine, are labeled with their tickets, and sent on their way. The peasant groups from north Europe are wrapped about with a dull and hidden romance. They have come so far, so laboriously, these small, overburdened women, clumsy in heavy homespun skirts wadded as with concealed treasure from the old country. In their arms and holding to their skirts are peasants of a smaller growth, in scarlet wool stockings and clattering shoes, whose blank faces have nothing, not even a cold in the head, to conceal. There is in the mien of these people such a curious mingling of dullness and suspicion that one falls to wondering from what harsh conditions this new life is an escape, and what future opens to men and women so ill equipped in all things except a capacity to work and endure. As one ponders, the flapping doors that give upon the outer platforms open and shut, and the West receives them into its capacious maw.

Of the many and sharply contrasted peoples who make this station the theatre of a moment's tableau, the Swedes predominate. They, too, vary greatly among themselves, from the peasant, simon pure, showing a glazed tan upon the skin and centuries of stupidity about the eyes, to men of local importance, who are full of affairs even at this last moment before going on a journey. The tongue bewrays them with its suggestion of the droll Swedish seesaw, but they are citizens. To this fresh, vital people of the north the negroes, who are about the station in surprising numbers, form a curious contrast. In St. Paul a negro loses all the oily blackness of a true 'possum-eating negro of the South; in the cold his face blanches to a dry, ashy color that is pitiful to behold. He is utterly out of place, and yet he hangs about in the employ of a company that may possibly make him a porter in the tropical luxury of a Pullman car, — it must be hope of this that holds this wan lover of delight.

Beside the steady tide that flows through the generous arches there is an accelerated wave of excitement every ten or fifteen minutes when the station-master chants the arrival or departure of an Eastern, Western, or Southern train. The rush of feet over the tiled floor, the hurried buying of tickets, the coercion of dazed or sleepy children through the doors that open outward, are followed by a lull, which in time yields to the rising *crescendo* of the next wave. In the crowd, men hurry by in splendid fur coats almost to their heels, with collars rolled above the ears, one great, shimmering, delicious caress of warmth and softness. Occasionally a well-dressed woman passes, glowing from the cold, with something in her swift step which makes one fancy that her furs, if touched, would emit a sharp snap of electricity. Nowhere else is the line between well and ill dressed so distinct. Fur is worn in every stage of disrepair, from deep, luxurious piles of Christmas newness to coats whose sleeves and tails show shining expanses of polished hide. In spite of all wrappings, the cold has a curious withering effect upon elderly faces, pinching the skin into heavy creases, so that it shows, as in a frosted apple, the native color through a thousand lines of cold.

The great station is an asylum from the cold to passers-by. Flocks of children, on their way from school, rush in for momentary warmth and shelter, their cheeks flaming, and here and there an ear rimmed with a deadly whiteness that shows where protection has come too late. Some of the children stay to romp stealthily, with an eye on the station-master, from one to another of the breathing registers set in the tiling of the floor. A preternaturally solemn little Swede slips away from her mother and shyly joins the schoolchildren; but when she makes a discovery of the blistering air blowing from the holes in the floor, she walks, with dilated skirts, back and forth across the register in grave, unquestioning content.

But of all those who come and go, there is no figure so sturdy as the north country logger, in his heavy jacket of blanket cloth woven into a gay pattern of orange, red, and brown. High ankle-laced boots swallow his trousers and define the turn of his strong leg, and a great peaked cap stands above his head, cutting the air in high disdain. It is no fancy that he carries with him from his hardy, adventurous life the balsam of the pines.

Beyond the doors, in the still cold, the converging steel rails stretch an unobstructed pathway to the Pacific Ocean, to Mexico, to Canada, and day by day, along these furrows, the unmeasured seed of an alien humanity is sown.

In Fealty to Apollo. — The Club turns so sympathetic an ear to every manifestation of love for art and literature that I think I am not doing amiss in calling attention to a Roman event of the year 1895. I translate roughly a programme which has just appeared, charmingly designed and printed on parchment paper by the Danesi phototype firm, which a few years ago issued the facsimile copy of the Codex Vaticanus.

Il Convito (The Banquet). A few artists, writers and painters, united by a common and sincere cult for all the noblest forms of art, propose to publish each month, in Rome, — from January to December, 1895, — a collection of prose, verses, and designs, selected with severity of choice, and printed with exceptional elegance of type and paper.

These small monthly books are intended to contain whatever is most perfect in contemporary Italian art. The undertaking is not an easy one, but the beginning is well augured by the approval and coöperation of Giosuè Carducci ; by a new novel of Gabriele d' Annunzio ; by original designs of F. Paolo Micchetti, Marius de Maria, Guido Boggiani, G. A. Sartorio, Giuseppe Cellini, Eugenio Benson, Mariano Fortuny, Alessandro Morani, and others.

The subscription for the series of twelve books will be thirty-six francs.

Editor, ADOLFO DE BOSIS,
Borghese Palace, Rome.

The editor is known by his exquisite and faithful translations of Shelley's poems into Italian, and, to any one at all acquainted with Italian literature and art, the names given in the above are sufficient guarantee for the rare value of the publication. It meets a want in Italy, as hitherto there has been no high-class illustrated monthly. It will, however, appeal only to an elect circle, and there is a fine carelessness of pecuniary interest in the ardent group of artists and poets who have initiated the enterprise. There is something of the old Greek worship of the beautiful and love of art for its own sake in their calm recognition that the magazine will scarcely pay expenses, and that they probably will be able to sustain it for one year only.

A Gentle Communist. — Main Street, in Derby township, was so carefully guarded by the spreading branches of giant shade-trees that it was difficult to distinguish the unpretending home of Tabitha Treadwell from the more stately mansions of her neighbors. It required no close inspection, after the gateway was passed, to discern a certain air of neglect clinging to her front yard, and making even her yearly crop of turnips a somewhat problematical result from the unkempt garden in the rear.

Nothing within doors breathed of disorder. Even the cooking-stove looked impertinently bright, and at three stated periods each day a wholesome and abundant variety of well-cooked food was served to a lonely woman, unless indeed it so happened that a guest was present. It was a queer dwarfed maid, of uncertain age and equally uncertain temper, who possessed such domestic skill, and it was a smooth-cheeked, plump little Quakeress, about sixty, but simulating forty, to whom her achievements were offered.

Tabitha was born in the rubble-stone annex, and had seen one after another of her family laid beneath the greensward at the base of the hill ; but no more surely were these individuals buried than the hopes and fortune of their survivor. One thing alone remained to sustain the cheerful, rotund matron, and that was her invincible belief in the duty of others to provide for her. There had been times and seasons when some rash Friend had felt it right to remind the good dame that her own hands were made for activity ; but Tabitha always responded that she was not disposed to break down the excellent health with which the Lord had blessed her ; and indeed, how otherwise would the dwarf Johanna be provided for ? — forgetting to add that the wages for her handmaid were the never-failing result of certain quarterly visits that the contented mistress paid to some of her well-to-do neighbors.

The particular resort of this odd householder was to her immediate companion in meeting, the owner of a beautiful homestead near by. Her own garden might remain uncared for, but certainly her table would be well supplied with seasonable vegetables. For fruit she confessed a peculiar fondness, and the best varieties always appeared before her in plenty. As to fresh eggs and poultry, no fowls had she ever reared, but it was a frequent subject of her remark to others that she believed in a community of interests, and therefore carefully saved the household scraps to carry

across the garden to the prolific hens of Friend Jonathan Biddle. It is necessary to state, however, that the daughters of Friend Biddle were sometimes disposed to find fault with this unconventional method of getting one's living; but they were always reprimanded by their gentle mother, whose open hand was never drawn back from the needy. She had, moreover, a keen sense of humor, and, with all her meekness, enjoyed many a quiet smile at Tabitha's eccentricities.

It so happened that, during a peculiarly warm season, the large house was filled with guests, and on more than one occasion Mercy Biddle asked for a little extra help from Johanna. She gave it, indeed, and very good help it was; but instead of accommodating her neighbor at an early hour in the morning, Johanna did not appear until all the household work had been done in the most particular manner at home.

Friend Biddle mildly inquired whether she could not come sooner in the day, and was confronted by Tabitha in fresh and spotless linen.

"Thee must not forget, Mercy, that those who are not blessed with thy portion of worldly goods are as liable to distress of mind when their domestic affairs are neglected."

That very afternoon, Tabitha came in person to say that she wished to be taken in the Biddles' carriage to call upon a sick woman; adding with some severity, when her request was granted, "It is only right, Mercy, that I remind thee that thy material possessions are but loaned thee, and that the Lord who lends also wishes thee to bestow freely." And as the carriage deposited the calm woman at the door again, she thanked the good neighbor by alluding to her desire to have a drive frequently, since her appetite seemed increased thereby.

It would be unjust to suppose that Tabitha was a selfish person. Many there be in Derby township to-day who can recall her exceeding goodness in time of distress. Was there a sick woman with a family of little children? Tabitha took the flock to her home and gave them all a romp in Friend Biddle's orchard; sending them back to their parents at last with well-filled baskets. Who was it that might be summoned in a moment to help out in entertaining, or to fill a vacancy in a board meeting? Always Tabitha Treadwell: and she served in the most satisfactory manner. If a Friend had a "minute" to visit certain localities and speak to family gatherings, Tabitha was deputed to accompany her. Indeed, it was the impression her cheery presence made upon strangers that the families talked about most, after the preacher and her companion had left them. Everybody remembered her, too, for one of many peculiarities. She could not make a bed. True, she apologized on the occasion of each visit, mentioning Johanna's dexterity in this labor, as if the lustre of the dwarf's domestic glory was reflected upon her mistress. Of course the bed was made chiefly by the preaching Friend, but no one thought the worse of Tabitha.

She was very hospitable; her spare chamber was frequently put at the service of those who were pressed with too much company. Did a carriage-load arrive unexpectedly to dine, she greeted them warmly: "Glad indeed to see thee and thine. Inconvenience me? Oh dear, no! Fortunately we have a roast to-day." The roast generally turned out to be of two or three pounds, flanked by an extra portion of vegetables hastily gathered in the communistic way.

The Friend who sold her a winter's supply of fuel contented himself with the payment implied in her trite remark, "Those who give to the poor are lending to the Lord, Samuel." The fishermen knew that a fresh bass or a string of perch would be well received, and counted only on her smile; and it is a question whether smiles ought not to go further in the coinage of worldly favor than they do. She was as careful in her choice of golden butter balls, and as particular in her charges to the dairyman regarding the quality of his cream served daily, as though she paid a premium on his wares, instead of expecting a considerable reduction.

Her wardrobe was steadily replenished. To quote her oft-repeated saying, "It is poor economy to allow one's garments to run short; better to add a little continually." And how was this economy practiced? By a timely mention: "I trust I do not offend Friends by wearing this bonnet, which is somewhat soiled." Or, more pointedly, "Mercy, why does thee permit me to appear at meeting in a gown that thee would

hesitate to wear?" And immediately the new dress and the new bonnet were forthcoming.

Did one of Friend Biddle's daughters remonstrate against a lavish expenditure in this direction, the good mother mollified her by answering, "Perhaps thee does not realize what it would be to have nothing of thy very own."

Then, too, Tabitha was so dainty in her ways, so irreproachably "Friendly" in all the bearing of her garments, that it was an æsthetic delight to watch her walk into meeting. More than once she was mistaken for the proprietor of the establishment whose benefits she enjoyed, and without the faintest embarrassment she would say, "Yes, my lot has fallen in pleasant places. Mercy and I take great comfort in the gifts of our Creator."

Perhaps the most serious trial that her neighbor ever passed through with her was in regard to a certain new variety of raspberry, then very valuable, and of which Jonathan Biddle had procured a half dozen roots. These he had cultivated with extreme care, and had watched and patiently awaited the ripening of a few clusters of delicious-looking fruit. He had destined them for the refreshment of a certain Friend, many years an invalid, and he had already spoken to his own household in reference to this disposition. It must have been a trial, therefore, when the good man, wandering through his garden after tea, one evening, saw Tabitha Treadwell calmly gathering the reward of his horticultural labors. As he related the story to Mercy, Jonathan admitted that a strain of impatience crept into his voice as he discovered his loss.

"Tabitha," he said, "I can but think thee is taking great liberty in my garden."

The plump face, rosy with health and exercise, turned full upon him, and the calm voice responded, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof;" then Tabitha continued to gather the berries, and Jonathan found his immediate way back to the house. Later in the evening he made a call upon the invalid for whom the fruit was originally destined, and, to his surprise, saw on a stand beside the bed a clear glass bowl filled with the choice product of his bushes.

"Look, Jonathan," said the sick man with a pleased air, "behold the result of a kindly thought in the mind of Tabitha Treadwell. I had not realized how varied is the handiwork of the Creator in this direction. I must beg thee to taste these berries;" and the aggrieved man partook of his own fruit, and extolled its excellence. Then he walked home with a humble heart, querying within himself what possible difference it could make who bore the present to the poor invalid.

"Tabitha's thought was as kindly as my own," he murmured, "and I rejoice that the Spirit of the Lord turned my wrath into an occasion of blessing."

The Scotch Diminutive. — Charles Lever, although a Protestant Irishman and a loyal British subject, seems never to have had much patience with the Scotch, and particularly resents certain un-Irish qualities displayed by such Scotchmen as have cast their lot in Ireland. There appears to be something in the thrift, the stinginess, the honest dishonesty, of a frugal Scottish emigrant that is peculiarly distasteful to a true Irishman. The latter has no indulgence for the overreaching which makes a shrewd bargain, even if all its terms are faithfully adhered to (this being a Scotch characteristic); while Pat, on the other hand, has the deepest and most chivalrous sympathy with the man who evades the payment of all his debts whatsoever, and stands ready to shoot the process-server.

But to return to Lever. In the pages of this novelist certain Scotch characters are made the objects of much hearty ridicule because of their propensity to diminutives, especially illustrated in the converse of daily life. To an Irishman, it seems little less than mockery for a man to address his boy as "bairnie" when about to administer the rod and richly deserved discipline, or to allude to his ill-fed and oft-berated hound as "dōggie." And yet everywhere in Scotland we find this tendency to apply diminutives to everything that is familiar in current life. Its use even smacks of the patriarchal sentiment, and quite as much betokens ownership as petting affection. In this way Robert Burns took almost everything in Scotland under his patriarchal wing, and attached the badge of affectionate ownership to the foods and drinks, the cattle, the fields, the brooks of his native land; if tradition speaks aright, he was himself included in this category of privileged chattelage by

all who knew him, and by many who deplored him. He was ever "Robbie" Burns to his friends, and "Burnie" to his critics. Probably no other man writing the English language, or any dialect thereof, has been so much beloved: and this not alone because of his obvious faults, which make us all seem virtuous by contrast; not alone, as George William Curtis remarks, because his penitence for those faults was most sincere and simply rendered; but partly, we trust, because he inculcated a warmer and more loving view of his species, a more childlike faith in God, and an unfailing readiness to bestow abundantly the charity he did himself need so much.

Home-makers, home-stayers, home-defenders, preëminently, are the Scotch; is it any wonder that their home-endearing phraseology appeals to the world? The diminutive has for some reason been used to imply love of the gentler order, which obtains in households, rather than the more vivid passion which ornaments and gives motive to the drama, and doubtless has its origin in the maternal shibboleth. By being everywhere repeated and echoed, this fond coinage has come to be the language naturally applied to children, animals, and all things claiming our protection or indulgence. The Teutonic and Latin peoples also address every child with the *du* or the *tu* (or some equivalent therefor); and even our harsher English phrasing seeks to make vagrant childhood the property of all manhood and womanhood by addressing every small boy as "bub" or "sonny," who in turn retorts with "pop"!

The Table of Contents. — "But don't you see," a writer for the magazines was heard saying, "that my contribution" — referring to a short story in a leading monthly — "is given a killing environment; that the hanging committee have sandwiched it with an essay and a poem that do for it all that unfavorable companion pieces can do for a picture in an exhibition?"

It was a new suggestion; and yet how many of us do scan the table of contents as we would a sheet of music. How much our appreciation of an article depends upon the impression made, the flavor left, by that which precedes it! And then who has not had one's estimate of an article entirely changed by what followed in its wake? Surely, the making-up of the *menu* must be as serious an affair with the magazine editor as it is with all givers of feasts. The individuality of the magazine — and what a marked individuality each magazine has! — depends so much upon the table of contents, upon its *tout ensemble* when first seen. I have a friend who declares that he can tell what magazine, if any, a grown-up family has been chiefly raised upon. He holds that each one of the leading monthlies leaves an unmistakable stamp upon its constant readers. "In war times," he asks, "could we not, in college, pick out the boys who had been brought up on the Tribune? Was there any mistaking those who had been bred upon the Liberator?" Speaking of this in a literary circle, some one remarked that the surest way of preventing the rising generation from reading so much trash as does the present (the extent of this reading may be seen in the enormous sales of books which can be called nothing else) would be to encourage those libraries which are largely patronized by public-school children to circulate as widely as possible, in place of the books now mainly called for and given out, the best of the monthly magazines. Why is not that a suggestion worth considering?

Heterophemy. — Heterophemy, the curious disease which consists in using one word when meaning to use an entirely different one, gives rise to many amusing combinations. An old lady living in a town on the Hudson River is thus afflicted. She is tall and stately in appearance, courtly and gracious in manner, and this makes her incongruous sentences all the more ridiculous. Strange to say, she herself is totally unconscious of her infirmity, for the family, friends, and even the servants endeavor to save her from the mortification she would feel.

Not long ago, when she was recovering from a serious illness, the bishop of the diocese chanced to be making his annual visitation, and at the suggestion of the rector they went together to call upon Mrs. Drew.

She was delighted to see them, and entertained them with her usual grace and cordiality. The conversation naturally touched upon her illness, and her thankfulness at her recovery, which for a time had been despaired of.

Presently she turned to the bishop, say-

ing earnestly, "My dear bishop, let us have a little drop."

The startled prelate glanced at the rector. He, knowing his old friend's infirmity, cast about in his mind for her probable meaning.

"Bishop," repeated the old lady seriously, "let 's have a little drop."

"Certainly, Mrs. Drew," interposed the rector, waiting for her to make some move which might disclose her meaning. But Mrs. Drew waited expectantly, also.

"If you have not your Vade Mecum with you, there is a Prayer-Book," she said, after a moment.

The rector, with a sigh of relief, turned to the bishop. "Mrs. Drew will be glad to have you *read prayers* with her," he said quietly.

Prayers were read, and then the gentlemen prepared to take leave.

"Your visit has been a pleasure," Mrs. Drew said warmly. "Now, Mr. Belknap, won't you take this little boy home to your dear wife, with my best love."

For a moment Mr. Belknap wondered if she could mean the bishop, but she relieved his mind by lifting a magnificent bunch of roses from a vase on the table.

Allied to this is another form of misspeech, to which most of us are occasionally subject, — the exchange of syllables. A certain young lady, who, to her intense mortification, often reverses her vowels thus, says she is entirely unconscious of it, even after speaking.

One summer evening she was sauntering with a friend towards the village post-office of the little town where they were staying. On the way they encountered an acquaintance with a handful of letters.

"Ah, good evening," she said, in her peculiarly gracious, suave manner. "Are you strailing out for your mole ?"

The mystified young woman made some inarticulate reply and passed on. As soon as the friend could recover her gravity, she gasped, "I suppose you intended to ask Miss May if she was *strolling* out for her *mail ?*"

The same young lady was relating a sad story of various misfortunes which had overwhelmed a dear friend.

"Think," she concluded pathetically, "of losing husband, children, property, and home at one swell foop !" And a howl of laughter rent the roof.

The sister of the young woman in question recently accepted the position of instructor of Latin and Greek in a well-known girls' school.

"Miss Brown," asked an acquaintance, joining her as she stood, one evening, with a group of friends, "where is your sister, Miss Helen, now ?"

"Helen is teaching Latin in a young ladies' cemetery in ——," responded Miss Brown promptly.

"An appropriate place," broke in an irrepressible youth, "for her to teach *dead* languages."

One more example : —

Pupil in Greek class : "Does that mean that the canals grew smaller and smaller as they got further from the river, or that from the main canal there were little ditches branching off ?"

Teacher (hurriedly). "Little britches dancing off. Next."

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A SINGULAR LIFE.

X.

The preacher began to speak with a quietness in almost startling contrast to his own evident emotion, and to the excitement in the audience-room. He made no allusion to the fact that this was his first appearance among his people since the wreck of the Clara Em, and the all but mortal illness which had followed his personal share in that catastrophe. Quite in his usual manner he conducted his Sunday evening service: a simple religious talk, varied by singing, and a few words from the New Testament. Bayard never read "chapters;" a phrase sufficed, a narrative or a maxim; sometimes he stopped at a single verse. The moment that the fishermen's eyes wandered, the book closed. It was his peculiarity that he never allowed the Bible to bore his listeners; he withheld it until they valued it. It was long remembered of him, among the people of the coast, that he made use of public prayer with a reserve and a power entirely unknown to the pulpits and the vestries. The ecclesiastical "long prayer" was never heard in Angel Alley. Bayard's prayers were brief, and few. He prayed audibly before his people only when he could not help it. It seemed sometimes as if his heart broke in the act.

On this evening no prayer had as yet passed his lips; the stranger, with a slight frown, noticed this fact. But now the preacher brushed aside his notes, and, clearing the desk, crossed his hands upon it, and leaned forward with a marked change of manner. Suddenly, without a hint of his purpose, the young minister's gentle voice rose into the tones of solemn arraignment.

"I came here," he said, "a stranger to this town and to its customs. It has taken me all this while to learn what your virtues and your vices are. I have dealt with you gently, preaching comfortable truths as I have been expected to preach them. I have worked in ignorance. I have spoken soft words. Now I speak them no more! Your sin and your shame have entered like iron into my soul. People of Windover! I accuse you in the name of Christ, whose minister I am!"

The expression of affectionate reverence with which his audience had listened to Bayard up to this moment now changed into one of surprise that resembled fear. Before he had spoken ten words more, it became evident that the young preacher was directing the full force of his conscience and his intelligence to a calm and deliberate attack upon the liquor habit and the liquor traffic, — one of the last of the subjects (as it is well known) conceded to be the business of a clergyman to meddle with in any community, and the very last which Windover had been trained to hear herself held to account for by her clerical teachers. At the hour when he came nearest to the adoration of those who adore without thought, when they saw him through the mist of romance, when

the people, carried on a wave of hero-worship, lay for the first time at his feet, Bayard for the first time opened fire upon their favorite sin.

Shot after shot poured down from those delicate, curving lips. Broadside followed broadside, and still the fire fell. He captured for them the elusive statistics of the subject; he confronted them with its appalling facts; he pelted them with incidents such as the soul sickens to relate or to remember. He denied them the weak consolation of condoning in themselves a moral disease too well known to be the vice of the land and of the times. He scored them with rebuke under which his leading men grew pale with alarm. Nothing could have been more unlike the conventional temperance address, yet nothing could have been more simple, manly, reasonable, and fearless.

"For every prayer that goes up to God from this room," he said, "for every hymn, for every sacred word and vow of purity, for every longing of a man's heart to live a noble life, there open fifty dens of shame upon this street to blast him. We are pouring holy oil upon a sea of mud. That is not good religion, and it is not good sense. We must prove our right to represent the Christian religion in Angel Alley. We must close its dens, or they ought to close our lips. I am ready to try," he added, with his winning simplicity, "if you are. I shall need your help and your advice, for I am not educated in these matters as I ought to be. I was not taught how to save drunken men, in the schools where clergymen are trained. I must learn now — we must learn together — as best we can. . . . Oh, my people!" His voice fell from the tone of loving entreaty into that of prayer, by one of those moving transformations peculiar to himself, wherein those who heard him scarce could tell the moment when he ceased to speak to men and began to talk with God.

"People of the Church of the Love of Christ! Approach God, for He is close at heart. . . . Thou great God! Holy, Almighty, Merciful! Make us know how to deal with sin, in our own souls and in the lives of others. For the sake of Thy Son whose Name we dare to bear. Amen."

As the words of this outcry, this breath of the spirit, rose and ceased, the silence in the room was something so profound that a girl's sigh was heard far back by the door.

The hush was stung by a long, low, sibilant sound; a single hiss insulted that sacred stillness. Then a man, purple to the brows, rose and went out. It was old Trawl, whose saloon had been a landmark in Angel Alley for fifty years.

The stranger, who had been more moved than it seemed he cared to show by what he had heard and seen, passed slowly with the crowd down the long stairs, and reached the outer air. As the salt wind struck in his face, a hand was laid upon his shoulder. The young minister, looking pale and tired, but enviably calm, drew the visitor's hand through his arm.

"I saw you, Fenton," he said quietly, "when you first came in. You 'll come straight to my lodgings with me. . . . Won't you?" he added wistfully, fancying that Fenton hesitated. "You can't know how much it will mean to me. I have n't seen anybody — why, I have n't seen a fellow since I came to Windover."

"You must lead rather an isolated life, I should think," observed Fenton with some embarrassment, as the two stood to hail the electric car that ran by Mrs. Granite's humble door.

"We 'll talk when we get there," replied Bayard, rather shortly for him. "The car will be full of people," he added apologetically. "One lives in a glass bell here. Besides, I 'm a bit tired."

He looked, indeed, exhausted, as the electric light smote his thin face; his eyes glowed like fire fed by metal, and his breath came short. He leaned his head back against the car window.

"You cough, I see," said Fenton, who was not an expert in silence.

"Do I? Perhaps. I had n't thought of it." He said nothing more until they had reached his lodgings. Fenton began to talk about the wreck and the rescue. He said the usual things in the usual way, offering, perforce, the tribute of a man to a manly deed.

Bayard nodded politely; he would not talk about it.

Jane Granite opened the door for them. She looked at the minister with mute, doglike misery in her young eyes. "You look dead beat out, sir," she said. But Ben Trawl stood scowling in the door of the sitting-room; he had not chosen to go to the service, nor to allow her to go without him. Jane thought it was religious experience that made this such a disappointment to her.

"Ah, Trawl," said the minister heartily, "I 'm glad to see you here."

He did not say, "I am sorry you were not at church," as Ben Trawl pugnaciously expected.

Bayard led his guest upstairs, and shut and locked the study door.

"There!" he said faintly. "Now, George Fenton, talk! Tell me all about it. You can't *think* how I am going to enjoy this! I wish I had an easy-chair for you. Will this rocker do? If you don't mind, I think I 'll just lie down a minute."

He flung himself heavily upon the old carpet-covered lounge. Fenton drew up the wooden rocking-chair to the cylinder stove, in which a low fire glimmered, and put his feet on top of the stove, after the manner of Cesarea and Galilee Hall.

"Well," he began, in his own comfortable way, "I 've accepted the call."

"I supposed you would," replied Bayard, "when I heard it was under way. I am glad of it!" he added cordially. "The First Church is a fine old church. You 're just the man for them. They 'll ordain you as easily as they swallow their native chowders. You came right over from their evening service to our place to-night? You must have hurried."

"I did," said the guest, with a certain air of condescension. "I wanted to hear you, you know — once, at least."

"When you are settled, you can't come, of course," observed Bayard quickly. "I understand that."

"Well — you see — I shall be — you know — in a very delicate position, when I become the pastor of that church."

Fenton's natural complacency forsook him for the instant, and something like embarrassment rested upon his easy face; he showed it by the way he handled Mrs. Granite's poker.

"It 's 72° in this room already," suggested Bayard, smiling. "Would you poke that fire any more? . . . Oh, come, Fenton! I understand. Don't bother your head about me, or how I may feel. A man does n't choose to be where I am, to waste life in considering his feelings; those are the least important items in his natural history. Just stick to your subject, man. It 's *you* I want to hear about."

"Well," replied the guest, warming to the theme with natural enthusiasm, "the call was unanimous. Perfectly so."

"That must be delightful."

"Why, so it is — it is, as you say, delightful. And the salary — they 've raised the salary to get me, Bayard. You see, it had got out that I had refused — ah — hum — several calls. And they 'd been without a man so long, I fancy they 're tired of it. Anyhow, I 'm to have three thousand dollars."

"That is delightful, too," said Bayard. He turned over on his old lounge, coughing, and doubled the thin cretonne pillow under his head; he watched his classmate with a half-quizzical smile; his eyes and brow were perfectly serene.

"I shall be ordained immediately," continued Fenton eagerly, "and bring my wife. They are refitting the parsonage. I went in last night to see that the carpets and papers and all that were what

they should be. I am going to be married — Bayard, I am going to be married next week."

"And that is best of all," said Bayard in a low voice.

"She is really a lovely girl, though somewhat limited in her experience. I've known her all my life — where I came from, in the western part of the State. But I think these gentle country girls make the best ministers' wives. They educate up to the position rapidly."

Bayard made no answer to this scintillation; a spark shot over his soft and laughing eyes, but his lips opened only to say, after a perceptible pause, —

"Where is Tompkinton — he of the long legs and the army cape?"

"Settled somewhere near you, I hear; over across the Cape. He has a fine parish. He 's to have two thousand: that 's doing well for a man of his stamp."

"I don't think Tompkinton is the kind of man to think much about the salary," returned Bayard gravely. "He struck me as the other sort of fellow. What's become of Bent?"

"Graduates this summer, I suppose. I hear he 's called to Roxbury. He always aimed at a Boston parish. He 's sure to boom."

"And that brakeman — Holt? He who admired Huxley's Descent of Man?"

"Oh, *he* is slumming in New York city. They say he is really very useful. He has some sort of mission work there, at the Five Points. I 'm told he makes a specialty of converted burglars."

"I have n't been able to follow any of the boys," said Bayard, coughing. "I can't very well — as I am situated. It does me good to hear something about somebody. Where 's that round fellow — Jaynes? With the round glasses? I remember he always ate two Baldwins, two en—tire Baldwin apples."

"Gone West, I believe. He 's admirably adapted to the West," replied Fenton, settling his chair in his old comfortable way.

"What an assorted lot we were!" said Bayard dreamily. "And what a medley we were taught! I have n't opened one of my notebooks since I came here."

"Oh, in *your* work," answered Fenton, "you don't need to read, I should think."

Bayard's eyes sought his library; rested lovingly on its full and well-used shelves; then turned away with the expression of one who says to a chosen friend, "We understand. Why need anything be said?" He did not otherwise reply.

"Were you ever ordained over your present charge?" asked his visitor suddenly, balancing the poker on the top curl of the iron angel that ornamented the cylinder stove. "How did you manage it? Did any of the — regular clergy — recognize the affair?"

"I was not ordained," replied Bayard, smiling contentedly. "I sought nothing of the kind. But a few of the country ministers wished us Godspeed. There was one dear old man — he was my moderator at that Council — he came over and put his hands on my head and gave me the blessing."

"Oh — the charge to the pastor?"

"We did n't call it that. We did not steal any of the old phrases. He prayed and blessed me — that was all. He is a sincere, good man, and he made something impressive out of it, my people said. At all events, they were satisfied. We have to do things in our own way, you know. We are experimenting, of course."

"I should say that was a pretty serious experiment you inaugurated to-night in your service. If you 'll allow me to say so, I should call it very ill advised."

"It *is* a serious experiment," answered Bayard gravely.

"Expect to succeed in it?"

"God knows."

"Bound to go on with it?"

"Till I succeed or fail."

"What do you propose? To turn temperance lecturer, and that sort of thing? I suppose you 'll be switching

off your religious services into prohibition caucuses, and so forth."

"I propose nothing of the kind. I am not a politician. I am a preacher of the Christian religion."

"I always knew you were eccentric, of course, Bayard. Everybody knows that. But I never expected to see you leading such a singular life. I never took you for this sort of fanatic. It seems so — common for a man of your taste and culture; and there can be no doubt that it is unwise, from every point of view, even from your own, I should think. I don't deny that your work impressed me, what I saw of it to-night. Your gifts tell — even here. It is a pity to have them misapplied. Now, what was your motive in that outbreak to-night? I take it, it was the first time you had tackled the subject."

"To my shame — yes. It was the first time. I have had reasons to look into it, lately — that 's all. You see, my ignorance on the subject was colossal, to start in. We were not taught such things in the Seminary. Cesarea does as well as any of them — but no curriculum recognizes Job Slip. Oh, when I think about it! — Predestination, foreordination, sanctification, election, and botheration, and never a lesson on the Christian socialism of our day; not a lecture to tell us how to save a poor, lost woman, how to reform a drunkard, what to do with gamblers and paupers and thieves, and worse, how to apply what we believe to common life and common sense, how to lift miserable creatures, scrambling up, and falling back into the mud as fast as they can scramble — people of no religion, no morals, no decency, no hope, no joy, who never see the inside of a church" —

"They ought to," replied Fenton severely. "That 's their fault, not ours. And all seminaries have a course on Pastoral Theology."

"I visited sixteen of the dens of this town last week," answered Bayard. "I took a policeman and went through the whole thing. I don't blame them. I would n't go to church if I were they. I shall dream about what I saw, — I don't know that I shall ever stop dreaming about it. It is too horrible to tell. I would n't even *speak* what I saw men and women *live*. The old sailors who have seen a good many ports call it a hell of a town. My own idea is, that it is n't a particle worse than other places of its class. I fancy it 's a fair, average seaport town. Six thousand seamen sail this harbor every year. I can't get at the number of dens they support: such figures are runaway lunatics, you understand; they have a genius for hiding, and nobody *wants* to find them. But put it low — call it two hundred — in this little town. If it is n't the business of a Christian church to shut them, whose is it? If it is n't the business of religious people to look after these fellows, whose is it? I say, religious people are answerable for them, and for their vices! The best people are responsible for the worst, or there 's no meaning in the New Testament, and no sense in the Christian religion. Oh," said Bayard, with a sound that was more like a moan than a sigh, "if Christ could come into Angel Alley — just this one street! If He could take this little piece of a worldful of human woe — modern human misery, you understand, all the new forms and phases that Palestine knew nothing about — if He could sweep it clean, and show us how to do it *now!* Think, Fenton, think how He would go to work — what that would be! . . . Sometimes I think it would be worth dying for."

"It strikes me it is harder to guess than predestination — what He would do if He were reincarnated," replied Fenton gravely.

"It had not struck me so," answered Bayard gently, "but there may be something in that."

"Now," continued Fenton, "take yourself. I fancy you believe — Do you suppose *you* are doing the kind of thing

He would set about, if He were in your place?"

"How can I tell?" said Bayard in a voice so low that it was scarcely articulate. "How can a man *know?* All I do know is, that I try. That is what — and that is all — I try to do. And I shall keep on trying, till I die."

He spoke with a solemnity which admitted of no light response, even from a worldly man. Fenton was not that, and his eyes filled.

"Well," he said, after a silence, "you are a good man, Emanuel Bayard. God go with you."

"And with you," replied Bayard, holding out his hand. "Our roads lie different ways. We shall not talk like this again."

"You won't mind that? You won't feel it," said Fenton uncomfortably, for he had risen to leave, and the conversation hung heavily on his heart, "if I don't run across your way often? It would hardly do, you see. My people — the church — the circumstances" —

He brought the poker down hard upon the cerebrum of the iron angel, who resented the insult by tumbling over on the funnel; thence, with a slam, to the floor. Fenton picked up the ornament, with a red face, and restored it to its place. He felt, as a man sometimes does, more rebuked than irritated by the inanimate thing.

"Good-by," said Bayard gently. It was all he said. He still held out his hand; his classmate wrung it, and passed, with bowed head, from his presence.

. . . . . .

The happy weather held over into the next day, and the harbor wore her celestial smile. The gentleness of summer clothed in the colors of spring rested upon the wooded coast beyond the long cliff-outline; upon the broken scallops of the beaches, and the moss-green piers of the docks; upon the waves swelling without foam, and the patched sails of the anchored fleet unfurled to dry. The water still held the blue and gray tints that betoken cold weather too recently past or too soon returning to be forgotten. But the wind was south, and the saxifrage was in bud upon the downs in the clefts of the broken rocks between the boulders.

Bayard was a weak and weary man that day, — the events of the previous evening had told upon him more than he would have supposed possible, — and he gave himself a luxury. He put the world and the evil of it from his heart and brain, and went out on Windover Point, to sun himself, alone; crawling along, poor fellow, at a sad pace, stopping often to rest, and panting as he pushed on. He had been an athletic lad, a vigorous, hearty man; illness and its subtle train of physical and mental consequences spoke in the voices of strangers to him.

"They will pass on," he thought.

Bayard was such a lovable, cordial, human man that the isolation of his life in Windover had affected him more than it might have done a natural recluse.

Solitude is the final test of character as well as of nature. The romance of consecration has its glamour as well as the romance of love. Bayard had felt his way into this beautiful mist with a stout, good sense which is rare in the devotee, and which was perhaps his most remarkable quality. This led him to accept without fruitless resistance a lot which was pathetically alien to him. He was no gray-bearded saint, on whose leathern tongue joy had turned to ashes; to whom renunciation was the last throw left in the game of life. He was a young man, ardent, eager, buoyant; confiding in hope because he had not tested it; believing in happiness because he had not known it; full of untried, untamed capacity for human delight, and with the instinct (generations old) of a luxurious training toward human ease. He had cut the silken cords between himself and the world of his old habits, ambitions, and friends with a steady stroke; he had smitten the soft network like a man, and flung it from

him like a spirit; but there were hours when he felt as if he were bleeding to death, inwardly, from sheer desolation.

"That call of George Fenton's upset me last night," he said aloud, as he sank down at the base of a big boulder in the warm sand. He sometimes talked to the sea; nothing else in Windover could understand him; he was acquiring some of the habits of lonely people who live apart from their own class. How impossible it would have been in Cambridge, in Boston, or in Cesarea to be caught talking aloud! His pale face flushed, and he drew his hat over it, thanking Heaven that the rocks were deaf and the downs were dumb, that the sun would never tell, and the harbor was too busy to listen. He had lain there in the sand for some time, as motionless as a mollusk at low water.

"All a man needs is a little human rest," he thought. The April sun seemed to sink into his brain and heart with the healing touch that nothing human ever gives. He pushed his hat away from his face, and looked up gratefully, as if he had been caressed.

As he did so, he heard footsteps upon the crisp, red-cupped moss that surrounded the base of the boulder. He rose instinctively, and confronted a woman, — a lady. She had been walking far and fast, and had glorious color. The skirt of her purple gown was splashed with little sticks and burs and bits of moss; her hands were full of saxifrage. She was trying, in the rising wind, to hold a sun-umbrella over her head, for she wore the street or traveling dress of the town, and her little bonnet gave her as much protection from the sun as a purple butterfly whose wings were dashed with gold.

Oddly enough, he recognized the costume before he did the wearer; so incredible did he find it that she should stand there, living, glowing, laughing, — a sumptuous beauty, stamped against the ascetic sky of Windover.

"*You!*" he cried.

"Oh, I did not expect — I did not think" — she stammered. He had never seen Helen Carruth disconcerted. But she blushed like a schoolgirl when she gave him, saxifrage and all, her ungloved hand.

XI.

"Mother sent me! — I came down for her and Father," began Helen Carruth abruptly. Then she thought how that sounded, — as if she need be supposed to apologize for or explain the circumstance that she happened to find one of her father's old students sunning himself upon a given portion of the New England coast; and she blushed again. When she saw the sudden, upward motion of Bayard's heavy eyelids, she could have set her pretty teeth through her tongue, for vexation at her little *faux pas*. From sheer embarrassment, she laughed it off.

"I have n't heard anybody laugh like that since I came to Windover," said Bayard, drawing a long breath. "Do give me an encore!"

"Now, then, you are laughing at *me!*"

"Upon the word of a poor heretic parson — no. You can't think how it sounds. It sinks in — like the sun."

"But I don't feel like laughing any more. I 've got all over it. I 'm afraid I can't oblige you."

"Why not? You used to be good natured, I thought — in Cesarea, ages ago."

"You are enough to drive the laugh out of a faun," said the young lady soberly. "Pray sit down again on your sand sofa. I did not know you had been so ill. Put on your hat, Mr. Bayard. Good society does not require ghosts to stand bareheaded at the seacoast in April."

"I don't move in good society any longer. I am not expected to know anything about its customs. Sit down beside me a minute — and I will. No — stay. Perhaps you will take cold? I wish I had some wraps. My coat" —

"When *I* take *your* coat" — began the healthy girl. He had already flung his overcoat upon the dry, warm sand. She gave it back to him. Then she saw the color start into his pale face.

"Oh, forgive me!" she said quickly. "I did not mean — Mr. Bayard, I never was ill in my life."

"Nor I, either, before now," pleaded Bayard rather piteously.

"That was a sensible man who called it the 'insolence of health.' I did not mean to be impertinent, if you will take the trouble to believe me. I fail to grasp the situation — that 's all. I am simply obtuse — blunt — blunt as a clam."

She waved her sun-umbrella dejectedly toward the beach, where a solitary clam-digger, a bent, picturesque old man, was seeking his next chowder.

"The amount of it is," said Miss Carruth, more in her usual manner, "that I was taken a little by surprise. You used to look so — different. You are greatly changed, Mr. Bayard. Being a heretic does not agree with you."

"I have had a little touch of something they call pneumonia down here," observed Bayard carelessly. "I 've been out only a few days."

She made no answer at first; Bayard was looking at the clam-digger, but he felt that she was looking at him. She had seated herself on the sand beside him; she was now quite her usual self; her momentary embarrassment had disappeared like a sail around the Point, — a graceful, vanishing thing of whose motion one thinks afterwards. He did not suppose that she was there to sympathize with him, but he was vaguely aware of a certain unbridged gap in the subject, when she unexpectedly said, —

"You have not asked me what I came to Windover for."

"Windover does not belong to me, Miss Carruth; nor" — A ray of disused mischief sprang to his eyes. Did he start to say, "nor you"? He might have been capable of it as far back as Harvard, or even in junior year at Cesarea. That flash of human nonsense changed his appearance to an almost startling extent.

"Why, now," she laughed, "I think I could recognize you without an introduction."

"But you have n't told me why you *did* come to Windover."

"It does n't signify. You exhibit no interest in the subject, sir."

"You are here," he answered, looking at her. "That fact preoccupied me."

This reply was without precedent in her experience of him; and she gave no sign, whether of pleasure or displeasure, of its effect upon her. She looked straight at the clam-digger, who was shouldering his basket laboriously upon his bent back, making a sombre Millet sketch against the cheerful afternoon sky.

"I came down to engage our rooms," she said lightly. "We are coming here, you know, this summer. We board at the Mainsail. I had to have it out with Mrs. Salt about the mosquito bars. Mother would n't come last year because the mosquito bars had holes, and let in hornets and a mouse. You understand," she added, with something of unnecessary emphasis, "we always come here summers."

"I understand nothing at all!" said Bayard breathlessly. "You were not here last summer, when I was candidating in the First Church."

"That, I tell you, was on account of the hornets and the mouse. The mouse clinched it; he waked her walking up her sleeve one morning. So we went to Campobello the year after. But we *always* come to Windover."

"For instance, how many seasons constitute 'always'?"

"Three. This will be four. Father likes it above everything. So did Mother before the mouse epoch. She got to feeling hornets in her shoes whenever she put them on. I wonder Father never told you we always come to Windover?"

"The Professor had other things in

his mind when he talked to me — second probation, and the dangers of modern German exegesis."

"Yes, I know. Dear Papa! Windover is n't a doctrine."

"I wonder *you* never told me you always came to Windover?"

"Oh, I left that to Father," replied the young lady demurely. "I did come near it, though, once. Do you remember that evening" —

"Yes," he interrupted; "I remember that evening."

"I mean, when you had taken me up the Seminary walk to see the cross. When you said good-by, that night, I thought I 'd mention it. But I changed my mind. You see, you had n't had your call, then. I thought — I might — hurt your feelings. But we always *do* come to Windover. We are coming as soon as Anniversary is over. We have the Flying Jib to ourselves — that little green cottage, you know, on the rocks. What! Never heard of the Flying Jib? You don't know the summer Windover, do you?"

"Only the winter Windover, you see."

"Nor the summer people, I suppose?"

"Only the winter people."

"Father 's hired that old fish-house for a study," continued Helen, with some abruptness. "He says he can't stand the women on the Mainsail piazzas; you can hear them over at the Flying Jib when the wind sets our way; they discuss the desserts, and pick each other's characters to pieces, and compare Kensington stitches and neuralgia. Father is going to bring down his article on The State of the Unforgiven after Death — There!" she said suddenly, "that Millet sketch is walking into Father's study with his basket on his back. The State of the Unforgiven will be a little — clammy, don't you think?"

Her eyes looked like the bed of a brown brook in the sun. Bayard laughed.

"The dear Professor!" he said.

"If Father were n't such an archangel in private life, it would n't be so funny," observed Helen, jabbing the point of her purple-and-gold changeable silk sun-umbrella into the sand. "I can't see what he wants the unconverted to be burned up *for*. Can you?"

"The State of the Unforgiven before Death is more than I can manage," replied Bayard, smiling; "I have my hands full."

"Do you like it?" asked Helen, with a pretty, puzzled knot between her smooth brows.

"Like what? I like this."

He looked at her; as any other man might, — like those students who used to come so often, and who suddenly called no more. Helen had never seen that expression in his eyes. She dropped her own. She dug little wells in the fine white sand with her sun-umbrella before she said, —

"I have to get the six-o'clock train; you know I have n't come to stay, yet."

"But you are coming!" he exclaimed, with irrepressible joyousness.

She made no answer, and Bayard's sensitive color changed.

"Do I like *what?*" he repeated in a different tone.

"Heresy and martyrdom," replied Helen serenely.

"I regret nothing, if that is what you mean; no matter what it costs, no matter how it ends — no, not for an hour. I told the truth, and I took the consequences; that is all. How *can* a man regret standing by his best convictions?"

"He might regret the convictions," suggested Helen.

"Might he? Perhaps. Mine are so much stronger than they were when I started in that they race me and drag me like winged horses in a chariot of fire."

His eyes took on their dazzling look; like fine flash-lights they shot forth a brilliance as burning as it was brief; then their calm and color returned to them. Helen watched the transfiguration touch

and pass his face with a sense of something so like reverence that it made her uncomfortable. Like many girls trained as she had been, she had small regard for the priestly office, and none for the priestly assumptions. The recognition of a spiritual superiority which she felt to be so far above her that, in the nature of things, she could not understand it, gave her strong nature a jar: something within her, hitherto fixed and untroubled, shook before it.

Bayard, without apparent consciousness of the young lady's thoughts, or indeed of her presence for that moment, went on dreamily: —

"I was a theorizer, a dreamer, a theologic apprentice, a year ago. I knew no more of real life than — that silver sea-gull making for the lighthouse tower. I took notes about sin in the lecture-room. Now I study misery and shame in Angel Alley. The gap between them is as wide as the stride of that angel in Revelation — do you remember him? — who stood with one foot upon the land and one upon the sea. All I mind is, that I have so much more to learn than I need have had — everything, in fact. If I had been taught, if I had been trained — if it had not all come with that kind of shock which benumbs a man's brain at first, and uses up his vitality so much faster than he can afford to spare it — But I have no convictions, that I ought to be talking like this!"

"Go on," said Helen softly.

"Oh, to what end?" asked Bayard wearily. "That ecclesiastical system which brought me where I am can't be helped by one man's rebellion. It 's going to take a generation of us. But there is enough that I *can* help. It is the can-be's, not the can't-be's, that are the business of men like me."

"I saw you with that drunken man; he had his arms about you," answered Helen, with charming irrelevance. Her untroubled brows still held that little knot, half of perplexity, half of annoyance. It became her, for she looked the more of a woman for it.

"Job Slip? Oh, in Boston that day; yes. I got him home to his wife all right, that night. He was sober after that for — for quite a while. I wish you had seen that woman!" he said earnestly. "Mari is the most miserable — and the most grateful — person that I know. I never knew what a woman could suffer till I got acquainted with that family. They have a dear little boy. His father used to beat him over the head with a shovel. Joey comes over to see me sometimes, and goes to sleep on my lounge. We 're great chums."

"You *do* like it," said Helen slowly. She had raised her brown eyes while he was speaking, and watched his face with a veiled look. "Yes; there 's no doubt about it. You do."

"Would n't you?" asked Bayard, smiling.

"No, I should n't." She shook her head with that positiveness so charming in an attractive woman, and so repellent in an ugly one. "When they burn you at the stake, you 'll swallow the fire and enjoy it. You 'll say, 'Forgive them, for they don't mean it, poor things.' I should say, 'Lord, punish them, for they ought to know better.' That 's just the difference between us. Mother must be right. She always says I am not spiritual.

"I don't know but I should like to see that little boy, though," added Helen reluctantly; "and Mari — if she had on a clean apron."

"She does n't very often. But it might happen. Why, you might go over there with me — sometime — this summer, and see them?" suggested Bayard eagerly.

"So you lay the first little smoking fagot, do you? For me, too?" She laughed.

"God forbid!" said Bayard quickly.

Helen's voice had not been as light as her laugh, and her bright face was grave when he turned and regarded it. She gave back his gaze without evasion, now.

She seemed to have grown indefinably older and gentler since she had sat there on the sand beside him. Her eyes, for the first time, now, it appeared, intentionally studied him. She took in the least detail of his changed appearance: the shabby coat, the patch on his boot, his linen, worn and darned, the fading color of his hat. She remembered him as the best dressed man in Cesarea Seminary; nothing but rude, real poverty could have so changed that fashionable and easy student into this country parson, rusting and mended and out-of-the-mode, and conscious of it to the last sense, as only the town-bred man of luxurious antecedents can be of the novel deprivation that might have been another's native air.

"I don't know that it is necessary to look so pale," was all she said. "I should think you 'd tan here in this glare. I do. See!"

She held out her bare hands, and doubled them up, putting them together to scrutinize the delicate backs of them for the effect of an hour's Windover sun. Her dark purple gloves and the saxifrage lay in her lap. Bayard held the sun-umbrella over her. It gave him a curious sense of event to perform this little courtesy; it was so long since he had been among ladies, and lived like other gentlemen; he felt as if he had been upon a journey in strange lands, and were coming home again. A blossom of the saxifrage fell to the hem of her dress, and over upon the sand. He delicately touched and took it, saying nothing.

"Does Mr. Hermon Worcester come and pour pitch and things on the bonfire?" asked Helen suddenly.

"I thought you knew," answered Bayard; "my uncle has disinherited me. He is not pleased with what I have done."

"Ah! I did not know. Does n't he — Excuse me, Mr. Bayard. It is not my business."

"He writes to me," said Bayard. "He sent me things when I was sick. He was very kind then. We have not quarreled at all. But it is some time since I have seen him. I am very fond of my uncle. He is an old man, you know. He was brought up so. We must n't blame him. He thinks I am on the road to perdition. He does n't come to Windover."

"I see," said Helen. She leaned her head back against the boulder and looked through half-shut lids at the dashing sea. The wind was rising.

"I must go," she said abruptly.

"May I take you over to the station?" he asked, with boyish anxiety.

"Mr. Salt is going to harness old Pepper," she answered.

Bayard said nothing. He remembered that he could not afford to drive a lady to the station; he could not offer to "take" her in the electric conveyance of the great American people. He might have spent at least three quarters of an hour more beside her. It seemed to him that he had not experienced poverty till now. The exquisite outline of his lip trembled for the instant with that pathos which would have smitten a woman to the heart if she had loved him. Helen was preoccupied with her saxifrage and her purple gloves. She did not, to all appearance, see his face, and he was glad of it.

He arose in silence, and walked beside her to the beach and toward the town.

"Mr. Bayard," observed Helen, with her pleasant unexpectedness, "I owe you something."

All this while she had not mentioned the wreck or the rescue; she alone, of all people whom he had seen since he came out of his sick-room, had not inquired, nor exclaimed, nor commended, nor admired. Something in her manner — it could hardly be said what — reminded him now of this omission; he had not thought of it before.

"I owe you a recognition," she said.

"I cancel the debt," he answered, smiling.

"You cannot. I owe you the recog-

nition — of a friend — for that brave and noble deed you did. Accept it, sir!"

She spread out her hands with a pretty gesture, as if she gave him something; she moved her head with a commanding and royal turn, as if her gift had value. He lifted his hat.

"I could have done no less then; but I might do more — now."

His worn face had lightened delicately. He looked hopeful and happy.

"A man does n't put himself where I am, to complain," he added. "But I don't suppose you could even guess how solitary my position is. The right thing said in the right way gives me more courage than — people who say it can possibly understand. I have so few friends — now. If you allow me to count you among them, you do me a very womanly kindness; so then I shall owe *you*" —

"I cancel the debt!" she interrupted, laughing. "Did n't Father write to you," she hurried on, "when you were so ill?"

"Oh yes. The Professor's note was the first I was allowed to read. He said all sorts of things that I did n't deserve. He said that, in spite of the flaws in my theology, I had done honor to the old Seminary."

"Really? Father will wear a crown and a harp for *that* concession. Did he give you any message from me, I wonder?"

"He said the ladies sent their regards."

"Oh! Was that all?"

"That was all."

"It was not *quite* all," said Helen, after a moment's rather grave reflection. "But never mind. Probably Father thought the exegesis incorrect somewhere."

"Perhaps he objected to the context?" asked Bayard mischievously.

"More likely he had a quarrel in the Faculty on his mind, and forgot it."

"If you had written it yourself" — suggested Bayard humbly. "But of course you had other things to do."

Helen gave him an inscrutable look. She made no reply. They passed the fish-house, and the old clam-digger, who was sitting on his overturned basket in the sun, opening clams with a blunt knife, and singing hoarsely: —

"The woman 's ashore,
The child 's at the door,
The man 's at the wheel.

"Storm on the track,
Fog at the back,
Death at the keel.

"You, mate, or me,
Which shall it be?
God, He won't tell.
Drive on to ——!"

"There is Mr. Salt," said Helen; for the two had come slowly up in silence to the old gate (fastened with a rope tied in a sailor's knot) that gave the short cut across the meadow to the Mainsail summer hotel.

"He is watching for me. How sober he looks! Perhaps something dreadful has happened to Mrs. Salt. Wait a minute. Let me run in!"

She tossed her sun-umbrella, gloves, and saxifrage in a heap across Bayard's arm, and ran like a girl or a collie swaying across the meadow in the wind. In a few minutes she walked back, flushed and laughing.

"Pepper can't go!" she cried. "He 's got the colic. He 's swallowed a celluloid collar. Mr. Salt says he thought it was sugar. I must go right along and catch the car."

"You have eight minutes yet," said Bayard joyously, "and I can go too!"

The car filled up rapidly; they chatted of little things, or sat in silence. Jane Granite came aboard as they passed her mother's door. Bayard lifted his hat to her cordially; she was at the further end of the car; she got off at a grocery store, to buy prunes, and did not look back. She had only glanced at Helen Carruth. Bayard did not notice when Jane left.

The train came in and went out. Helen stood on the platform, leaning over to

take her saxifrage: a royal vision, blurring and melting in purple and gold before his eyes.

The train came in and went out; her laughing eyes looked back from the frame of the car window. The train went out. He turned away, and went slowly home.

Jane had not returned, and Mrs. Granite was away. The house was deserted, and the evening was coming on cold. He climbed the steep stairs wearily to his rooms, and lighted a fire, for he coughed a good deal. He had to go down into the shed and bring up the wood and coal. He was so tired when this was done that he flung himself upon the old lounge. He looked slowly about his dismal rooms: at the top curl of the iron angel on the ugly stove; at the empty wooden rocking-chair with the bones; at the paper screen, where the Cupid on the basket of grapes sat forever tasting, and never eating, impossible fruit; at the study-table, where the subscription list for his quarter's salary lay across the manuscript notes of his last night's sermon. The great St. Michael on the wall eyed him with that absence of curiosity which belongs to remote superiority. Bayard did not return the gaze of the picture. He took something from his vest pocket and looked at it gently, twisting it about in his thin hands. It was a sprig of saxifrage, whose white blossom was hanging its head over upon the dry, succulent stem. Bayard got up suddenly, and put the flower in a book upon his study-table.

As he did so, a short, soft, broken sound pattered up the stairs. The door opened without the preliminary of a knock, and little Joey Slip walked seriously in. He said he had come to see the minister. He sat down sedately and ceremoniously upon the carpet lounge. He said Marm said to say Father 's home from Georges', drunk as a fish. He put out his little fingers and patted Bayard on the cheek, as if the minister had been the child, and Joey the old, old man.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

A TALK OVER AUTOGRAPHS.

FIRST PAPER.

"*March* 23, 1854. A snowstorm. Write and send off twenty-four autographs."

"*November* 25, 1856. I have lying on my table more than sixty requests for autographs."

"*January* 9, 1857. Yesterday, I wrote, sealed, and directed seventy autographs. To-day I added five or six more, and mailed them."

Such are the entries which from time to time Longfellow made in his journal, — entries which surely must have stirred remorse in the heart of many a collector of autographs. Not a word of impatience, much less of indignation, seems to have escaped from the gentle poet. He took the evil with the good, — the fame of a poet and the trouble which it brought with it. Of his Hiawatha ten thousand copies were sold in the first few weeks after publication. A little later he recorded that the sale was going on at the rate of three hundred a day. A snowy morning given up now and then to writing his name was not, he may have thought, too great a penalty to pay for the fame which he enjoyed and for the dollars which came pouring in. Lowell had none of his brother poet's patience. He suffered under the infliction, and he made his sufferings

known. An autograph book, he declared, was an instrument of torture unknown even to the Inquisition. When he did not recognize a correspondent's handwriting he would leave the letter unopened, till a great pile slowly accumulated on his desk. "I am thinking seriously," he wrote, "of getting a good forger from the state's prison to do my autographs; but I suppose the unconvicted followers of the same calling would raise the cry of convict labor."

Collectors do not go to work the right way when they want to get an autograph out of their man. They should approach him dexterously, and come unto him as delicately as Agag came unto Samuel. Now and then there has been seen a man as methodical as the Duke of Wellington, from whom an answer could always be drawn by a letter which had about it an air of business. It is said that his son's tailor, or some autograph collector who passed himself off as his son's tailor, — Mr. Snip I will call him, — once wrote to the old soldier to beg him make the young man settle his account. He received the following answer: —

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington begs to inform Mr. Snip that he is neither the Marquis of Douro's steward nor Mr. Snip's debt collector."

A feigned letter of business, however, would very rarely be found successful. If any answer were sent, it would almost always be in the hand of a secretary or a wife. Honester and gentler means should be used. The man to be hooked, like Izaak Walton's frog, "should be used as though you loved him." Dukes, no doubt, could not thus be caught; but then, fortunately, the signature of a duke, unless at the bottom of a check, with the rarest exceptions, is utterly worthless. If — which Heaven forbid! — I should wish to get an autograph out of a poet, I would address him after some such fashion as the following: —

Dear Sir, — My love for your writings finds no other vent for its expression but in a way which I trust will not offend you by its being less spiritual than I could have wished. Will you accept a barrel of oysters which I am venturing to send you as a slight proof of my admiration of your genius?

I am, dear sir,

Your ardent admirer,

Autograph Hunter.

Poet Laureate, Esq.

P. S. When you acknowledge the receipt of the oysters, I should esteem it a great favor if you would do so in verse. If you generally drink Chablis with oysters, I shall be happy to send you half a dozen bottles.

Should your author inhabit a foreign country, whither delicacies are not easily sent, the persuasive method might be varied. He might be addressed thus: —

Dear Sir, — May I venture to ask you for your autograph? The five-dollar bill which I beg to inclose will, I trust, be sufficient to cover the postage. Should there be anything over, I should esteem it a high honor if you would spend it in the purchase of a book, on the fly-leaf of which I would beg you to gum the subjoined inscription.

I am,

Yours respectfully and admiringly,

Rarity Collector.

Novel Ruyter, Esq.

P. S. If you would add a sentiment to your autograph, I should esteem it an additional favor.

(Inscription.)

Presented to Novel Ruyter, Esq., as a slight tribute of respect for his genius, by an admirer in the New World.

I am assuming in all this that my autograph collector is willing to spend his money on his hobby somewhat freely. Without money, by those who are outside the world of letters, arts, science,

or politics, a collection can scarcely be made. A hobby is generally a costly animal to keep; but what is spent on it is often saved in doctor's bills. It gives an interest to life, especially to the life of one who has retired from business. If ridden soberly, it is a good and faithful steed, on which for many a day a man may amble gently down the slope of life. It should neither be ridden to death, nor suffered to carry its bearer to the threshold of want. Poor men as well as the well-to-do sometimes get thrown by it to the ground. A second-hand bookseller once told me of a workingman who laid out at his shop much more than he could well afford. To escape the scoldings of his wife, he would smuggle each new purchase home at the bottom of the basket in which he brought from market the week's supply of potatoes. A friend of mine gave me, in my younger days, a letter of Dr. Johnson's. "There," said he, as I sat gazing on my treasure, "if you will take my advice, you will at once throw that letter into the fire." (A bright one was blazing before us on the hearth.) "If you keep it, it will probably tempt you into an outlay beyond your means, as I have seen many a man before you tempted by his first autograph." I did not follow his advice, — the letter, in a frame, hangs on one of the walls of my study, — but I laid to heart his warning. Perhaps the danger was the less in my case as I had long possessed a small collection which came to me by inheritance.

My friend had himself for many years been a dealer in autographs, and in the long course of business had slowly made a noble collection, which he carried away into retirement, the adornment of his old age. He one day showed me a forged letter of Lord Byron's. Many years ago, one of the great London auctioneers — either Christie or Sotheby, I forget which — asked him and old John Murray, the poet's publisher, to call at his office, as he had a curiosity to show them. "Here," he said, when they came in, "are some genuine letters of Byron's, and here are forgeries of them. We must not mix them, for if we do we shall never be able to separate them." The imitation, they found, was perfect, not only in the writing, but also in the postmark and the seal. The watermark of the paper, moreover, was earlier than the dates of the letters. They had been executed by a man who there was good reason to believe was Byron's illegitimate son. By some curious chance the originals and the imitations had been sent in for sale at the same time. A day or two later the forger came to the office. "I am not going to put up those letters for sale," the auctioneer said to him. "Then give me them back," the man replied. "No; they are locked up in this desk, and there they will remain. They are forgeries." The forger said nothing, but left the room. "What became of him?" I asked my old friend. "I believe he went to America," was the reply; "and there, no doubt, if he is still living, he is forging Byron's letters." He would have been just the man to do the autographs for Lowell; but such a career as his was likely to have been prematurely cut short.

For a long time past the price of autographs has been so steadily rising that a collector might silence the whisperings of prudence, or the upbraidings of a careful soul of a wife, by the glittering hopes of a profitable investment. At all events, he might flatter himself that when his collection was dispersed no loss of capital would be incurred. In a large collection which had been made with knowledge and with coolness, this, very likely, would be the case; but if it were small, however well chosen it might be, the chances of loss would be great. Where there are few lots there are few purchasers, and where there are few purchasers the regular dealers are often able to form an unrighteous combination by which they get documents of great value for a mere

trifle. Even when this danger is escaped, at a small sale chance and caprice have far greater play. The price, for example, of one of Dr. Johnson's autograph letters has risen by about a pound in the last nineteen years. In 1875, eighteen were sold by auction in London at an average of four pounds, five shillings, and eightpence a letter. Between 1888 and 1891, fifteen, of which I have account, were sold at an average of five guineas. One letter, however, which fetched six guineas in 1875, by some chance went for only two pounds, eight shillings, in 1888; while, on the other hand, the price of another letter rose from six pounds, fifteen shillings, to ten pounds. In these averages I have not included three lots for which extraordinary sums were paid. In 1875, for the famous letter in which the dauntless old man wrote to Macpherson, "I will not desist from detecting what I think a cheat from any fear of the menaces of a Ruffian," [1] no less than fifty pounds was given, and well given, too. For a fiddle three or four times as much has often been paid. The possession of such a letter surely confers more distinction than half a dozen fiddles. In 1888, to the great astonishment of collectors, forty pounds was given for the following brief note to Oliver Goldsmith: —

Sir, — I beg that you will excuse my Absence to the Club; I am going this evening to Oxford.

I have another favour to beg. It is that I may be considered as proposing W Boswel [*sic*] for a candidate of our Society, and that he may be considered as regularly nominated.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson.

April 23, 1773

To Dr. Goldsmith.

It sold at the rate of twelve shillings and a penny a word. For London Johnson was paid ninepence halfpenny a line, and for The Vanity of Human Wishes tenpence; for each line in The Traveller Goldsmith received elevenpence farthing. This letter is distinguished from the hundreds of others in Johnson's autograph mainly by the fact that it is the only one extant written by him to Goldsmith. At the same sale the biddings rose to even a higher sum. Forty-six pounds was given for the letter in which Johnson signed himself "Your's *impransus*." It is not too much to assume that of the forty-six pounds, forty were paid for this one word. Never, surely, has the greatest epicure or the wildest spendthrift been able to throw away on a dinner so much money as has been spent on the one modest word in which this needy author seems to hint to his employer that he was in want of one. "It is remarkable," writes Boswell, "that Johnson's letter to Mr. Cave concludes with a fair confession that he had not a dinner." What would have been the amazement of "the very good company" with whom the young author, fresh from Lichfield, used to dine at the Pine Apple, New Street, could they have known that the day would come when, for his hint that he wanted a dinner, enough would be given to pay his daily tavern-bill for nearly four full years! From what I learnt not long ago, I have little doubt that these high prices, though they were in part due to enthusiasm, were due also in part to fraud. Shortly before the sale, a dealer, who then held a high position, but who, a little later, died a bankrupt, sent to me, as the editor of Boswell's Life of Johnson, the auctioneer's catalogue, and, in the name of a collector, asked me to indicate which of the letters had a peculiar interest. I pointed out these two, and showed him in each case in what

[1] I quote from the original as given in the auctioneer's catalogue. In the copy of the letter dictated by Johnson to Boswell from memory this sentence runs, "I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian." I wish the fortunate owner of the original would publish a facsimile, or at all events an exact copy.

that interest consisted. The "impransus" letter, I knew, had been sold by auction, a little earlier, for seven or eight pounds. It might, I thought, fetch two or three more. For the other I had no expectation that so much even as seven or eight pounds would be given. My surprise was indeed great when I learnt the result of my advice. I have been informed since that when this dealer was bidding, there was often present at the sale a man who would bid against him, to whom no lot was ever knocked down. It was this mysterious person, it was said, who ran up the two lots to their extravagant prices. The collector who employed the dealer was charged by him a certain percentage on the sums paid, — for what, I suppose, he was pleased to call his judgment. The more the autographs cost, the better was this judgment rewarded. Had the fellow stuck to his trade, he might have died a rich rogue, but he took to dabbling in stocks and shares, and got ruined.

Most collectors, of course, name a sum beyond which their agent must not carry his biddings. Sometimes, however, the limit is fixed absurdly low. A few years ago, I was shown by an auctioneer the original document by which Blackstone sold the copyright of his famous Commentaries. In the hope that it would be secured for the University of Oxford, before which the book had been read by the author in the shape of lectures, I informed Bodley's librarian of this great treasure. He undertook to direct his agent to bid for it. I was out of England at the sale, but on my return I inquired with eager hope whether it had been secured. "No," the librarian replied. "The amateur collectors have of late so much run up the price of autographs that it is almost useless for us to bid against them." Chief among these collectors, if I remember rightly, he reckoned those wicked Americans, who, with their wealth, are sacking, as it were, the literary treasures of Europe. In the present case, however, these devastators were really not to blame. The librarian's reserve price, I ascertain, had been fixed considerably below a pound; at twelve shillings and sixpence, if my memory does not deceive me. For three dollars, even against Englishmen, Oxford could scarcely have hoped to secure so interesting an autograph of one of the most distinguished of her sons.

It too often happens that letters of great interest are destroyed through ignorance, indifference, or a perverted sense of duty. Boswell's curious correspondence with his friend Temple, the grandfather of the present Bishop of London, was sold for waste paper in Boulogne. Some of it was rescued from the butterman and published, but there are great and melancholy gaps left. The letters which Boswell had himself received from many of the most eminent men of his time were, it is believed, destroyed by his executors. A lady who gave me a copy of one of Johnson's autograph letters informed me that, many years ago, an old friend had sent her a whole bundle of them, bidding her keep as many as she pleased. In her unfortunate modesty she retained but one. He told her afterwards that she need not have been so scrupulous, for all that she had returned he had thrown into the fire. A man who burns an autograph shows such an insensibility of nature, such a want of imagination, that it is likely that, in a more cruel age, he would have burnt heretics. Like the inquisitors of old, men have condemned to the flames letters full of life and thought and feeling, in the belief that they were only doing their duty. They have been shocked by the wrong that at times has been done by the publication of matters which either should not have been divulged, or at all events should have been kept secret till one or two generations had passed away. Literary men, even, have been guilty of this crime, — men whose hours have slipped pleasantly by over the correspondence of Horace Walpole, Cowper, and Lamb. As I am writing, I see that Mr. Froude directed his executors to destroy all pri-

vate letters belonging to him. In his case, this seems an affectation of discretion and of regard for the feelings of others. He is like the miser whose first and only display of charity is seen in the provisions of his will. If a man cannot trust his executors, he can at least bequeath his correspondence to a public library, with a direction that it shall be kept unpublished till after a long lapse of years.

Of my own modest collection I have no anecdotes to relate. No such luck ever befell me as befell Mr. Fields, who, in a book picked up at a stall, found inserted an autograph letter of Johnson's. To my letters, such as they are, I now beg leave to introduce the readers of The Atlantic Monthly. I shall venture to act the part of showman, and to treat my audience as I sometimes treat my friends when I have got them safe in my study, and know that politeness will not for a good half hour allow them to save themselves by flight. There, as I place an autograph before them, I delight to talk about the writer, and, taking down from the shelves one book after another, to read out passages by way of illustration. As I am addressing mainly an American audience, I cannot do better than begin with an extract about America from a letter addressed by Miss Edgeworth, on July 27, 1826, to "Mr. Hunter, 72 St. Paul's Churchyard, London." He was her publisher. Publishers have risen in the world since those days. No author would now venture to deprive them of the title of "Esquire." But Miss Edgeworth belonged to the old landed gentry, and perhaps would not willingly have abandoned class distinctions. She writes: —

. . . I copy for you a letter I have this morning received from —— Ralstone, one of my American Intelligencers.

"Your great & good friend Sir Walter Scott's last work Woodstock has met with the most brilliant reception among us and I regret much that the large profits of his American publishers cannot be divided with this inimitable writer. — Messrs Carey and Lea purchased the printed sheets from the English publishers for £150 and they were sent out to them as fast as they were printed & before they were bound; they were reprinted here, bound & distributed in most of our principal cities three weeks *before* a complete English copy arrived in this country. The sheets for the last vol. arrived in duplicate on board of three different ships which came to N. York on the same day & within a few hours of each other. They were sent to this city by express & within 23½ hours after their rect they were printed folded bound & for sale. There were 185 persons employed in the various parts of this expeditious business — The public were equally prompt in purchasing as the enterprising Booksellers were in publishing. The work was for sale at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning — & in the evening of the same day there were short of 1000 copies left on hand. The edition consisted of 9000 copies. Messrs Carey & Lea contemplate publishing another edition of 3 or 4000 copies. There will be Editions published in Boston, N. York & other cities in a short time — We have a great advantage over you in the cheapness of books in this country. Woodstock for example was published in England in 3 vols & sold for thirty-one shillings (7½ Dollars) — it was republished here in 2 vols. & sold for 1½ Dollars or 6s. 9d — Most books are published at the same economical rate & few persons are so poor as to be unable to purchase as many as they desire to read."

Nearly four months earlier than the date of Miss Edgeworth's letter, on April 2, 1826, Scott had recorded in his Diary: "I have the extraordinary and gratifying news that Woodstock is sold for £8228 [about $40,300]; all

ready money — a matchless sale for less than three months' work." Miss Edgeworth saw him in Edinburgh in 1823. Lady Scott was surprised that the two novelists had not met in 1803, on Miss Edgeworth's first visit to that capital. "Why," said Sir Walter, with one of his queer looks, "you forget, my dear, Miss Edgeworth was not a lion then, and my name, you know, was not grown at all." A few months before his death, when his mind was rapidly failing, after speaking of Miss Austen, he continued: "'And there 's that Irish lady, too — but I forget everybody's name now.' — 'Miss Edgeworth.' — 'Ay, Miss Edgeworth; she 's *very* clever, and best in the little touches, too. I 'm sure, in that children's story' (he meant Simple Susan), 'where the little girl parts with her lamb, and the little boy brings it back to her again, there 's nothing for it but just to put down the book and cry.'" Ticknor was shown by Miss Edgeworth a letter from Dumont, — Mirabeau's and Bentham's Dumont, — who had lately met Madame de Staël, fresh from reading Miss Edgeworth's Tales of Fashionable Life. Dumont reported that she had said of their author, and said perhaps with not a little truth, "Vraiment elle était digne de l'enthousiasme, mais elle se perd dans votre triste utilité." Macaulay once compared these women. "Madame de Staël," he wrote, "was certainly the first woman of her age; Miss Edgeworth, I think, the second; and Miss Austen the third." In the whole of this judgment the present age would not agree. Whatever place is assigned to Madame de Staël, Miss Austen would certainly be generally placed far above Miss Edgeworth.

In a copy of the Memoirs of R. L. Edgeworth by his daughter, which I bought second-hand many years ago, I found the following curious manuscript note: "Maria Edgeworth was plain. Her friend, Rev. H. Crofton, used to say of her that 'her beauty was turned outside in,' & to her, 'Maria, God has not given you beauty, but He has given you a soul, & that is more than He vouchsafes to all women.' One day she called on Mrs. Crofton, when Sarah Frances, then a very little girl, was in the room; she said, 'Mamma, is it that ugly lady who tells such pretty stories?' 'Hush, hush,' said her mother. Miss Edgeworth laughingly said, 'Now, Fanny, don't try to keep the truth down, for I *am* ugly, & I *do* tell pretty stories.'"

In the handwriting of Miss Austen I have nothing but the following lines: —

"In order to prevent your thus losing the benefit of attending at Church, it has occurred to me that it will not be making an improper use of the time allotted us for public Instruction to turn your thoughts for a few Sundays to this subject."

Underneath these lines is written: —

"This is the handwriting, not the composition of my Aunt Jane Austen, Authoress of Pride and Prejudice

P. Edw^d^ Austen Leigh."

Such a passage as the above might have been an extract from a sermon preached by Henry Tilney, or Edmund Bertram, or Mr. Collins himself, even though his gracious patroness, Lady Catherine De Burgh, is not mentioned. From a sermon it has undoubtedly been cut out, for it is but a fragment of a page. How it came to pass that Miss Austen wrote it I can easily imagine. Of her Johnson never could have said, "A woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." She never ascended a pulpit; but her father was a parson. In my boyhood I spent not a few of my holidays with an old clergyman who lived at Ambleside, at the head of Windermere. There I saw Wordsworth and Miss Martineau. I had not been in my friend's house many days before he asked to see a specimen of my handwriting.

He shook his head sadly over it. Had it been legible, he said, he would have got me to copy out sermons. He was too modest to preach his own, and he did not think it decent to take a printed book into the pulpit. It was therefore a happy day for him when he could secure a scribe. In one respect, at all events, either nature or art, perhaps both, favored me more highly than Jane Austen. Her clear hand must have been of great service to her father. She could never have rejoiced, as I did, in writing badly.

I have a long letter by Miss Martineau, dated February 27, 1863. Like Miss Edgeworth's, it deals with America. I have seen her described by a Boston divine as "a foreign carpet-bagger." He resented her visit to the United States and the part she had played in the anti-slavery movement. Paul at Athens was "a foreign carpet-bagger," who attacked the peculiar institution of the Unknown God. Nevertheless, so far, I believe, he has escaped the reverend gentleman's reproaches.

Miss Martineau writes: —

. . . That Liverpool paper that you sent is among provincial journals the very lowest, — & much what the "Record" is among theological papers. It starts a new idea however. It never occurred to me to make money out of the North. What shall I ask? one thousand or five? But I am afraid they won't give me anything — I am such a hopeless free-trade writer. Of course it is needless; but yet I sh^{d} like just to put you in possession of the fact that I have never made a penny of profit of the American case. I write a certain proportion of the "leaders" in "D. News" on topics of present interest w^{h} I understand: & if it had not been the American business (wh. I do understand more of than any other writer in this country) it w^{d} have been whatever other was uppermost. India is always mine; & 3 or 4 more.

The "interest" to us in that letter of Mackay's that you speak of was in seeing how far even his impudence would go in relying on the ignorance of English readers. He has the audacity to drop out of mention the class in the South, — w^{h} is larger than the slave-owners who are only 347,000, — the *hirers* of slaves — & to call *them* "mean whites." The shopkeepers & artisans of the towns are not "mean whites." Those of them who do not own a slave or two *hire* negroes. The "mean whites" in the towns are the mere "loafers," such as hang about all towns. The main body are in the country. If you really have any wish to learn the facts about them you will find in the appendix to Professor Cairnes's new edition the fullest & best authorised account that exists. — Mackay has done one excellent service in that part of his letter, — by a singular heedlessness on his part, & on that of the Times in publishing it. He admits a fact fatal to the Southern case in showing that, by the three-fifths suffrage, every white citizen has more political power than any citizen in the North. This is the true & sufficient answer that has always been given to the Southern cant about being overborne by the tyranny of the North; & it is owing to this anti-republican & thoroughly vicious Southern privilege that the Slave Power has predominated so long. Mackay does not see what he has done in proving the great Northern point for a Southern purpose, — any more than Lawley sees what a figure he cuts in ridiculing the idea of negro regiments when the negro regiments are already proved, by their achievements, the very best in the field; — with as much valour, as much efficiency of mind & hand as any of the whites, & better discipline. It is really glorious to see what their military capacity is, & how it strikes a sudden light into Northern minds as to the true character & destiny of the people who have been so carefully kept from

showing what they cd do. The white officers are in high admiration. . . .

I saw Miss Martineau at an evening party given by the old squire of Ambleside. She sat in state in an armchair, and people came up one by one to talk with her. With the shyness of boyhood I stood afar off, wondering how any one had courage to speak into her long ear-trumpet. "The ear-trumpet," wrote Hawthorne, "seems a sensible part of her, like the antennæ of some insects. If you have any little remark to make, you drop it in, and she helps you to make remarks by this delicate little appeal of the trumpet, as she slightly directs it towards you; and if you have nothing to say, the appeal is not strong enough to embarrass you." He describes her as "a large, robust, elderly woman, and plainly dressed; but withal she has so kind, cheerful, and intelligent a face that she is pleasanter to look at than most beauties. She is the most continual talker I ever heard; it is really like the babbling of a brook, and very lively and sensible, too." Macaulay, with perhaps some of the jealousy of a rival continual talker, listening one day to the even flow of her voice, broken by nothing but the occasional fall of rubbish in a house hard by which was coming down, whispered to his neighbor: —

"Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead."

She had lately published those Letters to Mr. Atkinson which provoked some wit to say, "Miss Martineau's creed is of the briefest, — there is no God, and Mr. Atkinson is his prophet." In 1837, Carlyle, writing of her, said: "She pleased us far beyond expectation. She is very intelligent-looking, really of pleasant countenance, was full of talk, though, unhappily, deaf almost as a post." Nine years later it was in a very different strain that he wrote: "Miss Martineau was here and is gone; broken into utter wearisomeness, a mind reduced to three elements: Imbecility, Dogmatism, and Unlimited Hope. I never in my life was more heartily bored with any creature."

Carlyle was a harsh judge when his fellow-writers stood at his bar. Of Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle," he wrote: "Insuperable proclivity to gin in poor old Lamb. His talk contemptibly small, indicating wondrous ignorance and shallowness, even when it was serious and good-mannered, which it seldom was; usually ill-mannered (to a degree), screwed into frosty artificialities, ghastly make-believe of wit. He was cockney to the marrow." Even in his cups Lamb did not lose his enjoyment of perfect verse. "Both tipsy and sober," wrote H. C. Robinson to Landor, "he is ever muttering Rose Aylmer."

Of Lamb I have the following autograph. It bears no date, but the postmark shows that it was written in 1814.

Sir, — Your explanation is perfectly pleasant to me, and I accede to your proposal most willingly.

As I began with the beginning of this month, I will if you please call upon you for *your part of the engagement* (supposing I shall have performed mine) on the 1st of March next, & thence forward if it suit you quarterly — You will occasionally wink at Briskets & Veiny Pieces. Your Obt Svt

C. Lamb.

Saturday.

J. Scott, Esq.,
3 Marda Place, Edgware road.

Briskets and veiny pieces, as a notable housewife informs me, are inferior portions of meat. Lamb, who had undertaken to write for The Champion, warns the editor, in the language of the market, that his contributions will not always be of prime quality. Eleven years later he wrote to one of his friends: "Why did poor Scott die? There was comfort in writing with such associates as were his little band of scribblers:

some gone away, some affronted away, and I am left as the solitary widow looking for water-cresses." He thus mentions him in another letter: "Patmore is a very hearty, friendly fellow, and was poor John Scott's second, as I will be yours, when you want one. May you never be mine." Scott fell in a duel. He met his death, says Talfourd, "almost by lamentable accident, in the uncertain glimmer of moonlight, from the hand of one who went out resolved not to harm him." In the index to Canon Ainger's edition of Lamb's Letters there is a strange confounding of the persons under the article John Scott. There are mixed up in one whole, John Scott of Amwell, the Quaker poet, who hated

"That drum's discordant sound,
Which goes parading round and round;"

Lord Nelson's secretary, whose name also was Scott, killed by his master's side at Trafalgar; and John Scott the editor, who, to add to the confusion, having been shot by Mr. Christie, is stated to have fallen in a duel with Lockhart.

From Mr. Ruskin I have the following letter, written to me eleven years ago, when I was wintering at San Remo.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
7th *Dec* —83.

MY DEAR SIR, — I 've just time to thank you, by this post — but please let me know if your address is permanent — I had totally forgot the passage! — but I don't think the young generation will teach *me* much about clouds! It is a curious feeling in old age — Homer has his word about that, too, — has n't he? — that nobody knows one's own sinews Ever gratefully yrs

J. RUSKIN.

Why Mr. Ruskin felt so grateful to a stranger is explained by the following passage in his first lecture on The Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century: —

"When, in the close of my lecture on landscape, last year, at Oxford, I spoke of stationary clouds as distinguished from passing ones, some blockheads wrote to the papers to say that clouds never were stationary. Those foolish letters were so far useful in causing a friend to write me the pretty one I am about to read to you, quoting a passage about clouds in Homer which I had myself never noticed, though perhaps the most beautiful of its kind in the Iliad. In the fifth book, after the truce is broken, and the aggressor Trojans are rushing to the onset in a tumult of clamor and charge, Homer says that the Greeks, abiding them, 'stood like clouds.' My correspondent, giving the passage, writes as follows: —

"'SIR, — Last winter, when I was at Ajaccio, I was one day reading Homer by the open window, and came upon the lines —

Ἀλλ' ἔμενον, νεφέλῃσιν ἐοικότες ἅς τε Κρονίων
Νηνεμίης ἔστησεν ἐπ' ἀκροπόλοισιν ὄρεσσιν,
Ἀτρέμας, ὄφρ' εὔδῃσι μένος Βορέαο καὶ ἄλλων
Ζαχρειῶν ἀνέμων, οἵτε νέφεα σκιόεντα
Πνοιῇσιν λυγυρῇσι διασκιδνᾶσιν ἀέντες·
Ὣς Δαναοὶ Τρῶας μένον ἔμπεδον, οὐδ' ἐφέβοντο.

"But they stood, like the clouds which the son of Kronos stablishes in calm upon the mountains, motionless, when the rage of the north and of all the fiery winds is asleep." [1] As I finished these lines, I raised my eyes, and, looking across the gulf, saw a long line of clouds resting on the top of the hills. The day was windless, and there they stayed, hour after hour, without any stir or motion. I remember how much I was delighted at the time, and have often since that day thought on the beauty and the truthfulness of Homer's simile.

"'Perhaps this little fact may interest you, at a time when you are attacked for your description of clouds.

"'I am, sir, yours faithfully,

G. B. HILL.'"

[1] This is Mr. Ruskin's version of Homer's lines, not mine.

The following letter, also by Mr. Ruskin, was written at a much earlier date than the first quoted, about the year 1858: —

DEAR ——: Would you be so very kind as to write down for me the titles in English of those illustrated works by Richter, with the place where you got them — so that I can send the same to Printers, in my catalogue of works to be studied at the end of my book for beginners.

Ever affectionately yours
J. RUSKIN.

Tell Jones his glass won't quite do. I want to talk to him about it but can't find a day, — but he ought to get a bit of pure 13th century glass *done*, and put beside his; then he would feel what is wanted I fancy, namely greater grace in the interlacing forms and more distinctness in the figures as emergent from ground.

"Jones" is our great painter Sir Edward Burne-Jones. I should not have given his name had I not received his permission. He has no doubt, he sends me word, the criticism was entirely just, but no one had the hardihood to tell him of it, so he has never heard it till now. One hot June morning, thirty-seven years ago, I watched him painting a cluster of crown lilies in the garden of Red Lion Square. It was, I believe, the first time that he worked in oils.

Judge Maule, one of the wittiest men that ever sat on the bench, irritated by the conceit of a young barrister who, with an air of superiority, was stating his case in the most confusing manner, exclaimed: "Sir, in this court counsel usually follow some order in their statement of facts: some follow the chronological order, but as for you, sir, you had better keep to the order of the alphabet." In the selection of my autographs I am disregarding both chronology and the alphabet, and am taking my readers backwards and forwards as I please. Neither shall I pay much regard to subjects, but shall pass lightly from one to the other. From Mr. Ruskin and thirteenth-century painted glass let us turn to that venerable mass of vast legal learning and Tory obstinacy which was embodied in Lord Chancellor Eldon. His letter is addressed to his brother-in-law, Mr. Alderman Burdon, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Above the address is written the date, "London, March Fifteenth, 1815," and in the left-hand corner, "Eldon." By writing the date and his name on the cover the Chancellor franked the letter, — sent it through the post free of charge. This privilege, which was enjoyed by the members of both Houses of Parliament, was abolished, in 1840, on the introduction of penny postage.

H[OUSE] OF L[DS] [LORDS]
Wednesday Morning.

DEAR SIR, — I thank you for your kind Letter. We are all safe & well. At present Tranquillity *seems* to be restored — Whether the Mob only sleep, or have ceased to exist, seems very uncertain. I hope I did not disgrace my Situation as a Magistrate, when I came into Contact with the Rioters: and I hope so the rather, because I am satisfied that, if I did not act as stoutly as the Law would authorise me to act, my Example might have done much Mischief.

Yrs aff[ly]
ELDON.

Nothing authentic at this hour from France.

11 o'clock Wed[y] Morng.

The rioters had risen against an increase in the tax on corn. The misery of the people was already great, and once more legislation was to make it still greater. The mob had torn up the iron railings in the front of Lord Eldon's house in Bedford Square, and, using them as crowbars, had forced an entrance. He and his family escaped by a back door

into the garden of the British Museum. There they found a guard of a corporal and four privates. The story shall go on in the Chancellor's words: "I proposed to the corporal that we should proceed out of my study into the great room which adjoins it, and from that into the dining-room; and, the mob being in the hall and a little adjoining room, we should be able to surprise and secure them. He was a Scotchman, and said: 'We are not strong enough to keep them in, but with good management we may drive them out. I won't let my men put powder and ball into their muskets, but they shall fix their bayonets, and if you will go with me, and, when we get out of this study into the hall, will give me your orders to charge them with the bayonets, I will, and my men shall obey those orders; but we must make the best appearance we can, and as there are only four soldiers, they must follow one by one, and we must so manage the matter that the mob may suppose that there will be no end of them that are coming.' Accordingly we so advanced, and the corporal calling out to his soldiers to come in language tending to make it believed that they were numerous, the mob fled with great precipitation. The front door being demolished, two soldiers guarded the entrance, crossing their muskets. The mob held a consultation at the top of Keppel Street, whether they should attack the house again; but, conceiving the military corps inside to be strong, they gave it up. I brought into the house by their collars two of the mob, and told them they would be hanged. One of them bid me look to myself, and told me that the people were much more likely to hang me than I was to procure any of them to be hanged. They were sent before a justice of the peace; but the soldiers said they would do their duty as soldiers, but they would not be witnesses."

"My poor excellent corporal and commander," adds Lord Eldon, "was shot at Waterloo." Across France Napoleon, escaped from Elba, was hurrying towards Paris and the imperial crown. What was the life of one poor Scotchman to him? Five days before the date of the letter, on March 10, Romilly recorded: "As I was coming out of the Court of Chancery to-day I was told that intelligence had just arrived that Bonaparte had landed in the south of France on the 1st or 2d of this month, and was marching towards Grenoble. I gave no credit to the information, but I find it is but too true. It is in everybody's mouth, and has filled every one with consternation." It is to this dreadful rumor that the postscript of Lord Eldon's letter refers.

The Chancellor's eldest brother, William Scott, under the title of Lord Stowell, is famous as the great judge of the High Court of Admiralty. Strong as the heads of the two brothers were for law, scarcely less strong were they for port wine. When some one asked Lord Eldon what exercise his brother took, "None that I know of," he replied, "except the exercise of eating and drinking." In spite of hard work and the bottle they both outlived by many years the Psalmist's limit of life. The president of an Oxford college told me that his father, a clergyman of the Church of England, once took the chair at a dinner given by one of the London companies, at which Lord Eldon was the chief guest. When the table had been cleared, the old man, who was past eighty, said to his host, "I always like to know how I am going on with my port, so you must let me have a bottle to myself which shall not circulate. I have given you two pieces of preferment in the Church; so you must now show your gratitude by filling my glass for me." Before long the old fellow remarked, "You are not showing your gratitude; you are leaving my glass empty." When he had finished his two bottles he said, "When I was Chancellor and hard-worked I often

drank three bottles at a sitting, and now and then four." Once he and Chief Justice Kenyon came to a political meeting at the Duke of Wellington's house, both drunk. They were not, however, without excuse; their loyalty had overcome them at the table of one of the royal dukes which they had just left. It was remarked that while the Chief Justice "talked exceeding nonsense," the ex-Chancellor talked sense. Drunk or sober, steady on their legs or reeling, both of these noblemen were always justly looked upon as pillars of the Church.

These reminiscences of great men are leading me too far astray. I will now give William Scott's letter: —

My dear Sir, — The K. is better. It is fit it should be known that the Increase of his Malady the other Day was produced by the following circumstances — He was perfectly collected & composed on Thursday Morning; and expressed a great desire to settle the Matter of breaking up the Establishment of the deceased P. Amelia. He was so well that the Physicians saw no objection to it, particularly as He said that if the Matter was once off His Mind, He shd feel Himself much relieved. He went through the whole detail in the most accurate manner, settling all the Pensions, Allotments & Allowances with the utmost propriety correcting the Mistakes of other Persons concerned and referring most minutely to former conversations upon it — But unfortunately the business lasted three hours; It fatigued Him, and the fatigue brought on restlessness & irritation — Thank God He is now recovering from it.

I am, dear Sir,
very faithfully yours,
W. Scott

London, *November nineteenth*, 1810
Worshipful Thomas Burdon Esq
Mayor of Newcastle on Tyne.

George III.'s mind never recovered from the shock given it by the death of his favorite daughter. He lived ten years longer, bereft of that reason which, when it had been in force, had worked mankind such dreadful wrong. The princess died on November 2. Miss Burney thus describes her third birthday, kept at Windsor on August 7, 1786: —

"The manner of keeping the birthdays here is very simple. All the Royal Family are new-dressed; so — at least so they appear — are all their attendants. [As George III. had fifteen children, there were, with his birthday and the Queen's, seventeen birthdays to keep every year, and seventeen new suits required.] The dinners and deserts are unusually sumptuous. . . . If the weather is fine all the family walk upon the terrace, which is crowded with people of distinction. It was really a mighty pretty procession. The little Princess, just turned of three years old, in a robe-coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, white gloves, and a fan, walked on alone and first, highly delighted in the parade, and turning from side to side to see everybody as she passed; for all the terracers stand up against the walls to make a clear passage for the Royal Family, the moment they come in sight."

George Birkbeck Hill.

WHILE THE ROBINS SANG.

AN IDYL.

"THE tune means naught to you," the captain said,
"Only a quaint old melody; but to me
'T is as a breath of fire. At earliest dawn
Our bands would play our Yankee Doodle; then
From far and far away across the dusk
Of ghostly morning land an echo came,
Elf-beautiful, elf-changed, the rebel bands
Faint chiming Dixie."

I had played the air
On the piano in the parlor's dusk,
Before we started on our sunset walk,
My friend the captain and myself; and now
We faced the sunset in a cool clear gloom,
Breathing moist pleasant smell, and listening
To robin-carols. Tender shone the west, —
Peach-pink and violet-bloom along the hills,
And delicate gold above; and long we stood
Musing and silent, till he spoke again:
"So glowed the sky, but not so beautiful,
After a raid: we looked back south at dusk,
And half the heavens were lit with burning barns."

A robin somewhere near began to sing
An intricate melody, buoyant lyric love
At utterance from cool tongue and silver throat
High in the sycamore. Dreaming we heard,
And dreaming he resumed:

"In willow-wilds
And cedar-swamps by deadly Murfreesboro',
For days we fed the wounded in the woods
On robins: there were myriads of them there.
Into the bush at night with clubs and bags
We went, and came back loaded: every eve
Their gay and frolic passion fluted crisp
To wests as rich as this; and every night
We slew that music for the Nation's wounds,
Stanched blood with bird-songs, stilled the cold sweet air
Of all that keen roulading and fine grace
To make a dainty food for death. So I,"
He said, "give honor to these blithe orange-breasts:
The robins helped to save the stars and stripes
From being sadly torn."

Reluctantly
We turned, and faced a drowsy purple east,
And faint gold staining all the budding trees:
Familiar bluebirds laughed about the slopes,
And twitter-winged turtle-doves passed o'er
To croon a-distant; and the meadow-larks
Dropped plaintive violin-sweetness down the dusk;
And on ahead across the twilight slope
The girls were out for frolic, racing gay,
With birdlike shrieks and somewhat of a show
Of glimmering ankles, till they saw us come,
And blew away upon a windy laugh:
But with the robins our hearts flew a-low,
Skimming the grass, and calling lovers home,
And piping to the earliest of the stars.

J. Russell Taylor.

FLOWER LORE OF NEW ENGLAND CHILDREN.

If the paradise of the Orientals is a garden, so was a garden of old-fashioned flowers the earthly paradise for a child: the long sunny days brought into life so many treasures, so many delightful playthings to be made through the exercise of that keen instinct of all children, destructiveness. Each year saw the fresh retelling and teaching of child to child of happy flower customs, almost intuitively, or through that curious system of transmission of nature lore which everywhere exists among children who are blessed enough to spend their summer days in the woods or in a garden. The sober teachings of science in later years can never make up the loss to those who lived their youth in cities, and grew up debarred from this inheritance, knowing not when

"The summer comes with flower and bee."

The dandelion was one of the earliest flowers to stir the children's memories, — memories which had lain dormant all winter; in New England it is "the firstling of the year." In the days of my childhood, we did not wait for the buttercup to open, to learn whether we "loved butter;" the soft, dimpled chin of each child was held up, as had been those of other children for past decades, to catch the yellow reflection of the first dandelion on the pinky throat.

"Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold."

The dandelion had other charms for the child. When the blooms had grown long-stemmed through seeking the sun from under the dense box borders, what pale green curls could be made by splitting the stems and immersing them in water, or by placing them in the mouth! I taste still their bitterness! What grace these curls conferred when fastened to our round combs, or hung over our straight braids! — far better than locks of corn silk. And what adorning necklaces and chains could be made by stringing "dandelion beads," formed by cutting the stems into sections!

When the dandelion had lost her

golden locks, and had grown old and gray, the children still plucked the downy heads, the "clocks" or blowballs, and holding them by the long stems which bore aloft these airy seed-vessels, and fortifying the strong young lungs with a deep breath, they blew upon the head "to see whether my mother wants me," or to learn the time o' the day.

"Dandelion, the globe of down,
The schoolboy's clock in every town,
Which the truant puffs amain
To conjure back long hours again."

The ox-eye daisy, the farmer's hated whiteweed, brought to New England by Endicott as a garden flower, soon followed the dandelion in bloom, and a fresh necklace could be strung from the starry blossoms, a daisy-chain. The daisy was also used as a medium of amatory divination, by pulling from the floret the white ray-flowers, saying, "He loves me, he loves me not," or by repeating the old "apple rhyme:" —

"One I love,
Two I love,
Three I love, I say,
Four I love with all my heart,
Five I cast away," etc.

The yellow disk, or "button," which was formed by stripping off the white rays, made a pretty pumpkin pie for the dolls' table. A very effective and bilious old lady, or "daisy grandmother," was made by clipping off the rays to shape the border or ruffle of a cap, leaving two long rays for strings, and marking in a grotesque old face with pen and ink. A dusky face, called with childish plainness of speech a "nigger head," could be made in like fashion from the "black-eyed Susan" or "yellow daisy," the *Rudbeckia hirta*, which now rivals the ox-eye daisy as a pest of the New England farmer.

Though the spring violets were dearly loved, we slaughtered them ruthlessly by "fighting roosters" with them. The projecting spur under the curved stem at the base of the flower was a hook, and when the violets "clinched" we pulled till the stronger was conqueror. Sometimes a tough-stemmed violet would decapitate a score of its fellows.

What braided "cat-ladders," and quaint, mediæval-shaped boats with swelling lateen sail and pennant of striped grass, could be made from the flat, swordlike leaves of the flower-de-luce! And the dicentra, or "dielytra" (bleeding-heart, or lady's-eardrops, we called it), had long, gracefully drooping racemes of bright red-pink flowers, which, when pulled apart and straightened out, made fairy gondolas; or which might be twisted into a harp and bottle. How many scores have I carefully dissected, trying to preserve intact in skeleton shape the little heart-shaped "frame" of the delicate flower!

What black-headed puppets or dolls could be made from the great poppies, whose reflexed petals formed gay scarlet petticoats; and also from the blossoms of vari-colored double balsams, with their frills and flounces! The hollyhock, ever ready to render to the child a new pleasure, could be tied into tiny dolls with shining satin gowns, true fairies. Mertensia, or lungwort, we termed "pink and blue ladies." The lovely blossoms, which so delighted the English naturalist Wallace, and which he called "drooping porcelain-blue bells," are shaped something like a child's straight-waisted, full-skirted frock. If pins are stuck upright in a piece of wood, the little blue silken frocks can be hung over them, and the green calyx looks like a tiny hat. A child friend, who was forbidden to play with dolls on the solemn New England Sabbath, was permitted to gather the mertensia bells on that holy day, and also to use the cherished income of a prosperous pin-store. It was discovered with maternal horror that she had carefully arranged her "pink and blue ladies" in quadrilles and contradances, and was very cheerfully "playing dancing party," to beguile the hours of a

weary summer Sunday afternoon. The poppy pericarps made famous pepper-boxes, from which the seed could be shaken as pepper; dishes and cups, too, for dolls' tea-tables, and tiny handles of strong grass stems could be attached to the cups. The hollyhocks furnished food in their mucilaginous cheeses, and the insipid akenes of the sunflower and seeds of pumpkins swelled the feast. A daintier morsel, a drop of honey, the "clear bee-wine" of Keats, could be sucked from the curved spur of the columbine, and the scarlet-and-yellow trumpet of the coral honeysuckle, mellifluous of name, as well as from the tubes of the heads of clover. We ate rose-leaves, also, and grass roots, and smarting pepper-grass. The sorrel and oxalis (which we called "ladies' sorrel") and the curling tendrils of grapevines gave an acid zest and variety to our childish nibblings and browsings.

The gnarled plum-trees at the end of the garden exuded beautiful crystals of gum, of which we could say proudly, like Cornelia, "These are my jewels." Translucent topaz and amber were never more beautiful, and, void of settings, these pellucid gems could be stuck directly on the fingers or on the tip of the ear. And when our vanity was sated with the bravery, or we could no longer resist our appetite, there still remained another charm: like Cleopatra, with childish opulence we swallowed the jewels.

A low-growing mallow, wherever it chanced to run, shared with its cousin hollyhock the duty of providing cheeses. These mallow cheeses were also eaten by English children. In allusion to this custom the poet Clare wrote: —

> "The sitting down when school was o'er
> Upon the threshold of the door,
> Picking from mallows, sport to please,
> The crumpled seed we call a cheese."

The eating of "cheeses" and blowing dandelion clocks are almost the sole flower customs of children that are the same in England as in America. Nearly all our child habits seem to be truly national, developed in some way in the new land. They were acquired in the beginning through imagined fitness or suggestion, then learned by subtle transmission from child to child; never through reading. All our English story-books told of making cowslip balls, of breaking the shepherd's purse, of playing "lords and ladies" with the arum, — what we call "jack-in-the-pulpit;" yet we never thought of making any kindred attempts with these or similar flowers. We did gather eagerly the "jack-in-the-pulpit," whose singularity of aspect seems always to attract the attention of children, and by pinching it at the base of the flower made it squeak, "made Jack preach." But like true republicans we never called our jacks lords and ladies.

From the live-for-ever, or orpine (once tenderly cherished as a garden favorite, now in many localities a hated and persistent weed), we made "frogs," or "purses," by gently pinching the fleshy leaves between thumb and forefinger, and thus loosening the epidermis on the lower side of the leaf from the parenchyma, — purses that, when blown up, would burst with a delightful pop. The New England folk names by which this plant is called, such as "frog plant," "blow-leaf," "pudding-bag plant," show the widespread prevalence of this custom. A rival in sound could be made by popping the foxglove's fingers. English countrywomen call the foxglove a "pop." The morning-glory could also be blown up and popped, and the canterbury-bell. We placed rose petals and certain tender leaves over our lips, and drew in the centres for explosion.

Noisy boys found scores of other ways to make various resounding notes in the gardens. A louder pop could be made by placing broad leaves on the extended thumb and forefinger of one hand and striking them with the other. The boys also made "squawks" out of birch bark, and trumpets from the leaf-stalks of

pumpkins and squashes, and fiddles of corn-stalks. An ear-piercing whistle could be constructed from a willow branch, and a particularly disagreeable sound could be evoked by every boy, and (I must acknowledge it) by every girl, too, by placing broad leaves of grass — preferably the pretty striped ribbon-grass, or "gardener's garters" — between the thumbs and blowing thereon. Other skillful and girl-envied accomplishments of the boys I will simply name: making baskets and brooches by cutting or filing the furrowed butternut or the stone of a peach; manufacturing old-women dolls of hickory nuts; squirt-guns and pop-guns of elderberry stems; pipes of horse-chestnuts, corn-cobs, or acorns, in which dried sweet-fern could be smoked; sweet-fern or grape-stem or corn-silk cigars; torches of the cat-o'-nine-tails.

Some child customs successfully defy the law of the survival of the needful, and ignore the lesson of reason; they simply exist, without purpose, without meaning. A marked example of these, of bootless toil, is the laborious hoarding of horse-chestnuts each autumn. With what eagerness and hard work do boys gather these pretty nuts; how they quarrel with one another over the possession of every one; how stingily they dole out a few to the girls who cannot climb the trees, and are not permitted to belabor the branches with clubs and stones for dislodgment of the treasures, as do their lordly brothers! How carefully the gathered store is laid away for winter, and not one thing ever done or made with one horse-chestnut, until all feed a grand blaze in the open fireplace! At the time of their gathering they are converted to certain uses, are made into certain toys. They are tied to the ends of strings, and two boys, holding the stringed chestnuts, play cob-nut. English boys then say, —

"Oblionker
My first conker."

Two nuts are also tied together by a yard of cord, and, by a catching knack, circled in opposite directions. But these games have a very emphatic time and season, — the weeks when the horse-chestnuts ripen. The winter's store is always untouched.

From a stray burdock plant which had escaped destruction in our kitchen garden, or from a group of these pestilent weeds in a neighboring by-path, could be gathered materials for many days of pleasure. The small, tenacious burs could be wrought into admirable furniture for the dolls' house, — tables, chairs, and cradles. Traces of the upholstery clung long and disfiguringly to our clothing, but never deterred us from the fascinating occupation.

The milkweed, one of our few native weeds, and a determined and clinging settler on its native soil, furnished abundant playthings. The empty pods became fairy cradles, and tiny pillows could be made of the beautiful silvery silk.

"In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun."

Mr. Eggleston says this silk was the silk-grass of the early colonial travelers, from which the Indians made nets, bags, fishing-lines, etc. But Peter Kalm wrote, in 1748, that the Indian hemp, or silk-grass, was *Apocynum cannabium.*

The milkweed and thistle both furnish pretty, silvery silken balls when treated with deft fingers; and their manufacture is no modern fashion. Manasseh Cutler, writing in 1786, says: —

"I was pleased with a number of perfectly white silken balls, as they appeared to be, suspended by small threads along the frame of the looking-glass. They were made by taking off the calyx of the thistle at an early stage of blooming."

Ingenious toys of various amusing shapes could be formed of the pith of the milkweed, and when weighted with a tack would always fall tack downward, as did the wonderful "corn-stalk witches," who always fell with grotesque head and leaden cap downward.

Pressed flowers were devoted to special uses. I cannot recall ever, during early

childhood, pressing any flower save larkspur, — the "lark-heels" of Shakespeare. Why this flower was chosen I do not know, unless for the reason that its colors were so enduring. We used to make charming wreaths of the stemless flowers by placing the spur of one in the centre of another flower, and thus forming a tiny circle. A favorite arrangement was alternating the colors pink and blue. These stiff little pressed wreaths were gummed on a sheet of paper, to be used at the proper time as a valentine, — were made for that definite purpose; yet I cannot now recall that, when February came, I ever sent one of these valentines, or indeed had any to send. I often wonder whether Holmes referred to one of these valentine wreaths when he wrote his graceful line, "light as a loop of larkspur." A similar wreath could be made of the columbine spurs. A friend tells me she made scores in her youth; but we never pressed any flowers but larkspur.

Many similar wreaths were made of freshly gathered flowers. The daintiest were of lilac or phlox petals, and the alternation of color in these wreaths — one white and two purple lilac petals, or two white phlox petals and two crimson — could easily prove the ingenuity and originality of the child who produced them.

In the beautiful and cleanly needles of the pine the children had an unlimited supply for the manufacture of toys. Pretty necklaces could be made for personal adornment, and tiny brooms for dolls' houses. (In Lynn, Mass., they call the pine needles "besoms.") A thickly growing cluster of needles was called "a lady." When her petticoats were carefully trimmed, she could be placed upright on a sheet of paper, and by softly blowing upon it could be made to dance. A winter's amusement was furnished by gathering and storing the pitch-pine cones and hearing them snap open in the house. The cones could also be planted with grass-seeds, and form a pretty green-growing ornament.

From birch bark could be made cornucopias and drinking-cups, and letters could be cut thereon and thereof. There wandered through the town, harmless and happy, one of "God's fools," whose like is seen in every country community. He found his greatest pleasure in early autumn in strolling through the country, and marking with his jack-knife, in cabalistic designs, the surface of all the unripe pumpkins and squashes. He was always driven by the farmers from this annoying trespass in the daytime, but "by brave moonshine" he still could make his mysterious mark on the harvest of the year, and find, in inscribing his rude symbols, which certainly meant something to his dull brain, a happiness which could reach him by no other path. The boys of the town, impressed by the sight of a garden or field of squashes thus curiously marked, also fell into a habit of similar inscription, which in them became wanton vandalism, and had none of the sense of baffled mystery which always hung around and illumined poor Elmer's letters. A more favorite manner of using the autumn store of pumpkins was in the manufacture, by the boys, of Jack-o'-lanterns, which were most effective and hideous when lighted from within.

"The umbrellas are out!" call country children in spring, when the peltate leaves of the May-apple spread their umbrella-shaped lobes, and the little girls gather them, and also the leaves of the wild sarsaparilla, for dolls' parasols. The spreading head of what we called "snake grass" could also be tied into a very effective miniature parasol. There is no sense of caste among children when in a field or garden; all are equally well dressed when "bedizened and brocaded" with garden finery. Green leaves can be pinned with their stems into fantastic caps and bonnets; foxglove fingers can be used as gloves; the blossoms of the jewelweed make pretty earrings; and the dandelion and daisy chains are not

the only necklaces, — the lilac and larkspur chains and pretty little circlets of phlox are proudly worn; and strings of rose-hips end the summer. Truly, the garden-bred child walks in gay attire from May to October.

The "satten" found by the traveler Josselyn in seventeenth-century New England gardens formed throughout New England a universal plaything, and a frequent winter posy, in country parlors, on mantel or table. The broad white oval partition, of satiny lustre, remaining after the side valves had fallen, made juvenile money, and the plant went by the appropriate name of "money-in-both-pockets." It was also called "honesty," and, in an old ante-Revolutionary paper which I have seen, the seed of honesty was advertised by a jocular seedmonger "to be sold in small quantities, that all may have a share."

Other seeds were gathered as the children's spoils: those of the garden balsam, to see them burst, or to feel them curl up in the hand like living creatures; those, also, of the balsam's cousin, the jewelweed, to watch them snap violently open, — hence its country name of touch-me-not and snapweed. When the leaves were hung with dew it deserved its title of jewelweed, and when they were immersed in water its other pretty and descriptive folk name of "silver-leaf."

A grotesquery could be formed from the seed-pods in the centre of the peony. They could be opened in such a way that the tiny pink and white seeds resembled two sets of teeth in an open mouth. Imaginary miniature likenesses were found in the various parts of many flowers: the naked pistil and stamens of one were "a pair of tongs;" another had a seed ovary which was a "lady," a very stout lady with extending hoops. The heartsease had in its centre an "old lady washing her feet;" the monkshood, a "devil in his chariot." A single petal of the columbine, with attached sepals, was a hovering dove, and the whole flower — Izaak Walton's "culverkeys" — formed a little dish with a ring of pigeon-heads bending within.

There were many primitive inks and staining juices that could be expressed, and milks and gums that exuded, from various plants; and each summer's round saw these stains and resins tried by every child. We painted pictures in our books with the red sap from the petals of the red peonies, and with the blue juice of the blossom of the spiderwort, or tradescantia, now a neglected and an exiled flower. We dyed dolls' clothes with the juice of elderberries, and when dipped in soapsuds they turned a brilliant blue. The country child could also dye a vivid red with the juice of the pokeberry, the "red-ink" plant, or with the stems of the bloodroot; and the sap crushed from soft, pulpy leaves, such as those of the live-for-ever, furnished a green stain.

There was a certain garden lore connected with insects, not so varied or extensive, probably, as a child would have upon a farm. We said to the snail, —

"Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you as black as a coal."

We sang to the lady-bug, —

"Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly away home;
Your house is on fire, your children will burn."

We caught the grasshoppers, and thus exhorted them, —

"Grandfather, grandfather gray,
Give me molasses, or I 'll throw you away."

And we sang some song to the daddy-long-legs, which memory has allowed to escape. We believed that earwigs lived for the sole purpose of penetrating our ears, that dragon-flies flew with the sole thought of sewing up our lips; devil's darning-needles we called them. To this day I instinctively cover my mouth at their approach. We were bold enough to come into close contact with bees in a way I should scarcely dare to try now. We used to entrap them — especially bumble-bees — in the bells of monopetalous flowers such as canterbury-bells, or

in the full, ample folds of the hollyhock, and listen to their indignant scolding and buzzing, and watch them gnaw and push out to freedom. I cannot recall ever being stung in the process.

We had the artistic floral diversion of "pin-a-sights." These were one of the shop-furnishings of pin-stores, whose curious lore, and the oddly shaped and named articles made solely for them, should be recorded ere they are forgotten. A "pin-a-sight" was made of a piece of glass, usually window-glass, of any shape, on which were stuck flowers in various designs. Over these flowers was pasted a covering of paper, in which a movable flap could be lifted, to display, on payment of a pin, the concealed treasures. I recall as our "sights" chiefly the tiny larkspur wreaths before named, and miniature trees carefully manufactured of grass-spires. A noted "pin-a-sight," glorious still in childish history and tradition, was made for my pin-store by a grown-up girl of fourteen. She cut in twain tiny baskets, which she pasted on the glass, and filled with wonderful artificial flowers manufactured out of the petals of real blossoms. I well remember her "gilding refined gold" by making a gorgeous blue rose out of the petals of a flower-de-luce.

I cannot recall playing much with roses. I think we fashioned some kind of a bird out of the buds. The old English rhyme describing the variation of the sepals was unknown to us: —

> "On a summer's day in sultry weather
> Five brethren were born together:
> Two had beards, and two had none,
> And the other had but half a one."

Still, with the rose is connected one of my most tender child memories, — somewhat of a gastronomic cast, yet suffused with an element of grace, of sentiment, — the making of "rosy-cakes." These dainty fairy cakes were made of layers of rose-leaves sprinkled with powdered sugar and cinnamon, and then carefully enfolded in slips of white paper. Sometimes they were placed in the garden over night, pressed between two flat stones. As a morsel for the epicure they were not altogether alluring, though inoffensive, but decidedly preferable to pumpkin or sunflower seeds, and they were englamoured with sentiment; for these rosy-cakes were not destined to be greedily eaten by the concocter, but were to be given with much secrecy as a mark of affection, a true love token, to another child or some beloved older person, and were to be eaten also in secret. I recall to this day the thrill of happiness which the gift of one of these little paper-inclosed rosy-cakes brought to me, in the days of my childhood, when it was slipped into my hand by a beautiful and gentle child, who died the following evening, during a thunder-storm, of fright. The tragedy of her death, the memory of the startling glimpses given by the vivid lightning of agitated running to and fro in the heavy rain and lowering darkness, and the terrified summons of kindly neighbors, all have fixed more firmly in my mind the happy recollection of her last gift.

Another habit of my youth was watching at dusk the opening of the twisted buds of the garden primrose into wan, cold yellow stars, "pallid flowers, by dew and moonlight fed," which filled the early evening with a faint, ineffable fragrance that drew a host of encircling night-moths; a habit thus told by Margaret Deland: —

> "Here, in warm darkness of a night in June,
> . . . . . children came
> To watch the primrose blow.
> Silent they stood,
> Hand clasped in hand, in breathless hush around,
> And saw her shyly doff her soft green hood
> And blossom — with a silken burst of sound!"

In our home garden stood a clump of tall queen primroses, whose beautiful flowers, when opened, were four inches in diameter. When riding, one dark summer evening, along a seaside road on Cape Ann, we first saw one of these queens of

the night in an humble dooryard. In the dark its seeds were gathered and given by an unknown hand and a flower-loving heart to my mother, to form under her "fair tendance" the luminous evening glory of her garden, and the delight of every child who saw the blossoms, as Keats said, "leap from buds into ripe flowers." To every garden-bred child the sudden blossoming and pale shining in the gloaming have ever given the evening primrose a special tender interest, — a faintly mystic charm through the chill of falling dew and the dim light, and through a half-sad atmosphere which has always encircled the flower, and has been felt by many of the poets, making them seldom sing the evening primrose as a flower of happiness.

With the Good-night of children to the flowers, I close this list of the happy flower customs of New England children.

Alice Morse Earle.

DUMB FOXGLOVE.

All the golden October day we had been driving leisurely along through the Green Mountain country.

Everything was golden that fall. It had been a very dry season, and the leaves upon the maples and other forest trees, instead of ripening into brilliant hues of crimson and scarlet, had all taken on tints of yellow. Then, when the autumn winds arose, suddenly the whole earth was carpeted with saffron, daffodil, amber, and gold, a thick, soft, rustling carpet, and for days our horses trod upon it, and our wagon-wheels rolled over and through it. Somehow it had the effect of sunshine, and even in cloudy weather we were in the light. But the sun shone that day, and the air was soft and warm. There had been as yet no heavy frost, and the late flowers were still bright, while berry, seed-vessel, and nut were gay with red, blue, russet, and gold.

Goldenrod was massed by the roadside in tints to match every shade of our leafy carpet, making for it a gorgeous border of gold color, and asters contrasted or harmonized, with their hues of mauve, blue, purple, lavender, and white.

The twisted orchid, or lady's-tresses, with its spike of frosted white bells, smelling of bitter almonds, clustered thickly in damp spots along the roadside; Joe Pye weed, or pink boneset, stood stiffly erect, with flat-topped clusters of dull pink feathery blossoms, and sometimes a belated St. Johnswort added its yellow to the prevailing brightness. The witch-hazel bore on leafless brown boughs its strange flowers of straw color with their sickly sweet odor; and most abundant of all, grew, all along our way, the dark blue closed gentian.

There were so many berries! The short, thick spike which jack-in-the-pulpit wears; the sapphire-blue bear-plums; those of translucent garnet, growing like a bunch of ripe currants on the little smilacina; the crimson fruit of twisted-stalk, hanging singly on slender stems; the mountain holly's rosy red; moose-berries; bunchberries; the red cohosh and the white, the last like beads of white enamel strung upon red coral stalks, — all these we saw and gathered ere the day ended. We were climbing the steep turnpike road which crosses the mountains from Manchester to Landgrove and Chester, and we often left the wagon to walk by its side or linger behind it, in the soft air and warm sunshine. We gathered armfuls of maidenhair and ostrich ferns, wild flowers, berries, moss, and lichen. And many other things we brought back to the wagon unknowingly;

for hundreds of seed-vessels, of varied forms, prickly, bristly, sticky, barbed, or thorned, clung to our garments, as we scrambled through the tangle of plants and shrubs at the roadside, or strayed into the forests on either hand. The long, slender Spanish needles; the two-thorned fruit of the yellow bur-marigold; the agrimony seed-holders, looking like tiny green feather dusters; the odd, flat, thin joints of the tick-trefoil pods; the small green burs of enchanter's nightshade, — all these and scores of other fast-holding, close-clinging, little hindering things covered our clothing and pricked our fingers in our journey that day.

We were to spend the night at Peru, that quiet mountain village we knew so well, and among whose pleasant people we had many friends.

The bouquet we had gathered along the way was not a satisfactory one, and there was little of beauty about it when we reached our destination. The golden leaves, full of sunshine as they hung on the branches or lay in our pathway, were dried and shriveled now; the berries were crushed, or had fallen from their stems; the asters looked forlorn, with their rays twisted and drooping. But the closed gentians were unchanged, and we carried into the house with us a big bunch of the strange, undeveloped, bud-like flowers of dark purple-blue. And it was the sight of these blossoms as they stood in the old creamware pitcher on the sideboard, that evening, that made Aunt Eunice — every one in Peru called her by that name — tell the story.

"Yes, I know it is n't its real name, but that 's what I always call it, myself. Ma used to call it that, and so I do. And it 's a real good name, come to think of it, — dumb foxglove. For it 's a good deal like the foxglove that grows in the garden, you know, and it 's the dumbest flower, for a real full-growed one, that I know. Never opens out into real blowth, you see, and nothing can make it. Water or sunshine or rich soil, loosening the dirt round it, or transplanting, or anything, don't make any difference; it won't open out. But pick it open and there 't is, just like the prettiest posy in the world, streaked and painted and all, and nobody ever seeing it. It 's dreadful queer why it 's that way, ain't it? If the pretty part 's all inside and hid and shut up, and is n't ever to do anybody a mite of good, why, what 's it made that way for? Why did n't they leave the inside just plain, not finished off any, sort of skimped that part, you know, that was n't to show? But there! it is n't half so queer and puzzling about posies as 't is about folks, is it, now? For you know as well as I do, don't you, there 's lots of folks just that same way. They 're all shut up tight, all in the dark and cold and lonesomeness, and never showing the pretty part inside that most of them 's got after all. I never see that dumb foxglove that I don't think of Colossy Bragg. She lived just down the road there, in the house with so much of that wild-cucumber vine running over it, and the marigold bed in front.

"David and Lucy Ann Bragg were married a good while before they had any children, and they were dreadful pleased when this one came. She was a nice, big baby, and they thought she was going to take after Grandma West, and be tall and fleshy and fine-looking. So they named her, out of a book, Colossa, but we called it — you know how they do with such names about here — Colossy. Poor child, it did n't turn out a very suitable name for her. She was a healthy, nice little thing, rugged as any child, till she was about four year old. Then something took her, — the doctors never seemed to know what, exactly, — and she stopped growing. Her legs and arms were helpless like, and she could n't walk or use her hands much. 'T was the pitifulest sight to see her. Her mind was all right; it was only the poor, pinched-up, pindling body that was wrong.

"Her face was real pretty, sort of thin and white, but with such big, dark, purply-blue eyes, almost black by spells, — they made me think lots of times of the color of those dumb foxgloves, — and long black eye-winkers curling up at the ends. And her hair was long and soft and such a pretty yellow, and it curled all round her head. She used to sit all day in a big chair with pillows by the southwest window there, and every one for miles round Peru knew that pretty white face. 'T was terrible hard on her pa and ma, they 'd set so much by her, and lotted so on what she 'd be when she grew up. They learnt her to read, but that was about all. For she could n't use her hands, so there was n't any ciphering, or drawing pictures on her slate, or sewing patchwork, or any of the things girls did in those days. She never seemed to care much about story-books. To be sure, there wa'n't many in those times; not what young ones call story-books nowadays, with red-and-gold covers and painted pictures and all. But there was a few in the place, and folks was glad enough to lend them to poor little Colossy.

"The Braggses owned Pilgrim's Progress and Evenings at Home themselves, and I had Anna Ross and Dairyman's Daughter. And here and in Landgrove and about there was Little Henry and his Bearer, and The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, and some numbers of the Juvenile Miscellany, and there was some books about missionaries, and some travels. She had them all, one after another, and as long as she wanted them, but they did n't interest her much. And there was n't many things she could play. Puss-in-the-corner and tag and blind-man's-buff and trisket-a-trasket and all such running-about plays was out of the question, course, and even checkers and tit-tat-toe and fox-and-geese and set-down games like those she could n't play at on account of her poor helpless hands. Why, she could n't even put down her mite of a forefinger with the other children's and say, 'Hinty minty cuty corn,' to see who was 'it,' as the youngsters used to say. She had a kind of weak, whisp'ry voice, so she could n't even sing; and she did n't appear to care much about hearing tunes, neither. So you see she was nigh as much shut up and blind and dumb a little creatur' as that flower there.

"You would n't have thought, when you saw her sitting in her high chair, bolstered up with pillows, her little drawed-up hands all helpless in her lap, and a shawl wrapped round her poor feet and legs, — you would n't have thought there was anything in the world to interest her or make her forget her troubles. But there was. There was just one thing that kept her up, occupied her mind, amused her all day long, and made her willing to live and be so different from the other children. How it came first into her head I don't know, for 't was the very last thing you 'd ever expect would 'a' got there, considering what she was, poor rickety little mite.

"It was cooking! Now, o' course you know she could n't cook with her own hands, little, limp, crooked things that they was, but some ways or other she 'd got the greatest faculty for making up dishes. 'T was all she really cared about, the only thing that made her little bleached-out face lighten up, and those queer, pretty purply eyes shine a speck. She was all the everlasting time composing, as you might say. But it was n't verses or stories she made up, but things to eat, victuals. Where she got it all, as I said before, I never could see. There was n't anything like it in the family, either side, Braggses or Wests. Her folks liked good, plain, filling food, and plenty of it, and Colossy had n't ever seen anything different. But from the time she was a mite of a young one she was always making up the most beautiful receipts, and laying out the most fixed-up, company-looking dishes. To this day I often

think over some of the victuals she talked about, and I can't help wishing they could be tried; they 'd make your mouth water, they sounded so good and tasty.

"But somehow you could n't make them; there was always something or other to be put in that you could n't get, even if you could afford it. And they were generally pretty expensive victuals, too. Real receipt books she did n't care much about. Her mother had one all writ out nice, in a little book made of ruled paper. It came from Aunt Huldy West, her father's sister. And it had real good receipts, too: baked Indian pudding, — the Wests was always great for that, — and crollers, and Aunt Jane's tea rusk, and hard gingerbread, and huckleberry-holler, and composition cake, and lots of other things. But Colossy did n't care to hear it much. She 'd get fidgety after a spell, when her ma was reading it, and then 's soon as she got a chance she 'd begin something of her own. Some of the ingredients, as the cooking-books say, were the funniest things. She 'd come across them, I suppose, in stories and newspapers, in the missionary books and the travels, but most of all in the Bible. They were queer, outlandish, foreign things that could n't be bought round this part of the world, if they could anywheres. But she 'd tell them off till you 'd know, or think you did, just how they tasted, and what 's more, could see the whole thing dished up, too.

"It all comes back as I tell about it, and I can 'most hear Colossy's croupy, hoarse voice saying over those things. 'Take a teacupful o' anise an' cummin,' she 'd croak out, — 'an' mind it 's a blue chiny teacup, not a plain white; put it into a yaller bakin'-dish, an' pour on a pint o' milk an' honey. Beat it all up till it 's white an' bubbly and soapsudsy, an' then add ten clusters o' raisins. Stir for an hour an' twelve 'n' a half minutes by the settin'-room clock. Then you chop up the peel o' nineteen rorangers,' — she always called them that, — 'an' mix into the hull mess. An' then — now listen, Aunt Eunice,' she 'd say, so solemn an' old-fashioned, 'for this is the most partic'lerest thing in it — bile five an' a half turtle-dove's eggs kind o' hard, take off the shell, an' lay 'em over the puddin', — for it 's goin' to be a puddin' this time, Aunt Eunice, — an' bake half an hour in a quick oven.'

"'And what 's the name of that?' I used to ask, just to please her and show I was listening.

"'Well,' she says, slow, and stopping to think a little, 'well, that 's called jest a Plain, Fam'ly Puddin'. But here 's one for comp'ny,' says she. 'I made it up last night, when I could n't get to sleep, my back hurt so, and it 's the very nicest puddin' — this is a puddin', too — you never, never eat; an' it 's so sightly to look at, an' sets off the table so. Now listen, Aunt Eunice,' she says. 'It 's called Comp'ny Puddin'. Take two pomygranites and crack 'em, an' pick out the meats careful. Chop 'em fine, an' sprinkle over 'em a pinch o' frankincense and a teenty, teenty speck o' myrrh. Wet it up with a little maple surrup. Then take some fresh breadfruit an' toast a few slices brown, lay 'em on a green-spriggled chiny meat dish, an' spread your pomygranite sass all over 'em. Then beat the whites of ten ostrich's eggs for an hour 'n' a half, an' lay over the hull; sprinkle with light brown sugar, an' dish up hot. Oh, Aunt Eunice!' she 'd say, with her little thin face working and such a pitiful look in her big eyes, 'I wish I could try it my own self. I know I could do it, an' oh, how I 'd like to beat up them ostrich's eggs an' spread 'em over, all sudsy an' nice, an' then sprinkle that light brown sugar on!'

"'What 's pomygranites, Colossy?' I 'd ask her, to divert her mind a little.

"'Why, it tells about 'em in the Bible,' she says, 'an' Mr. Interpreter give some to Christiana, in Pilgrim's Progress.'

"You know I said 't was this cooking or making up dishes that helped her along, and kept her amused and occupied. Well, it did, one way; but another it made her uncomfortable, for she did want so bad to cook and bake and mix up things, to be over the fire, stirring and basting and baking and boiling. She ached to set the table and dish up the victuals, and make things look as they did in her mind when she composed them. She never fretted because she could n't play about with the boys and girls, or hoppity-skip along the road, or slide, or run, or jump rope. But she did worry a good deal because she could n't carry out the things she had in her head, nor mix a single one of the sightly and tasty dishes she was always making up. 'Course I like to think about 'em,' she 'd say in her husky voice, 'but lots o' times I think, What 's the good of it, anyway? What 's the use o' settin' here an' makin' up receipts for puddin's an' cake an' jells an' all, an' never try 'em, nor see 'em, nor taste the teentiest speck on 'em? I 'm tired settin' here, an' I 'm tired achin' an' keepin' still an' — Oh, I do jest want to have a bakin'-day of my own, an' try some o' them things!'

"'T was pretty hard to know what to say to her for comfort. She was a good little thing, and she 'd been trained right, for the Braggses were pious, church-going folks, and I really believe she was a Christian before she was ten year old. But that did n't make much difference as to the thing she was fretting about just then. 'T was n't heaven and singing and all the glorious things we know there 'll be there that the poor little thing was achin' for, those times, but just a mite of fussing and messing and cooking before she went away from this earth that was such a lonesome place for her. So I used to be at my wits' ends to know what to tell her to comfort her up when she went on that way; and her pa and ma, they were just as bothered as me. But there was one person that had n't any such scruples as we had, and sometimes I was kind of glad there was. 'T was old Mrs. Peavy that lived next door; Mother Peavy, as everybody called her. She was real old, a good deal over seventy anyway in those days, and I don't know but she was a mite childish. But she was smart and spry for her age, and her eyesight and hearing were as good as ever. And she was a dreadful comfort to Colossy, that 's certain. For, as I said before, she had n't any scruples; that is, the kind the rest of us had. Maybe you 'll think she was a heathen, or a heretic, or something of that sort, when I tell you what she used to say to the child, but I am sure she meant well, and it did seem to help Colossy lots.

"'Oh, Mother Peavy,' the young one would say, 'won't I never, never have no chance to try 'em? If I 'm real good an' patient, an' say my prayers an' my catechis' an' my hymns, an' do 's I 'd be done by, an' all, won't I, oh, won't I never be let to try a single one o' them receipts? Jest not even the b'iled dish, with coriander seeds for flav'rin', an' thickened up with fine flour mingled with ile? Oh, won't I, Mother Peavy?'

"'Yes, yes, you poor little cosset,' Mother Peavy 'd say; 'don't you worry an' fret over that. If you want to mess an' cook an' try receipts when you get up there, you 'll be let to do it. An' you 'll be able to then, you know, for you 'll be strong an' well an' rugged; for there ain't a single inhabitant up there that ever says "I 'm sick," an' there won't be any more pain. An' your poor little drawed-up fingers will be straight an' sound, an' your legs strong and limber. An' you 'll lift up the hands that 's a-hangin' down now, and the feeble knees, as the Bible says, an' then if you 're set on cookin' an' dishin' up they 'll let you try, you see if they don't.'

"'But, Mother Peavy,' Colossy 'd whisper in her hoarse, short-breathing way, 'be you certain sure they 've got things to do with up there? There 's harps, an'

crowns, an' books to sing out on, an' a sea o' glass, an' golden streets, an' all them pretty, pretty things, but mebbe they don't have the kind o' things you 'd oughter have for cookin' an' dishin' up. Mebbe it 's bad to want 'em, Mother Peavy, but — oh, I jest do sometimes ! '

" ' No, 't ain't bad, you poor young one ; they understand up there, an' they make 'lowances. That 's what they 're great at in that place, you know, makin' 'lowances ; must be the principal thing they do, these times, anyway. An' if they see they ain't no other means o' settin' your poor little mind easy an' showin' you there 's more satisfyin', fillin' things than victuals, why, they 'll give you your way an' let you try. An' as for there not bein' any eatable things there, why, the Bible tells about twelve kinds o' fruit, an' about olive-trees an' oil an' wine. An' there 's that hymn you like so much, about

> " There cinnamon an' sugar grow,
> There nard an' balm abound."

Take my word for it, Colossy, there won't be no lack o' things to do with, if you want 'em bad.'

" An' the child would take a dreadful lot of comfort out of all her talk, and always stop fretting, at least for a spell.

" Now I know it was n't right ; we all knew it. The way was to show her how much better things there were than what she was set on, — spiritual food that she did n't dream of, poor, stunted, shut-up little soul. But Mother Peavy always made out that there was n't any harm in it ; that she did n't really say there would be cooking and dishing up there, but only that if Colossy was still set on that kind of amusement after she got there, she 'd be let to try it. ' But she won't want it then, you see,' she 'd say. ' She 'll have better work there, more satisfyin'. So it don't do any harm, an' it does go against me to see her fret, the dear lamb.'

" So they were great cronies, she and Colossy, and had long confabs together. 'T was mighty queer talk to listen to, I can tell you, and you 'd get all mixed up and confused to know whether 't was real flesh-and-blood food of this world they was dwelling on, or the spiritual, heavenly sort. For 't would be manna and milk and honey and angels' food and unleavened bread and balm of Gilead and all that, which might be just figurative or speaking parables like. But again 't would be cakes and puddings and stews, with spices and oil and spikenard and leeks and onions and almonds and turtle-doves and melons, till your mouth watered.

" But it really beat all how much that child found about victuals in the Bible, things none of us ever knew was there till she brought them into her receipts. And then we 'd look them up and find they were really there. And to this day I recollect them, and time and again, as I come across them in reading a chapter, I think of poor little Colossy and her talk : fish and summer fruit and wheat and barley and millet and apples and butter and broth and nuts and vinegar and parched corn and grapes and raisins and figs and — why, I can't tell half of them now. Why, once, I know, she told about some dish or other, and there was to be a pound of pannag. We thought she 'd made that up, sure. But come to look it up, there 't was in Ezekiel, and there 't is to this day, though I have n't the least idea what 't is or where it comes from.

" Poor little creatur', she looked for that kind of thing, and of course she found it. There 's everything folks want in that book. And she got a good deal of a real different sort of comfort out of it, too. She 'd be turning over the leaves of the big Bible on the table, as well as she could with her little twisted bony fingers, looking for new ' ingrejunts,' as she called them, for her dishes, and you 'd see such a pretty look come on her white face. An' she 'd draw a long breath as if she was resting after a hard job, and look up with

her big purply eyes all soft and wet, and say over something she 'd found there. 'T was something generally about getting rest, or casting your burdens off, or being carried or comforted as a mother comforteth, or having tears wiped away, or something like that. No, it was not all victuals she found there. But it 's the victuals part of the story I 'm telling you now.

" The minister that time was Mr. Robbins. He was a real good man, and terrible sorry for Colossy. He used to go and see her a good deal, and try to help her, and teach her, and raise her thoughts higher. But when she got on that favorite topic of hers, why, he did n't know just what to say. 'T was a sight to see his face, after he 'd been reading and talking and praying with her a spell, and she 'd been so sweet and good, and seemed in such a promising state of mind, — when she 'd look up so pitiful just before he went away and croak out, ' Oh, Mr. Robbins, won't you jest listen to one single one o' my receipts now ? '

" He generally did, for he was a good-natured man and had children of his own, but he 'd try to put on a moral at the end and draw some kind of a lesson from it all. ' Now hear this, Mr. Robbins,' she says one time, speaking slow and plain as if she was reading from a receipt-book. ' Di-rec-tions for ma-king a mess of pottage.'

" ' Yes, yes, my little girl,' he says, ' I 'll hear it ; but be careful lest you part with your own heavenly birthright for a mess of pottage,' he says.

" ' Yes, sir,' says Colossy very quick, for she was in a hurry to go on with her receipt, ' I 'll be careful. Take one fatted calf ' — and on she 'd go, till Mr. Robbins's face was just a picture, kind of puzzled, and sort of amused, too.

" Or she 'd tell off a receipt for ' raising unleavened bread,' poor little cosset, and the minister 'd remind her that ' man shall not live by bread alone.' Again 't would be some sort of a savory meat stew, and he 'd counsel her to labor not for the meat that perisheth. But he was always good and kind to the child, and she was real fond of him to the last.

" Poor little thing, she took it all out in making up and telling about victuals, for she hardly eat anything herself. Whether it was her made-up, make-believe dishes was so good it took away her taste for common every-day food, I don't know, but she did n't eat enough to keep a robin alive, and so of course she did n't get very strong or rugged. Fact is, you could n't want her to stay on here, suffering and shut up and helpless as she was, and as she 'd got to be all her days. And we all saw pretty soon that she was n't going to be here much longer. Her little scrap of a face got thinner and whiter, and the purple eyes bigger, and the little hands more than ever like bird's - claws ; and her poor little body was wasted away and weak. She was real patient, but the ache in her back was pretty bad, and she seemed to be tired the whole living time. ' I 'm terrible tired,' she 'd say in her croupy voice, — ' tired when I lay down, an' tired when I set up, an' nothin' don't seem to rest me any. Seems 's if I 'd feel better if I could only walk round a mite, an' get out the dishes an' sasspans, an' grease the bakin'-plates, an' stone some raisins, an' chop some citron, an' — Oh, Aunt Eunice, I do want so bad jest to dish up a dinner once, — only once, Aunt Eunice.'

" I did n't quite dare to do as Mrs. Peavy did, and tell her she 'd have her chance some day, but I did go so far sometimes as to refer her over to Mother Peavy. ' What does she tell you, Colossy, when you talk so ? ' I said.

" Her face brightened up a little, and she answers, ' Oh, Mother Peavy says, when I get up there, if I 'm set on messin' an' mixin' an' cookin' things, why, they 'll let me try my hand at it. They 'll know I ain't had no chance down in Peru, 'cause o' my hands an'

my legs an' my back, you know, an' they 'll make 'lowances. That 's what they 're allers a-doin' up there, Mother Peavy says, makin' 'lowances for folks. She says she don't think I 'll want to do any dishin' an' bakin' up there, there 's such splendid things to do that I don't know nothin' about now. She says nobody ain't never heerd nor seed, an' it ain't come into nobody's head to guess at sech things as they 've got up there for folks that 's good an' patient an' lovin'. But I don't know; I 'd like jest to try my hand a little, if they don't mind, seems 's if. An' if I do try, why, I 'm goin' to see if they won't let me send down some o' my very fust cookin' to Mother Peavy. But if that can't be done, I mean to let her know, 't any rate, that she was right, an' they 've let me try my hand.'

"She 'd take some of the commonest, plainest kinds of food to experiment on, and she 'd have a receipt for it with something in it you never dreamed of putting in before. Doughnuts, I know, she 'd always say there was to be the third part of a hin of olive oil in them. 'What 's a hin?' I 'd ask her; and she 'd say, 'Well, about a coffee-cup full, I guess, more nor less.' And there was to be honey from the honeycomb in her doughnuts, too. And in her apple dumplings there 'd always got to be 'jest the teentiest pinch of aloes.' And all these victuals were to be fixed up in the tastiest way, and on the queerest kind of dishes. To hear the solemn little old-fashioned young one tell about 'butter in a lordly dish,' and meat cooked in a caldron or in a flesh-pot, or sodden in iron pans, and about brazen pots and earthen pitchers, was dreadful odd.

"She grew weak very fast near the end. She did n't go to bed, for it hurt her more to lie down, and they bolstered her up in her chair with the pillows, and made her as comfortable as they could. Her voice got more and more husky and low, down to a whisper, 'most, but she 'd talk a little by spells up to the very last. She 'd make up receipts still, but they were pretty short, and we could n't always understand what she said. I stayed there all I could, and Mr. Robbins came a good deal, and old Mrs. Peavy hardly left her for days. She liked to hear verses about resting, and being carried, and made to lie down in green pastures, and having her tears wiped away, and about how the weary are at rest and the sick made well. But by spells she 'd think about what she 'd always set her little heart on, and she 'd turn towards Mother Peavy and whisper, 'An' mebbe I 'll be let to try makin' some of them things? 'Cause you know I 've never had any chance down here, an' they 'll make 'lowances for that.'

"And Mrs. Peavy 'd say, stroking her yellow hair, 'Yes, lovey, they 'll make 'lowances fast enough. And you 'll be let to do it certain sure, if you hanker bad after it; don't worry about that.' And then she 'd say over to her, in her thin old voice, her favorite piece about

> 'There cinnamon an' sugar grow,
> There nard an' balm abound,'

and another old-fashioned hymn all about milk and honey and wine and heavenly manna, till Colossy 'd drop off to sleep like a lamb.

"She went off that way at the last, bolstered up in the big chair by the window, her poor white face resting against the pillows, and her pretty yellow hair like a light all round her head. David and Lucy Ann, Mr. Robbins, Mother Peavy, and me were all there. We loved her dearly every one of us, but somehow not one could be exactly sorry when the tired look slipped off her little thin face, and the bits of fingers stopped twitching, and the hoarse, short breathing was all still. I never thought as much of Mr. Robbins as I did at that funeral. It seemed as if he knew just the right things to say that day, — mostly verses from Scripture, or a line or two of a hymn. I can hear him now, speak-

ing in his soft, pleasant way about the 'bread that came down from heaven,' 'meat to eat that ye know not of,' 'whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst;' and those comforting verses about how 'they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more,' and how 'blessed are those that are called to the marriage supper.' And then he led off in his nice, clear voice: —

'Food to which this world 's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger;
Tho' it fills, it never cloys.'

"Well, 't was about a week after we put the little girl to rest in the graveyard over there, I met Mrs. Peavy one day. We stopped, and naturally we fell to talking about Colossy. Glad as I was to have the child at rest, I missed her lots, and I said so.

"'You were real good to her, Mother Peavy,' I said. 'I often think how you used to comfort her, and tell her that maybe she 'd have a chance to try her receipts up there, if she wanted to. Dear little thing, she understands better now, and don't trouble her head about those earthly things.'

"Now, I 'd always thought that Mrs. Peavy told the child that about having her chance up there just to chirk her up and please her, and not because she ever dreamt such a thing could really be. So I must say I was took aback when she shook her head now, and answered in a queer, knowing sort of way, 'She ain't found out the better things yet, that 's certain. She 's got her chance, and she 's a-makin' use of it right along; leastways, up to yesterday she was.'

"'Why, what do you mean?' I says. 'What makes you say that?'

"And then she went on and told me the oddest story. She said she 'd been thinking and thinking about Colossy, and trying to picture her all well, and rested, and happy in heaven; but for the life of her she could n't see her in her mind as singing and praising and doing all the things the saints and angels are said to do. The poor young one's talk about her wanting to dish up and mess kept coming into her head to spoil everything. One day she was sitting at her dinner. She lived all alone, and did her own work. And that day she had what every one in these parts calls 'b'iled dish.' You know what I mean, — beef and potatoes and carrots and turnips and all. And she says: —

"'I 'd jest helped myself, and was going to taste of it, when I smelt a queer kind of spicy smell. I could n't think where it come from, or rec'lect jest what 't was like. Then I took up a little of the meat and put it in my mouth, and I did n't know what to make of it. I 'd made that b'iled dish that day with my own hands, just as I 'd made it all my life, an' my mother before me. But this partic'ler one was n't any more like mine or ma's or any Vermont b'iled dish I ever see than — anything. It was tastier, more flavory somehow, and above all there was that cur'us spicy kind o' physicky smell and taste. "What can it be?" thinks I to myself. "Is it cloves or saxifrax? Did I spill any nutmeg or ginger into the pot while 't was b'ilin'? No, 't ain't like any of them. It 's more like that rhubarb jellup I used to make after old Dr. Phelps's receipt. Lemme see, what did I put in? Rhubarb root an' — why, it 's coriander seed; that 's what it tastes of." And in a jiffy I rec'lected Colossy, and how she used to always say in her receipt for b'iled dish, "Add a little coriander seed brayed in a mortar."

"'Well, I did n't know what to think,' she went on. 'It seemed 'most too sing'lar to believe in. But to save my life I could n't help surmisin' that maybe — jest maybe they 'd let her try, to show her how unsatisfyin' it was compared to other things up there. And she 'd always said, if they did, she 'd try to send some of the victuals down to me, the blessed young one!

"'I tried to get it out of my head and swallow my dinner; but deary me, every mouthful choked me, and I salted the gravy with my cryin' into it, thinking of that poor little soul. Well, the next day was Saturday, and I fried some doughnuts. The taste o' coriander seed bein' all out of my mouth now, I begun to think I 'd conceited the whole thing and 't was all foolishness. But when I set down to supper and took a doughnut, I had n't more 'n bit into it than I see 't was n't one o' my doughnuts, Aunt Maria's receipt, sech as I 'd made for more 'n forty year. These was rich an' light, and sort o' iley, and there was a strong taste o' honey about 'em, a thing I never use in cookin'. Oh, Aunt Eunice, then I knowed, I knowed they was lettin' that poor child have her way for a spell, jest to learn her a lesson. "Fine olive ile an' honey from the honeycomb," she used to say in her receipt for doughnuts. And when the gingerbread tasted o' spikenard, and the apple dumplings was jest a little bittery like aloes, and everything I made — or thought I made — was different from any Peavy cooking ever done in the family, then I see plain I was right. And it 's only yesterday I made — or thought I made — some one-two-three-four cake, the old plain receipt; and it came out the most cur'us, spicy, milk-an'-honeyish, balmy, minty thing — oh, you never did!'

"I tell you, as Mother Peavy went on I began to think she was really crazy. She 'd always been a little peculiar, and she was growing old, and Colossy's death had weighed on her mind, and I thought it had fairly upset her now. I tried to reason with her, and show her how such a thing as she thought of could never be. But I could n't make any impression. I told her it was dreadful to think of heaven in that way, and that dear little girl losing all the light and glory and all, for such earthly, gross kind of employments. I could n't bear to think of it. Mrs. Peavy looked sort of mournful, and she says, ''T is dreadful, I know. I did hope Colossy 'd put it all out of her little head, once she got there. But there can't be any mistake. If I am old, I ain't lost my faculties, leastways my taste, and I know what I 've been eating all this week. They 've got some good reason for it up there, take my word for that, but oh, I do wish she 'd learn about the better things there is.'

"Well, I meant to go over and see the old lady next day and taste some of her victuals myself, to show her what a mistake she was making. But I took a bad cold that night, and did n't go outside the door for 'most a week. The first day I was well enough I started, but I met Mrs. Peavy coming over to my house. It upset me to see her, she looked so terrible white and changed and old.

"'Oh, Aunt Eunice,' she says, 'it 's dreadful, dreadful. That poor little thing 's at it still. She 's turning my sody biscuits into unleavened bread, and my pies into pottage; there 's lentils in my corn-beef hash, and fitches in my johnny-cake; and oh deary, deary me, there 's mint, anise, and cummin in every bit of victuals that comes on the table. Poor ignorant little soul, what can she be thinking of! It jest breaks my heart, Aunt Eunice, for — oh, 't was I done it, I done it!' and she just wrung her hands.

"It seemed she 'd got it into her head that her tellin' Colossy she 'd have a chance and they 'd let her try things had made the poor child beg for it: and now she liked it so well, after never having had anything of the sort all her days, that she could n't give it up. It seems a crazy idea, I know, but 't was terrible real to her, and as she said herself, it 'most broke her heart.

"'I thought 't would be sech a comfort,' she went on, 'to think of that child among the blessed ones, all straight and well and rested, all dressed in clean white robes, praising and worshiping and loving, walking along the banks of the river

or down the streets o' gold. And now to think of her keepin' on and on this way, — oh, 't ain't right, 't ain't right.'

"I saw she needed some one wiser and better than me, and I went that night to Mr. Robbins with the whole story. I 'd calculated he 'd be very much put out by such foolishness, and think it was wicked and making light of sacred things. But when I got through I saw his eyes looked kind of moist, and he had to cough and clear out his throat before he could say anything. So I spoke again to give him time, and I says, 'Mother Peavy 's growing old and she 's getting childish.'

"'Well,' says he, 'that 's what we 've all got to be to get at the truth of things. "Except ye become as little children," you know; and childish and unreasonable as the good old soul's idea is, there 's a lesson in it. Let us go and see her.'

"And we did; but he could n't do her much good. She had got so upset and shaky that she could n't do anything but cry and bewail her having put things into little Colossy's head and spoiled her heaven for her.

"At last Mr. Robbins said, 'Well, Mrs. Peavy, suppose we lay this before the Lord and ask his aid,' and then he prayed. I never shall forget that prayer. You see nobody but Catholics ever prayed for dead-and-gone folks then, and I suppose they don't now; and our church was always strong against it, of course. And I 'd heard Mr. Robbins himself preach a powerful discourse about it from the text, 'Where the tree falleth, there it shall be.' But I suppose he saw now it was a time for strong measures, and, scruples or no scruples, he must quiet this good old soul. So he prayed for Colossy! I can't help thinking he meant that prayer more to help Mother Peavy than to do Colossy any good, but 't was beautiful, 't any rate. Of course I can't remember just the very words. But he asked that the child might rest in peace and have light given unto her, that she might with the other little ones always behold the face of her Father. And he asked that she might drink of the water of life, clear as crystal, and eat of the heavenly manna and be satisfied. And he ended up by asking that her friends here below might be given the full assurance of the little one's peace and rest. In all the years he was settled in Peru I never heard him pray so earnest, and I was certain sure in my own heart he 'd be heard. Then he asked Mrs. Peavy if he and I could come over next day and eat dinner with her. 'And you must have one of your good old-fashioned dinners for us, Mrs. Peavy,' he says, 'and we 'll tell you just what we think of it.'

"So we went. She 'd made b'iled dish, and it looked real tempting and just like her old way of making it, for she was a real good cook. But she was all shaky and trembly, her face looked drawn up and old, and she could hardly sit up to the table without help. Mr. Robbins asked a blessing, and then the dinner was helped. I 'll own up I was a little nervous. The queerer the ideas, you know, the more catching they are. And I 'd thought so much of what the old lady had said of the tastes and smells in her cooking lately that I felt almost creepy with being afraid I should find it that way myself. 'Oh dear,' I says to myself, 'if there should be a coriander-seed flavor!' But there was n't. Mr. Robbins began first, and I followed right away. It was the same good, well-seasoned Peru b'iled dish I 'd eat dozens of times before at that table. Mrs. Peavy did n't taste of hers, at first. I really don't think she could raise her spoon to her mouth, she shook so. But she fixed her eyes on our faces, first one, then the other, leaning 'way over and looking and looking, as if she was hoping, but scared.

"'Well,' speaks up Mr. Robbins, 'this is good indeed. One of your best old-fashioned dishes, Mrs. Peavy. I should know that this is a Peru b'iled dish if I

was a hundred miles away,' and he went on eating it.

"'Yes,' I says, following his example, 'I always liked Mrs. Peavy's way of making it: just the pepper and salt seasoning, and no flavors, as some folks use.'

"She looked real earnest at us, and then she says, low and quivery, 'Don't you — take notice — of a leetle — coriander-seed taste — just a leetle?'

"And we both hurried up to say there was n't one bit of that, — not a suspicion, Mr. Robbins said.

"She did n't look quite satisfied, though just a mite more comfortable. Then she took some of the gravy in a spoon with her shaking hand and put it to her mouth. She spilt some and she could hardly swallow any, but I see her face clear up a little, and she sort of whispered to herself, 'She 's let that alone, anyway.'

"Then we had some apple dumplings, and 't was the same way. Mother Peavy waited and watched, half hoping, half frightened, till Mr. Robbins led off, eat some and praised them up, and I followed on.

"'An' — there — don't appear — to be — anything — a speck — bittery?' she says, leaning across to us and asking so solemn, — 'not enough to — spile 'em, but — something like — aloes?'

"And again we hurried on to tell her there was n't a taste of such a thing, not a taste. Then she managed to swallow a little herself, and again I saw her features light up a mite, and she whispers to herself again, 'An' she ain't meddled with them.'

"After that came doughnuts and cheese with our cup of tea, and that was just the same. After Mr. Robbins had praised them up, and I had done it after him, and she 'd asked us in the same scared, nervy way if we was sure we could n't taste a flavor o' olive ile or honey, we told her decided there was n't anything at all like that; they were just good, old-fashioned Peavy doughnuts. They were the last thing on the table; she 'd tried all the rest, and I saw she was more scared now than any time before, when she took one in her trembling fingers and tried to lift it up to her mouth. I thought for a minute I should have to do it for her, but she managed it somehow, and got a piece between her poor shaking, twitching lips. I thought I was prepared for anything, worked up as I was over this. But I did break down like a baby when the good old soul burst out, the tears running down her wrinkled face in a shower, and the heavenliest smile shining through them like a rainbow, 'She 's found it out, — oh, bless the Lord, she 's found it out at last! No more messin' an' fussin' with earthly things for Colossy Bragg. She 's looked up higher, and seen the light at last. Oh, thank the Lord, thank the Lord!'

"We both went over to her. Seems to me now, as I look back, we was both crying, but I disremember all about that. We got her quiet after a spell, but for a long time she kept sobbing out, 'I 'm so glad, I 'm so glad. Your praying done it, Mr. Robbins. They 've took the blessed child up higher now, and they 've sent me word.'

"Well, there was a story went around the whole county, after that, that Mr. Robbins was on the road to Rome, as they said. Maybe you 've heard it. It all came from that prayer he made at Mrs. Peavy's in behalf of little Colossy Braggs's soul. But as I said before, it 's my opinion that prayer was meant more to help the living than the dead, and somehow, some ways, it answered its purpose."

Annie Trumbull Slosson.

THE EXPRESSIVE POWER OF ENGLISH SOUNDS.

THE first necessity, the first law, of all language is clearness. Aristotle and common sense tell us this. Clearness is a fundamental requirement in the expression of thought. "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"

A second necessity and law of language is some measure of conciseness, economy of effort. "The thread of the discourse" should not be drawn out "finer than the staple of the argument." Ease of utterance calls for some care in the arrangement of accents and pauses. Such arrangement gives us prose rhythm. But we seek pleasure from language, and not simply clearness and conciseness. According to "the law of the nearest," language may have been the earliest as it is the finest of the fine arts. Poetry chooses in each tongue some additional principle of form which gives to language special beauty and power. In Hebrew there is parallelism; in an English poem we have some time-and-accent unit, giving verse rhythm.

I must notice one more characteristic of artistic language before I come to my subject proper. The scientist asks only for the accepted, literal meaning of each word. The artist asks further: What is its history? what company has it kept? If it once bore a bad character, but has reformed, how long since it was received into good society? Does it sometimes forget its new surroundings, and, so to speak, wear its hat in the parlor? If the word has thoroughly reformed, or always borne a good character, what are its present tendencies? In its many different uses, are there any degrading or trivial offices which it performs? By all this interrogation, I mean that the artist considers the history, associations, and affinities of a word as truly as its simple, dictionary meaning. The necessity that the writer's words shall suggest what he wishes to have suggested, as well as express what he wishes to have expressed, I will call the law of suggestiveness.

But the artist may question this personified word as to its intrinsic as well as its accepted character; he may scan the lines of its face, and seek to learn its very nature and fibre. He may say, "My faithful servant, I cannot use you with the greatest effect known to language unless both your accepted and your real character mark you out as *the* word for my thought." That is to say, those words can be used most effectively whose accepted meanings coincide with and are reënforced by the natural expressive power of the sounds which compose them.

The question whether the sounds of the English language have each a peculiar expressional value, a natural significance, is a topic on which a great deal has been written, — much of it nonsense, if I may speak in the bold manner of Carlyle. It is, perhaps, the failure to discriminate between very different kinds of expressiveness in the use of sounds that has led many to believe that the whole subject is entirely vague and personal, incapable of anything approximating accurate treatment. But let us see if there are not some clear lines of distinction of which we can be certain.

Who can be deaf to the force of these sounds?

> "*I saw* their *starved* lips in the gloom
> With *horrid warning gapèd wide.*"
> (Keats, La Belle Dame sans Merci.)

Is not one element of expression in these lines the muscular imitation in the widely parted lips of the sympathetic reader as he utters the words in italics, especially *gapèd*, if the first vowel is pronounced with the sound of *a* in *father*? That we have striking instances of muscular imitation in the following cases will be plain to the attentive reader: —

"That bubble, they were bent on blowing big,
He had blown already till he burst his cheeks."
(Browning, The Ring and the Book, II. 454–5.)

"Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter blew
His wreathed bugle-horn."
(Tennyson, The Palace of Art.)

"Mute in the midst, the whole man one amaze."
(The Ring and the Book, II. 119.)

To ask the gentle reader to find distinct muscular imitation in his reading of the following passages is rather daring, but he must admit that his jaws fly open in a very expressive fashion: —

"Hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd."
(Paradise Lost, VI. 874–5.)

"Spaces of fire, and all the *yawn* of hell."
(Keats, Hyperion, I. 120.)

In metaphorical uses of the word *swallow*, the conception is usually that of engulfing something rather than of deglutition. The wide separation of the lips and their quick return give to this word great natural expressiveness.

"Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here *swallow'd* up in endless misery."
(Paradise Lost, I. 141–2.)

"Whether he first sees light
Where the river in gleaming rings
Sluggishly winds through the plain;
Whether in sound of the *swallowing* sea —
As is the world on the banks,
So is the mind of the man."
(Matthew Arnold, The Future.)

Every reader will feel that the imaginary struggle of Clarence is imitated as well as narrated in the following words:

"The envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea."
(Richard III., I. iv. 37–41.)

The imitative effect of the following lines, as they go tip-tonguing through the mouth, must be plain to all: —

"Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."
(Milton, L'Allegro.)

It is plain, then, that the sounds of language are sometimes expressive through what we may call muscular imitation, — an approximate imitation by the muscles employed in articulation of some shape or some motion. A more exact name, but also a more clumsy one, would be articulatory imitation. Much more common than this is what we may call muscular analogy, or muscular symbolism. Pope says, in a passage that has been quoted almost to death, —

"When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow."
(An Essay on Criticism, II.)

The action of the organs of articulation as they pronounce the troublesome consonant combinations in the first of these lines is not an imitation of the muscular effort of Ajax as he tugs at the mighty stone, but the struggle in the mouth is analogous to the striving of the hero, and is highly expressive.

When "the splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly," in Sir Galahad; when it is said of Isolt, meeting Tristram, that she "belted his body with her white embrace" (The Last Tournament), the energetic consonants express the energy of the action. The phrase "the wrestling thews that throw the world" (The Princess, VII.) has greater power of expression than the dictionary can explain.

The line to be cited next is, in strictness, a case of expressive versification, not of the expressiveness of the sounds and sound-groups in themselves considered. Pompilia and Caponsacchi, escaping, glide

"Ghost-like from great dark room to great dark room."
(The Ring and the Book, III. 1077.)

The even fall of the syllables, caused by the uniform action of the muscles of breathing and of the voice, symbolizes the even fall of the gliding feet; but this analogy comes out in the movement of the line, not in the expressiveness of the sounds in themselves considered. In many passages the versification and the

sounds are both expressive. In the following line expression is given by the unexpected accent on *plumb*, and also by the nature of the sounds in the word: —

"Flutt'ring his pennons vain plumb down he drops."

(Paradise Lost, II. 933.)

In this next passage, the irregular accent on *dropt* and the abrupt close of the word impress upon us the violence of the shock which puts an end to Vulcan's fall, and lames him forever: —

"From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos th' Ægean isle."

(Paradise Lost, I. 742–6.)

The line that follows furnishes a striking instance of muscular analogy: —

"Here 's a knife, clip quick — it 's a sign of grace."

(Browning, Holy-Cross Day.)

I have now noticed two kinds of expression through speech-sounds, and have suggested for them the names "muscular imitation" and "muscular analogy." Let us take up next the common phenomenon of sound-imitation, or, to give its learned name, onomatopœia.

Imitative effects in language are, of course, only approximate; they can never be perfect. The names *whippoorwill* and *cuckoo* (European) are highly successful imitations of the notes of those birds. All persons feel the force of the line, —

"And murmuring of innumerable bees."

(The Princess, VII.)

It is stated that the makers of the great dictionary of the English Philological Society found the number of distinctly imitative words that begin with the letter *b* to be unexpectedly large. The strongly explosive quality given to that letter by the energetic springing apart of the lips seems to fit it for many onomatopoetic effects. In *bow-wow* we have both muscular imitation and sound-imitation.

Concerning the sage elders of the Trojans, we are told in Bryant's translation of the Iliad: —

"Beside the gates they sat, unapt, through age,
For tasks of war, but men of fluent speech,
Like the cicadas that within the wood
Sit on the trees and utter delicate sounds."

(III. 188–191.)

The specific word in this last line is *delicate;* the accented vowel of the word is *ĕ*, a small, light vowel with a high natural pitch; the similar vowels of *sit* and *trees* reënforce this effect. The words *sounds* and *utter* have vowels of low natural pitch, but these are generic expressions, in the use of which the poet seems to have no choice. I am sure that the sensitive reader will feel that, while all the words of the last line are intended by the poet translator to be effective as *words*, in accordance with their accepted meanings, the light, high-pitched vowels of *sit, trees*, and *delicate* are intended also to imitate the shrill note of the cicada. For a passage in which low-pitched vowels are used imitatively, call to mind these lines from Macbeth: —

"Ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note."

(III. ii. 41–4.)

Here the imitative force is especially concentrated in *drowsy hums.*

The booming of the giant breakers changes to the hissing and spattering of the spray as they are shattered upon the shore, in this line: —

"Roar'd as when the roaring breakers boom and blanch on the precipices."

(Tennyson, Boädicea.)

The most subtle form of expression through the sounds of language remains to be considered. It is what has sometimes been termed tone-color; I shall call it here sound-analogy, or sound-symbolism. We have felt its force in some of the extracts that have been considered. In the line concerning the cicadas, which "Sit on the trees and utter delicate sounds," there is more than sound-imitation. The light, high-pitched vowels here used are

small vowels; the air is compressed through a very small passage in shaping these sounds. The smallness of the vowels symbolizes the smallness of the cicadas. I once heard Mr. Aldrich speak of the effectiveness of using *delicate* as metrically equivalent to two syllables. In this case, there is sound-symbolism both in the dainty, high-pitched vowels of the word, and in using its three short syllables as equivalent to two ordinary ones. In the passage already cited from Macbeth, at the same time that the dark, low-pitched vowels imitate the dull humming of "the shard-borne beetle," they also symbolize the mystery of the night and the awfulness of the coming crime.

In an article published a few years ago,[1] I arranged the English vowel-sounds in the following scale: —

ĭ (little)	ī (I)	o͝o (wood)
ĕ (met)	ū (due)	ow (cow)
ă (mat)	ăh (what)	ō (gold)
ē (mete)	āh (father)	o͞o (gloom)
ai (fair)	oi (boil)	aw (awe)
ā (mate)	ŭ (but)	

Concerning this list I ventured to say, in substance: the sounds at the beginning of the scale are especially fitted to express uncontrollable joy and delight, gayety, triviality, rapid movement, brightness, delicacy, and physical littleness; the sounds at the end are peculiarly adapted to express horror, solemnity, awe, deep grief, slowness of motion, darkness, and extreme or oppressive greatness of size. The scale runs then from the little to the large, from the bright to the dark, from ecstatic delight to horror, and from the trivial to the solemn and awful. In this table I have mingled together short and long vowel-sounds and diphthongs; for many purposes of expression, however, the short and long vowel-sounds are distinctly contrasted with each other, and I do not claim that my scale follows an inflexible natural order of sounds.

A recognized principle of elocution helps to confirm the general truth of this scale. I have arranged the vowels, on the whole, in accordance with what is called natural, or inherent pitch. The sounds at the beginning of the list have a high natural pitch; the ideas and feelings which I think find their most fitting expression through these vowels are those which all elocutionists would express by the use of a high pitch. The sentiments that I have assigned to the vowels of low natural pitch are brought out by a low pitch in expressive reading.

Perhaps the English language has never known a more skillful artist in the use of sound-effects than Tennyson. A phrase in Browning's Ring and the Book, "a gleam i' the gloom" (II. 324), may have suggested the vowel-contrasts of this song: —

> "Rainbow, stay,
> Gleam upon gloom,
> Bright as my dream,
> Rainbow, stay!
> But it passes away,
> Gloom upon gleam,
> Dark as my doom —
> O rainbow stay."
>
> (Becket, III. i.)

Here, *gleam*, *bright*, *dream*, are set over against *gloom*, *dark*, *doom*. The Holy Grail has this effective vowel-contrast:

> "For every moment glanced
> His silver arms and gloom'd: so quick and thick
> The lightnings."

Of course, poets often do not make use of contrasted vowels when the contrast of ideas would justify them in doing so. Thus Lowell has the line, —

> "The painted windows, flecking gloom with glow."
>
> (The Cathedral.)

A few passages expressive of littleness and contempt need no comment: —

> "Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!"
>
> (The Taming of the Shrew, IV. iii. 110.)

> "He hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard."
>
> (Merry Wives of Windsor, I. iv. 22–3.)

The present article is mainly an addition to this earlier paper, but is partly a popularization of it.

[1] The Laws of Tone-Color in the English Language: The Andover Review, March, 1887.

"Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge."
(D. G. Rossetti, The Blessed Damozel.)

An entire poem in light vowels and dainty consonant-effects, by Mr. Edgar Fawcett, appeared in The Atlantic Monthly for June, 1880. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting a good portion of this delicious little monochrome.

MAIDENHAIR.

When deep in some dim glade we pause,
Perchance we mark how winds caress
These lowly sprays of quivering gauze,
Aerial in their slenderness.

The ruffled leaves of vapory green
Fringe mimic branches, fine as thread,
Above slim stems whose ebon sheen
Is always mellowing into red.

. . . . . .

I half am tempted, while I gaze,
To question of my wondering thought

If silvery whispers of the breeze
Have found, as through the woods they went,
In your phantasmal delicacies
Ethereal embodiment!

The long vowels in the closing stanza of Tennyson's Requiescat contrast noticeably with some expressive short vowels in the opening stanza of the lyric which stands next in our editions of the poet:

"And fairer she, but ah how soon to die!
Her quiet dream of life this hour may cease.
Her peaceful being slowly passes by
To some more perfect peace.

THE SAILOR-BOY.

"He rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
And *whistled* to the morning star."

The abrupt shortness of *struts* and *frets* is very expressive in a well-known line of Macbeth: —

"Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more."
(V. v. 24–6.)

The most dissonant and unpleasing of all the vowel-sounds in English is that of *a* in *flat*, *rang*. Tennyson uses this sound to set forth the harsh appearance of all nature after the death of Arthur:

"And *ghastly* thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the *blank* day."
(In Memoriam, VII.)

Professor Genung notes "the harsh sibilants" in the first of these lines, and "the intentionally hard alliteration and utter want of rhythm" in the second. How abundant and forcible is the sound-symbolism of these two lines!

The brassy dissonance of this so-called "short *a*" makes it very effective in some cases of sound-imitation. It is combined in the following passage with the *sh*, of which I speak later: —

"Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
Of battle-axes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks
After the Christ."
(Tennyson, The Passing of Arthur.)

The vowels especially fitted to symbolize richness, abundance, complete satisfaction, fullness of beauty, and kindred ideas are *ō*, *āh*, *o͞o*, *o͞w*, *ī* (as in *mine*). These are peculiarly rich, sensuous impressions. Smooth, prolongable consonants, especially the semi-vowels, liquids, and nasals, add to the effect.

"Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving."
(Paradise Lost, VII. 205–7.)

"Hear the mellow wedding bells, —
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!"
(Poe, The Bells.)

I believe that every English sound has some special expressive force. Also, since a sound may have many striking characteristics, it may have more than one natural expression. The reader will surely think, now, that I am a "mounted specialist," riding my hobby to death. But let him consider that although the explosive quality of initial *h* gives it expressiveness in

"Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse,"
(I. Henry IV., IV. i. 122–3)

the same sound is also a guttural whisper, expressive of mystery, terror, etc., in the line, —

"An hideous Geaunt, horrible and hye."
(Spenser, The Faerie Queene, I. vii. 8.)

Other guttural sounds and other whispered ones may have similar force. Note the following lines: —

"A hell as hopeless and as full of fear
As are the blasted banks of Erebus,
Where shaking ghosts with ever-howling groans
Hover about the ugly ferryman."
(Marlowe, First Part of Tamburlaine, V. 243–6.)

A sensitive reader will not always read the same sound in the same way. Lowell tells us, in his essay on Dryden, that the sibilants of our language can be made either to hiss or to sing. They sing in these two passages: —

"And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song."
(Midsummer Night's Dream, II. i. 150–2.)

"Valeria, attend: I have a lovely love,
As bright as is the heaven crystalline,
As fair as is the milk-white way of Jove,
As chaste as Phœbe in her summer sports,
As soft and tender as the azure down
That circles Cytherea's silver doves."
(The Taming of a Shrew, 1594, Anonymous, Bankside Shakespeare, vol. ii. 190.)

In the case of *r*, what is called its rough, or consonantal value is exactly opposite in expressive power to its smooth, or vocalic utterance.

"Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind."
(Paradise Lost, II. 539–41.)

"And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee."
(Tennyson, Godiva.)

Sh is decidedly the most unpleasant consonant-effect in English. Because this is a whispered sound, it is also fitted to express fear, mystery, and allied ideas.

"And my pulses closed their gates with a shock
on my heart as I heard
The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the shuddering night."
(Tennyson, Maud, I. iv.)

In the awful curse which King Lear pronounces upon Goneril, how expressive is the word *thwart!* The interference and struggle of tongue, teeth, and lips with which the word begins are a powerful symbol of the moral perversity which Lear prays may inhabit the child of Goneril.

"If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her!"
(King Lear, I. iv. 263–5.)

In contrast with *thwart*, the powerful word *disnatured* gets little of its impressiveness through sound-symbolism.

In many passages in which the sounds employed are plainly significant, it is impossible to say just how much of the expression is due to each of the four sources that we have discussed, — muscular imitation, muscular analogy, sound-imitation, and sound-analogy. Some instances of this have already been noted. The first passage that we cited under muscular imitation is also a powerful illustration of sound-analogy: —

"I saw their starved lips in the gloom
With horrid warning gapèd wide."

The low-pitched vowels in these lines bring out the mysterious horror of the knight's dream. The very impressive word *gloom* takes no part in the muscular imitation. In this line from Browning, describing a quarrelsome household,

"Dog-snap and cat-claw, curse and counter-blast,"
(The Ring and the Book, II. 505)

we undoubtedly have both muscular symbolism and sound-symbolism, one of them more prominent in the first half of the line, the other in the last half.

Although the lines,

"Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,"
(Tennyson, Lancelot and Elaine)

are strikingly effective in the way of sound-analogy, who shall say that the soft sounds have no trace of muscular analogy; that they are not also intended to bring before us the modest gestures and gentle movements of the lily maid?

Sound-imitation and sound-analogy are both present in the striking contrast which follows: —

"So far her voice flow'd on, like timorous brook
That, lingering along a pebbled coast,
Doth fear to meet the sea: but sea it met,
And shudder'd; for the overwhelming voice
Of huge Enceladus swallow'd it in wrath:
The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves
In the half-glutted hollows of reef-rocks,
Came booming thus."
(Keats, Hyperion, II. 300–7.)

Every part of The Bells of Edgar A. Poe is both imitative and symbolic; particular states of feeling are expressed by the same sounds that imitate the silver, golden, brazen, or iron bells, as they tinkle, chime, clang, or toll. The words *hoarse* and *croaks* in the following passage are distinctly imitative, yet the sound-symbolism is the especial source of their impressiveness as sounds: —

"The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements."
(Macbeth, I. v. 39–41.)

Lowell's comments upon this passage, in the essay Shakespeare Once More, bring out other and more important factors in its power.

Muscular analogy, sound-imitation, and sound-analogy seem all to be present in these craggy lines: —

"Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels."
(Tennyson, Morte d'Arthur.)

Is there any one principle to which all these four forms of sound-expressiveness can be reduced? I think that most of the significant sound-effects in language, perhaps all of them, can be reduced ultimately to likeness of motion. This is more plainly true, perhaps, in the other cases than in those which come under sound-analogy. Is it not broadly true here? The slow vibrations of the air in a funeral dirge and the solemn movements of the mourning train correspond to the slow vibrations, or motions, of the low-pitched vowels in speech. The quick motions of delight correspond to the rapid vibrations of the light, high-pitched vowels.

Lest any one misunderstand me, let me say explicitly that the accepted meanings of words should not be disregarded or tampered with in an effort to secure expressive sound-effects. Sound-expression, to be effective, should be added to the usual methods of expression; it should not infringe upon them. The significant use of sounds is an important element in poetry; in proportion as prose departs in spirit from poetry and approximates science, less use will naturally be made of the expressive power of sounds.

Let me warn the reader, also, that I am not now concerned at all with sound-effects that are simply pleasing, but with those that are significant; I am discussing one method of expression; I am not considering euphony. Swinburne is a writer who has a consuming passion for euphony, and a marvelous capacity for securing it in his poetry; Browning tends always toward expressiveness. When Swinburne sings of the "lisp of leaves and ripple of rain," and of "a dead lute-player that in dead years had done delicious things," the effect is both

euphonious and expressive; but we feel that the sensuous charm of these phrases is what especially captivated their author, as it captivates us.

It is not an unusual thing for a passage to win a sensuous charm at the expense of sound-expressiveness. The alliteration in these lines from John Fletcher's Melancholy,

> "Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
> Places which pale passion loves!"

gives us a sensuous pleasure. But this sound-effect is decidedly vigorous; it does not bring out the idea of dreamy melancholy.

Although the sounds of English have changed some since the time of Shakespeare, yet the passages which I have cited have not been materially affected by this. The Irish pronunciation of English is decidedly older in some respects than our present standard. When Pope sings,

> "Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
> Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea,"
> (The Rape of the Lock, III. 7, 8)

we must pronounce *tay*, with the Irishman, or lose the rhyme. In general, my position would be that, whenever in the history of a language any sound or combination takes on a new pronunciation, all the words affected thereby become different *poetic material* because of the change, though for all ordinary purposes these words may well have the same value as before.

The analytic tendency of modern thinking, the determination to leave nothing uninvestigated, to pluck the heart out of every mystery, often displeases, and even repels us. Of course I have tried my best to investigate thoroughly the phenomena here discussed; but I also appreciate the fact that the human spirit can never be imprisoned in a formula; that the mind of man, in any of its important manifestations, will never be found out to perfection.

Although much remains uncertain in connection with the subject of this inquiry, I hope that my readers are convinced that a delicate use of sound-symbolism is one of the innermost secrets of style.

Albert H. Tolman.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

IV.

WHEN I waked I was alone. At first nothing was clear to me; my brain was dancing in my head, my sight obscured, my body painful, my senses were blunted. I was in darkness, yet through an open door there showed a light, which, from the smell and flickering, I knew to be a torch. This, creeping into my senses, helped me to remember; for I recalled that the last thing I saw in the Intendant's courtyard was a burning torch, which suddenly multiplied to dancing hundreds, and then went out. I stretched out a hand, and it touched a stone wall. I moved, and felt straw under me. Then I fixed my eyes steadily on the open door and the shaking light, and presently it all grew upon me: the events of the night, and that I was now in a cell of the citadel. Stirring, I felt the wound in my body had been bound and cared for. A loosely tied scarf round my arm showed that some

one had lately left me, and would return to finish the bandaging. I raised myself with difficulty, and saw a basin of water, a sponge, bits of cloth, and a pocket-knife. Stupid and dazed as I was, the instinct of self-preservation lived, and I picked up the knife and hid it in my coat. I did it, I believe, mechanically, for a hundred things were going through my mind at the time.

All at once there rushed in on me the thought of Juste Duvarney as I saw him last, — how long ago was it? — his white face turned to the sky, his arms stretched out, his body dabbled in blood. I groaned aloud. "Fool, fool! to be trapped by these lying French! To be tricked into playing their shameless games for them, to have a broken body, to have killed the brother of the mistress of my heart, and so cut myself off from her and ruined my life for nothing, — for worse than nothing!" I had swaggered, boasted, had taken a challenge for a bout and a quarrel like any hanger-on of a tavern. I cursed myself in good stout terms, and then in another breath, almost, — and how the human mind can play chameleon so I cannot guess, — I called on God to save our cause, to teach wisdom to those gentlemen in England who muddled our affairs, and to tread down his Majesty's enemies. It may be I was a little light of head then, — heavy of heart I know I was, — for through it all I kept calling softly, as if with another voice, "Nay, flower of my heart, he shall not die, he shall not die! The bird shall sing again, the sap shall run in the bruised branch."

It is strange that many voices may be speaking at once in us without confusion. And I have often thought that each of us is not one, but many, and that one part of us may long be dead before the other. But this may be because I have not mind enough to see such things clearly, and I let my rough fancy carry away my logic.

However that be, many voices were speaking in me, and one of them was telling of that bird which used to hang at Alixe's window where her brother played, and of that maple-tree where she and I gathered sap the year before. But suddenly I heard footsteps and voices outside; then one voice, louder than the other, saying, "He has n't stirred a peg — lies like a log — aho!"

And another voice added, "You will not need a surgeon — no?" It was Doltaire, his tone, as it seemed to me, less careless than usual.

And Gabord answered, "I know the trick of it all — what can a surgeon do? This brandy will fetch him to his intellects and to his nuts to crack. Crack! he 'll have enough to crack! And by and by crack 'll go his spine — aho!"

You have heard a lion growling on a bone: that is how Gabord's voice sounded to me then, — a rich, brutal rawness; and for an instant it made me shiver; but it came to my mind the same moment that this was the man who had laughed as he told me of Voban, and brought him to do me service. I fondly hoped he was playing the lion before Doltaire, to be a lamb afterwards to me. Whatever Doltaire thought, he said nothing save this:

"Come, come, Gabord, crack your jaws less, and see you fetch him on his feet again. From the seats of the mighty they have said that he must live — to die another day, and so be it; and see to it, or from those seats they will say that you must die to live another day — in a better world, kind Gabord."

I longed, in my distress of mind, to cry out and ask them of that which they did not speak of by so much as a word, — of Juste Duvarney. But I dared not. There was a moment in which the only sound was that of tearing linen, and I could see the shadows of the two upon the stone wall of the corridor wavering to the light of the torch; and then the shadows shifted entirely, and their footsteps came on towards my door. I was lying on my back as when I came to, and, therefore, probably as Gabord had left

me, and I determined to dissemble, to appear still in a faint. But I could, however, see through nearly closed eyelids. I saw Gabord enter, and Doltaire stand in the doorway and look at me as the soldier knelt beside me and lifted my arm to take off the bloody scarf. I could not see Doltaire with perfect distinctness, but I felt his manner imperturbable as ever, and his face, even after the wild night, showed little save a deeper general disdain. Even then I wondered what his thoughts were, what pungent phrase he was suiting to the time and to me. I do not know to this day which more interested him, — that very pungency of phrase, or the critical events which inspired his reflections. He had no sense of responsibility; his mind loved talent, skill, and devilish cleverness, and though it was scathing of all usual ethics, for the crude, honest life of the poor it had sympathy. I remember what he said to me as we stood in the market-place a year before, and saw the peasant in his sabots and the wife in her homespun cloth.

"These," said he, "are they who will save the earth one day, for they are like it, kin to it. When they are born they lie close to it, and when they die they fall no height to reach their graves. The rest — the world — are like ourselves in dreams: we do not walk; we think we fly, over houses, over trees, over mountains; and then one blessed instant the spring breaks, or the dream gets twisted, and we go falling, falling, in a sickening fear, and, waking up, we find we are and have been on the earth all the while, and yet can make no claim on it, and have no kin with it, and no right to ask anything of it — *quelle vie — quelle vie!*"

Sick as I was, I thought of that as he stood there in the doorway, looking in at me; and though I knew I ought to hate him, I admired him in spite of all. It might be I should kill him one day, and yet I knew also that I should be sorry for that, and, like Harry over Hotspur, — if one might set great things by small, — should take my scarf in pity to cover his face.

Presently he said, "You 'll come to me at noon to-morrow, and see you bring good news. He breathes — he is alive?"

Gabord put a hand on my chest and at my neck, and said at once, "Breath for balloons — aho!"

At that Doltaire threw his cloak over his shoulder and walked away, his footsteps sounding loud in the passages. Gabord began humming to himself as he tied the bandages, and then he reached down for the knife to cut the flying strings. I could see this out of a little corner of my eye. When he did not find it, he settled back on his haunches and looked at me. I could feel his lips puffing out, and I was ready for the "*Poom!*" that came from him. Then I could feel him stooping over me, and his hot strong breath in my face. I was so near to unconsciousness at that moment by a sudden anxiety that perhaps my feigning had the look of reality. In any case, he thought me unconscious, and that he must have taken the knife away with him, for he tucked in the strings of the bandage. And then, lifting my head, he held the flask to my lips; for which I was most grateful — I was dizzy and miserably faint.

As I think, myself, I came to with rather more alacrity than was wise; but he was deceived, and his first words were, "Ho, ho! the devil 's knocking. Come, my pretties, who 's for home — aho?"

As will be seen, the fashion of his speech was singular. He put all things allusively, using strange figures and metaphors. And yet, when one was used to him and to them, their potency and force seemed greater than any polished speech and ordinary phrase.

I sat up and pretended to view him with surprise. He offered me more brandy, which I drank, and then, without preface, I asked him the one question which sank back on my heart like a load of ice even as I sent it forth. "Is he

alive?" I inquired. "Is Monsieur Duvarney alive?"

With exasperating coolness he winked an eye, to connect the event with what he knew of the letter I had sent to Alixe, and, cocking his head, he blew out his lips with a soundless laugh, and said, —

"To pack the brother off to heaven is to say good-by to sister and pack yourself to Father Peter."

"For God's sake, tell me, is the boy dead?" I asked, my voice cracking in my throat.

"He 's not mounted for the journey yet," he answered, with a shrug, "but the Beast is at the door."

Thank God, he was not dead. There was yet a hope — how much? I plied my man with questions, and learned that they had carried him into the palace for dead, but found life in him, and straightway used all means to save him. A surgeon came, his father and mother were sent for, and when Doltaire had left there was hope that he would live. As Gabord put it, —

"And the Beast at the door chewed his bit and stamped, to get away with laddie on his back; but laddie would not ride that day — aho!"

I learned also that Voban had carried word to the Governor of the deed to be done that night; had for a long time failed to get admittance to him, but was at last permitted to tell his story; and Vaudreuil had gone to the Intendant's palace to have me hurried to the citadel before harm was done, and had come just too late. There was one more thing to learn: had Voban given my letter to Alixe? As I thought more and more, I saw that this was scarce possible, for the night was far along when he left me, and he had spent much time in reaching the Governor's presence. I shuddered at the thought that my letter would not get to her until news of her brother had come to the Manor, — of his injury, perhaps death, by my hand. But I felt she would not judge me bitterly till she knew the whole truth, if one day I or some one else might tell it to her.

After answering my first few questions, Gabord would have nothing more to say, and presently he took the torch from the wall, and, with a gruff good-night, prepared to go. When I asked that a light be left, he shook his head, said he had no orders, and that I had better try to sleep. Whereupon he left me, the heavy door clanging to; the bolts were shot, I could hear the distant sound of footsteps, and then I was alone in darkness with wounds and misery. My cloak had been put into the cell beside my couch, and this I now drew over me, and lay and thought upon my condition and my prospects, which, as may be seen, were not cheering. I did not suffer great pain from my wounds, — only a stiffness that troubled me not at all if I lay still, — and I had little fever, for which I was most grateful. After an hour or so passed — for it is hard to keep count of time when one's thoughts are the only timekeeper — I fell asleep.

Here lay the secret why, in tortures and miseries enough to kill most men, I lived on, bent but not broken: after the worst of days I was able to sleep. I do not think this power to sleep quietly in the most perilous times is a matter of easy conscience, for I am no saint, as my enemies have proven now and then. However it be, I have lain down often with insult, and injury, and aching body, and death set for the morrow, and have slept like a child at its mother's breast. And so, that night, after all that sore day, I stretched on my bag of straw, drew my cloak up to my chin, laid my wounded arm across my breast, and traveled away into those padded lanes which lead to the drowsy valley. Good nourisher of this poor plant the body, calm apothecary of the mind, suave doctor of fiery hearts, dear medicine, — by it I have been held in the bath of rest, drenched in a pool of hope, and lifted again upon the sands to feel the sun of life give me courage for

another day, that I might serve my country and my mistress with no less effort than delight.

I know not how long I slept, but when I woke I was refreshed; and though my body was stiff and sore, my brain was clear, I was not fevered, and I had — for which I was glad — a desire to act. It was still dark, and yet I could not think I had slept but an hour or so, — it must have been four o'clock when I fell asleep, — for I was rested in brain and body, and that surely meant some hours of unconsciousness. I stretched forth my uninjured arm, moving it about. In spite of my will, a sort of hopelessness went through me, for I could feel long blades of corn grown up about my couch, an unnatural meadow, springing from the earth floor of my dungeon. I drew the blades between my fingers, feeling towards them as if they were things of life like myself, out of their place, struggling to live without their father the sun, nourished only by their mother the earth. I wondered what color they were. Surely, to myself I said, they cannot be green, but rather a yellowish white, bloodless, having only fibre, the heart all pinched to death. Last night I had not noted them, yet now, looking back, I saw, as in a picture, Gabord the soldier feeling among them for the knife that I had taken. So may we see things, and yet not be conscious of them at the time, waking to their knowledge afterwards. So may we for years look upon a face without understanding, and then, suddenly, one day it comes flashing out, and we read its hidden story like a book.

I put my hand out farther, then brought it back near to my couch, feeling towards its foot mechanically, and now I touched an earthen pan. A small board lay across its top, and moving my fingers along it I found a piece of bread. Then I felt the jar, and knew it was filled with water. Sitting back, I thought hard for a moment. Of this I was sure: the pan and bread were not there when I went to sleep, for this was the spot where my eyes fell naturally while I lay in bed looking towards Doltaire; and I should have remembered it now, even if I had not noted it then. My jailer had brought these while I slept. But it was still dark. I waked again as out of a sort of sleep, startled: I was in a dungeon that had no window.

Here I was, packed away in a farthest corner of the citadel, in a deep hole that maybe had not been used for years, to be, no doubt, denied all contact with the outer world — I was going to say *friends*, but whom could I name among them save that dear soul who, by last night's madness, if her brother were dead, was forever made dumb and blind to me? Whom had I but her and Voban! — and Voban was yet to be proved. The Seigneur Duvarney had paid all debts he may have owed me, and he now might, because of the injury to his son, leave me to my fate. On Gabord the soldier I could not count; he would train a firelock on me without a second's pause, if I tried to escape.

There I was, as Doltaire had said, like a rat in a trap. It was a thought to chill the blood, for in all my hard experiences I had not yet been shut off from light and the faces of men. But I would not let panic seize me. I would not waste the strength my sleep had given me by walking the treadmill of lament and railing. I felt, too, that I dared not let myself begin thinking of my sweet maid and her brother, of Braddock and our cause, — not yet. So, with direct intention, I sat and ate the stale but sweet bread which had been left for me, took a long drink of the good water from the earthen jar, and then, stretching myself out, drew my cloak up to my chin, and settled myself for sleep again. And that I might keep up a sweet delusion that I was not quite alone in the bowels of the earth, I reached out my hand, and, drawing the blades of corn between

my fingers, said to them, "Good-night, comrades; be of good cheer; there 's many a slip 'twixt the field and the sickle. And God is watching, comrades."

Speaking thus comforted me, so that I smiled at my own harmless conceit, and felt a kind of comfort, too, from my preaching. I was never a religious man, and down in Virginia they tell what open house I kept to revelers, and how, when I went out with George Washington to fight these French, I had two butts of wine with me, and other ripe stores, and fed my friends well in the wilderness, without forgetting my duty as a soldier either. For it has always been my creed that man should feed well on the good things of this world, and have the full heart which wine inspires, that he may endure the hardships of war or the dull prosperity of peace. But I have never forgotten the Master of all Pleasant Gifts, and Ceremonies, and Plans, and Givings and Takings, and Gardens and Deserts, though it was but the rough-and-ready remembrance of a soldier.

And so, with this fanciful speech, I drew my chin down to my shoulder, and let myself drift out of painful consciousness almost as easily, I am glad to say, as a sort of woman can call out tears at will. My sleep was sound; I did not dream, — I do not think, indeed, that I stirred, — but in the perfect silence and gloom regaled my mind and body against my trials. When I waked, it was without a start or moving, without confusion, — just a wide opening of the eyes, a perfect understanding of my position, and with nerves entirely rested, though I felt my body weak and needing nourishment; I was bitterly hungry. That was my first thought; the next was that, beside my couch, with his hands on his hips and his feet spread out, stood Gabord, looking down at me in a quizzical and unsatisfied way. A torch was burning near him.

"Wake up, dickey-bird," said he in his rough, mocking voice, "and we 'll snuggle you into the pot. You 've been long hiding; come out of the bush, my dear — aho!"

I drew myself up painfully. "What is the time?" I asked, and meanwhile I looked for the earthen jar and the bread. There was more bread, and I reached for it.

"Time since when, dickey-bird dear?" said he.

"Since it was twelve o'clock last night," I answered.

"Fourteen hours since *then*," said he.

The emphasis arrested my attention. "I mean," I added, "since the fighting in the courtyard."

"Thirty-six hours and more since then, monsieur the dormouse," was his reply.

I had slept a day and a half since the doors of this cell closed on me. It was Friday then; now it was Sunday afternoon. Gabord had come in to me three times, and seeing how sound asleep I was had not disturbed me, but had brought bread and water, — my prescribed diet, at, I was told, the Governor's command; by which I knew that the Intendant had told his story — some story — to my further misery. How shall a man get justice or mercy if he speak to the walls of a dungeon in an enemy's country? Should Juste Duvarney be dead, that would account for my present treatment.

But while these thoughts flashed through my mind, the dread of that one thing was there, also, — what of the young gentleman? I looked at Gabord. He stood there, his feet buried in the blanched corn, — I could see the long yellowish-white blades, — the torch throwing shadows about him. His back was now against the wall, his legs were thrust forward. I looked carefully round my dungeon. There was not a sign of a window; I was to live in darkness. But I thanked Heaven that moment for one thing: the walls were dry; there was no rank dampness, that vile foe to spirits and health. If I were but allowed candles, or a lantern, or a torch, some books, paper, pencil, and tobacco, and the knowledge that

I had not killed my sweet maid's brother, I could abide the worst with some sort of calmness and unacted cheerfulness. I should soon learn of this; yet with Gabord standing there, his eyes running about in his head like little balls, and conscious knowledge in his aspect, for a moment I lacked the courage. How much might have happened, must have happened, in all these hours of sleep! My letter to Alixe must long ere this have been delivered; my trial, no doubt, had been decided on. What had Voban done? Had he any word for me? Dear Lord! here was a mass of questions tumbling one upon the other in my head, while my heart thumped behind my waistcoat like a rubber ball to a prize-fighter's fist. Misfortunes may be so great and many that one may find grotesqueness in their impossible conjunction and multiplicity. I remembered at that moment a friend of mine in Virginia, the most unfortunate man I ever knew. Death, desertion, money losses, political defeat, flood, came one upon the other all in two years, and coupled with this was loss of health. One day he said to me: —

"Robert, I have a perforated lung, my liver is a swelling sponge, eating crowds my waistband like a balloon, I have a swimming in my head and a sinking at my heart, and I cannot say litany for happy release from these, for my knees creak with rheumatism. The devil has done his worst, Robert, for these are his, — plague and pestilence, being final, are the will of God, — and, upon my soul, it is an absurd comedy of ills." At that he had a fit of coughing, and I gave him a glass of spirits, which eased him.

"That 's better," said I cheerily to him.

"It 's robbing Peter to pay Paul," he answered; "for I owed it to my head to put the *quid refert* there, and here it 's gone to my lungs to hurry up my breathing. Did you ever think, Robert," he added, "that this breathing of ours is a labor, and that we have to work every second to keep ourselves alive? We have to pump air in and out like a blacksmith's boy." He said it so drolly, though he was deadly ill, that I laughed for half an hour at the stretch, wiping away my tears as I did it; for his pale gray face looked so sorry, with its quaint smile and that odd, dry voice of his.

As I sat there in my dungeon, with Gabord cocking his head and his eyes spinning, that scene flashed on me, calling up the procession of my own disasters; and I laughed outright at myself as at a clown, — so much and so thoroughly that Gabord puffed out his lips, and flamed like bunting on a coast-guard's hut, and his eyes beneath were like two spying telescopes trying to read into my thoughts, very villainous, if they inspired me to laughter at him! And the more he stared, the more I laughed, till my wounded side hurt me and my arm had twinges. To see him spluttering and scowling added to my laughter; but my mood changed suddenly, and I politely begged his pardon, telling him frankly then and there what had made me laugh, and how I had come to think of it. The flame passed out of his cheeks, the revolving fire of his eyes dimmed, and his lips broke into a soundless laugh, and then, in his big voice, he said, "You 've got your knees to pray on yet, and crack my bones, but you 'll have need to con your penitentials if what they say abroad is true."

"Before you tell of that," said I, — for now I must have news of my dear maid's brother, — "how is young Monsieur Duvarney? Is — is he alive?" I added, as I saw his face lower a little.

"The Beast was at the door again last night, wild to be off, and the foot of the young Seigneur was in the stirrup, when along comes sister with a certain drug got from an Indian squaw who nursed her when a child; she gives it him, and he drinks; they carry him back, sleeping, and the Beast must stand there tugging at the leathers yet."

"His sister — it was his sister," I

said, as calmly as I could, "that brought him back to life?"

"Like that — aho! They said she must not come, but she will have her way. Straight she goes to the palace at night, no one knowing but — guess who? You can't — but no!"

A light broke in on me. "With the Scarlet Woman — with Mathilde," I said, hoping in my heart that it was so, for somehow I felt even then that she, poor vagrant, would play a part in the history of Alixe's life and mine.

"At the first shot," he said. "'T was the crimson one, as quiet as a baby chick, not hanging to the ma'm'selle's skirts, but watching and whispering a little now and then — and she there in Bigot's palace, and he not knowing it! And the maids do not tell him, for they knew the poor wench in better days — aho! So there she bides till the young lady goes back to the Manor; and that 's soon, if the drug goes on well with its work."

I got up with effort and pain, and went to grasp his hand in gratitude, for he had done me here great kindness; but he drew back and put his hands behind him.

"No, no," said he, "I am your jailer. They 've put you here to break your high spirits, and I 'm to help the breaking, day by day, till you are fit for heaven."

I admired his sturdy honesty more than ever, and I knew, with great distinctness, that whatever he might or might not permit me, he would never give the least chance of escape; he would be vigilant, and in the way of duty would spit me like a fowl.

"But I thank you just the same," I answered him; "and I promise to give you as little trouble as may be while you are my jailer — which, with all my heart, I hope may be as long as I 'm a prisoner."

He waved out his hands to the dungeon walls, and lifted his shoulders as if to say that I might as well be docile, for the prison was safe enough. "*Poom!*" he said, as if in genial disdain of my suggestion.

I smiled, and then, after putting my hands on the walls here and there to see if they were, as they seemed, quite dry, I drew back to my couch and sat down. Presently I stooped to tip the earthen jar of water to my lips, for I could not lift it with one hand; but my humane jailer took it from me and held it to my mouth without a word. When I had drunk, "Do you know," asked I as calmly as I could, "if our barber gave the letter to Mademoiselle?"

"M'sieu', you 've traveled far to reach that question," he said, jangling his keys as if he enjoyed it. "And if he had, what would be in the head of dormouse?"

I caught at his vague suggestion, and my heart leaped.

"A reply," said I, "a message or a letter," though I had not dared to let myself even think of that.

He whipped a tiny packet from his coat. "'T is a sparrow's pecking — no great matter here, eh?" — he weighed it up and down on his fingers, — "a little piping wren's *par pitié*."

I reached out for it. "And I should read it," said he. "There must be no more of this. But new orders came *after* I 'd got her dainty *à monsieur!* Yes, I must read it," said he, — "but maybe not at first," he added, "not at first, if you 'll give word of honor not to tear it."

How hungry I was for it! "On my sacred honor," said I, reaching out still.

He looked it all over again provokingly, and then lifted it to his nose, for it had a delicate perfume. Then he gave a little grunt of wonder and pleasure, and handed it over. By the superscription I could see that the ink had not been long dried. My heart stood still: it had been written since her brother was hurt by me!

I broke the seal, and my eyes ran swiftly through the lines, traced in a firm, delicate hand, which even in a sore time to her — mind and body — showed no nervousness. I could see through it all the fine, sound nature, by its healthy simplicity mastering anxiety, care, and fear.

"Robert," she wrote, "by God's help my brother will live, to repent with you, I hope, of Friday night's ill work. He was near gone, yet we have held him back from that rough-rider, Death. But this business has come near to killing you both and spoiling my life; though if it were a point of duty I would not let my life weigh too much. Yet I love life, I who am not yet one of the world, not yet of those who flutter at the Grand Château.

"Robert, you will thank God, will you not, that my brother did not die? Indeed, I feel you have. I do not blame you; I know — I need not tell you how — the heart of the affair, and even my mother can see through the wretched thing. My father says little, and he has not spoken harshly; for which I gave thanksgiving this morning in the chapel of the Ursulines, where I went after seeing my brother awake and know me, and fall asleep again on my arm. He loves me, Robert, and you cannot guess what pain is at my heart that you and he should stand condemned in my eyes; that you should both have gone so far towards a horrible end. Yet I would not have you downcast — no. You are in a dungeon, covered with wounds of my brother's making, both of you victims of others' villainy, — ay, I must say it, though those others may, by some wicked chance, see these words, — alone in darkness and pain, no willing hand to give you comfort or tend your needs; and you are yet to bear worse things, for they are to try you for your life. But never shall I believe that they will find you guilty of dishonor. I have watched you these three years; I know your heart. Yours is an honest face, Robert; your eye does not evade; your words are not fine enough to be false, nor are you all gallant like so many here, though I mean not that against the gentlemen of my country. I mean only that you have a rough sweetness like a true soldier, carrying truth where a daintier lover would charm and leave doubt behind. I do not, nor ever will, doubt you, dear friend of my heart. I wept last night as I thought of him and you lying low, but this morning I smiled when I rose from my prayers at the chapel.

"You would not believe it, Robert, and you may think it fanciful, but as I got up from my prayers I looked towards a window, and it being a little open, for it is a sunny day, there sat a bird on the sill, a little brown bird that peeped and nodded. I was so won by it that I came softly over to it. It did not fly away, but hopped a little here and there. I stretched out my hand gently on the stone, and putting its head now this side, now that, at last it tripped into it, and chirped most sweetly. I lifted it to my cheek, and as I smiled the tears fell too, for it seemed to me as if my prayer had been answered so — nay, do not laugh, you who are not fanciful, for you must feel it was strange — our birds are so wild here, and this is autumn, as you know. And I will tell you more. After I had kissed it I placed it back on the window-sill, that it might fly away again. But no, it would not go, but stayed there, tipping its gold-brown head at me as before, as though it would invite me to guess why it came. Again I reached out my hand, and again it tripped into it. I stood wondering and holding it to my bosom, when I heard a voice behind me say, 'The bird would be with thee, my child. God hath many signs.' I turned and saw the good Mère St. George looking at me, she of whom I was always afraid, so distant was she. I did not speak, but only looked at her, and she nodded kindly at me and passed on. So I held the bird close to my breast, and came with it to this place where my brother lies. More than once, as I came, I opened my hand that it might fly away, but it only nestled down, and never stirred a wing, not once.

"And, Robert, as I write to you here in the Intendant's palace (what a great wonderful place it is! I fear I do not hate it and its luxury as I ought!), it is

beside me in a cage upon the table, with a little window open, so that it may come out if it will. And my brother lies in the bed asleep; I can touch him if I but put out my hand. My mother is asleep also, and my father is gone to the Governor, and the nurse is lying down, and I am alone save for one person. Who is it, Robert? You sent two messengers: can you not guess the one that will be with me? Poor soul, she sits and gazes at me till I almost fall weeping. But she seldom speaks, she is so quiet, — as if she knew that she must keep a secret. For, Robert, though I know you did not tell her, she knows — she knows that you love me, and she gave me a little wooden cross which she said would make us happy.

"My mother did not drive her away, as I half feared she would, and at last she said that I might house her with one of our peasants. But meanwhile she is with me here. She is not so mad but that she has wisdom too, and she shall have my care and friendship. It would make you sad to hear her talk of flowers, and to my little bird she whispers things which I am sure good angels tell her. And I whisper to the little linnet, also. Do you not wish you could hear what I say? You do, I know, for there 's whispering that you never heard before, Robert, never.

"I have written you a long letter, for I do not know when I may write again. The city is all agog at the defeat of the British, and you are to be a sacrifice to their joy, if they can fetch you to the point of guilty. But I trust you shall not be brought there. You have a friend whose heart for you is greater than her power, but she will find a way to power too.

"Ay, cherish her, Robert, for young though your comrade is, she will not be proven childish when the great test comes. And has it not been said that out of the mouth of babes hath God ordained strength? I will keep mine own counsel, and I bid you be of good courage, nor ever think, though no word comes to your solitude, that I grow idle in your behalf. Voban is to be trusted, and I know one other. I *know*, for there are things that make men and women true. Alas that they should suffer, while the wicked prosper! But one day the hungry shall be filled, and the rich sent empty away.

"I bid thee to God's care, Robert. I need not tell thee to be not dismayed. Thou hast two jails, and one wherein I lock thee safe is warm and full of light. If the hours drag by, think of all thou wouldst do if thou wert free to go to thine own country, — alas that thought! — and of what thou wouldst say if thou couldst speak to thy ALIXE.

"*Postscript.* I trust that they have cared for thy wounds, and that thou hast light and food and wine. Voban hath promised to discover this for me. The soldier Gabord, at the citadel, he hath a good heart. Though thou canst expect no help from him, yet he will not be rougher than his orders. He did me a good service once, and he likes me, and I him. And so fare thee well, Robert. I will not languish; I will act, and not be weary. Dost thou really love me?"

V.

When I had read the letter, I looked up at Gabord, who had stood watching me. Without a word I handed it up to him. I wished, if possible, to have an open confidence, to treat him as though I trusted him; for he had enough knowledge of this secret of Alixe's and mine to ruin us, if he chose. He took the letter, turned it over, looking at it curiously, and at last, with a shrug of the shoulders, passed it back.

"'T is a long tune on a dot of a fiddle," said he, for indeed the letter was but a small affair in bulk. "I 'd need two pairs of eyes and telescope — aho!

Is it all Heart-o'-my-heart, and Come-trip-in-dewy-grass — aho? Or is there knave at window to bear m'sieu' away?"

I took the letter from him. "Listen," said I, "to what the lady says of yourself, and judge from it." And then I read him that part of her postscript which had to do with himself.

He put his head on one side like a great wise magpie, and, "H'm — ha!" said he whimsically, "aho! Gabord the soldier, Gabord, thou hast a good heart — and the birds fed the beast with plums and froth of comfits till he died, and on his sugar tombstone they carved the words, 'Gabord had a good heart.' Gabord, Gabord, did I not warn thee? and yet thou hadst a sweet tooth, and with a musket cocked across thy knee thou didst swear to kill the pretty birds if they quarreled with their cage and vexed Gabord."

"It was spoken out of a true heart," said I petulantly, for I could not bear from a common soldier even a tone of disparagement, though I saw the exact meaning of his words. So I added, "You shall read the whole letter, or I will read it to you, and you shall judge, on the honor of a gentleman, all of it!"

"*Poom!*" said he, "English fire-eater! corn-cracker! Show me the 'good-heart' sentence, for I 'd see how it is written, how *Gabord* looks with a woman's whimsies round it."

I traced the words with my fingers, holding the letter near the torch. "'Yet he will not be rougher than his orders,'" said he after me, and "'He did me a good service once.'"

"Comfits," he continued; "well, thou shalt have comfits, too," and he fished from his pocket a parcel. I knew it as soon as I laid eyes on it; or rather, I smelt it. It was my tobacco and my pipe. He had brought me these; for though my persecutors had forbidden many things, and had said I should have but bread and water, he had had no orders yet as to tobacco; and thus he was "not rougher than his orders."

Truly, my state might have been vastly worse. I had a dry dungeon, I had tobacco, I had bread and water, I had my dear girl's letter in my breast, and the assurance of her love and of the present well-being of her brother. There was little more said between Gabord and myself, but he refused bluntly to carry message or letter to anybody, and bade me not to vex him with petitions. Still, he left me the torch and a flint and steel, so I had light for a space, I had my blessed tobacco and pipe, and I had more bread and water. When the doors clanged shut and the bolts were shot, I lay back on my couch and gave myself up to thought. I would reserve my smoking for another hour; I would have the double joy, — it and the dreaming of it.

I was not all unhappy. How could that be with Alixe's letter there? But, besides, I had then no violent hate of my captivity, of my prison. Fiery of spirit as I was, as I have ever been, I yet did not fret my soul to death, now that action, occupation, light, society, the world, were all shut out, cut off. There is that in me which does not let my soul beat against the inevitable, which holds me steady in crises and vexed times. I have heard of men shrieking aloud on being left alone in darkness and the silence of a dungeon, and coming out so broken in brain and body that they nevermore recovered. It might have been so with me, perhaps, had there not come the good doctor Sleep and calmed all my nerves, whereby the silence and the solitude soaked into me, and I became, when I waked, in some wise a part of it. Indeed, it did not distress me greatly, though you may say a longer time must be the test of that, as it was! One cannot always be thinking of one's self, or of one's lover, or of one's enemies, without action; and what resources should I have here? No books, no paper for writing, no single occupation; and I had heretofore been an active man, even as a prisoner.

Ay, I knew the test was to come, if I

were kept here long. Thank God, they had not put chains on me, as Governor Dinwiddie had done with Monsieur Laforce, a French prisoner at Williamsburg, for whom I had sought to be exchanged two years before, and failed, though he was my equal in all ways and importance. Doltaire was the cause of that, as you shall know. Well, there was one more item to add to his indebtedness. My face flushed and my fingers tingled at thought of him, and so I resolutely turned my reveries elsewhere, and again in a little while I seemed to think of nothing, but lay and bathed in the silence, and indulged my eyes with the good red light of the torch, inhaling its pitchy scent, sweeter to me than cinnamon or roses. I was conscious, yet for a time I had no thought: I was like something half animal, half vegetable, which feeds, yet has no mouth, nor sees, nor hears, nor has sense, but only lives. I seemed hung in space, as one feels when going from sleep to waking, — a long lane of half-numb life, before the open road of full consciousness is reached. I am sure all this feeling came from the silence, acting upon a mind relieved of a great pressure. For the well-being of Juste Duvarney was my chief trouble. Painful as had been to me the passing defeat of our cause, here was a thing vital to me as to her I loved devotedly.

At last I waked from this good stupor. The sudden cracking of a knot in the torch did it. It sounded, I remember, prodigiously loud, — as resonant in that stillness as a cannon shot from Sault au Matelot on the Heights without. Looking, I knew by the length the torch had burned that some time had passed, — perhaps two hours. I saw also that it would last but a few hours more. I determined then to put it out, for I might be allowed no more light, and even a few minutes of this torch every day would be a great boon. So I took it from its place, and was about to quench it in the moist earth at the foot of the wall, when I remembered my tobacco and my pipe. Can you think how joyfully I packed full the good brown bowl, delicately filling in every little corner, and at last held it to the flame, and saw it light? That first long whiff was like the indrawn breath of the cold, starved hunter, when, stepping into his house, he sees food, fire, and wife on his hearthstone. I hugged the warm bowl in my fingers, gave the stem to my teeth once more, put out the good torchlight, and then went back to my couch and sat down, the bowl shining like a star before me.

My brain was swimming again with many scenes, and there and then a thought came to me, — something which would keep my brain from wandering, my nerves from fretting and wearing, for a time at least. I determined to write to my dear maid the true history of my life, even to the point — and after — of this thing which now was bringing me to so ill a pass. But I was in darkness, I had no paper, pens, nor ink: how could this be done? I cast about in my mind. There was the wall; but then, how slow a process it would be, and for the task I had only the knife which I had secreted. It would soon be worn to the hilt, and I was keeping it for contingencies. And more than all, this tale of mine was for the eyes of my dear maid, not for all who chose to hold a torch to a dungeon wall. Besides, I hoped that this imprisonment would be a matter of weeks at most. After a deal of thinking I came at last to the solution. I would compose the story, and learn it by heart, sentence by sentence, as I so composed it. Thus there could be no proud haste of composition, and every sentence should be chewed to digestibility. The idea pleased me mightily, for it had a look of giving me scope for play of thought and interest, and exercise in precision of mind. Then, in learning it, I could speak aloud easily and naturally. This would be a good thing, for I knew well that many a poor

prisoner had come to listen to his own voice as though it were some wild sprite shouting from elfish hills. And that is the beginning of madness. When the man shrinks back from himself, when some one faculty seems alien to another, and he resolves himself into his many selves, he is getting ready to be driven over the steeps into the sea. To be sure, there was Gabord to speak to, but I was not certain even that would last; and then there were the numberless minutes out of the day when he would not be with me. I would write my story to Alixe in my mind, and tell it to her some time, as the prophets of old told their histories, as the poets their tales in antique times, by the wide sea, under good blue skies. I laughed to myself at the conceit. Indeed, it is not so hard to laugh, even in the thick of one's miseries.

So, there and then, I began to run back over the years of my life, even to my first remembrances, that I might see it from first to last in a sort of whole and with a kind of measurement. But when I began to dwell upon my childhood, one little thing gave birth to another swiftly, as you may see one flicker in the heaven multiply and break upon the mystery of the dark, filling the night with clusters of stars, a very garden of fireflies. I had not guessed there were so many memories in me, but they came trooping to me in the encouraging silence of my dungeon, where the noises of the world were shut out, — the voices of friends or foes, the sound of human feet, the rolling wheels of carriages, the horses' hoofs striking the ground, the chisel on the stone, the rattle of a ship's chains, the devouring saw, the shrill happiness of children, and a thousand other sounds. I heard the small pipings of childhood, the first lispings of life and knowledge. As I thought, I kept drawing spears of the dungeon corn between my fingers softly, and presently there flashed before me the very first memory of my life. It had never come to me before, and I knew now that it was the beginning of conscious knowledge, for we can never know till we can remember. When a child remembers what it sees or feels, it has begun life.

I put the picture into the letter that I wrote my dear maid, and it shall be set down here forthwith and in little space, though it took me so very many days and weeks to think it out, to give each word a fixed place, so that it should go from my mind no more. And it never has. Every word of that story as I told it is as fixed as stone in my memory; for all other things fail me at times, but never it. Yet it must not be thought I can give it all here; it would take much too long, and the concerns of my later fate should have more interest to those who read these pages. I shall set down only a few things of what I wrote her, but keeping to the original word for word; and though it will be but scraps, you shall find in it the spirit of the whole. Slowly I thought the first sentences out, then spoke them aloud, said them over and over, altered them here and there, and often again and again, that I might be brief and to the point, and yet not too abrupt. I will not set down the preface, but will come at once to the body of the letter.

VI.

"And I would have you know of what I am and from where I came, though I have given you glimpses in the past. That done, I will make plain why I am charged with this that puts my life in danger, which would make you blush that you ever knew me if it were true. And I will show you first a picture as it runs before me, sitting here, the corn of my dungeon garden twining in my fingers.

"A multiplying width of green grass spotted with white flowers, an upland where sheep browsed on a carpet of purple and gold and green, a tall rock on a hill where birds perched and fluttered,

a blue sky arching over all. There, sprawling in a garden, a child pulled at long blades of grass, as he watched the birds flitting about the rocks, and heard a low voice coming down the wind. Here in my dungeon I can hear the voice as I have not heard it since that day in the year 1730, — that voice stilled so long ago. The air and the words come floating down, for the words I knew years afterwards: —

'Did ye see the white cloud in the glint o' the sun?
That 's the brow and the eye o' my bairnie.
Did ye ken the red bloom at the bend o' the crag?
That 's the rose in the cheek o' my bairnie.
Did ye hear the gay lilt o' the lark by the burn?
That 's the voice of my bairnie, my dearie.
Did ye smell the wild scent in the trees o' the wood?
That 's the breath o' my bairnie, my bairnie.
I 'll gang awa' hame, to the shine o' the fire,
To the cot where I lie wi' my bairnie.'

"These words came crooning over the grass of that little garden at Balmore which was by my mother's home. There I was born one day of June, though I was reared in the busy streets of Glasgow, where my father was a prosperous merchant, and famous for his parts and honesty.

"I see myself, a little child of no great strength, for I was, indeed, the only one of my family who lived past infancy, and my mother feared she should never bring me up. I can see her in that picture, too, tall, delicate, yet firm of face, but with a strong brow, under which shone grave gray eyes, and a manner so distinguished that none might dispute her kinship to the renowned Montrose, who was lifted so high in dying, though his gallows was but thirty feet, that all the world has seen him there. There was one other in that picture, standing near my mother, and looking at me, who often used to speak of him, — my grandfather, John Mitchell, the Gentleman of Balmore, as he was called, out of regard for his ancestry and his rare merits. I have him well in mind: his black silk breeches and white stockings and gold seals, and two eyes that twinkled with great humor when, as he stooped over me, I ran my head between his calves and held him tight. I recall how my mother said, 'I doubt that I shall ever bring him up,' and how he replied, — the words seem to come through great distances to me, — 'He 'll live to be Montrose the second, rascal laddie! Four seasons at the breast? Tut, tut! what o' that? 'T is but his foolery, his scampishness! No, no! his epitaph 's no for writing till you and I are tucked i' the sod, my Jeanie. Then, like Montrose's, it will be, —

'Tull Edinburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hong;
They hong him high abone the rest,
He was so trim a boy.'

"I can hear his laugh this minute, as he gave an accent to the words by stirring me with his stick, and I caught the gold head of it and carried it off, trailing it through the garden, till I heard my mother calling, and then forced her to give me chase, as I pushed open a little gate and posted away into that wide world of green, coming quickly to the river, where I paused and stood at bay. I can see my mother's anxious face now, as she caught me to her arms; and yet I know she had a kind of pride, too, when my grandfather said, on our return, 'The rascal 's at it early. Next time he 'll ford the stream and skirl at ye, Jeanie, from yonder bank.'

"That is the first of my life that I remember. It may seem strange to you that I thus suddenly recall not only it, but the words then spoken, too. It is strange to me, also. But here it comes to me all on a sudden in this silence, as if another self of me were speaking from far places. At first all is in patches and confused, and then it folds out, — if not clearly, still so I can understand, — and the words I repeat come as if filtered through many brains to mine. I do not

say that it is true, — it may be dreams; and yet, as I say, it is firmly in my mind.

"The next that I remember was climbing upon a chair to reach for my grandfather's musket, which hung across the chimney. I got at last upon the mantelshelf, and my hands were on the weapon, when the door opened, and my grandfather and my father entered. I was so busy I did not hear them till I was caught by the legs and swung to a shoulder, where I sat kicking. 'You see his tastes, William,' said my grandfather to my father; 'he 's white o' face and slim o' body, but he 'll no carry on your hopes.' And more he said to the point, though what it was I knew not. But I think it to have been suggestion (I heard him say it later) that I would bring Glasgow up to London by the sword (good doting soul!) as my father brought it by manufactures, gaining honor thereby. However that may be, I would not rest till my grandfather had put the musket into my arms. I could scarcely lift it, but from the first it had a charm for me, and now and then, in spite of my mother's protests, I was let to handle it, to learn its parts, to burnish it, and by and by — I could not have been more than six years old — to rest it on a rock and fire it off. It kicked my shoulder roughly in firing, but I know I did not wink as I pulled the trigger. Then I got a wild hunger to fire it at all times; so much so, indeed, that powder and shot were locked up, and the musket was put away in my grandfather's chest. But now and again it was taken out, and I made war upon the unresisting hillside, to the dismay of our neighbors in Balmore. To heighten the fever in my veins, my grandfather taught me soldiers' exercises and the handling of arms: to my dear mother's sorrow, for she ever fancied me as leading a merchant's quiet life like my father's, hugging the hearthstone, and finding joy in small civic duties, while she and my dear father sat peacefully watching me in their decline of years.

"Dear jailer of my heart, I have told you of that river which flowed near my father's house. At this time most of my hours were spent by it in good weather, for at last my mother came to trust me alone there, having found her alert fears of little use. But she would very often come with me and watch me as I played there. It was a pleasure to count myself a miller, and my little mill-wheel, made by my own hands, did duty here and there on the stream, and many drives of logs did I, in fancy, saw into piles of lumber, and loads of flour send away to the City of Desire. Then, again, I made bridges, and drove mimic armies across them; and, if they were enemies, craftily let them partly cross, to tumble them in at the moment when part of the forces were on one side of the stream and part on the other, and at the mercy of my men. My grandfather taught me how to build forts and breastworks, and I lay in ambush for the beadle, who was my good friend, for my grandfather, and for half a dozen other village folk, who took no offense at my sport, but made believe to be bitterly afraid when I surrounded them, and drove them, shackled, to my fort by the river. Little by little the fort grew, until it was a goodly pile; for now and then a village youth helped me, or again an old man, whose heart, maybe, rejoiced to play at being child again with me. Years after, whenever I went back to Balmore, there stood the fort, for no one ever meddled with it, nor tore it down, boy, or man, or maid.

"And here, best light of this grave world, I will tell you one reason why this was, and you will think it strange that it should have played such a part in the history of the village, as in my own life. You must know that people living in secluded places are superstitious. Well, when my fort was built to such proportions that I had to use a

small ladder to fix new mud and mortar in place upon it, something happened. Now, once a year there came to Balmore — and he had done so for a generation — one of those beings called The Men, who are given to prayer, fasting, and prophesying, who preach the word of warning ever, calling even the ministers of the Lord sharply to account. Well, this Man one day came by me in my fort, some people with him, looking for him to preach or prophesy to them. And he suddenly turned and came inside my fort, and, standing upon the ladder against the wall, spoke to them fervently. His last words became a legend in Balmore, and spread even to Glasgow and beyond.

"'Hear me!' cried he. 'As I stand looking at ye from this wall, calling on ye in your natural bodies to take refuge in the Fort of God, the Angel of Death is looking ower the battlements of heaven, choosing ye out, the sheep frae the goats; calling the one to burning flames, and the other into peaceable habitations. I hear the voice now,' cried he, 'and some soul among us goeth forth. Flee ye to the Fort of Refuge.' I can see him now, his pale face shining, his eyes burning, his beard blowing in the wind, his grizzled hair shaking on his forehead. I had stood within the fort watching him. At last he turned, and, seeing me intent, stooped, caught me by the arms, and lifted me upon the wall. 'See you,' said he, 'yesterday's babe a warrior to-day. Have done, have done, ye quarrelsome hearts. Ye that build forts here shall lie in darksome prisons; there is no fort but the Fort of God. The call comes frae the white ramparts. Hush!' he added solemnly, raising a finger. 'One of us goeth hence this day; are ye ready to walk i' the fearsome valley?'

"I have heard my mother speak these words over often, and they were, as I said, like an old song in Balmore and Glasgow. He set me down, and then walked away, waving the frightened people back, and there was none of them that slept that night.

"And now comes the stranger thing. In the morning The Man was found dead in my little fort, at the foot of the wall. Henceforth the spot was sacred, and it may be it stands there as when I last saw it, twelve years ago, but worn away by rains and winds. Again and again my mother said over to me his words, 'Ye that build forts here shall lie in darksome prisons;' for always she had fear of the soldier's life, and she was moved by signs and dreams. But this is how the thing came to shape my life. About a year after The Man died, there came to my grandfather's house, while my mother and I were there, a gentleman, Sir John Godric by name, and he would have my mother tell the whole story of The Man. When it was done, he told her that The Man was his brother, who had been bad and wild in youth, a soldier, but afterwards had gone as far the other way, giving up place and property, and cutting off from all his blood and kind. This gentleman noticed me greatly, and in the end said that he should be glad to see more of me. As so he did, for in the years that followed he would visit at our home in Glasgow when I was at school, or at Balmore until my grandfather died.

"My father liked Sir John greatly, and they grew most friendly, walking forth in the streets of Glasgow, Sir John's hand upon my father's arm. I remember one day they came to the school in High Street, where I learned Latin and other accomplishments, together with fencing from an excellent master, Sergeant Dowie of the One Hundredth Foot, for which my grandfather had provided. They found me with my regiment at drill; for I had got full thirty of my schoolfellows under arms, and spent all leisure hours in mustering, and marching, and drum-beating, and all manner of forms of discipline which I had been taught by my grandfather and Sergeant Dowie. Those

were the days soon after which came Dettingen, and Fontenoy, and Charles Edward the Pretender, and the ardor of arms ran high. Sir John was a follower of the Stuarts, and this was the only point at which he and my father came to pause in their good friendship. When Sir John saw me with my thirty lads marching in good order, all fired with the little sport of battle, — for to me it was all real, and our sham-fights often saw broken heads and bruised shoulders, — he stamped his cane upon the ground, and said in a big voice, 'Well done! well done! For that you shall have a hundred pounds next birthday, and as fine a suit of scarlet as you please, and a sword from London too.'

"He came to me then and caught me by both shoulders. 'But alack, alack! there needs more blood and flesh here, Robert Stobo,' said he. 'You have more heart than muscle.' This was true. I had ever been more eager than my strength, — thank God, that day is gone! — and sometimes, after Latin and the drill of my Lightfoots, as I called them, I could have cried for weakness and weariness, had I been a girl, and not a proud lad. And Sir John kept his word, liking me better from that day forth, and coming now and again to see me at the school, — though he was much abroad in France, — giving many a pound to my Lightfoots, who were no worse soldiers for that. I could see his eye running us over sharply, and his head nodding, as we marched past him; and once I heard him say, 'If they had had but ten years each on their heads, my Prince!'

"It was at this time that my father died; that is, when I was fourteen years old. Sir John was left one of the executors with my mother, and at my wish, a year after, I was sent to the university, where at least fifteen of my Lightfoots went also; and there I formed a new battalion of them, though we were watched at first, and even held in suspicion, because of the known friendship of Sir John for me; and he himself had twice been under arrest for his friendship to the Stuart cause. That he helped Prince Charles was clear: his estates were mortgaged to the hilt. He died somewhat suddenly on that day of January when Culloden was fought, before he knew of the defeat of the Prince. I am glad to say I was with him at the last. After some most serious business, which I shall come to by and by, 'Robert,' said he, 'I wish thou hadst been with my Prince. When thou becomest a soldier, fight where thou hast heart to fight; but if thou hast conscience for it, let it be with a Stuart. I thought to leave thee a good moiety of my fortune, Robert, but little that 's free is left for giving. Yet thou hast something from thy father, and down in Virginia, where my friend Dinwiddie is Governor, there 's a plantation for thee, and a purse of gold, which was for me in case I should have cause to flee this troubled realm. But I need it not; I go for refuge to my Father's house. The little vineyard and the purse of gold are for thee, Robert. If thou thinkest well of it, leave this sick land for that new one. Build thyself a name in the great young country, wear thy sword honorably and bravely, use thy gifts in council and debate, — for Dinwiddie will be thy friend, — and think of me as one who would have been a father to thee if he could. Give thy good mother my loving farewells. . . . Forget not to wear my sword — it came from the first King Charles himself, Robert.' After which he raised himself upon his elbow and said, 'Life — life, is it so hard to untie the knot?' Then a twinge of agony crossed over his face, and afterwards came a great clearing and peace, and he was gone.

"King George's soldiers entered with a warrant for him even as he died, and dropped their hands on my shoulder at the same time. I was kept in durance for many days, and was not even at the funeral of my benefactor; but through the efforts of the provost of the univer-

sity and some good friends who could vouch for my loyal principles, I was released. But my pride had got a setback, and I listened with patience to my mother's prayers that I would not, as had been my wish, join the King's men. With the anger of a youth, I blamed his Majesty for the acts of Sir John Godric's enemies. And though I was a good soldier of the King at heart, I would not serve him now. We threshed matters back and forth, and presently it was thought I should sail to Virginia to take over my estate. My mother urged it, too, for she thought if I were weaned from my old comrades, military fame would cease to charm. So she urged me, and go I did, with a commission from some merchants of Glasgow, to give more weight to my coming to the colony.

"It was great pain to leave my mother, but she bore the parting bravely, and away I set in a good ship for Virginia. Arrived there, I was treated with great courtesy in Williamsburg, and the Governor gave me welcome to his home for the sake of his old friend; and yet, too, a little for my own, I think, for we were of one temper, though he was old and I young. We were both full of impulse and proud, and given to daring hard things, and my military spirit suited him. In Virginia I spent a gay and busy year, and came off very well with the rough but gentlemanly cavaliers, who rode through the wide, sandy streets of the capital on excellent horses, or in English coaches, with a rusty sort of show and splendor, but always with great gallantry. The freedom of the life charmed me, and with rumors of war with the French there seemed enough to do, whether with the sword or in the House of Burgesses, where Robert Dinwiddie said his say with more force than complaisance. So taken was I with the life — my first excursion into the wide working world — that I delayed my going back to Glasgow, the more so that some matters touching my property called for action by the House of Burgesses, and I had to drive the affair to the end. Sir John had done better by me than he thought, and I thanked him over and over again for his good gifts.

"Presently I got a letter from my father's old partner to say that my dear mother was ill. I got back to Glasgow only in time — but how glad I was of that! — to hear her last words. I had one uncle left, and he was ever kind to me; but when my mother was gone, I turned towards Virginia with longing, for I could not so soon go against her wishes and join the King's army on the Continent, and less desire had I to be a Glasgow merchant. Gentlemen merchants had better times in Virginia. So there was a winding-up of my father's affairs, not greatly to my pleasure; for it was found that by unwise ventures his partner had periled the whole, and lost part of the property, which he, with my father, had made valuable. But as it was, I had a competence and several houses in Glasgow, and I set forth to Virginia with a goodly sum of money and a shipload of merchandise, which I should sell to merchants, if it chanced I should become a planter only. I was warmly welcomed by old friends and by the Governor and his family, and I soon set up an establishment of my own in Williamsburg, joining with a merchant there in business, while my land was worked by a neighboring planter.

"Those were hearty days, wherein I made little money, but had much pleasure in the giving and taking of civilities, in throwing my doors open to acquaintances, and with my young friend, George Washington, laying the foundation for a Virginian army, by drill and yearly duty in camp, with occasional excursions against the Indians. I saw very well what the end of our troubles with the French would be, and I waited for the time when I should put to keen use the sword which Sir John Godric had given me. Indeed, those were cheerful days,

and life beat high, for I was in the first joy of manhood, and the spirit of a rich new land was waking in us all, while in our vanity we held to and cherished forms and customs that one would have thought to see left behind in London streets and drawing-rooms. These things, these functions in a small place, kept us a little vain and proud, but I hope it gave us some sense of civic duty, too.

"And now I come to that which will, comrade of my heart, bring home to your understanding what lies behind the charges against me.

"Trouble came between Canada and Virginia with her sister colonies, and George Washington, one Captain Mackaye, and myself marched out to the Great Meadows, where at Fort Necessity we surrendered, after hard fighting, to a force three times our number. I, with one Captain Van Braam, became a hostage. Coulon Villiers, the French commander, gave his bond that we should be delivered up when an officer and two cadets, who were prisoners with us, should be sent on. It was a choice between Mackaye of the Regulars and Washington, or Van Braam and myself. I thought of what would be best for the country; and besides, Coulon Villiers pitched upon my name at once, and held to it. So I gave up my sword to Charles Bedford, my lieutenant, with more regret than I can tell, for it was sheathed in memories, charging him to keep it safe; that he would use it worthily I knew. And so, sorrowfully bidding my friends good-by, away we went upon the sorry trail of captivity, arriving in due time at Fort Du Quesne, at the junction of the Ohio and the Monongahela, where I was courteously treated. There I bettered my French and made the acquaintance of some ladies from Quebec city, who took pains to help me with their language.

"Now, there was one to whom I talked with some freedom of my early life and of Sir John Godric. She was interested in all, but when I named Sir John Godric she became at once much impressed, and I told her of his great attachment to Prince Charles. More than once she returned to the subject, begging me to tell her more; and so I did, still, however, saying nothing of certain papers Sir John had placed in my care. A few weeks from the first occasion of my speaking, there was a new arrival at the fort. It was — can you guess? — Monsieur Doltaire. The night after he came he visited me in my quarters, and after courteous passages, of which I need not speak, he suddenly said, 'You have the papers of Sir John Godric, — those bearing on Prince Charles's invasion of England?'

"I was stunned by the question, for I could not guess his drift or purpose, though presently it dawned upon me. Among the papers were many letters from a great lady in France, a growing rival with La Pompadour in the counsels and favor of the King. She it was who had a secret passion for Prince Charles, and these letters to Sir John, who had been with the Pretender at Versailles, must prove her ruin if produced. I had promised Sir John most solemnly that no one should ever have them while I lived, except the lady herself, and that I would give them to her some time, or destroy them. It was Doltaire's mission to get these letters, and he had projected a visit to Williamsburg to see me, having just arrived in Canada, after a search for me in Scotland, when word came from the lady gossip at Fort Du Quesne, who had been on most familiar terms with him, that I was there.

"When I said I had the papers, he asked me lightly for 'those compromising letters,' remarking that a good price would be paid; adding my liberty as a pleasant gift. I instantly refused, and told him I would not be the weapon of La Pompadour against her rival. With cool persistence he begged me to think again, for much depended on my answer.

"'See, monsieur le capitaine,' said he, 'this little affair at Fort Necessity, at which you became a hostage, shall or shall not be a war between England and France as you shall dispose.' And when I asked him how, he said, 'First, will you give me your word that you will not, to aid yourself, disclose what I tell you? You can see that matters will be where they were an hour ago, in any case.' I agreed, for I could act even if I did not speak. So I gave my word. Then he told me that if those letters were not put into his hands La Pompadour would be enraged, and, fretful and hesitating now, would join Austria against England, since in this provincial war was an emphatic cue for battle. If I gave the letters up, she, being in good humor, would not stir, and the disputed territory between us should be by articles conceded by the French. I thought much and long, during which he sat smoking and humming, himself seeming to care little how my answer went. At last I turned on him, and told him I would not give up the letters, and if a war must hang on a whim of malice, then, by God's help, the rightness of our cause would be our strong weapon to bring France to her knees.

"'That is your final answer?' said he, rising, fingering his lace, and viewing himself in a looking-glass upon the wall.

"'I will not change it now or ever,' answered I.

"'Ever is a long time,' retorted he, as one might speak to a willful child. 'You shall have time to think, you shall have space for reverie. For you must know that if you do not grant this trifle, you shall no more see your dear Virginia; and when the time is ripe, you shall go forth to a better land, as the Grande Marquise shall give you carriage.'

"'The Articles of Capitulation!' I broke out. He waved his fingers at me.

"'Ah, that,' he rejoined, — 'that is a matter for conning. You are a hostage. Well, we need not take any man the English offer in exchange for you. Indeed, why should we be content with less than a prince or a royal duke? For you are worth more to us just now than any prince we have; at least so says the Grande Marquise. Is your mind quite firm to refuse?' he added, nodding his head in a bored sort of way.

"'Entirely,' said I. 'I will not part with those letters.'

"'But think once again,' he urged; 'the gain of territory to Virginia, the peace between our countries.'

"'Folly!' said I. 'I know well you overstate the case. You turn a small intrigue into a game of nations. Yours is a schoolboy's tale, Monsieur Doltaire.'

"'You are something of an ass,' he mused, and took a pinch of snuff.

"'And you — you have no name,' retorted I. I did not know how this might strike home in two ways, when I spoke, or I should not have said it. I had not meant, of course, that he was King Louis's illegitimate son.

"'There is some truth in that,' he replied patiently, though a red spot flamed high on his cheeks. 'But some men need no naming to give them distinction, and others win their names with proper weapons. I am not here to quarrel with you. I am acting in a large affair, not in a small intrigue; a century of fate may hang on this. Come with me,' he added. 'You doubt my power; maybe.'

"He opened the door of the cell, and I followed him out, past the storehouse and the officers' apartments, to the drawbridge. Standing in the shadow by the gate, he took keys from his pocket. 'Here,' said he, 'are what will set you free. This fort is all mine: I act for France. Will you care to free yourself? You shall have escort to your own people. You see I am most serious,' he added, laughing lightly. 'It is not my way to sweat or worry. You and I hold war and peace in our hands. Which shall it be? In this trouble France or England will be mangled. It tires one to think of it when life can be so easy. Now, for the

last time,' he urged, holding out the keys. 'Your word of honor that the letters shall be mine — eh?'

"'Never,' I concluded. 'England and France are in greater hands than yours or mine. The God of Battles still stands beside the balances.'

"He shrugged a shoulder. 'Oh well,' said he, 'that ends it. It will be interesting to watch the way of the God of Battles. Meanwhile you travel to Quebec. Remember that however free you may appear you will have watchers, that when you seem safe you will be in most danger, that in the end we will have those letters or your life; that meanwhile the war will go on, that you shall have no share in it, and that the whole power of England will not be enough to set her hostage free. That is all there is to say, I think. . . . Will you have a glass of wine with me?' he added courteously, waving a hand towards the commander's quarters near the gate.

"I assented, for why, thought I, should there be a personal quarrel between us? We talked for an hour or more on many things, and his I found the keenest mind that ever I have met. There was in him a dispassionateness, a breadth, which seemed most strange in a trifler of the Court, in an exquisite — for such he was. And I sometimes think that his foppery was deliberate, lest he should be taking himself or life too seriously. His intelligence charmed me, held me, and, later, as we traveled up to Quebec, I found my journey one long feast of interest. He was never dull, and his cynicism had an admirable grace and cordiality. A born intriguer, he still was above intrigue, justifying it on the basis that life was all sport. In logic a leveler, praising the moles, as he called them, the champion of the peasant, the apologist for the bourgeois, who always, he said, had civic virtues, he nevertheless held that what was was best, that it could not be altered, and that it was all interesting. 'I never repent,' he said to me one day. 'I have done after my nature, in the sway and impulse of our time, and as the King has said, After us the deluge. What a pity it is we shall see neither the flood nor the ark! And so, when all is done, we shall miss the most interesting thing of all: ourselves dead, and the gap and ruin we leave behind us. By that, from my standpoint,' he would add, 'life is a failure as a spectacle.'

"Talking in this fashion and in a hundred other ways, we came to Quebec. And, dearest girl, you know in general what happened. I met your honored father, whose life I had saved on the Ohio some years before, and he worked for my comfort in my bondage. You know how exchange after exchange was refused, and that for near three years I have been here, fretting my soul out, eager to be fighting in our cause, yet tied hand and foot, wasting time and losing heart, idle in an enemy's country. As Doltaire said, war was declared, but not till he had made here in Quebec last efforts to get those letters. I do not complain so bitterly of these lost years, since they have brought me the best gift of my life, your love and friendship; but my enemies here, commanded from France, have bided their time, till an accident has given them a cue to dispose of me without openly breaking the accepted law of nations. They could not decently hang a hostage, for whom they had signed articles. But they have got their chance, as they think, to try me for a spy.

"Here is the case. When I found that they were determined, and had ever determined to violate their articles, that they never intended to set me free, I felt absolved from my duty as an officer on parole, and I therefore sent to George Washington a plan of Fort Du Quesne and one of Quebec. I knew that I was risking my life by so doing, but that did not deter me. By my promise to Doltaire, I could not tell of the matter between us, and whatever he has done in other ways, he has preserved my life;

for it would have been easy to have me dropped off by a stray bullet, or to have accidentally drowned me in the St. Charles. I believe this matter of the letters to be between myself and him and Bigot; and perhaps not even Bigot, though he must know that La Pompadour has some peculiar reason for interesting herself in a poor captain of provincials. You now can see another motive for the duel which was brought about between your poor brother and myself.

"As I told you, I sent plans of the forts to Washington. These, with my letters, were given by him to General Braddock, and the sequel you know: they have fallen into the hands of my enemies, copies have gone to France, and I am to be tried for my life. Preserving faith with my enemy Doltaire, I cannot plead the real cause of my long detention; I can only urge that they had not kept to their articles, and that I, therefore, was free from the obligations of parole. I am sure they have no intention of giving me the benefit of any doubt. My real hope lies in escape and the intervention of England, though she, alas! has not concerned herself about me, as if indeed she resented the non-delivery of those letters to Doltaire, since they were addressed to one she looked on as a traitor, and held by one whom she had unjustly put under suspicion.

"And so, dear Alixe, you see how the events of my childhood have played their part in the crises of my mature years. From that little fort on the banks of the river Kelvin where I played in childhood have come these strange twistings of my life, and I can date this dismal fortune of a dungeon from that day I ran with my grandfather's stick to the riverside, defying my mother; or, if it seems more likely, from the day The Man made his prophecy from the wall of my mud fort. 'Ye that build forts here shall lie in darksome prisons,' he said. That is to say, leaving out the significance of his prophecy, if he had not died in my little fort, I should not have known Sir John Godric, nor ever gone to Virginia, nor lain a prisoner here. But, comrade of my heart, I should not have known you! And so, in spite of all, I thank God for whatever fortune may be. I would not change it now for any other man's, since it is my glory and pride to have your love, though it may be at some bitter price to you.

"In this long letter you have the heart of my story, — a simple one, as you may see, yet having strange accidents of its own. Whatever comes now, if you have this record, you will know what I was and am, and the private history of my life. All? Yea, indeed, all, in true fact, though I had forgotten one thing which I shall tell you now. I did not think of it as I fashioned my story, for it bore not on my fate. The Governor of Virginia had a daughter, whose beauty had my eye, and I do confess that I had some thoughts of her for a wife; but I had not paid her court, nor did I love her, though I might well have been proud to do so. She was not interwoven with my life, and with my leaving Virginia on the expedition that sent me here to languish the vague matter ended, neither having expressed more than what is common between friends. . . . And so, I have told all, with unpracticed tongue, but with a wish to be understood, and to set forth a story of which the letter should be as true as the spirit. Friend beyond all price to me, some day this tale will reach your hands, and I ask you to house it in your heart, and, whatever comes, let it be for my remembrance. God be with you, and farewell!"

Gilbert Parker.

MACBETH.

THERE is a brief mention in the Life of Macaulay of a discussion among some members of the Literary Club as to the relative rank of Shakespeare's "four great tragedies," Lear, Othello, Macbeth, and Hamlet. This is the order in which they were ranked by Macaulay. The other speakers, however, agreed in assigning the highest place to Macbeth, a preference which Macaulay attributed to the powerful impression produced by Mrs. Siddons in her famous personation of Lady Macbeth. But many persons who never saw Mrs. Siddons, and who perhaps formed their judgment merely from reading the play, have taken the same view; and it is one in which all readers might concur if they confined their attention to the dramatic construction of the work, and looked at it simply as the production of a consummate playwright. In this respect it is undoubtedly the author's masterpiece. It may be called a typical Elizabethan drama, in the same sense in which the Œdipus Tyrannus has been called a typical Greek drama; bearing the same analogy, though not the same resemblance, to that which King Lear bears to the Œdipus Coloneus. It is distinguished by the concentration and rapid movement of the action, by the logical development of the plot from the initiatory situation to the inevitable conclusion, and by the absence of subordinate complications and of everything partaking of the nature of digression, episode, or commentary. It is the shortest of the great tragedies, with the fewest changes of scene, the smallest number of important characters, and the most concise speeches. Alike in soliloquy and in dialogue the utterance is constantly connected with or suggestive of some external movement or perception, so that here, at least, the performers should find little difficulty in suiting the action to the word, the word to the action. Finally, the "effects" are in the highest degree "telling," full of strong contrasts and swift alternations, such as hold an audience in a state of breathless suspense, or startle it as with a sudden crash.

These peculiarities, coupled with some incidental defects in the literary workmanship, have suggested a theory that the play was written in haste, for a particular occasion. That it was struck off, so to speak, at a white heat is highly probable; but the subject was one which imposed a purely dramatic treatment, and did not lend itself to that expansive and discursive elaboration with which Shakespeare is wont to pour forth his profoundest thoughts, his subtlest observations, his most bewitching fancies, and his sweetest flow of verse, in passages which we study and are enthralled by in the closet, but which the modern stage so often finds it necessary to mutilate or excise. In Macbeth, as generally in his tragedies, and as all creators of heroic poems, whether tragic or epic, have been accustomed to do, Shakespeare drew his material, the situations and incidents, from the copious fountain of popular legend and tradition. There was a real Macbeth, who overthrew his sovereign or overlord, Duncan, and was himself overthrown by Duncan's son, Malcolm. But the version of his story which Shakespeare borrowed from Holinshed was a creation of the popular imagination, working upon partially known or dimly remembered facts, interpreting and embellishing them by its own familiar processes, and thus not only adorning the tale, but pointing the moral. The result of this operation in the present case, as also, though less obviously, in other narratives having a similar origin, was to transform one of the commonest events

of mediæval history into an unconscious reproduction in mediæval guise of the story of the Fall of Man. Here is essentially the same situation, with the same natural and supernatural agencies. In both there is the violation of the divine command, — "Ye shall not eat," "Thou shalt not kill;" in both there is the tempter seeking to defeat the Almighty's will, — the subtle serpent, the witches, or the power which they serve and represent; in both there is the delusive assurance, keeping the word of promise to the ear, and breaking it to the hope, — "Ye shall not surely die," "No man of woman born shall harm Macbeth;" in both there are the husband and the wife, the woman the bolder of the two, not only an accomplice, but an instigator of the deed.

Now it was never Shakespeare's habit to modify materially a story which came already invented to his hand, by mere extraneous alterations and additions. His own imagination was in close touch with that universal poetical faculty to which we owe the treasures of myth, legend, and folk-lore. He shared in its necessity for transmuting, gilding, and winging the vulgar fact, so that it should find world-wide acceptance and application. He assented to its fundamental belief that there are more things in heaven and earth than philosophy dreams of, and readily accepted its accounts of a continuous intercourse between a visible and an invisible world. He uses these things as congruous and coherent portions of his subject, not as symbolical fantasies hovering around it, which is the modern archaic mode of treating them. In the single play of which the plot seems with certainty to be wholly of his own invention, — that "one entire and perfect chrysolite," The Tempest, — he assumes, one may say, *in propria persona*, the character of the magician; performs the wildest feats and summons up the daintiest sprite ever evoked by necromancy; and when the revels are ended lays aside his robe and staff, and vanishes from our sight. In Macbeth he adopts the supernatural machinery supplied to him with the rest of the action, using it in all its details, while transfusing into it his own incomparable art. He is truer to what was without doubt the original version, woven at firesides or on Highland sheep pastures, than is the chronicle from which he extracted the story; for there we detect the traces of a prosaic literary manipulation, seeking to exalt the rude popular conceptions into more dignified forms. Thus the "weird sisters" are described by Holinshed as "creatures of elder world," "the goddesses of destinie, or else some nymphs or feiries, indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromanticall science." This boggling mixture of diverse forms and ideas was assuredly no product of Scottish superstition. Fairies, good or bad, could have no place in a tale like this; nymphs were creations of a very different time and region; and as for the "goddesses of destinie," they were not only beings of an elder world, but denizens of the nether world, where they spun the web and cut the thread of human lives, ministers of inexorable Fate, serenely indifferent to the results of their task, taking no active part in human affairs. Shakespeare's "weird sisters," though they "*seem* not like the inhabitants o' the earth," are yet "on 't" and of it. They are agents, not of Fate, which allots both good and bad to men, but of the powers of evil. They are "beldames," "hags," grotesque and malignant creatures, hated and contemned by the people with whom they seek to mingle, and wreaking their own spite in return. In a word, they are witches, intrinsically vulgar and despicable, sublimated for the nonce by the awful office entrusted to them and by the genius of the poet, but yet the veritable and familiar products of the popular imagination, which would have recognized them for its own, perhaps with-

out a suspicion of the idealization they had undergone.

It is the second act of Macbeth which exhibits the dramatic power of Shakespeare at its highest point, in a scene unequaled in this respect by any other in the whole range of the drama, ancient and modern. It is the pivotal scene of the play, that which forms the crisis of the action, in which deliberation passes into accomplishment, and the issue of a mental conflict, already determined by the will, becomes an irrevocable fact. The preliminary bending-up of each corporal agent to the terrible feat, the perturbation in the performance, the sudden and overwhelming revulsion that follows, are the features that give to this scene its profoundest interest; but it is the accessories, the confluent circumstances, each with its own import and significance, all blended and adjusted with consummate skill, that render it a picture, fixing the lines and figures in indelible colors. It is therefore on these details, in their harmonious relation to the psychological core of the situation, that one's attention settles in a consideration of Shakespeare's method of setting his conceptions for visual presentation.

The place is the inner court of Macbeth's castle, open to the sky, but surrounded by walls with doors and passages leading to interior apartments and to exterior lodging-places. We do not gather these particulars from a description prefixed to the scene, for none such is given, either here or elsewhere, in the old editions of the Elizabethan dramatists, but from casual indications in the progress of the action. Such indications are generally vague or altogether wanting in the works of Shakespeare's contemporaries. One may read whole plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, for example, with very little notion of the whereabouts or the background of the action. These writers may conceive the thing they wish to represent with force and even intensity of feeling; but they do not see it, and consequently do not set it, in that environment through which it receives the impress of reality, of complete correspondence with the events of actual life, which are always thus characterized and variegated. Shakespeare, on the contrary, incorporates the external concomitants with the essence of the action; and it is those of his plays in which he has blended the component elements most completely that are the sole survivals on the English stage of that grand dramatic art which was once its monopoly and its glory. There was no scenery on the stage in his day, but there is seldom any lack of scenery in his plays.

The time is night. The time and the passage of the time are kept continually before our minds by allusions and imagery that make the darkness symbolical of the deed which it enshrouds and facilitates. This is in accordance with Shakespeare's habitual mode of steeping the action in its characteristic atmosphere, a practice especially noticeable in the night scenes which are so frequent in his tragedies, and which occur, indeed, in all but a very few of his plays. In such scenes Night presides over the action, arrayed as befits the season and the clime. The warm, luscious night of the southern summer enfolds and conspires with the elfish bewilderments in the Athenian wood, the trysts and meetings in life and death of the enraptured lovers of Verona, the elopement at Venice, and the rendezvous at Belmont on that loveliest of all nights, with the moonlight sleeping on the bank, while Lorenzo and Jessica call up things that had happened in the fabled past "in such a night as this," and listen to Portia's music, which "sounds much sweeter than by day." In strong contrast with these are the northern nights, as that on the platform at Elsinore, when it is "an eager and a nipping air," and the ghost stalks under the glimpses of the moon,

while the stillness is broken by the blatant noises from the castle that proclaim the drunken wassail of the usurper; or that — of all nights the most awful — on the British heath, when the elements discharge their fury on the houseless and distraught Lear, who bares himself to the deluge and bids the storm rage on, while the fool and the madman shiver and chatter beside him.

Here in the Highlands of Scotland the season is again summer, but summer tempered by mountain breezes, and liable to sudden and violent changes of weather, now fair, now foul. "This castle hath a pleasant seat." The air is "delicate" and "smells wooingly," recommending itself "nimbly and sweetly" to the "gentle senses" of Duncan as he makes his "fatal entrance" under the battlements. But now it is night, the deepest part of the night, "when o'er the one-half world nature seems dead." It is the short, swift night of hyperborean summers. The festivities are over in the hall, though they will be prolonged in the servants' quarters till the second cockcrow. Duncan is in his bed, wrapped in the "innocent sleep" of an unburdened soul, the secure sleep of one who is here "in double trust," in the safe-keeping of the kinsman who is both his subject and his host. There are no sounds yet of approaching tempest, but the darkness has become intense. The moon went down at twelve, or later, and the stars are hidden. "There 's husbandry in heaven; their candles are all out." Something is about to happen which Nature is taking note of and preparing to accord with; and Banquo, who has been in attendance on the king, and who, as he crosses the court, pauses to observe the signs of the hour, is dimly conscious of a presentiment, and prays to be saved from the recurrence of the "cursed thoughts," the recollection of the weird sisters and their enticements, which had infested his previous night's sleep. He meets Macbeth, confides to him the diamond which Duncan, in requital of his entertainment, has sent to Lady Macbeth, receives from him an intimation that has a veiled but fateful drift, and leaves him with exchange of wishes for "good repose."

And so throughout the scene commonplace details become significant and ominous, as if the ordinary course of things had been drawn into the vortex, — as is also the case in every great crisis of real life, through that absorption of the mind, alike of the actors and the spectators, which tends to connect and assimilate with the main movement all that is merely incidental. At such times, every sound, every pause, every interval of silence, is charged with a mysterious meaning. Macbeth still lingers on the stage, his fevered brain prefiguring in the air-drawn dagger the instrument he is to use, when the stroke of a bell, the concerted signal from his wife, warns him that the hour for action is come. Then, when he has left the scene, and Lady Macbeth enters, the shriek of the owl is heard, startling even her constant mind, announcing, as it were, that the deed is being watched. It is accomplished; and the murderer — he who in a moment has cast himself into a gulf from which there can be no return — staggers back, trembling, overwhelmed with horror and fear, pressing his blood-stained hands upon his eyes to shut out that dreadful spectacle which will nevermore be absent from his inward vision, speaking in hoarse, disjointed whispers, hearing the reverberations of the voice that has already denounced his crime and proclaimed his doom: —

> "'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
> Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'"

But now another sound breaks in, responsive to and confirmatory of that sentence, — the "knocking," which, repeated at ever shorter intervals and in louder tones, keeps the hearers in a constant state of startled expectation. Whence

comes it? What means it? It is merely the knocking of Macduff at the gate of "the south entry," who comes, as commanded by the king, to "call timely on him." "Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!" But it is not alone Macduff and his companion, Lennox, who come. It is also the Day, coming to discover what the accomplice Night has hidden, and to report that the powers of the air have been privy to the act, and have raged and desolated in concert with it. The suspense, however, is prolonged by the gabble of the porter, which has been thought by some critics out of keeping with the character of the scene, but which seems intended rather to throw it into stronger relief, through the junction and contrast of what is vulgar and trivial with what is extraordinary and appalling; marking the common obliviousness of those moral earthquakes to which human existence is subject, the common insensibility to their premonitory signs. And when Macbeth returns, and, after directing Macduff to the door leading to the king's chamber, fixes his gaze upon it, and hears from Lennox, with little comprehension of its meaning, the account of the storm and the havoc it has wrought, this last short interval of suspense, with the two streams of consciousness and unconsciousness flowing side by side, strains expectation to its highest pitch. Then suddenly the alarm is given; the castle bell peals out its summons; the frightened guests pour in; and the scene, which had begun in low, half-smothered tones, rises in swift crescendo to a tremendous fortissimo.

The other chief scenes in the play — the banquet scene, the caldron scene, above all the marvelous sleep-walking scene — are characterized by the same close and concentrated application of skill on the production of strong effects. One might have expected, therefore, that Macbeth would prove the most popular of Shakespeare's tragedies, both with actors and with audiences, and especially in these later times, when there is a complete divorce between the drama and literature properly so called; when plays are not only written exclusively for representation, but have no vitality apart from that. Such has not, however, been the case. Except on rare occasions, Macbeth, despite its apparent supremacy as an "acting play," has less attraction than Lear, Othello, and above all Hamlet. Nor is the reason far to seek. Of the two elements which Aristotle's definition requires in tragedy, it has but one. It works by terror alone, and does not touch the springs of pity. It has no bursts and swells of pathos, no outpours of tenderness, no sweet dews of hapless love. Lacking these, it lacks charm. The characters on whom the interest is concentrated are not the innocent sufferers, but the guilty workers of woe, and, if not outcasts from our sympathy in the woe they thereby bring upon themselves, they are far from making any demands upon our affection. Macbeth stands alone among Shakespeare's great productions as a picture of crime and retribution unrelieved by any softer features, — like some awful Alpine peak, girdled with glaciers, abysses, and seething mists, with no glimpses of green vales or flower-bespangled pastures.

This sternness and boldness render the ethical motive which is incorporated in every great tragedy, without which tragedy is invertebrate and ephemeral, especially prominent in Macbeth. We are never for an instant beguiled away from the contemplation of that spectacle which inspires the same kind of awe, but in a far greater degree, as a shipwreck or some similar catastrophe; that, namely, of the temptation, surrender, and perdition of a soul. What gives to the spectacle its heroic proportions lies in the nature of the seduction and in the character of those who yield to it. It is the "golden round" of sovereignty that is offered; it is the aspiring spirit that

impels. The sphere of enterprise is the highest, the peril the greatest, the qualities demanded are not those of ignoble minds.

The common tendency to treat the characters of Shakespeare's personages as subjects for analysis proceeds not only from their surpassing interest, but from the conditions under which he, in common with all dramatists, unfolds his conceptions. The dramatist cannot, like the novelist, give us the biography of his persons, the history of their mental and moral development; he presents them at the crisis of their fate, swerved from the regular tenor of their lives, subjected to tests that convulse their whole nature, and bring up from abysmal depths unsuspected deposits. The dramatist cannot stop to explain and elucidate; he must trust to the suggestiveness of the action, and to the possession by his public of an intuitive faculty responsive to that by which his conceptions have been evolved. In Macbeth this is especially the case. Here all the light is concentrated upon the dramatic situation, which looms up at the outset and holds us absorbed to the end, with no intervals of repose and retrospection, no by-play, no mingling of relations and diversity of discourse, such as in Hamlet, Othello, and Lear widen the point of view; presenting the characters at different angles, familiarizing us with their aspect and demeanor under ordinary circumstances, and giving a clue to their antecedents. Instead of such side-lights as these, we have only casual hints, such as Lady Macbeth's description of her husband's nature as "full o' the milk of human kindness," — a description which appears to some critics so inconsistent with the traits which he exhibits in the play that they coolly decide that the lady was blissfully ignorant of her husband's real character; which is, of course, the same thing as saying that Shakespeare was under a like misapprehension in regard to it. But it is in fact through her perfect knowledge of his character that she is able to control and fix his infirm and wavering will. To reject such testimony as this is to forego our only means of deep insight and discriminative judgment. For these persons have no intimates or confidants, are surrounded by no group of dispassionate observers; they are morally isolated, and are seen by others only in a glare that obliterates all distinction and blending of hues. It is only by the revelations of their privacy that the general impression can be modified and corrected.

Let us for a moment, if it be possible, look at these domestic scenes in obliviousness of their deadly purport, imagine ourselves spectators with no knowledge of the secret aim. How close is the bond between the husband and the wife! How firmly they are knit together by mutual trust and dependence, by complete community of interests, and by the fullest and freest interchange of sentiments! And the contrast between them makes the alliance all the more admirable, supplying characteristics in which they are separately wanting. *He* is of a highly nervous and susceptible temperament, appreciative of the force of resistant motives and conflicting ends, and hence subject to fits and starts of resolution and reluctance, to all the fluctuations of opposing impulses. *She* is eminently firm, consistent, and practical; disdainful of obstacles, fertile in expedients, blinded to all other considerations by the singleness with which her heart is set upon its object, — not *un*-feminine, but *ultra*-feminine in this particular trait. Macbeth's impressible imagination has been nurtured by the visions that rise amid the mountain mists, and his mind has retained all the beliefs and terrors of a time when his senses would have cooled to hear a night-shriek, and his fell of hair would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir as life were in it. His ears are open to "supernatural solicitings," his eyes to spectral apparitions. He is akin to

the Highland "seers," the possessors of the "second sight." Not the less is he the valiant soldier, the intrepid captain, foremost in achievement and renown. And Lady Macbeth, though she upbraids his fickleness of purpose and treats his visions as the mere coinage of his brain, is none the less his devoted helpmeet, who shares, incites, and fortifies his hopes, and inspires him with admiration of her undaunted courage and her ability in counsel and device. She is the experienced *châtelaine*, who knows well how to rule her household and manage its affairs; equal to sudden and great occasions, nor neglectful of the smallest offices; shining forth as the "most kind hostess" of the sovereign by a reception which fills him with "measureless content;" not omitting, when "great news" has thrown her into unwonted excitement, to order that the spent messenger shall have proper "tending."

Such is the aspect in which this couple appear to us while we are not yet cognizant of their secret thoughts and acts, while we share the ignorance of the world around them, which holds them worthy of its highest esteem and admiration. Then suddenly the veil is withdrawn, and they become the objects of our abhorrence, traitors and assassins, destroyers of the life which they beyond all others were bound to shelter and defend. Is this, then, the unmasking of abnormally depraved natures, the culmination of a career of guilt and hypocrisy leaping suddenly into detection? Or is it the result of a moral cataclysm, sweeping away the protective barriers of conscience and humanity, and leaving the soul helpless against the assaults of temptation? Strictly speaking, it is neither the one nor the other. What has taken place is the development of a germ fostered originally in unconsciousness of its poisonous properties, nurtured in the same soil with fair and beneficent things, entangled with these, and at last choking them.

The passion which has grown with Macbeth's growth and strengthened with his strength, which is rooted in the capacities of his intellect and the conscious sense of merit, which is sunned and stimulated by the sympathy that is dearest to him, and by the quick rewards of achievement that beckon him ever onward and upward, is a desire, a craving, for distinction, for eminence. It is not the cynical greed for power and success which has no need of approbation or applause. Far otherwise; what he most longs for is honor, — not mere "mouth honor," not the breath of reverence, "which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not," but honor associated with "love, obedience, troops of friends," the "golden opinions" to be won "from all sorts of people" by great and noble exploits. It cannot be that his own instincts are at variance with the instincts to which he appeals, that he who aspires to a place in all hearts is himself heartless. But in that fiery struggle, in which all the incentives to crime — vaulting ambition, unforeseen opportunity, a well-concocted plan — are confronted, and for a time repelled, by his clear perception of the atrocity of the act, and his vivid anticipation of the direful effect when

> "Pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
> Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
> Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
> Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye," —

in this critical moment he is unarmed, powerless; his conscience has been too long tampered with and weakened to make resistance effectual; he is overborne by the taunting reminder that he is already committed to the enterprise; that he has hoped, plotted, and pledged himself, and cannot now retire except with the self-disdain of the convicted coward.

And she who with those terrible lashings drives him over the precipice when he is shrinking back appalled, — shall we say with some critics that she is ut-

terly fiendlike, that "Shakespeare never meant her for anything better than a character of superb depravity"? Before a legal tribunal the evidence in support of this view would seem overwhelming, and the circumstances pleaded in extenuation, such as her unselfish devotion to her husband, would have very little weight. When we recall her apparent utter insensibility to the enormity of the crime, the cool deliberation with which she plans its details, the unrelenting sternness with which she urges and enforces its accomplishment, the unflinching nerve with which she snatches the bloody daggers from Macbeth's feeble grasp and imbrues them afresh in the dead man's gore in order to smear the faces of the sleeping grooms, declaring that "the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures," we seem to be present at a scene so terrible and ghastly that devils themselves might have quailed at the sight. And yet no reader, it is certain, looks at Lady Macbeth with unmixed and absolute detestation and loathing, or places her in the same category, I do not say with Regan and Goneril, who are monsters, but with that perfect incarnation of the fiendlike intellect and temperament, Iago; or even with that figure from the ancient tragedy which seems to suggest a more appropriate comparison, Clytemnestra. In both cases the contrast overbears the resemblance. In Clytemnestra the cruelty of the murderess is mixed with the degradation of the adulteress, and, though she asserts the palliative motive of vengeance for a great wrong, the effect — one can hardly tell why — is rather to deepen than to mitigate the impression of her ferocity. In Iago we have the true diabolic malignity, that loves evil, revels in it, finds it the proper element for the masterly exercise of craft and astuteness. His hatred of Othello has no explicable cause save the instinctive oppugnancy of the guileful for the guileless nature. Why was such cunning given to him except to set snares for simplicity and honesty? Not Othello only, every truthful and trusting soul is his natural prey; and despite our admiration for his dexterity as a display of pure art, "art for art's sake," we consign him without the least reluctance to the infliction of the promised tortures.

This is not our feeling towards Lady Macbeth. She does not inspire us with hatred; she does not quench every sentiment of commiseration. It is not, however, her devotion to her husband's interests, which are identified with her own, nor her remembrance of the babes that had fed at her bosom and smiled in her face, — which is evoked only to illustrate the steely hardness of her determination, — nor the single shuddering recoil with which she notes the gray-haired sleeper's likeness to her father, that suffices to modify our judgment. It is the exhibition of that state of direful exaltation into which she has worked herself by the exercise of a massive will crushing every rebellious impulse, — it is this that throws upon her the full clear light which it is the office of art to shed over human character and action. She prepares herself for that consummation which "fate and metaphysical aid" now offer to the long-waiting hope and resolute heart, as if for the performance of a solemn sacrifice to the infernal deities. She invokes the "spirits that tend on mortal thoughts" to equip her for the task, to unsex her, to make thick her blood, to stop up the access and passage to remorse, that no compunctious visitings of nature may shake her fell purpose, to fill her from the crown to the toe topful of direst cruelty. The impious prayer is heard; the consecration is perfected; her perceptions are sealed to all impressions that might divert her from the object or unfit her for its accomplishment; she passes through the ordeal with the steady nerve and self-command with which she is wont to perform the commonest duties. She is

the same as before, but in a transformed condition. Every characteristic is projected in gigantic proportions on a screen that rises behind the illuminating flames of hell. She is in a moral trance, in a sleep not less, but more profound than that in which she will appear to us again, years hence, — for the last time, — when she will rehearse every act of the present, but not with the deadened perceptions of the present; no longer thinking that a little water clears us of this deed, but knowing that all the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten this little hand.

It is somewhat singular that Macbeth and his wife have each found apologists, who seek to extenuate the criminality of the one at the expense of the other. Each in turn has been depicted as devoid of remorse, as in fact incapable of this sentiment. Such a view, as regards either of them, seems to proceed from a lack of definiteness in the conception of the term. The remorse which is the starting-point of repentance and atonement is not theirs, cannot be theirs; expiation, reparation, is impossible; penitence were unavailing. But if remorse be the gnawing consciousness of guilt, it is apparent as the mental condition of both. The effort to stifle the voice of conscience would alone testify to its existence, — the voice that speaks so loudly in Lady Macbeth's declaration that

> "these deeds must not be thought
> After these ways; so, *it will make us mad;*"

and in Macbeth's confession that he has put rancors in the vessel of his peace, and given his eternal jewel to the common enemy of man. It, surely, and not the mere apprehension of earthly vengeance, is the source of those terrible dreams that shake them nightly, that torture of the mind on which they lie in restless ecstasy. The wild impulse to harden the mind by the commission of fresh crimes is the very delirium of remorse. It is remorse, with all its attendant horrors, which is the punishment, the retribution, that overtakes this wretched pair and drags them to their final doom. For it is a remorse in which there lurks no hope, no germ, of redemption. It is the remorse of the damned.

John Foster Kirk.

GRIDOU'S PITY.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

By the abbé's advice, Marie was to apply to Danton first of all, for he, being Minister of Justice as well as a member of the Commune of Paris, seemed especially qualified to grant a request like hers. The *citoyen* Picard needed no urging to accompany her; he was only too glad of the chance. Danton was his hero, and at the thought of seeing that great man face to face he was in an ecstasy.

Marie, after awaiting her turn among those who thronged the anterooms at the Ministry of Justice, was ushered into a spacious apartment, the long windows of which, open to the balcony, gave a view of the Place Vendôme in the sultry August morning. At a table in the middle of the room sat the man who could grant or refuse her the one desire of her heart. She saw him as he has so often been described: a powerfully built figure, with an ungainliness about it betraying his peasant birth, a massive head, a face scarred by smallpox, the eyes narrow and deep-set, but yet over his whole person an air of indefinable grandeur that marked a leader of men, whether for good or for ill.

What he saw was a slight girl in a

gown of printed muslin, a little fichu, and a straw hat with flaring brim. The only distinction about that costume of a simple *bourgeoise* was the way in which it was worn, and that, perhaps, awakened curiosity; for though he glanced up carelessly at first, he continued to look as she approached, and half rose from his chair to motion her and her companion to be seated, then awaited in silence what she had to say.

It was said in as few and simple words as she could find. At the name "Sombreuil" he was evidently enlightened, but there was nothing in his manner to discourage her; on the contrary, he had an interested air, and when she had finished his remark was merely, "A singular petition, mademoiselle."

"I have been my father's almost constant companion, monsieur," she answered quietly, "and so far from being singular, nothing could be more natural than that now, when he needs me as never before, I should wish to go to him."

"But a prison is no place for you."

"Where is a daughter's place if not beside her father in misfortune?"

He shook his head slightly.

"Ah, think what a little favor!" she cried. "I might have come to beg for his release; but no! If his country has any charge against him, he will answer it, and I only ask you to make one prisoner more, — a willing one!" The very tone of her sweet voice was touching, and he did not look unmoved. Her hopes rose.

"You have friends in Paris, mademoiselle?"

With a slight motion of the hand she said, "Monsieur Picard, whose wife was once my nurse, has received me hospitably. I had been at my grandmother's, in the country, for a few days; very unfortunately, as I now think, for otherwise I should have had myself arrested with my father."

Leaning back in his chair, the great demagogue contemplated her in silence, almost, one might have thought, with something like amusement. Finally he said, "Return to your grandmother, mademoiselle. Believe me, it is the only thing for you to do."

But he had listened too long if he did not mean to comply; she was not to be put off now so easily. With passionate entreaty she pleaded her father's age, her fear that the prison life would tell upon him, his need of her care, — anything, everything that she could think of. To it all came over and over the same answer, "Impossible — impossible — impossible." That was his last word.

It was a bitter disappointment. Citizen Picard dared not speak to her as they went away, she looked in such despair and was so plainly struggling against tears. But though he felt for her, he was really glad she should know her plan was out of the question, and doubtless when she was calmer she would herself see that this was all for the best. She could not complain of the reception she had met with, certainly, for Danton had been very amiable. That great man interesting himself so kindly, and advising her to return to her grandmother! For his own part, citizen Picard felt that he had something to think of for the rest of his life. If, however, he had known what a chapter in his country's history was then preparing, he might have used some other term than "amiable" as applied to Danton; it would not have seemed too much to say that he had been humane in telling his petitioner that a prison was no place for her.

They walked in silence for a little, until, at a corner, the citoyen was obliged to say, "We turn here to go home, mademoiselle." He forgot his republicanism for a moment; but then Danton had said "mademoiselle," rather to the good patriot's surprise. Marie looked as if she did not understand, and he repeated that that was the way back, and offered to call a fiacre, lest she should be tired.

"But I am not going back! I am going to the Hôtel de Ville. I mean to see every member of the Commune, if I must;

and if they all refuse, I shall go to the prison gate and ask there." Her voice trembled, but her resolution was as firm as ever.

The good man was dumb before such incomprehensible persistency. Of what use would it be for him to speak, indeed, when Danton had spoken and this was the result? He remembered how Louison was always talking as if the nobility were different from other people, and now, for the first time, he thought perhaps she was right; he even hoped she was, trusting that if he had had a daughter she would have been rather more reasonable than this "noble" girl.

All the same, citizen Picard was a kind-hearted man; he would have gone with Marie from one end of Paris to the other and made nothing of it, if it could have been, as he thought, to any purpose; but he felt himself rather a victim when they got to the Hôtel de Ville. There, not a soul to give them any information! Plenty of people rushing hither and thither, but all intent on their own affairs; and if one of them did stop for a moment to answer a civil question, he never by any chance could tell what they wanted to know, while to apply to the ushers and doorkeepers who were standing about was worse than useless; for one would say scornfully that the Commune was in session and no member could be seen, and if they asked another when the session would be over, he merely shrugged his shoulders to indicate that there was no saying. It was desperate business.

At last, somebody who had met them several times as they wandered to and fro, wasting their steps in those endless halls, accosted them. Marie's attractive face wore such a pathetic expression of anxiety that he could not help asking her if she were looking for some one.

"Oh, monsieur, if you could help me, I should be so grateful! I want to speak with some member of the Commune, — with Robespierre, if possible, or Manuel, or Tallien."

"The session is just over, and there is Marat. I could introduce you to him." He looked in the direction where three men were coming towards them, talking eagerly together.

Marat! He was the last to whom she would have chosen to apply, with his furious diatribes against the nobles in L'Ami du Peuple. Would he grant any request of hers? And still, who could tell? To refuse to speak with him might be throwing a chance away.

A moment later, Marie found herself theatrically presented to the meanest looking of the three men as "a young *citoyenne* who sought an interview with 'the Friend of the People.'" The interview proved to be singularly public, for besides those who appeared to listen as a matter of course, Marat's companions and the person who had introduced her, there presently gathered others around the little group, attracted by the high, harsh voice which they doubtless all knew, and Marie perceived that it was to this chance audience quite as much as to her that Marat's remarks were directed during the scene which followed.

For herself, she found it hard to plead her cause at this tribunal. The man was repulsive to her; she could not speak to him from her heart. Her sincere nature felt the charlatan even in the neglected dress in which the self-appointed champion of the people played his part, and she saw nothing from which she could augur well in the unhealthy, livid face, with its retreating forehead and distorted mouth drawn to one side with an expression that was sinister because so unlike a smile. Still, she stated her petition as best she could, and thought here to give only her family name, "Virot." But the precaution was in vain.

"Virot, Virot," repeated Marat, and eyed her sharply. "Had your father a title?"

"He was the Marquis de Sombreuil."

And with that the storm burst upon her.

Her father was an enemy of the people! He was guilty of high treason to the nation! He was steeped in conspiracies! He had taken part in the crime of the 10th of August! His hands were imbrued in innocent blood! All this and much more he hurled at her, and it was with the utmost difficulty that she controlled her indignation and forced herself to calmness for the sake of the end she had in view. When he stopped, his venom exhausted for the moment, she said, with dignity, —

"Monsieur Marat, I do not answer your accusations against my father, for I am not here to plead in his defense; he will do that himself whenever the opportunity is given him. Nor am I asking anything for him. I beg you simply to grant me the possibility of fulfilling a natural duty in ministering to an old man in declining health. It is a daughter's petition, Monsieur Marat, — only that!"

But he did not intend to let his wrath be turned away by a soft answer, and, after visibly casting about to get hold of it again, burst forth afresh, as if she had never spoken.

"Your father is a traitor!"

That was too much. "*Monsieur!*"

"I say he is a traitor! Has he not two sons among the *émigrés?*"

"His sons are where they believed that duty called them. He remained in the country."

"To hand it over to the enemy."

"By what right do you say that? The enemies of France could tell another tale. My father has drawn his sword again and again for his native land."

"He fought for Capet."

"He fought for his king and his country, like a loyal gentleman!"

"And Capet paid him. *I* fight for the nation with my pen, and for me it is reward enough to see the people free."

"Monsieur," she answered, with a pride that became her well, "the idea of any comparison between my father and you was far from my thought."

His mouth opened, but no words came. He glared at her. It would have needed more than that to make her flinch. Then, on a sudden, his whole expression changed; he seemed to grow calm.

"It is your wish to go to your father," he said, in his shrill key: "go to him, then! You are right: your place is there."

He drew out a notebook and penciled a few words, while Marie watched him, breathless. Was it possible? "With the privilege of seeing her father," she suggested, lest that should be forgotten.

He wrote precisely what she had dictated, signed himself "Marat, the Friend of the People," and handed her the bit of paper without a word. There was something uncanny in his docility, and while he preserved that profound silence it was impossible for Marie to be effusive in her gratitude; the most she could say was, "I shall remember this favor to my life's end."

To citizen Picard, however, as they went home, she declared that Marat had worn an air as if he thought he had played her a good trick. "He imagines, no doubt, that I shall not like a prison. He is mistaken. The worse it is, the better pleased I shall be to be there." And indeed she looked as radiant as if the little scrap of paper she held so precious were an invitation to a fête.

Good citizen Picard hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry that she had gained her end. But he still marveled at her. "Such audacity!" he said to his wife, in private. He had expected nothing less than that she would be arrested on her own account.

"Ah yes, gentle as she is, she was always courageous," said Louison approvingly. And he might have known beforehand that she could understand no reflections upon her Mademoiselle Marie.

What follows here is part of a letter begun by Marie at the Abbaye, to her grandmother, on the chance of being able to send it. Before entering the prison

she had dispatched an account of all that had happened up to that moment, and she wrote now in order somewhat to relieve, if possible, her grandmother's anxiety as to her present circumstances.

"You will want to hear first, dear grandmamma, of the meeting with my father. I can describe it to you, but the joy of it you must imagine for yourself; I should not know how to tell that. As soon as I arrived, armed with my permission, I asked to be taken directly to him. The turnkey went in before me to say that some one had come. I heard my father start up and cry, 'Marie!' and I was in his arms. It did not occur to me at that moment to wonder how he knew it was I; I was thinking only of him, and saw only him. He had actually to give me over to some one who stood by, saying, 'Embrace her, abbé!' and then, 'My daughter, gentlemen,' before I perceived that we were not alone. Only think! the Abbé de Saint-Mart occupies the same room with him, and of course had prepared him to expect me. That was another happiness, — meeting the abbé again. I told you how I learned to appreciate him on that journey of ours as I never had before. It is a friend I have made in misfortune. And then, besides the abbé, there are three other gentlemen in the apartment. The prison is so full that they put a number of persons together in some of the larger rooms of this former monastery, and so, instead of finding my father in a little cell, and occupying another myself, as I had assumed would be the case, it turns out that we both have plenty of company. The room I am in belongs by good rights to the family of the *concierge*, and the Princesse de Tarente, the Marquise de Fausse-Lendry, and Mademoiselle Cazotte, the author's daughter, share it with me. The princess is the only one who is really a prisoner; for I was not so singular as you thought, dear grandmamma, in my project. Mademoiselle Cazotte came here with her father, — she is younger than I, and her father older than mine, — and the marquise besieged the Hôtel de Ville for days to get permission to attend on her uncle, the Abbé de Rastignac, who is very infirm, and to whom she is devotedly attached. In some respects the little cell might have been more comfortable than this arrangement, but we make the best of inconveniences and privations, and otherwise enjoy the sympathetic society.

"We are allowed to pass some hours every day with our friends, and my father's companions are delicately considerate in withdrawing as far as they can, and leaving us such privacy as the circumstances admit of; but as it does not seem right to separate ourselves entirely, we end by engaging in general conversation; and I dare say, if you could hear us all talking, at times, quite gayly, you would think this an odd set of prisoners. But it is a point of honor to be cheerful and keep one's heart up, and our abbé, as you can imagine, greatly assists in this. I never knew him more charming. As for me, if I were a queen — but that is a sad simile! — if I were in the most brilliant surroundings imaginable, I could not be treated with more consideration.

"From the outer world rumors of one kind and another reach us now and then, and occasion conflicting emotions; but on such topics I can say nothing, for I must be able to tell Monsieur Delavacquerie, the keeper of the prison, that my letter contains only personal matters, and invite him to read it if he chooses. I trust, then, that he will have the kindness to send it, for you will be glad to know, at least, that I am well, and that my father's health is not positively suffering. He is very delicate, however, and at first looked to me changed, which alarmed me; but the abbé says he is brighter and better since I am here, and indeed he seems quite natural to me now. I have not yet told you that he scolded me very sweetly for coming. But little I cared for that!"

The letter, begun on the 1st of Sep-

tember, broke off at this point, and was never finished.

On Sunday, the 2d of September, a report of the fall of Verdun caused violent agitation in Paris. The national guard was called out, and there was talk of a general levy of the people. At half past two o'clock in the afternoon an alarm-gun was fired on the Pont-Neuf, and the tocsin sounded. But the report was false. Verdun had not surrendered, and historians do not hesitate to affirm that the tocsin and the alarm-gun had nothing whatever to do with Verdun, but were the preconcerted signal for an attack on the prisons; that the rumor of the surrender was employed simply to create an excitement, after which the national guard was disbanded with the announcement that it had been all a mistake, and the way was left clear for what was to follow. Certain it is that the massacres began at some points immediately.

That terrible Sunday opened for the prisoners with no alarming indication of how it was to end. It was told afterwards, as a proof of the attack at the Abbaye being expected, and consequently premeditated, that the keeper of the prison had sent his family away in the early morning. Of this the ladies who occupied one of his apartments were aware at the time, without attaching importance to the circumstance.

One of the jailer's children, who had often been in their room with the attendant, and whose heart Marie had won, came that morning and shyly presented her with a bunch of crimson roses, saying that she was going into the country, and should find plenty of flowers for herself, and also bring back many for mademoiselle. To please the child, Marie fastened the bright bouquet in the folds of muslin across her breast. She had put on a white gown because the heat promised to be oppressive, and, with her flowers, she looked so fresh in her simple elegance that when she went, later, to her father, all her little court came about her in admiration to ask, What is the fête? They did not yet imagine that it was a fête of martyrs, but the flowers were the color for the day, — red.

The dinner of the prisoners on that 2d of September was served before two instead of at four o'clock, as usual. Naturally, that was an event for them, and the turnkey was assailed with questions on the subject. He was uncommonly taciturn, however; all he would say was that it had been so ordered; he had nothing to do with it.

"And was our appetite ordered also for two o'clock?" inquired the abbé.

Deceived by the serious tone, the turnkey answered abstractedly that as to that he could not say. Then, at the little ripple of laughter that went round, he started, and looked at the prisoners with an expression which they found difficult to interpret.

"What was the matter with Jacques?" they asked one another after he was gone. "He looked as if he had seen a ghost."

It was a day of surprises. The repast was hardly over when an unwonted sound made every one pause and listen. The report of a cannon? But why? A moment after, the bell of the church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, close at hand, boomed out, and was answered faintly from afar, then nearer, and again and again. The tocsin!

There was no more laughter when Jacques returned to set the table to rights. There were other grave faces than his, then, and he was besieged once more with importunate inquiries: What did it mean? What had happened? He told them Verdun had fallen, and that troops were to be sent off at once; but he hurried with his work, and then gathered up all the table-knives, which were usually left in readiness for the next occasion, and carried them off with him. Almost immediately upon that came Delavacquerie, brief and peremptory, to say that the prison was to be visited by a commission, and that the prisoners must be in their own rooms. He took Marie away.

A commission might mean a deputation from the Assembly or the Commune to inquire into their cases, but evidently nothing favorable was to be expected from such a visit at a moment when the city was stirred to its foundations by bad news from the army, and the prisoners passed the next hour in a state of anxious uncertainty. After that, they were only too well aware of the nature of the visitation. At four o'clock there was an ominous trampling of many feet in the little quiet streets around the Abbaye; then a thundering at the gate and a clamor for admission that could be distinctly heard by those within. A little later, being reinforced by a murderous crew fresh from the slaughter of two hundred and fifty priests at the Carmelite prison, the besiegers of the Abbaye effected an entrance and set up their tribunal.

It would be too much to say of the trials that they were a mere formality, for form they had none. A few trivial questions were asked as to name and age; then, perhaps, where the accused had been on the 10th of August, or, in the case of a priest, if he were ready to take the oath to the Constitution, and that sufficed. Let him be conveyed to La Force!

To prevent possible struggles on the part of the condemned, the sentence of death was not actually pronounced, but the order was that the victim should be removed to some other prison. At the Abbaye, it was generally, "To La Force!" and at the prison of La Force, "To the Abbaye!" Then the door was opened and the doomed man was pushed out into a sea of pikes. In spite of precautions, however, the prisoners seem to have known the fate that awaited them: possibly they had heard, long before their turn came, the groans of the dying; in any case, the wretches who butchered them were constantly coming into the little vaulted room where the "court" sat, to see who was to be next, and they were all bespattered from the carnage and their weapons were bloody. It was easy to perceive then what going to La Force meant.

The prison register which lay open on the table before Maillard, at the Abbaye, is, or was a few years ago, still preserved in the Archives of the Prefecture of Police: a parchment-bound volume, stained and soiled within and without, the covers perhaps from lying among the wine bottles, for the judges grew thirsty and drank while they pronounced sentence. But once when the book was shown to a person who had been present at the massacres, some peculiar dark spots, of a certain regularity, upon its pages, were explained to be finger-marks: the men who had just dispatched one victim would come in and look over Maillard's shoulder to help select the next, and where they saw a name they knew would point to it, touching the page: And this one! And that one!

The narrow street of Sainte-Marguerite soon becoming encumbered with the bodies of the slain, the scene of the massacre was changed to a court, the entrance to which was not far from the prison door. There the men began to systematize their labors: the place was lighted with torches, for the slaughter went on all night; they had tables brought, on which bread and wine were placed, because they, like the "judges," required refreshment; they set up benches, too, for the spectators, the men on this side, the women on that, though it is but right to remember that the spectators were comparatively few in number. There was no general uprising of the people, no tumult in the city; except in the immediate vicinity of the prisons, all was still.

Perhaps the most astonishing feature of those wild days and nights is, that the actors in such a carnival of blood could show themselves human still from time to time; acquitting a prisoner occasionally, sometimes because even they could find no taint of royalism in him, or, it might be, as arbitrarily as they would have sent him to his death. Some word,

some generous trait, seems to touch their imagination, and the scene changes as if by magic. Shouts of "Long live the nation!" fill the air; the executioners, who a moment before were thirsting for the prisoner's blood, hail him with frantic rejoicing; intoxicated with their own clemency, they embrace him fraternally and pass him from arm to arm; they bear him in triumph through the streets, or they meet a carriage, and, turning out its occupants, place their charge in it, and so conduct him home, still to the cry of "Vive la nation!" There were instances where their sensibilities were so deeply touched that they asked, as a favor, to be allowed to witness the meeting between the rescued one and his friends, after which they went back to their "post" and to the "work," as they called it.

. . . . . .

The night was passed by Marie and her unfortunate companions in indescribable anguish. When morning dawned, the jailer came at last and told them that their friends were living. But to Marie that was like a mockery, unless she could see her father and convince herself with her own eyes that she had him still, and she was so moving in her entreaties that there was no denying her.

But what a meeting was that! She could not have said now "the joy of it." It was rather the agony of it, as they held each other in a long embrace. She was the first to rouse herself, and turned upon the wretched jailer, who, pale and trembling with all the horrors he had witnessed, stood jingling his keys and bidding her, "Come! Come!"

"Go you!" she cried. "I stay here." From that resolve nothing could move her, and even her poor father, who through the night had been trusting that she was safer where she was than she would have been with him, could not bring himself to give her up again so soon. But he solemnly adjured the jailer, when his name should be called, to think of her, to come and take her back among the women, and by all that he held sacred to protect that innocent head, at least.

As the jailer went away, Marie turned to her father's companions. "You will bear with me, gentlemen," she said, "though I come at an unaccustomed hour?"

It was not difficult to bear with her. To them she seemed even sweeter in her pallor and desolation, and speaking with that gentle dignity, than she had been in all her radiance of the day before. Her presence there, in the chamber of the dying, was like that of some blessed spirit. Only, as they watched her with her arms around her father's neck, he stroking back her hair and gazing long and earnestly into her beautiful eyes, as if to impress her image on his heart and take it with him to the unknown land, they thought how hard it would be for De Sombreuil to die while she held him so fast to life.

Marie hardly spoke. Her father, dwelling on the future which he trusted lay before her, longing to have the ordering of it, yet feeling with wretchedness how little he could do, would whisper to her now and then. She must remain in the prison until all was quiet. Her name ought not to be on the record; no one would think of her, and the jailer, he hoped, would care for her. Then, as soon as possible, she must leave the country; now that things were at this pass, he could not bear the thought of her staying longer without him. She might go to such a one of their friends, or to such another, and she must try to see her brothers. So he planned for her. Sad plans! all that she must do this and do that when — they two were parted.

"We shall not be parted!" was her only answer. And he would not distress her by insisting. It was hard enough for him to think that he must presently give her a last embrace and leave her to God's mercy.

The room was very still, for though the abbé seemed a prey to the spirit of

unrest, it was quite noiselessly that he wandered to and fro. Passing before Monsieur de Sombreuil and Marie, he would sometimes exchange a glance with them, a mute expression of sympathy. Once he said, "It is weary waiting!" and Marie was struck by the tired look in his face. The night had been one of ceaseless expectation; at any moment there might come the summons, and now he had reached the time when he longed to confront his fate, whatever it might be, — though indeed he knew that it must be the worst, — to go to meet it rather than wear his heart quite out in the misery of waiting. As he moved away, Marie followed him to the far corner of the room; and when he turned and saw her, the exclamation fell faintly from his lips, "Ah, child, child! perhaps but for me you would not be here!"

"I should have come, I must have come," she answered earnestly. "But if it were really and only through your assistance, I should thank you once more from my very heart. For now I shall never leave my father. I shall go with him where he goes, and shall plead for him, and beg and pray them to spare his life, — a woman can do that. Perhaps they will hear me. If not, I can die with him." She spoke with such simplicity, to her the sentiment she uttered was so natural, that she never guessed how it touched her listener, nor saw the tears that filled his eyes, but continued: "You have been very kind to me, and now there is one thing more; I came to ask it. Give me your blessing. It will help me."

She knelt. He was silent for a moment to collect himself, then spoke the solemn words, made the sign of the cross, and laid his hand gently on her head.

As she rose there was a look of perfect peace on her innocent face, and, with a sudden impulse, he took her hands to stay her.

"Give me *your* blessing, child!"

"Oh, may God bless you! May God bless and keep you!" she cried fervently.

"Amen," he said.

At that moment there was a sound of heavy steps along the passage; they paused at the door, and unaccustomed hands began to work at the bolts and locks. Some of the wretches from below had come themselves to summon their next victim. Within, the prisoners stood breathless until the door swung back, disclosing two or three grim figures, and an imperious voice called hoarsely, "Saint-Mart, priest!"

The weary waiting was over.

"Here," the abbé responded steadily. Marie was still close beside him, and he bent to kiss her with tender reverence; then gave his hand right and left as the others pressed around, turned at the door to wave a farewell with his old, pleasant smile upon his lips, and so was gone. But it may be that a pure heart's benediction was fulfilled upon him then and there, for he had the last blessing that this earth held for him, — his martyrdom was short.

Those whom he left behind knew that. It was but a little while before the steps were heard again; and now the call was for "Sombreuil."

He too was ready. When the fatal moment came, the sooner he tore himself away from his sweet child, the better. But on the threshold there was a loving struggle, and the father's voice cried in anguish, "Stay here, Marie! Stay! Let me go!"

But how could she let him go, when she meant that not even death should part them? And the men were on her side.

"Sombreuil, father and *daughter!*" they said with satisfaction, having found more than they expected.

His imploring explanations were of no avail. That remained to be seen. She must come before the court. They were by no means sure she would not prove to be their lawful prey.

So they all went down the narrow stairway, and into the vaulted, crypt-like

chamber where the bloody tribunal sat. Around a table were a dozen men, ghastly from long vigil, their hair and clothes in disarray: some of them wild looking, with bloodshot eyes, others stupid and indifferent, two fast asleep, — one with his head among the bottles on the table, the other sunk in his chair, his chin upon his breast. Maillard, mindful of his dignity as judge, was still alert, dealing out his death sentences like an irresponsible autocrat, his clenched hand on the jail-book, and a frown on his otherwise insignificant face. He turned to the gray-haired soldier and the fair young girl.

"Sombreuil and his daughter!" the men exclaimed, proud of their prize.

And then, for her sake, the unhappy father appealed to the "justice" of that hideous "court," stating her case, and entreating that she might be given a safe-conduct out of the prison, or else be pronounced free and left in the jailer's charge until she could get away. That was putting himself out of the question beforehand, but no one noticed it; the court was probably as sure that he was "guilty" as he was that he should be condemned. At all events, Maillard acceded to the request so far as to search the record; and when her name was not found there, he looked around on his associates. But so long as the slightest appearance of a form of justice was preserved the case seemed clear, and he directed that Marie should be taken back to her apartment.

The court ordered, however, and those obeyed who chose. Her safety was of no moment to the bystanders, and when she protested, they let her stay. But Monsieur de Sombreuil was, happily, unaware of that. Two men held him, and being unable to look about him, and hearing nothing of Marie, he believed that she was gone.

Meanwhile, his trial bade fair to be delayed for some little time because of a case just begun when he had been brought down, and which was now resumed. It was that of a tradesman of the quarter, accused of speaking ill of the nation. Some of his neighbors were testifying for him, and as this made the party for his condemnation only the more vehement, the discussion ran high.

Marie had withdrawn as far as possible from observation, biding her time; and as she witnessed the contest over the unfortunate man whose patriotism was called in question, she gained a little encouragement from discovering that the proceedings of the court were irregular in the extreme, that every one appeared to be at liberty to speak, and that interruptions were the rule rather than the exception; this allowed her to hope that she too might be heard when the moment came. She stood near the door that led to the street, but turned her eyes with shuddering from the men who wandered in and out, their sleeves rolled up to the shoulder and their arms blood-stained. One of them, a gaunt figure with a liberty cap on his head, merely held the door open and glanced around as if he were searching for some one; then, when he saw Marie, he entered, and went directly to her.

"Come out with me," he said. "I 'll take you away safely. You 've done no harm."

She gazed at him, bewildered for an instant, and then recoiled with horror. "You, *here!*"

It was Gridou.

Brute though he was, he felt her abhorrence, and must have had some dim perception that he deserved it; for he could not meet her eyes now as when first he flung his bitter taunts at her, but stood silent, rubbing the handle of his axe and looking down. Words had never come readily to him, or he might have said that he was there because of her; that when he knew they were slaughtering at the Abbaye, he had remembered her and thought to be of use to her once more. Still, his axe was red, and he could not have explained that;

he had not the gift to trace within himself the gradual awakening of the wild beast at sight of carnage, until he too had seized a weapon, and cried with the rest, "Kill! kill!" All he knew was that he had felt himself paying off old scores at every stroke. His wife was dead, his children were dead, and *these* had lived in splendor while *they* starved. They had lived long enough! But now, when the girl who had pitied him and his shrank from him, there arose in his fevered brain some half-formed idea, some recollection of her telling him that he did not care for other people's miseries. Yet he wished *her* well! He looked at her with something like a piteous expression, and when he spoke again it was almost timidly. "You can trust me. I will get you away. If I go out first and tell them you have done nothing, and then you cry, 'Long live the nation!' nobody will touch you."

His words suggested a sudden thought to Marie. To go first and speak to the men out there, to tell them that her father was innocent, — was not that what she ought to do? Was it not necessary to win his executioners in case she failed to persuade his judges?

"Yes, let me go! *I* must speak to them!" she cried; then saw her opportunity at that very instant, and darted, like a flash of light, in her white robe, past a man who was blundering in. He turned and struck at her with a club he carried, but the blow fell short; Gridou hurled him backwards into the room, and rushed after Marie, waving his cap on his axe and crying, "Vive la nation!"

Perhaps it was this that saved her, but no doubt it was also her own complete indifference to danger that gave her a free pass through it, her absolute fearlessness when the slaughterers swarmed around her, as well as Gridou's statement that she had done nothing and was not to be touched. Instead of killing her, they questioned, Who was she? Why was she there? She was required to explain her sudden appearance, unheralded; for it was the office of those who stood within to take possession of the victims, and to announce from the door the name and quality of each when he was launched out to death.

She answered them. And horrible though the grisly figures were, she shuddered at them no longer. Her one idea now was, if perhaps they were still human; if in spite of all they had hearts, and she could reach them. But they looked at her stonily and turned away. If they were not to kill her, they had no further interest in her. And what should they care for her father?

Still she followed them. She went into the court. There everywhere in the uneven pavement were pools of a dreadful red. She heeded nothing; it was as if she had seen it all before; corpses were lying here and there waiting to be carried away; she would not look. The dead, — God rest them! but her whole heart was with the living, with one who lived still, and should live yet! So she flitted about in that horrible place like a white dove, appealing to one after another. "Oh, if you have a daughter, think if you were *there*, and she here begging for your life!" — she pointed to the prison, and laid her little hand upon her breast. And to the next it was, "What would you feel to see an axe raised against *your* father's gray head?" But they neither thought nor felt any more! Or she told them he loved the nation as they did; she said he was no "aristocrat," and she had a right to say it, for he was not the haughty, heartless, grasping courtier that the word meant to them; he was not one to let loose a foreign army on his native land only to preserve his own power and place and wealth, as they believed. But they would not listen.

Suddenly she heard women's voices, and thought if there were women there, they would help her; they would plead, too. And just then one of them called

her. "Come here, my little demoiselle," she said amiably. "Come and stand up on this bench with us; you can see everything then; and we shall have a famous aristocrat presently, a marquis!"

"*Woman!*" burst from her lips when she could speak, "it is my father!"

"Lord! she 's an aristocrat herself!" they said. And what was she doing there, then? Had she been tried? Had she been acquitted?

"*I* know what she 's doing!" cried one of them indignantly. "She 's trying to get her father's release. *I* 've seen her going about among the men."

But Marie was already gone. Sick at heart, she went straight back now to the prison door, Gridou following her like a dog; indeed, he had done that all the while.

"It is no use," he said. "I would help you, but I 'm only one. Come away."

"Open the door!" was all her answer; and he did her bidding.

The other case had been decided, favorably as it seemed, for the tradesman had disappeared, and to see her father before his judges made Marie feel almost as if she were too late. What *he* felt, whether there was more of rapture or of horror in his cry as she entered, coming safe out of the very jaws of death, it would be hard to tell. She lay for a moment in his arms; but when a murmur rose, as if the court were growing impatient, she placed herself beside him, and said calmly, "I will not disturb you, messieurs."

The trial of Monsieur de Sombreuil was the longest that took place at the Abbaye. One can well imagine it, with the advocate he had. But for her it must have been very short. He could not deny the king; he could only say that all he had done had been his bounden duty as a soldier and a man of honor. That was a language his judges did not understand. But Marie knew no pride then, and everything that was not false was lawful to her. She could refute them and argue with them. And if, seeing themselves no match for her, they thought to cut the matter short, if the faces all around darkened, and Maillard seemed on the point of uttering the fatal sentence, she would stop it for yet a little longer by some sudden, passionate appeal. She would plead and pray. A woman could do that, and she made it her glory in such a cause.

Finally, however, Maillard exclaimed that it was not enough for her to assert her father's innocence; she must prove it. It was easy to declare that he was a Frenchman before all things, in spite of having two sons in the Prussian army, or that he loved the nation, though he had served Capet. "Proofs! Witnesses!" he cried, and looked at her triumphantly.

"My father has thirty-five witnesses to speak for him," she answered on the instant.

He gazed in wonder. "And where are they?"

"Here! all here! *The thirty-five wounds that he has received for his country.*"

There was a sudden silence through the room, a stillness as when one says an angel passes. Marie herself might have been the angel, as she stood with her arm extended towards her father, her eyes fixed on his blood-stained accusers. It was as if no one breathed, until Maillard, with visible emotion, rose and said, "Innocent or guilty, I believe it would be unworthy of the people to shed the blood of this old man."

The cause was won! But no! Those whose hearts she had touched at last might raise the saving cry of "Vive la nation!" which betokened an acquittal, but there was no answer from without. The men out there were not minded to lose the prey they had waited for so long, the "aristocrat," the "marquis." There was a deafening roar when he and Marie appeared. Those with them waved their caps and pikes, trying vainly to be heard; their voices were drowned in shouts of

"Take the girl away!" "Strike him down!" "Traitor!" "Aristocrat!" "Take her away!"

Rude hands seized her. Her father himself was striving to put her from him, lest his murderers should lose patience and she be harmed; but she clung with a strength that no one could have suspected in that slight frame, and together they were pushed and dragged into the court, while ever and anon her voice, shrill with agony, rose above the tumult: "Have pity! My father! Spare him!" Or again, "Kill me too, then! Kill me too!" And she covered him so with her body that it seemed indeed as if they must have killed her too had they struck him. How long the unequal contest lasted it is impossible to say, but doubtless it was an eternity of anguish for that faithful heart. Her voice grew fainter, though it could still be heard answering the cries with which the men urged each other on. "He is no aristocrat! He loves his country! We are not aristocrats!"

In a chance lull which followed upon those words, a man pushed his way to her, stooped down, and dipped a cup in a pool on the pavement. "If you are not aristocrats, drink that! Drink it to the nation, and your father will be saved!"

Then took place one of those changes to which a furious crowd is subject. The clamor died away as if by magic, only that here and there a taunting voice was heard: "Yes, drink it!" "If you are not an aristocrat, it will taste good to you! It 's aristocrats' blood!"

It was the culmination of the horrors she had passed through; if nature had shrunk back then, they would have been all in vain. Her love was stronger than nature. The will, at least, was there. She raised the cup, but in that instant she saw lying at her feet a darkly clad body, the arm thrown up — a delicate, small hand — a pool of blood. The cup shook, some of that terrible wine splashed up on her pure lip, and it was enough. The man beside her raised the cry, "She drinks!" and the air was rent by a mighty shout, — "She drinks! She drinks! And long live the nation!"

Her work was done. She had saved her father.

Strong arms bore them apart, Marie resistless now. They were carried in triumph. The very men who a moment before had howled "Kill him!" adopted the "aristocrat" for their own, in a passion of fraternity. Some of them mounted a carriage with him and rolled through the astonished streets, brandishing their pikes with joy, and calling wildly to the passers that it was "an old man who loved his country, and a daughter of the nation."

Marie was tenderly supported by her father, but she could not yet feel her happiness nor rejoice. The lips that had been so eloquent were mute, her eyes gazing straight before her, with an expression of mental suffering terrible to see on a young face; but she was strong still to endure, and the way was short. They were going to the humble shelter which she had chosen for herself.

As the carriage stopped, she was lifted down, and a voice said, "You gave me wine. I gave you blood. It was to save your father."

And then, like the phantasmagoria of an awful dream, the crowd swept away, they were gone, and in the blessed stillness those two turned to each other: he, with a heart-bursting sob, to clasp her in his arms, — his child, his gentle daughter who had dared so much for him!

Grace Howard Peirce.

NOTE. For those who may be unacquainted with the facts, there will possibly be some interest in a few details with regard to the after-life of Mademoiselle de Sombreuil. She had saved her father but for a time; eighteen months later, he, with the younger of his two sons, died on the scaffold. She was imprisoned with them, but escaped their fate. In the following year she lost her remaining brother, Charles de Sombreuil, who, after distinguishing himself in the Prussian army, went to England, and was put in charge of an expedition which

landed at Quiberon, on the west coast of France. The enterprise failed, and he, taken prisoner by General Hoche, was carried to Vannes and condemned to be shot. In order to arrange his affairs, he asked permission to go back on board the English ship which had brought him, and three days were granted him for that purpose. He returned at the time appointed for his execution, himself gave the order to fire, and fell lamented by those who took his life. After the 9th Thermidor, Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, released from prison, left the country, and married an *émigré*, the Count de Villelume. Her father had been governor of the Invalides in Paris, and her husband, under the Restoration, held the same office at Avignon, where she died in 1823. Her heart was placed in the military chapel there, and on the suppression of that branch of the Invalides was deposited in the church in Paris, — "the heart," as one historian says, "that beat so bravely in those terrible September days."

THE BASIS OF OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

Our present system of education is founded upon the study of the classics. It is an inheritance from the past, when a man of learning meant a man who was at home with the literature of Greece and Rome. Now the knowledge of the world has increased so much, and the openings for an educated man are so much more numerous than they were, that the number of subjects with which a well-informed man must be acquainted has grown proportionately. In response to this demand, the old courses of study have been added to and added to, while the foundation has remained the same. The classics still stand in their old position, while a mass of science and other new branches of study has been piled in on top. The natural result of this has been to increase the age at which pupils are ready to enter college, and thus the age at which young professional men can start as lawyers and doctors. Men who felt that a working people like us could not afford to spend our lives until twenty-eight or thirty in mere preparation for work began an agitation against the classics, because they are farthest away from our daily lives, and to a casual observer seem of little use, even when he is willing to acknowledge their ornamental value. But in attacking the very basis of a whole system it becomes necessary to go deeper into the question than it would be necessary to go if the attack were made upon a mere accessory to it. The question is not the surface one, "Had we better drop the study of Latin and Greek?" but is this, "Is our present system of education, which is from historical reasons classical, suited to present needs?" It is impossible to answer this question without first finding out what sort of an individual is most to be desired as the product of our system here and now in America.

The absence of artificial class distinctions in America makes each man anxious to become influential, and to win for himself the consideration and respect of the community in which he lives, as these, under democratic conditions, are not secured to him by right of inheritance. The first necessity for an educated man is, therefore, that he should be able to win this respect and influence most easily. The ability to reason clearly and go at once to the root of a matter, and to see its proper relations to other matters, is the most important factor in gaining a commanding position among one's fellows, in whatever calling one may choose. Combined with this there must be in the mind a large amount of substantive knowledge, to furnish material which the reasoning power can use in making comparisons, and which will provide firm ground for arguments and conclusions

to rest upon. This mental power and substantive knowledge will prevent a narrow judgment, which from its very narrowness is likely to be unsound. Just as the man who has had a wide experience of men and things can, from his broader horizon, see more truly the bearing of a question on all sides, and ceases to be provincial, so the educated man, with mental power and knowledge, widens his experience and horizon, and sees more truly the due proportions of things.

Yet a nation composed only of hard thinkers, whose minds were filled with facts, would be anything but agreeable or desirable if they did not also possess cultivation. By this much-abused term I mean an elusive something which is easily recognized when present in any given individual, and missed at once when absent, yet a thing which it is almost impossible to define. It may be characterized as sympathy and appreciation for all forms of human thought, whether expressed in literature or art or human endeavor, just as philanthropy is sympathy and appreciation for all forms of human suffering and human action. It means a training of tastes and feelings, so that what is great in thought, whether expressed in painting or literature or music, may be readily understood and enjoyed. It means sympathy with the beautiful as presented to the eye or ear. But more than all, it means an interest in the intellectual and spiritual side of things as opposed to the purely practical. It does not mean a specific attainment in any one or more branches of human knowledge. A man may be unfamiliar with the details of this or that branch of science or art; he may be neither a musician nor a painter, and yet be a cultivated man. But if he fail to appreciate this or that branch of thought, or fail to see what the world gains from painting and music when their fruits are brought to his notice, he can in no sense claim to be a cultivated man. A powerful factor in this sympathy is a vivid imagination. A poem, a picture, and a symphony become but so many strokes of the pen, the brush, and the bow to one whose imagination is untrained. To such an one the critical notes in Percy's Reliques are far more interesting than the ballad of Chevy Chace itself, the mechanism of a piano than a Chopin nocturne, the price of a Corot than its coloring.

As this cultivation is of no direct pecuniary value except to the relatively small number of individuals whose pursuits in life are connected with art or literature, and is of enormous value in increasing the sum of human enjoyment and happiness, it is a corrective, indeed almost a necessary one, to a sordid and utilitarian view of life. It must be accompanied by the two first-mentioned results of education, mental power and knowledge, if we would not have it degenerate into dilettanteism or an æsthetic craze. Thus accompanied and limited by reason and knowledge, no one can deny that it is a fitting object to be attained by education, particularly in a country like ours, of busy, practical people. Any system of education which is to be certified to by the degree of Bachelor of Arts should, from its beginning to its end, tend to train the imagination and the taste by bringing each mind in contact with the great achievements of literature and art.

The ideal result of our system should be a clear-thinking man of affairs, with a mind well stored with useful knowledge, but at the same time trained to appreciate the beautiful and æsthetic side of life. In order to approach this ideal, we must train the mind for clear thinking, the memory for retaining knowledge, and the imagination for æsthetic enjoyment. If the first object be neglected, we have a Bunthorne and his silly crew. If it receive undue attention at the expense of the others, we have the unpoetic, unlovely Gradgrind. If knowledge be made too prominent, we have the Anti-

quary with his useless lore. The main danger to be avoided in the present age, which is distinctly one of material prosperity, and hence of mercenary ideals and standards, is the disregard of cultivation. For this is opposed to such standards, although entirely in sympathy with practical effort, provided it be not made the end and aim of all things. Indeed, it is dependent upon material prosperity for its existence and its beneficent results. Another danger which seems to threaten our system at present is the failure to train the memory. This seems strange in an era of scientific investigation and exactness, but good memories are becoming rarer and rarer among us. Observation and reasoning have crowded out the memory, either because teachers do not train it, in their hurry to make the pupil show an increase of reasoning power, or because a natural disgust at the useless facts which children were formerly obliged to commit to memory without understanding them has made teachers abandon all such work without substituting anything else. There are facts, and also quantities of prose and poetry, which it is good to know. Let children learn these by heart, so that they may not lose the one advantage which came from learning by rote all the rules and exceptions of Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar, or lists of all the rivers and capes of North America. The facts so acquired were practically useless, but the process trained good memories. Having some idea now of the ideal for which we must strive, let us look at our present system to see how well suited it is to produce this ideal under changed modern conditions.

It is perfectly true that the demands made upon the mind of a man increase every year. Knowledge and appreciation of literature and art are no longer enough to stamp an educated man. He must be scientific. He must be familiar with magnetism as well as mythology, with evolution as well as elegiacs, with geology as well as genesis. He must add psychology to his philosophy, realism to his literature, and impressionism to his art. If then we are overburdened, we must modify the old to meet the new. If the old idea of the educational value of the classics is wrong, and the same or better results can be obtained from the study only of modern languages and science; if the study of such subjects will produce a man of keen perception, accurate knowledge, and broad culture, let us face the question squarely, by all means; let us take out the classics from our system, and spend our time in teaching only those subjects which are up to date, and which possess an additional value in that they can be used directly to bring pecuniary return. But we must see what the study of the classics does for the mind, and also what other subjects, if any, can be substituted for them.

The fact that the study of the classics contributes to the cultivation of the student, even if the study is pursued only a short distance, needs no arguments to support it. Every educated person knows what all literature owes to the works which have come down to us from Greece and Rome. Every person also knows that the merest superficial study of the classics brings one into an atmosphere of art such as treatises on art must labor long to produce. But English literature rightly studied, masterly translations of the classic authors thoughtfully read, can do all this for the student in a better, quicker, and more interesting way than the classics can. For these effects alone upon the mind, we cannot afford to keep the classics as the basis of our system.

In addition to this, the classics train the memory, because new words and new facts must be constantly remembered, and these words and facts are useful. The vehicles of thought are words, and an increase in vocabulary increases the understanding and the power to make

others understand. The nomenclature of the sciences is drawn almost exclusively from Greek and Latin. As human development goes on, new words are needed to express new conceptions, and these new words come from the old languages. The civilizations of Greece and Rome have influenced the growth of all the ages since they flourished, and the more one knows about them from the original sources, the better one is equipped to understand his own civilization. So for the attainment of substantive knowledge the study of the classics is again valuable. But even for these two objects of education, cultivation and knowledge, the value of classical study is not enough to require that it be retained; it must be shown that it contributes also to the gain of mental power. This gain is in the direction of philosophical reasoning, and deserves careful consideration.

Mathematics is a study which is acknowledged by all to train the reasoning powers. Geometry in its purest form is nothing but exact reasoning. If a certain fact A is true, and another fact B is true, then that a third fact C must be true is the essence of geometry. Algebraic reasoning carries this process of analysis further, and gives a different and higher kind of mental power and a greater abstraction. The reasoning is as logical as that of geometry, but the whole process is more complicated. In order to see this difference it is necessary to solve a problem by algebra. Take, for example, one which always terrifies the pupil, and may be remembered by the reader as a bugbear in his youth: —

What is the price of eggs a dozen, when two more in a shilling's worth lower the price a penny a dozen?

Here is implied, but not expressed directly in words, a comparison between the cost of eggs under two conditions. The price of one dozen eggs under the first conditions equals the price under the new conditions plus $\frac{1}{12}$ of a shilling. One egg will cost a fraction of a shilling, found by dividing one shilling by the number which can be bought. If we represent the number which can be bought by x, the price of one egg is $\frac{1}{x}$, and one dozen would cost $\frac{12}{x}$. The price of a dozen eggs in the second case is $\frac{12}{x+2}$, as the number in this case is two more. Our statement was, The old price of a dozen eggs = new price of a dozen + $\frac{1}{12}$. If these words are replaced by their equivalents in algebraic symbols which we have obtained above, we reach this algebraic equation: $\frac{12}{x} = \frac{12}{x+2} + \frac{1}{12}$. This equation can be solved by ordinary algebraic methods which need not concern us, and the problem is finished.

A moment's careful study of this bit of analysis will show how different it is from the reasoning of pure geometry. The geometrician reasons from a form which he sees, and about which he knows certain facts, to other new conclusions or facts. In applying algebraic reasoning to the problem above, facts which were expressed in words have been examined, separated, and from them new facts have been deduced, which were only implied. Then these facts have been stated in their due relation in a new language, of which the nouns are x's and y's, and the verbs = and +. Instead of reasoning with observed facts, as in geometry, thoughts expressed in words have been analyzed and reasoned about and put together again in a new medium. This process is one of analysis and synthesis of thought, and the pupil finds the problem difficult because of this very thing.

Another difficulty for the pupil is that it requires a power of abstraction, because he is carrying on a process of thought with an unknown quantity, x, instead of a concrete number. The process of thought required to find the cost of an egg if ten cost one shilling is very much simpler than that required to find the cost of one if x cost a shilling. In the latter case it is necessary to

think with a quantity which is incompletely grasped. Certain relations which it bears to other quantities are known, while other relations are vague and unknown. It is necessary to hold in the mind and deal with a concept sharply defined on certain sides, but indistinct on others until more of its limitations are determined. No picture or image of it can be formed until the limitations all become distinct. The whole operation is analogous to that required in reading and comprehending a written or printed sentence which contains a qualifying clause. The sentence "The lane is long" presents to the mind at once a picture which is clear and distinct so far as is required to grasp the meaning; but in the proverb "It is a long lane which has no turning," when the eye has reached the end of the first statement no clear concept is possible. The mind must retain and think of a vague, long lane, until the concept is made clearer and sharper by the last clause. But even then, as in the problem, the meaning of it must be sought by further thought. The concept of a long lane without a turning must be followed by the idea of the impossibility of this in actual existence, and the obvious application of this figurative statement to the affairs of real life, that "no set of circumstances can exist long without a change."

Analysis and synthesis of ideas are the essence of all thinking, and the power to do these clearly is as necessary to the man of affairs as to the philosopher. Education, in order to fulfill its object, must furnish as much practice in the process as possible. Just as the translation of ideas expressed in words into algebraic symbols, in the solution of problems, furnishes this practice, so the translation of ideas expressed in a foreign language into English will furnish the same practice. Such a translation, if it be accurate, requires the same analysis to get the meaning of the foreign tongue, the same synthesis to express that meaning anew in English, while the abstraction required is much greater than that used in solving algebraic problems. As the field of human thought is practically unlimited, there is no limit to the amount of practice which can be given by translation, in this analysis and synthesis of thought.

In a very simple Latin sentence, it is easy to see how complicated and exhaustive an analysis must be made to read it intelligently. "Ad hæc Cæsar respondit se, id quod in Nerviis fecisset, facturum." (De Bello Gallico, Book II. Chap. 32.) *Ad hæc*, to these things, some things previously mentioned and known to the reader; but as he does not know what relation they bear to the rest, he cannot form any clear picture yet. *Cæsar respondit*, Cæsar answered. Now the idea is carried further. The reader knows that Cæsar answered to these previous remarks; but what? *Se*, himself, probably did or would do something, but the idea is still incomplete. *Id quod*, the thing which; *in Nerviis*, among the Nervii; *fecisset*, he had done. Obviously, what he had done among the Nervii. The reader still has nothing to connect the *se* with. *Facturum*, to be about to do. So far as analyzed, the ideas are as follows: To these things Cæsar replied himself what among the Nervii he had done to be about to do. Now the meaning is understood, and only needs to be expressed in English: Cæsar replied to these things that he would do what he had done in the case of the Nervii.

It will be clear to any one who compares the processes of thought required for this translation and for the algebraic problem that the two are essentially the same, except that the translation demands more abstract and more difficult reasoning than the problem. The exact translation of an idea from one language to another requires this kind of thinking. Even the attempt to express a thought which is given in one form of words, in a new form of words which

are not synonyms of the first, needs it. The study of French or German gives training in this important mental power, but the thoughts and the form in which they are presented are so near to English that the process is easier, and the gain is proportionately less, than in studying the classics. Our problem would have been easier if it had been stated more nearly in the form of the equation ultimately obtained, and the solution of it would have been a less useful mental exercise. In Greek and Latin the ideas are so different in themselves, and are presented in such a different form, that the analysis is extremely difficult, and the mind profits in proportion.

If, as all science teachers contend, laboratory work is indispensable for teaching science; if, beside being told a fact, the pupil must see it for himself in order to remember it, — if it is necessary for a student to make himself master of the truths of science, which are only a part of his mental equipment, how much more essential is laboratory work in language, which is a tool he can never lay aside! As the student of science must begin by experimenting with the simplest phenomena in order to clear away, even at the expense of much time and trouble, unnecessary complications which would only confuse him, and perhaps vitiate his results, so should the student of language begin with such languages as belong to an early civilization and therefore use words more simply and directly, even if the work be troublesome and tedious. Every modern language has a loose and inaccurate style which complicates and obscures the thought, whereas both Greek and Latin are periodic. The thought in a sentence, or even in a whole paragraph or chapter, is carried consistently through with balanced contrasts, and sharp contrasting words are put here and there like guideposts to mark its way. The investigations of students in a laboratory are required, because they bring a familiarity with the phenomena of nature which can come only through personal contact. To the knowledge of a scientist trained in this way we bow as Silas Wegg did to the doctor, "as to a gentleman whose acquaintance with his inside he begged respectfully to acknowledge." So the world has bowed for centuries to those who, having obtained their knowledge of the use of language in the laboratory of Demosthenes and Cicero, have written their thoughts in forms to last forever. We surely cannot run the risk of training a set of men whose power of expressing thought, or even of thinking, is limited by an ignorance of language only to be compared with the ignorance of textbook students of science, who know about language, as they would about science, only what they have been told as lore, but have never seen. As the student of physics and chemistry must begin by studying the phenomena of air and gravity, since these will affect all the other phenomena which he observes, because he must experiment on the earth and in the air, so every educated man should study those languages which have had the greatest influence on the words and forms which he must use for every thought which he thinks or utters while he lives. These languages are Greek and Latin, and a man can no more get away from their effect than he can eliminate gravity or the air.

A further advantage to be gained from classical study in the direction of increased mental power comes from the practice involved in grasping word meanings which are vague and abstract. The quantities with which any mathematical or scientific study deals are exact and limited. The x of our problem, although unknown, and therefore abstract, is yet absolutely definite and exact, because it represents a number. Every word, however, which we use to denote an abstraction, whether noun or verb, does not stand for any exact quantity, but for a vague concept or group of concepts, de-

pendent upon each individual's personal experience and knowledge. Even names of concrete things have around them this same vague penumbra of connotations dependent upon experience and knowledge. The word *miles* in Latin is commonly translated by the word *soldier*, but we cannot say *miles* = *soldier*. To us to-day in America the word *soldier* suggests a blue-uniformed man who loafs in barracks or guards United States property. To an Englishman it suggests a red-coated individual with a fondness for nursemaids and an unlimited devotion to the "widdy," as he facetiously calls her Majesty the Queen. In England and America he may belong to either infantry or cavalry. But to Cæsar the word *miles* meant a man in leather shirt and short leather breeches, with a metal breastplate and helmet, armed with a spear and shield, and belonging to the infantry. The only thing in common between these concepts is that each designates a man fighter trained to obey orders and paid for his services. Our equation, in order to be true, must be amended somewhat as follows: we must subtract from *miles* all its distinguishing characteristics represented by x, and from *soldier* everything which makes it a vivid picture to the mind. Remembering that these outlines are different from the distinguishing marks of *miles*, and that they vary for each individual who hears the word, we can represent them by y, and we have *miles* $- x =$ paid trained fighter $=$ *soldier* $- y$. In an abstract quality the concepts are more vague even than this. The Latin word *virtus*, for example, expressed to the Roman originally qualities belonging to *vir*, a man. To a people whose chief occupation and interest was conquest, the most important manly quality was bravery, so that *virtus* was gradually limited to this main idea. In the course of centuries this quality has faded in importance, and we now use this same word, as our English *virtue*, to indicate the more abstract idea of moral goodness; and to him who uses it and to him who hears it, its meaning varies with his own opinion of moral qualities. It has grown more and more abstract, and wandered so far from its original meaning that it implies womanly rather than manly qualities.

All thinking must be done largely with words, and the concept behind each word varies, as we have seen, with each individual's experience. It is impossible to translate from Latin and Greek into English without reasoning constantly with the vague symbols called words, and without weighing their meanings. This practice leads to a careful and accurate use of words, as it increases the knowledge and experience from which we form our concepts, which will make a man reason carefully and express his reasoning clearly about any subject, whether he is thinking out a problem in medicine or law, science or theology, commerce or finance, art or philosophy. No mind can be equipped to do so which has not had some training of this kind. The more careful and prolonged the training has been, the better equipped the mind will be.

The reading of any foreign tongue can give much practice in this necessary use of the mind, and the study of the classics has done so for centuries. Other branches of study could give it, but unfortunately they are not fitted for use in early education. Philosophy is one of these, and is perhaps the best; but a boy of fifteen can hardly grasp the ideas of Epicurus or of the Stoics, although his virtues are those of both schools. Dogmatic theology is another; but free will and infant baptism could hardly interest us in our teens. Strangely enough, these two subjects have taken the place of linguistics at two periods in history when, from the force of circumstances, a people were excluded from the study of any other language than their own.

The Greeks and Romans were naturally cut off from any language but their own, although the Romans did study

Greek as a polite accomplishment. In the place of the study of any ancient language, we find that both nations studied, talked, and discussed philosophy, and made it the basis of their education. In the early days of New England our fathers landed in a wilderness, shut off almost entirely from the classical education to be had in the mother country, except in the largest towns. Most of them were from a middle class more noted for its sturdy honesty than for its learning, and they had very few books. Yet these same people brought forth a progeny with brilliant minds, who were ready in debate and all forms of intellectual activity, and have left in our literature a sufficient monument to their power of mind and grasp of intellect. Where did they get this power of mind when cut off from the study of languages and literature? Turn back to any record of their life and times, and we find an answer to this question. Dogmatic theology was the one intellectual topic of absorbing interest. They listened to sermons, dry if you will, but full of intellectual nuts to crack. They constantly talked them over and analyzed the thoughts contained in them, and approved or disapproved of the views of him whom "they sat under." They split hairs in Biblical interpretation. They were narrow with a narrowness which meant firm conviction after hard thought, by which their minds were trained to the point of being able to form a new and great nation.

If the classics can give that training in analysis and synthesis of thought which contributes so strongly to the first of the objects of education, namely, increase of mental power; if they can give this training to a greater degree than the study of modern languages; and if besides there is a substantial gain in cultivation and knowledge, then the classics should be retained as a satisfactory basis of our system of study, unless some other branch of study can contribute as largely to all three objects of education, and is at the same time suitable for the instruction of the young; but such a branch of study, I think, cannot be found.

If we cannot afford to sacrifice the classics, and we must add the newer branches of human thought, we are indeed very badly off. The bulk of our cargo is too great, and yet we cannot throw any of it away. The true solution of this difficulty must come, however, in improved methods of teaching the classics, which will bring out more forcibly their value for training the reasoning powers, and will save time by discarding much useless lore that was formerly taught.

The old methods of classical teaching were bad, because they did not serve to the best advantage the acquisition of mental power. With the Latin or Greek grammar in our hands, the meaning of an author was extracted from a sentence, not by what he wrote and must mean, but by what, from the English point of view, he ought to mean. In English, the subject of the sentence generally comes first, then the verb, and then the object; so the pupil was told to pick them out in that order from his Latin or Greek sentence, to put them together, and then to fill in the distorted skeleton with such other words as happened to be in the sentence, in accordance with the glimmering of an English idea which had been got from this skeleton. To seek the real meaning of the author by this method is as absurd as it would be for a physician to say, "This patient is flushed; he probably has scarlet fever," and then to force all other symptoms to fit this preconceived idea, instead of reading the symptoms to determine the disease. Only so often as the student happened to get the real meaning of a sentence by this method, or was told what that meaning was, did he gain in mental power, while he spent a great deal of time in study which was practically wasted for training the mind. There was, however, a great gain in knowledge and cultivation. Every pupil learned his translation so well that

he was very familiar with the subject matter of his author, and could quote from him with a freedom which the modern methods of teaching have as yet been unable to induce. He never learned to read Latin or Greek except by such long study that, in spite of a bad method, he absorbed a feeling of the language, and really did follow the thought.

Now, the misused term "reading at sight" should mark a change for the better in methods of study, but the habits inculcated in many schools are even more objectionable than those of the old system. Many teachers, in entire misunderstanding of the term, have abandoned the old methods of study, and, cutting loose from all study of grammar, urge the pupil to guess at the meaning of words and sentences, without any accurate knowledge of the forms and inflections of the language. Instead of following the thought as it is written, he learns to get a general drift of the passage, and then to express it in any way which comes into his head. Such a training as this not only does not teach the pupil to transfer a thought from one language to another, and so gain mental power, but does not make him familiar with the subject matter and the literature, since the object seems to be to bring as much new material under his eyes as possible. This method is even more absurd than the other, as here the physician says, "The patient is flushed; he must have scarlet fever," and does not look for any other symptoms. Time is wasted here by the necessity of reading an immense amount in order that the pupil may guess with some degree of accuracy by guessing frequently about the same kind of words and constructions.

Real "reading at sight" requires a knowledge of the meanings of words; and by this I mean a concept in the pupil's mind of each word which approaches as nearly as possible to that held by the author in using it. There must be also an absolutely accurate knowledge of the inflections of the language, not in a paradigm necessarily, but so that each one will be recognized at a glance in reading. This accurate knowledge can be retained most easily by association with the jingle of sound, so it is best to learn the forms by rote in a paradigm. But the use of them is to indicate the ideas of the sentence, and they will occur singly on the printed page, and not in a paradigm; so that parrot-like repetition of them is not enough. The point to be insisted upon is that the inflected ending is as important, in considering the meaning of a word, as the mental picture suggested by its stem. Besides this, there must be familiarity with syntax, because constructions express the thought. This familiarity can be obtained only by reading. Each construction, as it occurs, must be explained as a way to express some idea, not as belonging to a scientific classification made by a grammarian. In every sentence the student must be taught to follow the thought, to obtain the meaning from what the author wrote. He must be made to analyze it as he would the broken English of a foreigner who is trying to convey an idea. As soon as the meaning has been thus obtained, he must express it in correct forms of his own language. This process of analysis can be effected only by following the order of the words, because otherwise the student will be constantly led astray by his own English ideas; just as, when traveling a strange road, a person is almost sure to get lost if he attempts a detour, instead of following the road before him. His constant attitude must be, "What does my author mean?" The teacher's question in elementary work must be, "Your author here uses a subjunctive; what does he mean to express?" He should never ask, as a grammarian would, "To which arbitrary rule and classification does this subjunctive belong?" This classification is important and necessary to teacher and professor, but neither

essential nor desirable for the person whose only aim is to read the language, in order, by transferring a thought from another language to his own, to exercise his brain and gain mental power in the process, and not to criticise and compare, as in the science of language. To attempt to make a pupil classify Greek and Latin syntax early in his study is as difficult as to teach a child the exact position of the elephant among mammalia the first time he sees the animal, and is engaged in photographing a new image on his brain. After he has added enough specimens to his mental menagerie, it will be his own wish to classify and arrange them, and time so spent will not be wasted. In the same way, systematic study of syntax will be advantageous for advanced students of the classics.

If he is taught in the way I have here outlined, the pupil will learn to read and express accurately in English the thought of his author. He will save the time which was spent over the syntax and the science of grammar under the old system of instruction. He will not lose the cultivation which was obtained under the old system, because if he can really read his Latin and Greek, he will do so for the literature; and when in college a student reads the poetry of Horace or the plays of Sophocles, his cultivated instructor can lead him to see their beauty and pathos, instead of being obliged to teach him to read them or to dwell upon syntax. He will be gaining constantly in thinking power with every sentence he reads. If, as seems right, the classics should be retained as a basis of our ideal system of education, we must teach with the definite object of training the mind in transferring Latin and Greek ideas into English, and not, as in the past, waste time in teaching linguistic science, which for mental training is no better than the study of other branches of science, without the advantage that these others possess of being useful and practical. We cannot afford to change our basis, but should so modify methods of teaching that it will not absorb the time needed for other essential topics of study, and will most surely produce a well-informed, clear-thinking, cultivated man.

James Jay Greenough.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I.

THE term *fin de siècle* has come to be one of unmitigated reproach. Whatsoever things are weary, whatsoever things are corrupt, whatsoever things are (or used to be) unmentionable in polite society, are all opprobriously grouped under these three hard-working words. With but four more New Year's Days in the nineteenth century for robust resolutions, four happy new years for a decadent keeping of the same, the anxious question rises whether the hour that begins a hundred new years will mark a stage of progress or only an imaginary line. Will the decadents stop decaying, and the symbolists devise a healthier code of signals demanded by a healthier art? Will there be all sorts of dewy beginnings in literature, and will Paris, ever equal to the occasion, produce some matutinal phrase that shall drive out this hateful vesper term of ennui and disease?

Whatever the event, men may be sure that when the glass has been turned, the scythe whetted, and the joy-bells rung, they will still find time for many backward glances at the hundred years

behind them. And they will note the fact that although prose romance in English died with Scott long before the sand was half run out, it was born again, but in less vigor, with Stevenson, another man of his race, while the century-glass yet lacked twenty years of turning. It will be recorded that while the historian of Wessex celebrated the three Fates until people shuddered to see the thread both spun and cut, and a strong young Occidental in the East took pains to show that men's motives are not always better than those which stir the jungle, this northern teller of tales, who shared his empire with them, took upon himself the different and truly romantic task of giving the world pleasure unmixed with pain. And it will likewise be observed, I think, with the wisdom which, I seem to hear the reader say, sits so easily upon critics, whether for prophecy or for retrospect, that Stevenson not only quickened an admirable art, but also founded a school of more and less unsuccessful imitators of himself.

Judgment of Mr. Stevenson in his varied activity must be left to *aube de siècle* judges. He will take the place proper to him without our help; it may be, without theirs. Of obituary lament there has been already enough and to spare; but the moment admits, perhaps, now that the multitude who mourn him have recovered somewhat from the sorrow and confusion brought by his death to all who care for letters, a brief lingering over a few of those qualities which one reader, at least, has found most salient. That Stevenson was gay and resolute enough to found a school of romance in the midst of opposing tendencies is, of course, the chief quality of all. He loves the past for the courageous picture of it which survives. He blows his wild war-note, unfurls his banner to the breeze of long ago, and goes forth always to the motto, "*Esperance* and set on." This watchword, indeed, might be set above essay as well as story, travels and verse as well as essay, for in almost all the extraordinary variety of his writing Robert Louis Stevenson is the consistent preacher of courage and cheer. The writer's own brave and most pathetic life was, as the world knows, a consistent practicing of what he preached. In most of his published words, optimism is at the height of the Selkirk grace, or of Happy Thought in A Child's Garden of Verses: —

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I 'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

And never, even in A Christmas Sermon or Pulvis et Umbra, does he decline farther into the vale of pessimism than the stage once dubbed meliorism by a great novelist whom he did not love. It is indubitably a help to this philosophy that arrival and success are not among its dreams. The beckoning road and the roadside inn are ever better with Stevenson than the end of the passage. Pleasure lies in running, not in reaching the goal; and hunger is an infinitely sweeter thing than satiety. "A man's reach" — I have wondered that he nowhere quotes a line with which he everywhere agrees — "a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what 's a heaven for?"

II.

Next in importance, perhaps, to the cardinal trait of Mr. Stevenson's career, that he was a romantic in an age of realism, come the facts that he was a Scotchman, born within the frown of Edinburgh Castle, and that his father and grandfather were engineers to the Board of Northern Lights. This sounds like a business connection with the Aurora Borealis, but it means merely that the lives of the Stevensons had the relish both of salvation and of adventure, because they were the builders of Skerryvore, the Bell Rock, and other great sea-lights along the northern coast of Britain. Much of the best writing of the author

of David Balfour — can any one forget the dedication of that book? — thrills and tingles with the feeling of race and native land. I have in mind at this moment The Foreigner at Home, a page or two of The Silverado Squatters, and portions of the paper entitled The Manse, ending with the triumphant picture of ascent from the writer, through engineers, Picts, and what-not clans and tribes, to Probably Arboreal chattering in the top of the family tree. Less often, yet again and again, both in verse and in prose, does Stevenson dwell proudly upon the exploits and the hardy lives of his forbears, and mourn the degeneracy in bodily frame and strength of their hearth-keeping descendant. His whole feeling about all this is in some enchanting lines written at Bournemouth, in a house named after the chief memorial of his family: —

"Say not of me that weakly I declined
The labours of my sires, and fled the sea,
The towers we founded and the lamps we lit,
To play at home with paper like a child.
But rather say: *In the afternoon of time*
A strenuous family dusted from its hands
The sand of granite, and beholding far
Along the sounding coast its pyramids
And tall memorials catch the dying sun,
Smiled well content, and to this childish task
Around the fire addressed its evening hours."

It never occurred to him that he was the brightest of all the lamps they lit, but many men, even of the not inhuman, would be content to see Skerryvore itself quenched in the ocean, if by that extinction the light might shine again on Pala mountain.

Country, then, and race — this latter in the specific sense of family, for Scotia is a land of more than one race, of two languages and many dialects — count to a degree that can scarcely be exaggerated in this talent which had its training within view of Arthur's Seat; in the rainy and red-lighted streets of Edinburgh, where "2d coloured" was always to be had without the siller; and in the rough but bracing school of her ancient democratic university. Of dialect, to be sure, Stevenson is quite free, save when he uses it for his pleasure. Sir Walter, as may be seen with added clearness, now that his noble journal has been issued without Lockhart's revision, was as often hindered as helped by certain auxiliaries which to this day trouble dear Mrs. Oliphant, and have once again proved their rebellious power against the brither Scots who have been commemorating poor Stevenson in print. But Stevenson's own pages, with the exception of a single *would* which I seem to remember in Prince Otto, but dare say I am mistaken about, and perhaps a *will* out of place here and there, together with one or two other slight offenses in his earlier writings, — Stevenson's own *belles pages* are vacant of what the lexicographers hissingly call Scotticisms.

Not so with turns of thought and the Scottish dialect of the mind. In this he is eloquent, and of it he is involuntarily prodigal. Mr. Henry James has said, in words which none may hope to better, that Mr. Stevenson is a Scotchman of the world. So, indeed, he is; and so, without doubt, was the man as well as the writer. But this Bohemian, this gypsy, this cosmopolite, had, after all his travels, — thus I have been told by one who knew him, — a slight burr remaining in his speech. And he has a much stronger Doric accent of the mind. England seems to him in many ways an alien land, and The Foreigner at Home is a resonant statement of differences that lie at the very root of things between the sister kingdoms. The Scot, traveling southward from his gray hills and rocks and mists, marvels — however much he may have read in books — at the rich fields, the quiet rivers, the stolid and sodden peasant, the windmills, and the chimes of bells. The accent of the people sounds pertly in his ear, just as Davie Balfour "was amazed at the clipping tones and the odd sing-song" of "the right English speech;" and to

his eye, familiar with thick-walled houses built of stone, the thin, flat-chested edifices of England seem no more than "rickles" of brick. The northerner may even be a householder in the south, and his door-key be burnished from long use; but still "the house is no his ain house, he kens by the biggin' o't."

If these differences are radical to the Scot in what meets his eye, still deeper do they go in the things of the spirit. English boys seem to Mr. Stevenson cleaner in mind and body than Scotch boys, and, as we say, younger for their age. He finds them less imaginative, and at once less rough and less tender. And the grown-up John Bull impresses his expansive neighbor with "the grand, treelike self-sufficiency of his demeanor."

The systems of law of these two peoples differ widely, as the least forensic of us knew already from The Heart of Midlothian and the trial of Effie Deans. To our author's thinking the ways of their religion part yet more sharply, for, says he, — a little whimsically, I cheerfully admit, — "about the very cradle of the Scot there goes a hum of metaphysical divinity, and the whole of two divergent systems is summed up, not merely speciously, in the two first questions of the rival catechisms; the English tritely inquiring, 'What is your name?' the Scottish striking at the very roots of life with, 'What is the chief end of man?' and answering nobly, if obscurely, 'To glorify God, and to enjoy him forever.'"

Thus far, and in many another delectable passage, the conscious Caledonian. But Mr. Stevenson is not least attractive when he is of his nation without knowing, or at least without remembering it; when not only, cosmic Scot though he be, he keeps the color of his nativity, but also, highly secularized Calvinist though he as surely is, he unwittingly suggests the bleak pulpit of the northern kingdom. In Father Damien, an Open Letter, in the Samoan Footnote to History, none but the blind can fail to see a kind of religious heat of argument; and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, approached at the angle not of art, but of ethics, is the fascinating, hideous result of generations of pondering over the eternal problem of predestination and free will. In the keen pursuit of the first paper on Talk and Talkers there is a charming zeal for conviction, and I seem to see the hand of Calvin, working obscurely, it is true, in Stevenson's conduct of the case of womankind against Robert Burns. Nor must the reader think me fanciful if I maintain that in Crabbed Age and Youth, of all compositions in the world, — it is to be found in the golden book Virginibus Puerisque, — there is once and again a canny, hard-headed weighing of the advantages and claims of the two estates of life that brings us gayly (yet still brings us) within the shadow of St. Giles. But atavism fails at the end. The humanized preacher reaches no conclusion, and the whole lively prelection is left poised in the air.

If zest in discussion, not to say argument, is a frequent trait of Stevenson's countrymen, why then a good amount of buckram is equally apparent in their moral texture. It makes them stiff in judgment, and from this rigidity Stevenson himself was by no means exempt. No one, in these days, except a Scotchman or a New Englander, we must believe, could be so exquisite an artist and have at the same time so large a fund of ethical attention. The incongruity of the union in Stevenson, the like and unlike incongruity of Hawthorne, are to be explained, in the slight and tentative degree to which such mysteries can ever be shown, by the long persistence of the straiter sort of Puritanism in the two countries. Some one exclaims that I am mistaken, that Stevenson is no Puritan. Let me hasten to add that Stevenson is usually un-Scotch in his standards, — although he has often expressed his admiration for frugality, and

calls it somewhere the artist's armor, — but that in stiff adherence to his standards he is valiantly Puritan and Scotch. Of himself he required much; the sum of his moral impost upon others appears to be that they should be brave, honest, cheerful, kind, and that, without seeking their own happiness, they should strive to bring happiness to their fellow-men. Not the *credo* of the unco' guid, this, in Scotland or anywhere else; but it is Stevenson's wherever he is. And the Scotchman of the world, the gay Puritan, insists upon the few articles of his belief when he is openly preaching, as in A Christmas Sermon; or covertly preaching, as in Old Mortality; or sketching and traveling, as with a donkey. He insists implicitly, even in his stories, where the artist curbs and bits the accompanying moralist; but explicitly enough throughout those compositions in which the writer himself plays all the speaking parts. Burns, John Knox, the Scotchman on board the emigrant ship, the peasant in the Cévennes, François Villon, or the persons whom Stevenson meets voyaging, Cæsar-like, among the Belgæ, — one and all, gentle and simple, priest and peasant, they are rigidly tried (but always according to their lights) by the same humane standard.

Pray let no one take me to mean that this beguiling writer is always preaching, or that most of his intermittent and ever welcome preachings are not in fashion so blithe as to recommend themselves like song. But I, for my part, love his sympathies still better than his tenets. And it is through Stevenson's knowledge of his country and his sympathy with its people — a quality in him which has all the fervor of a clan, all the geniality of a larger world — that his Scottish tales are his best. Treasure Island, for its twenty-one deaths, its buccaneers and stockade, its one most hideous murder, and, above all, for its "seafaring man with one leg," I admire with my brain as an inimitably clever imitation of eminent and well-known models. The style is a little miracle of the direct and the appropriate, and as for the conduct of the fable, that might be taken as a breathing example of the Athenian's formula for oratory, — "*Action, action, action.*" But in Kidnapped — alas for the inefficient title! — the imitator becomes himself a model; we step at once into an air which, if not more lively, is more alive and more authentic, and the characters, Alan and David, of course, more than any, are felt to be less symbolical and more individual. In their long flight together, the wind seems to turn the pages of that swift record, and the smell of the heather comes with it. The spirit of the nation is dominant. The young Stuart and his forlorn hope are ever present by suggestion, though never in actuality; and one of the most romantic passages in all history is thus a background, or rather a running accompaniment, to this story of Highlander and Lowlander. Alan Breck Stewart, who "bore a king's name," is delineated with much spirit, and — I dare to say so — runs some of Scott's romantico-comic characters hard. But the portrait of David Balfour, ironically drawn, yet sympathetically colored, is a service which no man could render another if the Tweed divided them. "Mr. Balfour," said Cluny in the "cage," "I think you are too nice and covenanting, but for all that you have the spirit of a very pretty gentleman." So he has, but so darkened with the covenant that it is a triumph to have made the more generous essence shine through. If Alan and Davie live, surely it will be because they are not only individual, but typical; and — the rule of character works both ways — because not only are they of the Highlands and the Lowlands, Jacobite and Whig, but also are in their own persons David Balfour and Alan Breck Stewart.

If the reader be not weary of persons

and things Scotch, — and if he be, even the cunning of Stevenson's right hand cannot entertain him, — I should like to note, as we pass, that as the best of the fiction is of that country, so likewise some of the shrewdest and most piquant things in the essays are born to the same native manner. Memories and Portraits, by common consent the best *in toto* of the three volumes, is by subject four fifths Scotch; Child's Play, in Virginibus Puerisque, is in all its origin Scotch; Scotch also in more than that sense the ingenious and eloquent plea for romance, so finely entitled The Lantern Bearers. Dost remember the minister and the dying gravedigger in Old Mortality? "The gravedigger heard him out; then he raised himself upon one elbow, and with the other hand pointed through the window to the scene of his lifelong labors. 'Doctor,' he said, 'I ha'e laid three hunner and fowerscore in that kirkyaird; an it had been His wull,' indicating Heaven, 'I would ha'e likit weel to ha'e made out the fower hunner.'" Or the Old Scotch Gardener? He would thank you gravely if you praised one of his plants, "all credit in the matter falling to him. If, on the other hand, you called his attention to some back-going vegetable, he would quote Scripture: '*Paul may plant and Apollos may water;*' all blame being left to Providence, on the score of deficient rain or untimely frosts."

Of Scotland and the north, also, was Mr. Hunter, — but we must leave this too captivating part of our theme with only a final illustration, from The Silverado Squatters, of how one true-born Scotchman feels when he meets another in foreign lands. The sentiment lifts the young writer not so much into maturity of style, for that was surprisingly his already, as into that stronger and fuller tide of feeling which one encounters in general only in Stevenson's later writing. The twain, says he, may be rivals, almost foreigners, at home; but when they meet abroad, they are joined at once by "some ready-made affection."

"It is not race. Look at us. One is Norse, one Celtic, and another Saxon. It is not community of tongue. We have it not among ourselves; and we have it almost to perfection with English or Irish or American. It is no tie of faith, for we detest each other's errors. And yet somewhere, deep down in the heart of each one of us, something yearns for the old land and the old kindly people.

"Of all mysteries of the human heart, this is perhaps the most inscrutable. There is no special loveliness in that gray country, with its rainy, sea-beat archipelago; its fields of dark mountains; its unsightly places, black with coal; its treeless, sour, unfriendly looking corn-lands; its quaint, gray, castled city, where the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the salt showers fly and beat. I do not even know if I desire to live there; but let me hear, in some far land, a kindred voice sing out, 'Oh, why left I my hame?' and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the wise and good, can repay me for my absence from my country. And though, I think, I would rather die elsewhere, yet in my heart of hearts I long to be buried among good Scots clods. I will say it fairly, it grows on me with every year: there are no stars so fair as Edinburgh street lamps. When I forget thee, auld Reekie, may my right hand forget its cunning!

"The happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotchman. You must pay for it in many ways, as for all other advantages on earth. You have to learn the paraphrases and the shorter catechism; you generally take to drink; your youth, as far as I can find out, is a time of louder war against society, of more outcry and tears and turmoil, than if you had been born, for instance, in England. But somehow life is warmer and closer;

the hearth burns more redly; the lights of home shine softer on the rainy street; the very names, endeared in verse and music, cling nearer round our hearts. An Englishman may meet an Englishman to-morrow upon Chimborazo, and neither of them care; but when the Scotch wine-grower told me of Mons Meg, it was like magic.

'From the dim shieling on the misty island
Mountains divide us, and a world of seas;
Yet still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides.'

And, Highland and Lowland, all our hearts are Scotch."

Thus saith every right native of a hill-country, and with yet more heart if it chance to be a north-country and a sea-country as well.

III.

That Mr. Stevenson is a sworn romantic, and that he is so much a Scot as to keep a strong flavor of the wilding, in spite of each exotic graft, are truths no less conspicuous than that he is an exquisite and a secure artist in prose narrative, in verse, the essay, and the sketch. So perfectly, indeed, does he write that the Philistines — and not the mere *bourgeois* citizens of the country, but the first families of Philistia — are often heard to accuse him of having naught to say. To them, it is more than probable, he has nothing at all to say, unless they first master certain remarks once made by Mr. Joseph Addison on the subject of Literary Taste. But to the minds of men who have a humble and hearty admiration for good writing, Stevenson's tales of adventure gain much from his care about form; and his kind and sagacious thoughts gain very much indeed from the "continual slight novelty" of his style. This loved and lost story-teller of ours could no more content himself with the construction used by Dumas in his gay and ragged volumes than with the disposition and English of the scene in Guy Mannering which jars on him like a false note in music or color. Yet he had read Le Vicomte de Bragelonne five times, and hoped — let us trust the hope was realized — to read it once again before he died. And the jarring scene — which happens, by the way, to have been that of Harry Bertram's landing at Ellangowan — he respects as being in general "a model instance of the romantic method." The Meredith jargon Mr. Stevenson would no more think of putting into the mouths of his own people than he would that uttered by the purely symbolic young men and maidens whom Scott fobs off upon us as heroes and heroines. Mr. Meredith is nevertheless the breath of life to him, and Sir Walter "out and away the king of the romantics."

In these references to Stevenson's art and the frequent artlessness of Scott and Dumas, there is no slightest intention of matching him with them. He would not, if he could, have written like them; he could not, if he would, have imagined and invented and swung the whole thing along as they did. They, with all their faults, are great romantics: he, with all his gifts and graces, is a little romantic; and the many well-meaning persons who range him persistently with Scott do him nothing but disservice. The appearance of Meg Merrilies to Godfrey Bertram, the abdication of Queen Mary at Lochleven, the installation of the abbot of Kennaquhair, the appeal of Jeanie Deans for Effie, a certain scene in Old Mortality, — the play and stretch and headlong vigor of sheer improvisation that made all these possible, and easily possible, to Scott, are "out of the star" of the author of Kidnapped and David Balfour. Nor, in writing, do I forget Alan and Davie beside the stream, or the bewitching scenes of the windmills in Holland, or the duel of the two

brothers outside the distracted house of Durrisdeer, when all was so still that the flame of the candles went up straight and steady into the night. But Sir Walter's books seem to me like a large symphony which has many discords; Mr. Stevenson's, like a discreet yet moving theme, perfectly played on fewer instruments. Perhaps we are hasty, the many of us who hold this opinion together. If Scott had died at the age when Stevenson was taken from us, the world would have lacked the Waverley novels; if a like fate had overtaken Dickens, we should not have had A Tale of Two Cities; and under a similar stroke, Goldsmith could not have written Retaliation, or tasted the bittersweet first night of She Stoops to Conquer. At the age of forty-four Mr. Thomas Hardy had probably not dreamed of Tess of the D'Urbervilles. But what a man has already done at forty year is likely, I am afraid, to be a gauge as well as a promise of what he will do in the future; and from Stevenson we were entitled to expect perfect form and continued variety of subject, rather than a measurable dynamic gain.

Stevenson himself, it would appear, clearly saw the limits within which his talent would best exhibit itself. He never, for a good example, attempted the historical novel, so favorite a field with most romancers. Louis Onze, Louis Treize, Anne of Austria, Mary Queen of Scots, Cardinal Richelieu, Oliver Cromwell, Charles the Second, are a very few of the notables and royalties that figure on those vast, gorgeous tapestries into which Scott and Dumas strove to work the pattern and color of past ages. And men of our own contemporary moment, men whose gifts bear not an instant of comparison with his, have lightly rushed in where Stevenson has feared (or at least refused) to tread. Culloden deepens the gloom of The Master of Ballantrae, and, as I have tried to say, Kidnapped owes even more to the ill-starred family. But whereas Scott's way was to light the ancient palace again, and in Waverley to show Charles Edward keeping an hour's court at Holyrood, — or, in that fine apocryphal scene of Redgauntlet, to let us see him bid the Scottish gentlemen good-by forever, — Stevenson's quite opposite method is to present the young Pretender only by vicar or deputy. Our dear friend Alan, the sons of Rob Roy, and Prestongrange are scarcely of the great persons of history; but they are more "historical characters" than any others I can now recall in Stevenson. And it would have been as much out of him, I think, to essay a portrait in the grand style, of some bygone king or statesman, as to flash such an Aristophanic ray as Caleb Balderstone across a tragedy in the key of The Bride of Lammermoor.

To leave the unseemly task of comparison, I am well aware that there are those who find Mr. Stevenson's art at fault by times within his chosen province. But The Master of Ballantrae, the chief object of their criticisms, has been dispraised too harshly. The details, to be sure, are ill blended, but each in itself is admirably worked out; and the failure (or half failure) at last seems to have come through a sheer lack of power to fuse the well-selected elements of the tale. Of details and bits and episodes there is a vast and engaging variety in the writings of this author. That quaint episode, Providence and the Guitar, which must be taken as one of the Stevensonian *cruces*, reflects within its narrow term all the sweetness and light of Bohemia. That fierce episode, A Story of Francis Villon, shows forth all the bitterness and blackness which may sometimes darken and make sinister the same cheerful land. Pictures are often evoked with a few words, as when the redcoats are seen down the valley from the high-placed rock among the heather; or as when Jekyll discovers the unconscious transformation into Hyde by seeing his

hand upon the bedclothes. There has not been such a shudder as that in our literature since Crusoe found the footprint in the sand. Prince Otto, an *opéra bouffe* in Dresden china, is another Stevensonian *crux*, acceptable only to the esoteric and the inner circle; but the going of night and the coming of dawn in the forest of Gerolstein charm the eyes like the sunrise on the Bass Rock.

And so on, indefinitely, these thick-coming memories might be set down; but it is full time for a word about Stevenson's style, which is, in the opinion of many, his chief distinction. Several London critics, in the attempt, perhaps, to avenge certain "Bards" upon their "Reviewers," have spoken grudgingly of his wonderful skill, because, forsooth, he learned to write before he wrote for publication. The offense was deeper dyed because the young Scot sought aid from France, the ancient ally of Scotland, and scrupled not to avow that his sojourn in Paris and the study of French writers had taught him secrets of technique. Even British critics allow a painter to study pigments before he exhibits a picture, a sculptor to model in clay before he carves the nation's heroes in marble; but, in the face of repeated blows, the fine old superstition dies hard, that ill-regulated impulse is an important element in the "inspiration" of an art more subtle than either painting or sculpture. Stevenson chose to reduce this element to a minimum, and to make himself the most faithful of apprentices. He became at last the most impeccable of artists; and although the ardent study of an extraordinary variety of masters did not dull his keen, original gift, — as if, indeed, the right use of even the one talent ever failed to multiply it, — he yet keeps in his most ornate pages the good tradition of the language, the classic note of the best English prose. Stevenson loves and practices the *belle phrase*, the harmonious sentence; but scarce ever does he descend to the indolent *cheville*. Never, to the best of my memory, does he make the Wegg-like change, — so often made by Wegg's creator, that great, imperfect genius, — the change from rhythm to metre. In few, he nicely observes the adjective in Dryden's saying, "that *other* harmony of prose."

Stevenson's prose, then, discourses eloquent music; and its diversity is no less remarkable than its eloquence. If, like the banker poet, he had elected to read only his own works, he might have found his author always entertaining by frequent recourse from one self to another. He never lacks precision, clearness, proportion, — the classic qualities; but, outside of these, the variety of his masters helped him to be various. View the distance from the parish of Balweary to the court of Gerolstein, and you will see that never was there a farther cry. The city of Bogdan is not more distant from the hamlet Selifan, or the city of London from the Braes of Balquhidder, than the bland, cool periods of The Suicide Club from the eighteenth-century English (so deftly touched with Scotch) of Kidnapped or the steward Mackellar. And it is incredible to the soul that the same man could have written A Child's Garden of Verses and The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It has been said that Mr. Stevenson's writing has every virtue save simplicity. To this charge I think we may answer that in the stories his style has almost absolute simplicity, wherever this is consistent with dramatic fitness. In Stevenson's earlier essay-writing, I own to being reminded now and then of a saying of Alan Breck. Alan had done wonders in the fierce fray of the round-house, but he wanted them acknowledged; and so he turned to Davie, after the battle, with, "Am I no the bonny fighter?" In Virginibus Puerisque the bonny writer is sometimes conscious of the wonders he has worked.

It is not the least of his achievements that, after his death, he should have re-

ceived the following appreciation from the Temps newspaper: "No one better knew how to construct a phrase, a sentence, a chapter; and by this we mean, not the laborious artifice of a pedant, but that native harmony of a born artist who gives to rhythm the part due to it in the symphony of the words." And in the same article he is called "the most classic man of letters, in the favorable sense of the word, of contemporary England." Artist born, — and, alas, artist dead, — this bonny writer may have been too conscious of his wonderful craft in those young works of his, but in the maturer papers the tone is just the right one. In the Memories and Portraits, if not simple, Mr. Stevenson is at least *simplex munditiis;* and this phrase of a Roman poet with whom he has some community expresses, I think, one of the best qualities of reflective prose. Mr. Stevenson's writing is that of a man who, by his own statement, "lived with words." He is a true *Lavengro.* The gypsies, it will not be forgotten, called Borrow *Sapengro,* snake-charmer, until he learned their language, when they exalted his title to word-charmer, *Lavengro.* But Borrow's magic was "poor and single business" in comparison with Stevenson's. He pipes to his words, and they dance, — a galliard, a coranto, or a jig, according to his will. He changes the tune, and they march as to fife and drum. The music is hushed, and they disperse into the "solemn troops and sweet societies" of Pulvis et Umbra and A Christmas Sermon.

Artist as he is, and perhaps because he is an artist, the man shines through all the work of Mr. Stevenson's hand, and illumines it all. He tells us in beautiful words, yet with a beautiful sincerity, what manner of men and books he loves, and what manner he cannot endure. More than for anything else, I think, he cared for youth; and the only consolation in his death is that age can never overtake him. This understanding and love of youth brought its exceeding great reward, for to no class or body of readers is Stevenson so dear as to young men. A correspondent of the London Times wrote from Paris that, during his life in France, he was "always *bienvenu*" in the painters' colony at Barbizon. *Bienvenu* everywhere, but nowhere the Well Come and the Well Beloved so much as among the younger brothers who are the hope of the world's family. I had the happiness of speaking of Stevenson, as a writer, to a great company of collegians on the night after his death was heard of in this country; and since then many of them have talked with me about him, and expressed their feeling of deep personal loss. One generous youth — whose strength and stature let him acknowledge emotions which petty men must hide — said to me across the midnight fire that Stevenson "made him cry" more than any other writer. That sums it all up. I might have said it at the beginning, and stopped there. Something does indeed seize us by the throat when we consider the bravery of his pages and the heroic pathos of his life. He worked blithely for years in the imminent face of death, and only when it bent over him and touched him did he still his hand. We thought that in going to Samoa he had come to Elim, and that under its palm-trees and by its wells of water he would find strength to his body and peace to his spirit. But instead of health he gained a mere reprieve from the Fell Sergeant, who happily, at the last, was sudden as well as strict in his arrest.

"Beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man."

C. T. Copeland.

IN MEMORIAM STEVENSON.

Life's Angel shining sat in his high place
To view the lands and waters of his globe;
A leaning Shape came through the fields of Space,
Stealthy, and touched the hem of his white robe.

The Angel turned: Brother, what ill brings thee
Like thieving night to trespass on my day?
Yonder, Death answered him, I cannot see;
Yonder I take this star to light my way.

Owen Wister.

TWO DREAMERS.

To accuse certain persons of being "happy" is as direct an insult as to inform some invalids that they look the pictures of health. Whatever outward show of satisfaction may be presented, the imputation of "happiness" places the friendly spirit who makes it at once under a ban of disapproval; he is capable neither of penetration nor of sympathy. Yet who shall say that the discontent of the sensitive ones is not as real a woe as if they were free from all just rebuke of "egocentricity;" as if they were by nature something other than the "dreamers" whom the world, since the days of Joseph himself, has been accustomed to regard with scorn? Dreams and melancholy are close of kin, and the spirit productive of both is so abundant in two books which have recently come to us that there is every reason for looking at them side by side. They are striking specimens of the effect that can be produced upon different minds by the habit of melancholy. Each of the writers is primarily a dreamer: one of them has spent all his energies in trying to see what stuff his dreams are made of; the other, accepting the stuff without much question, has turned it over and over, and employed his other faculties in such wise as to produce still other dreams.

In The Melancholy of Stephen Allard[1] Mr. Garnet Smith has set himself a task that must have been attractive to an analyst of the melancholy temperament. He has written what professes to be the private diary of a man of thirty, tired of the turmoil of "practical life," who, for the sole purpose of revealing himself to himself, has deliberately fled the world, that, in the quiet of the country, he may commit to paper all his studies of his own emotions. It is a cold-blooded purpose, and, at the end of the year he has promised himself, a passing chill brings the diarist's life and the diary to a sudden end.

Mr. Smith's intention was admirable, but the writer of the diary seems to take the bit, as it were, between his teeth, and to run his own courses. For it soon appears that he is something far more energetic than a mere dreamer. He admits that, from his earliest days, the pursuit of knowledge has been his ruling passion. Not unnaturally, it has taken him to the

[1] *The Melancholy of Stephen Allard.* A Private Diary. Edited by Garnet Smith. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

works of the high-priests of melancholy. What is the result? He begins in his diary to study his own case, symptom by symptom, and to deal with every supposed remedy; but he must needs bring to each theme all the wisdom of all the writers upon it. His own experience is used but as a peg on which to hang discussions concerning the opinions of Maurice de Guérin, Alfred de Vigny, Amiel, Leopardi, and all the *irritabile genus* of writers whose own natures have been the object of their scrutiny. To be sure, it is not often found that the wisdom of the sages puts an end to the diarist's misgivings. Indeed, nothing is capable of affording him permanent content. The remedies of action, love, faith, altruism, culture, and many another process which has been of service to man are shown in turn to be ineffective nostrums for his special malady. Love is impossible for one so destitute of passion, and so far at all times from forgetting himself and living for the life of another. Action is proved a far less worthy aim than silence. Faith is incompatible with reason. Thought itself is melancholy, and the sum of the writer's searchings of heart is that he is only "a physician trying to heal himself —and aggravating his disease." *Abstine, sustine; sustine, abstine*, strikes the note of renunciation and endurance, which after all seem the most hopeful things in a hopeless world. For a few short days before the end a visitation of peace comes to him; he sets up for himself a few simple standards taken from the very truths he has been engaged in beating to pieces; but alas! just in time to save his reputation for unhappiness, the clearer vision, as he believes it to be, returns, and all the old doubts, with the doubting of the doubts themselves, come flooding back to leave the last page dark.

The sadness of this personal story is considerably mitigated by the reflection that the diarist could not possibly have been so inefficient a person as he would have himself appear. The knowledge of books and of thought that is displayed clearly shows the writer to be a person who has worked hard; and the effective manner in which the knowledge is brought to bear upon each point in turn reveals him also as a clever and careful craftsman. So large are the results of his researches that the book makes its appeal rather as a complete anatomy of melancholy, a study of its whole history and philosophy, than as the personal record of a distressed soul. It would seem an impertinence to suggest for a work of this nature the equipments of a book of reference, yet for devotees of melancholy, within and outside of themselves, followers of the "goddess sage and holy," ready with her watchword, "Hence, vain, deluding Joys," there could hardly be a volume more full of the special food on which it is theirs to thrive; and any means for bringing the nourishing power of this thesaurus more easily within reach should be welcome.

If the main interest of Stephen Allard's diary is philosophical, the distinctive merit of the work[1] of the other dreamer before us is in its human appeal. Mr. Garnet Smith has given us the philosophy of melancholy; Mr. More, in The Great Refusal, shows forth its poetic practice. We are taking it for granted that both books, though ostensibly "edited" by a surviving friend, are in reality original productions. The ruse is achieved with the greater success in Mr. More's book, for his Introduction gives a very definite idea of the person whose letters fill the volume. He appears as a young New Yorker, who, after graduating at Columbia and traveling abroad, especially in the far East, returned home, and, to satisfy his people's desire to see him "doing something," undertook to teach in a boys' school. His temperament was so strongly opposed to the activity of New York

[1] *The Great Refusal.* Being Letters of a Dreamer in Gotham. Edited by Paul Elmer More. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

that even this comparatively quiet work proved impossible for him, and, failing utterly as a teacher, he took up the life of a retired student on Staten Island. His favorite pupil at the school had a beautiful sister, whom by chance the teacher met, and at once set apart from other women as the Lady Esther. From his retreat he writes to her of his love, his studies, and his many doubts. Very often the letter is the means of sending her a bit of verse. After his supposed death, all the letters are put into the hands of his friend, Mr. More, who suppresses all references which could give a clue to identities, and prints enough to show what the dreamer was and did.

This plan, like Mr. Garnet Smith's, has given the author an excellent opportunity for the study of an uncommon temperament. The slender thread of story is enough to reveal clearly a man who, like the other dreamer, is a student; but he is something more. The poet and the lover in him have made of his letters a work upon which the dust of books is not so thick as upon Stephen Allard's diary. This is more true of the body of the volume than of its conclusion, for the progress of his mind does bring him in the end to the point where the teaching of his chosen sages is everything to him, the world in which he lives nothing. To describe this progress is to tell much of the structural plan of the book.

The opening letters show the writer under the first spell of the Lady Esther's charm, and the too long imaginative poem, The Pedagogue, which he sends her, speaks at once for the occupation he has abandoned, and for the mysticism which must truly have rendered him inefficient in its practice. The voice of the schoolmaster, indeed, at other times, is a little too clearly heard, and one or two of the letters carry with them a tone of instruction which could hardly have been grateful to the recipient, and even impressed the writer with a sense of their possible tedium. As the book proceeds, he appears still as a lover, and equally as a student, struggling with the doubts to which a student is liable, bringing them all, together with the beautiful thoughts which skillfully blend his studies and his imaginings, and laying them at his mistress's feet. The faiths and philosophies from which he seeks sustaining strength are found by degrees inadequate for him. Gradually he builds up for himself a Gospel of Love, with the Lady Esther as its central figure. He can never be more than a distant worshiper at her shrine. But his Oriental studies prove to him before long that even love, however abstract, is not for him; for "to him who is prepared, love, just in so far as it is attached to what is fair, becomes a more serious obstacle. We must renounce." And this, in the end, he does, sending as his last missive to the Lady Esther a paraphrase of a Hindu book, which has for its burden Renunciation.

It is well that the Oriental researches, and the letters about them, began as late as they did, for they seem so much the least interesting part of the book that they would have been likely to lead the Lady Esther herself to renounce the correspondence which brought them to her. It is in the body of the volume that the qualities which give the letters a real element of distinction are to be found. These qualities are the writer's genuine literary gift, his spirituality and his imagination. The form in which he has elected to cast his work gives his literary skill full play, and it is less hampered than helped by the influences of reading which are constantly to be seen in the letters. Perhaps there is nothing about them more attractive than the manner in which a thought picked up in some musty old schoolman's book is set forth, first in prose and then in verse, to the honor or delight of the Lady Esther. This mingling of the two forms is one of the many evidences of the debt the writer owes to Dante, and the Vita Nuova rises inevitably to mind as one of

the chief models for the letters. The double opportunity of prose and verse is seized with a satisfaction like that which all writers of rhymes are said to feel when they can read their own lines prefaced by an explanation of their origin. An example will show how Mr. More has made this practice his own. In Letter XXVI., he says he has been reading Saint Augustine's De Civitate Dei, and has come upon a sentence which has haunted him "with the evil persistence of a ghost that will not be laid." It is to the effect that "the gods desire our imitation more than sacrificial rites." On this text he proceeds to talk, and comes to this conclusion: —

"So it has happened with this sentence from Saint Augustine concerning imitation and sacrifice. And when, last night, its true connection with the love that binds together my thoughts was revealed, immediately I desired to make some record of my delight, if possible to give to you some reflex participation, however slight, in my great pleasure. I could think of no better method of conveyance than this poem which I copy within. Be pleased with it for its good intention.

"'IMITATIONE POTIUS QUAM SACRIFICIO.'

"'By imitation more than sacrifice
We bind the gods.' — Oh, stern idolatry!
And I, who love and worship, in such wise
Would draw thy favor from thy own sweet sky.

"Nay, be assured: beyond each paltry gift
Wherewith my love would masquerade in flowers;
Beyond each song wherein my brain would lift
Its weaker flight to serve my heart's high powers;

"Beyond it all the larger purpose lurks
To bend my orbit to thy blissful height;
By imitation of thy fairer works
To win thy splendor of serene delight;

"That mortals, looking from their ways of trouble,
May wonder, hearing that our spheres are double,
How like a single star they cleave the night."

These lines show, too, the form in which many of the verses are written, — a fresh structure, which for flexibility within limits is surely worth the consideration of verse-makers. "As for the verses," one of the letters says, "I have put them into a form never used before, so far as I know. It is fitting that she who has brought new beauty into the world should receive her homage of praise in a new form."

The simplest metres are sometimes essayed, and often the results are attractive. In Letter XXIII., the writer tells of his efforts to interpret the song of a thrush. "Study and practice, as you know," he says, "have taught me to spell the future in the lettered page of the firmament, but now that I would understand and translate for your sake the simple accents of a throstle, behold what awkwardness distracts my powers: —

"Now tell me, throstle, pretty bird,
Wherefore thy merry note?
I, too, would sing, but sudden cares
And sorrow stop my throat. —

"'I sing because I 'm happy, Sir,
And if it were not so,
I 'd sing to make me happy, Sir;
And that is all I know.' —

"Ah well, but if the lady-bird
Who hears thy throbbing note,
Were cold as winter, would thy song
Freeze not within thy throat? —

"'I 'd sing and thaw her bosom, Sir,
And if it were not so,
I 'd sing and thaw my sorrow, Sir;
And that is all I know.'"

One other passage, in prose, we are constrained to quote, and let it speak, better than any description of the writer's style, for his power of writing English, and for the qualities of which we have already held him to be possessed:

"Was it Da Gama or Magellan —

the latter, I think in his tragic voyage around the world — who was so alarmed by the new aspect of the sky as he sailed southward? Night after night the familiar northern constellations sank deeper into the mists of the horizon he was fleeing, and one by one were lost from view. At the same time, the southern stars rose constantly higher above him, till the great planets and the moon circled directly overhead, and new constellations of unknown appearance climbed out of the dim horizon before them. Most of all was he terrified when the Polar star, by which he had steered his course, was no longer visible; for over the south pole hung no steady light, but only a vague blurred nebula, not easily distinguishable from the vapors of the ocean. Imagine his situation: sailing on boundless unknown seas, towards lands unnamed, or mentioned only by rumor, while night after night the very stars of heaven shifted northward — it was, indeed, a new heaven and a new earth. One constellation, it is said, he greeted always with increasing delight as it mounted ever higher toward the zenith — the great Southern Cross which hung in the sky with unimaginable splendor. . . . And it is not unlikely that many a quiet scholar in these later days starts on a similar voyage of discovery in the still more fabulous lands and seas of ancient learning; with hopes akin to those of the early navigators; through difficulties, too, not altogether despicable, and dangers to the spiritual life that only the dreamer knows. The old truths which guided him may sink away into the mists of doubt; over the new pole of his heavens may float only an uncertain nebula; and out of the southern horizon may creep strange constellations, monstrous unspeakable fancies that fill him with awe — possibly, also, the great cross, with its marvelous magnificence. And one of them, if he returns safely from the fantastic dominion of dreams which the Hindu seers established so many centuries ago, will be proud to kneel before the Princess under whose flag he sails, with offerings of new similitudes and Oriental legends which may extend the empire of her beauty over generations of men yet to be born — if she will but be pleased to smile on the prostrate mariner. Great things may come out of the East, dear Princess."

Probably enough has been said to show the book a thing for the few rather than the many. Those to whom it will appeal at all will find in it much to like, and, as we have already implied, something to complain of. A very occasional touch of cheapness should be mentioned in addition to the other shortcomings, and a tendency, perhaps indulged once or twice too often, to give to conceits the value of thoughts. Nevertheless, dignity and thought are constantly displayed throughout the book, thought of no commonplace and superficial kind. The letters are clearly the outcome of strenuous thinking. The faith which the dreamer finds himself incapable of holding is not dismissed in the easy-going manner of the day. "Because I am a skeptic," he says, "it" (the faith) "means so much to me." Indeed, in matter as in manner, it seems to us, as a first book, to have something more than common interest and promise. Let the writer follow his bent towards literature, holding his scholasticism as its servant rather than its lord, and it will be no strange thing if work of a very general power to appeal is the result. If, on the other hand, the Sufis enthrall him as they have enthralled his first hero, "the few" must of necessity grow fewer still.

"The grandeur of man lies in this — that he knows himself miserable." We borrow this quotation, of which Mr. More makes use, in order to bring together again the two books of which it is largely the burden. Sincerity is the true excuse for being which such work can offer. Its spirit is one which mere "practical" persons must needs rebuke — yet without

avail. It brings the poor dreamer nowhere; but if he abandons it, he ceases to be a dreamer, and joins the fortunately larger army of "active workers." Both of these writers show sincerity, and especially the "dreamer in Gotham." Indeed, there is in nearly all of his letters a refreshing absence of the attitude of posing; and whatever comes so directly from a man's heart as the best passages of The Great Refusal is sure of a response from the hearts of the men who feel their kinship with him. Perhaps a new census will tell us the number of those who resent the charge of happiness, and that will give at least a hint of the growth of the class to which Stephen Allard and his American cousin belonged.

THE CITY IN MODERN LIFE.

THE great fact in the social development of the white race at the close of the nineteenth century is the tendency all over the world to concentrate in great cities. This tendency is seen everywhere, and it is noticeably strong in highly civilized races. It is seen alike in the northern and the southern hemisphere, the eastern and the western continent. It is very marked in such an old civilized country of dense population as Great Britain, and it is quite as strongly marked in a recently settled country of sparse population like Australia. In Germany, Italy, France, Belgium, even in parts of Russia, the blind forces which tell in favor of this concentration of population in towns are steadily at work. The effect upon new countries has been especially marked. When the United States became a nation, they possessed just about the number of persons that is now found in the Australian commonwealths; but at the end of the eighteenth century the population of the United States was rural, while in Australia, at the end of the nineteenth, it is urban. The typical American citizen of 1795 was a farmer who owned his own land; the typical Australian citizen of 1895 is a workingman dwelling in a big city. Of course there were towns in the United States a century ago, and there are farmers and stock riders in Australia to-day; but the distinctive feature in the one case was the country life, and in the other it is the city life. The upbuilding of huge cities in the midst of vast, scantily peopled territories is the characteristic note in the colonization of Australia, and makes this colonization quite unique in character. To a less extent, the same thing is seen in British South Africa, where the Dutch Boers, who still live much the kind of life that was generally lived two hundred years ago, are a pastoral and agricultural people; while the English immigrants, though they will throng to the gold fields and penetrate the great hunting-grounds, tend more and more to congregate in towns.

In the United States itself this tendency has become more and more marked with every decade. In the Southern States, which are slower than any other part of the country to yield to the influences of the time, the rate of urban growth is not very rapid. The people are still predominantly agricultural, and in consequence the problems which they face are very different from those faced in the North. Here, not only do the cities grow faster in population than the country districts, but in all the older settled States they grow at the expense of the country. At the last census all the Northern States east of the Mississippi showed a positive decrease in the population of the exclusively agricultural counties, and

this decrease took place in Illinois and Ohio no less than in New York and Massachusetts. It is true that between the Mississippi and the Pacific the agricultural counties grew in population, as was inevitable; but even in the new States the growth of the cities has been phenomenal. Denver contains a third of the population of Colorado; Washington, a new State, with a population of less than four hundred thousand inhabitants, has three cities — Seattle, Tacoma, and Spokane — which are already as populous as, and much richer than, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia were at the outbreak of the Revolution. There are still waste places in the United States to fill up, and there are still rich agricultural regions where the population will grow denser. Nevertheless, and in spite of the fact that the urban growth is as yet small in the South, the time seems not very far distant when the average American, instead of living in the country, will live in a city or town, and when a very large number of Americans will live in cities of such size as to show all the effects, for good and for evil, which accompany the crowding together of masses of people in limited areas.

Under such circumstances, it behooves every American interested in public life and public affairs to study as carefully as he can the phenomena of the life in these cities, and the administration of them. In this study of our own cities, nothing will help us more than an intelligent comparison with foreign cities. We desire to know whether certain phenomena appearing with us are constant and inevitable accompaniments of urban growth, or whether they are merely special to our peculiar conditions. An unintelligent comparison is of little use, and there is still less use in reasoning upon conclusions drawn from conditions wholly different from those which exist with us, and recklessly applied to our own circumstances; but if the conclusions are drawn carefully, and with ample allowance for different conditions, and if the comparison is really accurate, the American civic student is put in possession of invaluable data. Of course the experiences of people similar to our own are of more use to us than the experiences of alien races. In consequence, the study of the city governments of Great Britain has more practical bearing upon our life than the study of any of the municipal systems of Continental Europe. This study has been undertaken by Mr. Albert Shaw [1] in the excellent book now before us.

The individualist and collectivist find a new field of warfare when they come to what Mr. Shaw calls the theory and art of modern city-making. Mr. Shaw deserves credit for the clear-headed, common-sense view he takes of this warfare, and for his refusal to be misled into advocating either view from the doctrinaire standpoint. Very good people continually speak as if it were possible to have unrestricted individualism or untempered collectivism in any community. Of course, as a matter of fact, the former can be found only in communities as low as those of the Terra del Fuegan savages, and the latter in a body of absolute slaves such as existed under the Incas. Every civilized government which contains the least possibility of progress, or in which life would be supportable, is administered on a system of mixed individualism and collectivism; and whether we increase or decrease the power of the state, and limit or enlarge the scope of individual activity, is a matter not for theory at all, but for decision upon grounds of mere practical expediency. A paid police department or paid fire department is in itself a manifestation of state socialism. The fact that such departments are absolutely necessary is sufficient to show that we need not be frightened from further experiments by any fear of the dangers of collectivism in the abstract;

[1] *Municipal Government in Great Britain.* By Albert Shaw. New York: The Century Co. 1895.

and on the other hand, their success does not afford the least justification for impairing the power of the individual where that power can be properly exercised. No hard-and-fast rule in the matter can be laid down. All that can be said is that, where possible, the individual must be left free; that he must always be left so free as to have a right to enjoy himself in his own way where he can do it without infringing on the rights of others; and that the reward for his efforts should be made, so far as may be, proportional to his efforts and abilities, so as to encourage enterprise, thrift, industry, and sobriety, and to discourage their opposites. But wherever it is found by actual practice and experiment, or by the failure of all other methods, that collectivism and state interference are wise and necessary, we should not be deterred from advocating them by any considerations of pure theory. We cannot afford merely to sit down and deplore the evils of city life as inevitable, when cities are constantly growing, both absolutely and relatively. We must set ourselves vigorously about the task of improving them; and this task is now well begun. The great towns are making themselves over, and providing themselves with all the appointments of a new civilization, because their permanent existence is now accepted as a fact. Energetic and intelligent action has already been taken here and there to render city life more tolerable for the bulk of city people, and such action must be copied everywhere.

Mr. Shaw points out briefly, but very effectively, the growth of urban population in England and Scotland alike. In Scotland, a century back, there were three country dwellers to one citizen of a town, but now there are three townsmen for every countryman, and town and country life are in particularly violent contrast. In England, the towns have grown quite as rapidly, and London has become a city of a size so prodigious as to surpass anything of the kind ever seen before.

Mr. Shaw devotes an interesting preliminary chapter to the rise of the British towns. He sketches very vividly the apparent hopelessness of the municipal problem as it was during the early decades of the present century, when town life in the growing counties of England was as evil and unwholesome a thing as can well be imagined. The filth, disease, overcrowding, and brutality in the towns of that period beggar description, and the meanness of the domestic architecture symbolized well a social life of sordid and unlovely monotony. He then describes the British system as it is now in operation. One very interesting point to Americans is the comparative uniformity of the system, not only in England, but throughout Europe generally. In the whole range of municipal institutions from Great Britain to southeastern Europe there are not nearly so many important variations, whether of principle or of method, as there are in the United States alone. It is true, the character of the people in Milan or Marseilles differs radically from the character of the people in Glasgow or Copenhagen, but the governmental methods and principles are more alike than is the case with the cities on this continent. As yet, on this side of the water, it is difficult to undertake a general study of American municipal government, because there is no logical system which our municipalities illustrate by their workings. The business is not carried on in accordance with any guiding principles, each State constantly trying experiments, which may be in the right direction, and may be in the wrong, but are undertaken wholly without regard to the previous experience not merely of other countries, but even of other States. Hence Mr. Shaw's book has a peculiar value to those citizens who wish sincerely to aid in the regeneration of town life, but who have not formed any definite municipal ideals; and while his present volume, dealing with municipal government in Great Britain, has a

special bearing on our own problems, his next volume, which will treat of municipal government of the chief countries of Continental Europe, should be only a little less valuable to us.

It would certainly appear from Mr. Shaw's work that there is truth in the general impression that English municipal politics are far cleaner than ours. Apparently, it is exceedingly difficult, in England, for demagogues or party agents to exploit the votes of the ignorant and vicious poor in the way that is normal in American municipal politics. The laws against bribery, direct and indirect, are very severe, and are, we believe, well administered. In Scotch towns, only those who pay the rates can register, and as the very poor, and especially the vicious poor, devote much time and activity to evading the rate-collector, they never get registered. It would seem as if the workingmen in England, when they act as organized bodies, do so with more intelligence and a keener public morality than the workingmen of our own big cities. Readers of The Atlantic may perhaps remember that the English labor leader, John Burns, who recently visited America, expressed much horror both at the corruption of municipal life and at the venality and impropriety of conduct among many of the labor leaders, as something new in his experience. It is true that Mr. Burns impressed the general public of America even more unfavorably than the general public impressed him; but while he certainly seemed, as judged by our standards, to be noisy and underbred, with the rank, aggressive underbreeding of the satisfied provincial, much of his criticism about corruption was undoubtedly true. It is to be remembered that, in America, the problem of municipal government is infinitely complicated by the ethnic character of the population in our large cities. In the average American big city at least three fourths of the people are of foreign birth or of foreign parentage, and until these have become thoroughly Americanized the difficulty of securing good government is enormously increased. Thus, while it is true, apparently, that the workingmen in the British cities work more intelligently and effectively in political life than ours do, and are less easily misled by mere corruptionists, we must not forget that this is largely because the real American workingman usually refuses to act as a workingman at all. He acts as he ought to, simply as an American citizen, in company with other American citizens, whether they work with their hands or their heads. The professional workingmen who lead workingmen's parties in our great cities are commonly foreigners.

There are some very striking divergences between the tendencies at work in English municipal politics and in ours. In New York State, it has been shown by practical experience that better government is secured, or at least that there is a far better chance of securing better government, when the mayor is given concentrated power than when he shares his power with an elective board of aldermen; but in many of the English cities, which are admirably governed, the council in reality merely includes the mayor as a member, the government of the city being managed by a board or committee. It is a little odd that this plan, which seems to have worked so well in the English cities, should have broken down so absolutely with us. The temper of the constituency, not the form of the government, is the essential matter.

Mr. Shaw makes special studies of Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, and finally of London. What he says of the question of metropolitan tasks and problems is of especial interest. He points out where we can learn by example, and where we can learn by taking warning. Our people as a whole are short-sighted, and prone to refuse to look into the future; so it may be doubted whether American municipalities will ever learn, without bitter personal experience, how

to avoid mistakes. It would be well if they would profit from what has happened in London. For instance, take the question of parks. The new government of London has been particularly successful in securing a sufficiency of these great playgrounds for the people, and the effect upon the health and moral tone of the community is very marked; but it has cost just about four times what it ought to have cost, because the municipality set about buying the ground altogether too late. New York urgently needs to have the same lesson taught. Many people in New York complain of the cost of establishing an adequate park system. But the park system must certainly be established. We must have an ample supply of breathing-holes and playgrounds for our people. We must have it in the interests of their health, and we must have it in the interests of giving them a chance for healthy sport which shall not be criminal. To defer the purchase of parks is simply to increase by so much the price that we shall ultimately have to pay. In the same way, if we provide suitable building regulations now, if we forbid faulty and unsanitary work, and if we furnish a proper water supply and proper rapid transit, we shall be saved very great trouble in the future. Finally, there is urgent necessity to investigate the matter of ground-rents. It is not required that we accept the curiously wild and illogical doctrines of Henry George, in order to believe that the question of the ownership of real estate in great cities stands in need of state action, action which must be cool and wise, but which must also be radical.

In closing this review, no better testimony can be given as to the practical character of Mr. Shaw's work than the following paragraph from his preface: —

"I have no intention to prescribe European remedies for American maladies, nor to suggest any degree whatsoever of imitation. We must deal with our own problems in our own way, but we must be willing to gain all possible enlightenment from the experience of others who have been dealing with kindred problems, and have found solutions that are satisfactory under their own circumstances."

RECONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM.

Nowadays criticism runs to epigram on the one hand, or to philology on the other. Plain speaking in matters of art is rare and accounted for platitude; intricacy has won the day. But it is worth while, even in bald language, to recapitulate ideas which every thoughtful reader must have in mind when he surveys our current criticism of the art — and we should use the word in its broadest sense — of times other than our own. The end of literature may not approach, but each decade we are farther from its beginning, and perhaps its prime, and more in doubt as to the principles which should guide us in judging the works of our fathers, our grandfathers, and our remoter ancestors. The mass of art grows overwhelming, and only a fraction of it lies historically within the limits of our complete sympathy and comprehension. The early cycles, like shores seen from afar on the sea, already grow indistinct, and only the great highlands preserve their prominence. Others we are just beginning to understand, as an intricate coast-line shows its fundamental contour from a distance not too remote. But certain it is that we can never figure accurately for ourselves the world that Titian

saw, nor feel as they for whom Virgil wrote. Scarcely even, except by a warping effort, can we in maturity share Scott's mood. Whole ages are dead behind us, and the magic key to their treasures is buried with them. What wonder that we discuss so much the theory of criticism! It is for the touchstone of the past that our century is groping.

The simplest type of criticism is that which instinctively judges the art of the past from the point of view of the present. Such a method is not only natural, but to a certain extent scientific. Homer was not to Pope what he was to Plato; why should he not be to me still different? Shakespeare, whom we think so universal, is surely not centuries deep in the appreciation of even a small part of the world. Men scarcely dead remembered that in their youth Dante was almost unknown. There be idols that crumble, and there be idols, perhaps, that remain, but these are reverenced far differently in different ages, and he is not wise who would set a measure for our affection or a rule for our judgment. It sometimes seems, if we may guess the status of Christianity from the religious reviews or the condition of the theological seminaries, that Christianity has largely disappeared from current theology, fully absorbed in the minds and hearts of men, and reintegrated into new metaphysical and sociological products. Such a Nirvana most literature, however effective at its present time and in its native place, must eventually attain. How, then, can we be foolish if we examine frankly the flotsam and jetsam of the centuries, keeping quite simply for ourselves what suits our present use or pleases our present fancy?

But the main impulse of our century has led us far in other directions than that of such a childlike attitude toward the art of the past. We have given ourselves over at times to laboriously scientific analysis. We have plotted curves and made averages. We have counted rhymes and endings, searched for parallels and sources, analyzed effects, and, hunting minutely for controlling ethical purposes, have ended in conceiving of Shakespeare, at least, as a calculating engineer of artillery, who mounted and trained his cannon with all the mathematics of the trajectory before him. Nor have we been less ardent in investigating the historical relations of the artists of the past with their times and their surroundings. Homer's sources have been sifted, Shakespeare's plots traced, and all the dull first ideas that led finally to Faust or the Divine Comedy brought into unnatural prominence. Sometimes the results of these two lines of research, scientific and historical, have been so effectively combined as almost to persuade us that we see and feel the art of a vanished epoch with more understanding than we could have done had we lived in the artists' own circle.

There has been no more interesting recent example of such analysis and its apparent tendency away from a natural to a learned criticism than Mr. Berenson's minute study of Lorenzo Lotto,[1] which, following the brilliant method of Morelli, proposes to revive in the crucible of science a painter of four hundred years ago, and present him for accurate judgment. Morelli's theory, it is now almost superfluous to state, was that, in the identification of the painting, as in that of the criminal, it is the trivial detail that betrays, — "the ears, the hands, the folds, certain idiosyncrasies of pose and certain settings and backgrounds, as pronest to be executed in a stereotyped fashion." By a system based on such clues, detective critics, of whom Mr. Berenson is perhaps the most able, have ransacked the galleries and private collections of Europe, testing and comparing the whole mass of Italian pictures, named, unnamed, or wrongly named, ac-

[1] *Lorenzo Lotto.* An Essay in Constructive Art Criticism. By BERNHARD BERENSON. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895.

cording to the accidents of tradition and circumstance. In the history of painting as in the history of literature, light at last appears. We know more clearly what each artist produced and to what influences he had been subjected, where life touched life and method method. But Lotto's work has been the first, we suppose, to undergo in such detail this searchingly minute series of tests. A new science, one that neglects not the painting of toes and eyebrows, that draws inferences from the phalanx of a thumb and from the curve of a nostril, has with prodigious industry accumulated and compared every jot and tittle of his extant work, recognizing it under other names, not accepting spurious work even when long attributed to him, if it bear not the imprint of his minute technical peculiarities. His contemporaries have not escaped. Signs not to be doubted are found likewise on them. And these signs, acquired, it seems, by the influence of others, separate Lotto's contemporaries, when purified from the spurious and restored again to their own, into well-defined schools and groups and periods. Lotto, then, it results, was not the pupil of *this* master, as the historians of art have always blindly insisted, but of *that*. Impressionable and productive, he had been subjected to such an influence, and bore its traces to the last; man of a certain mould and form of thought, he had been only slightly touched by influences that were otherwise contagious. The world could, it would seem, scarcely be ransacked to better scientific advantage; the erring tracks of a genius could scarcely be more unerringly followed, we can well suppose; no more striking example of the inevitable laws of environment could be more tangibly presented.

Could there be a criticism mathematical and absolute, or did we desire the simulacrum of one, such a method would seem to lead us a long way towards it. Granted the premises in Lotto's case, we can establish with some completeness the relation between him and the civilization of which he was a function, between him and the civilization which was in part a function of him. With natural tendencies specified, with early conditions stated, with relations of mastership and pupilship clearly indicated, with the resulting knowledge of methods and periods neatly classified, we might, if we would, — so seems to run Mr. Berenson's theory, — attempt in any artist's case a calculation of his absolute art value. But it is just here that the ordinary lover of the arts calls a halt. How much of all that is contained in this surprising method, he asks, is purely the dead learning of an expert, unattainable save by the few elect; how far are all these interesting facts but the minutiæ of the history of art, without real value for the real world? The frank answer cannot be in the expert's favor. What Mr. Berenson tells us of Lotto is what the philologists tell us of Shakespeare and Dante. His facts are interesting, but they hardly alter much the amount or the kind of our enjoyment. We know more of the trivial details of Lotto's art; are we really more in sympathy with him or with his work? And this objection Mr. Berenson himself seems to realize. He closes his book in a wholly different vein, — with a plain analysis, from a personal point of view, of the effect that Lotto's work has upon him, and with interesting and enlightening generalizations in regard to Lotto's character and natural trend of mind that have little in common with the wilderness of details that precede. "Taken all together," he says, "Lotto's portraits are full of meaning and interest to us, for he paints people who seem to feel as we do about many things, who have already much of our spontaneous kindness, much of our feeling for humanity, much of our conscious need of human ties and sympathy. The charity of Lotto's spirit gives us a very different idea of the sixteenth century from that which our fancy conjures up when

we concentrate our attention upon the murder of Lorenzino de' Medici, or the tragic end of the Duchess of Palliano. Indeed, the study of Lotto would repay if it did no more than to help us to a truer and saner view of the sixteenth century in Italy than has been given by popular writers, from Stendhal downwards, — writers who too exclusively have devoted themselves to its lurid side. That side, it is true, is the prominent one, yet we feel a generous suspicion that another side must have existed, and Lotto helps to restore that human balance without which the Italy of the sixteenth century would be a veritable pandemonium." It is a remark like this that gives Lotto's work a fresh meaning for us, and it is in such a mode that the new school of art criticism must mend its ways, or lose its chances of influence and success. The new critics have before them the splendid task of rewriting the history of art. They must show themselves too wise habitually to throw prominence on insignificant details. Facts, crucial facts, are never to be omitted or trifled with, but they may well be relegated, in a full and satisfactory piece of critical work, to convenient corners, to footnotes and appendices, in complete subordination to whatever will most induce in the lover or student of art the clearest knowledge of the artist's character and of the civilization of which he was a part.

Mr. Berenson reconstructs Lotto's method: he gives us the clue to the traits by which his work can be most easily recognized. To reconstruct Lotto himself — the growth and decay of his art, his thoughts, his philosophy, his tastes — lay somewhat outside his primary purpose. With a broader subject,[1] Mr. Wendell has chosen a plan of action still bolder. Philological and historical research have already done for Shakespeare what Mr. Berenson is doing for Lotto. The whole mass of lifeless facts, familiar to those much read in Shakespearean "literature" Mr. Wendell seizes hold of imaginatively, and so reconstructs, not Shakespeare's method, but Shakespeare himself.

The attempt has been made before, but never with such learning, such skill, such sympathy. The method is a simple one. What we know of Shakespeare's life is almost nothing; even as an artist he is extraordinarily impersonal. But the body of literature which is his, or has been attributed to him, is large; the mass of extant literature belonging to his time is enormous. The work of the searchers and gleaners is almost done — and has been almost without result. Shakespeare's plays have become a great literary standard; Shakespeare himself has become the type of his time, the symbol of what is great in English literature. And yet we know Dante's personality more intimately, have a greater hold on the individuality of men even more alien in race and remote in time. Hence, bewildered people readily accept theories that deny Shakespeare's existence, or deprive him of the glory of his works. Mr. Wendell's method is the forlorn hope. We know Shakespeare's language, we share his blood. May not our sympathy and our experience determine, not on the basis of learning, but by sheer effort of imagination, what manner of man he was, and reconstruct his frame from his very ashes?

The result of Mr. Wendell's attempt will be, to most readers, extraordinarily suggestive. The host of statistical details falls quietly into line; chaos takes on order. Shakespeare the man has left few traces apparent to human knowledge, but Shakespeare the artist we can follow step by step in his mastery of his profession, and through the artist we can dimly imagine the man, — the principles of his development, his strength, his weakness, his success, his failure, the

[1] *William Shakspere.* A Study in Elizabethan Literature. By BARRETT WENDELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

growth and the decay of his imagination. Of course, such conclusions must be vague, but as far as they go they are satisfactory, and they could not have been more definite and still have kept close to the facts that serve for premises. To state the results here would be to pass beyond the limits of our space, to deprive the reader of a real privilege, and to lead us away from our main thought; but let the following quotation from one of Mr. Wendell's own summaries serve as a type. "Over and over again," he says, "in endless variety of substance and detail, of conception and of phrase alike, these plays show themselves the work of one who at least sympathetically has sounded the depths of human suffering. . . . Throughout is a profound fatalistic sense of the impotence of man in the midst of his environment; now dispassionate, now fierce with passion, this sense — which we called a sense of irony — pervades every play from Julius Cæsar to Coriolanus. In the second place, from All 's Well that Ends Well to Antony and Cleopatra, there is a sense of something in the relations between men and women at once widely different from the ideal, romantic fascination expressed by the comedies, and yet just what should normally follow from such a beginning. Trouble first, then vacillating doubt, then the certainty that woman may be damningly evil, succeed one another in the growth of this mood which so inextricably mingles with the ironical. Finally, from Hamlet to Macbeth, along with the constant irony, and the constant trouble which surrounds the fact of woman, we found equally constant traces of deep sympathy with such abnormal, overwrought states of mind as, uncontrolled by tremendous power both of will and of artistic expression, might easily have lapsed into madness." These are broad statements, but, like mathematical formulæ, they are valuable, because all accidental detail is eliminated from them. Through such phases of life and thought, thus generally stated, Shakespeare — if Mr. Wendell's premises be right — must once have passed. We are the gainers by a series of broadly human and philosophical propositions.

Even the most sympathetic reconstructions, however, may be far from helpful as criticism. The knowledge of the past is science. To be permanent, the work of art must be capable of taking on new meanings continually for changing generations of changing men and women. To know what Shakespeare was is helpful to the student. His ghosts and witches are explicable, his deeds of violence become natural conventions, as we learn to force ourselves into accepting his historical point of view. But in the end Shakespeare must come to us, and not we to him. Great art is tested by its power of seeming congruous and significant to all men alike, including those who cannot be expected to send a reconstructing imagination up and down the ages at the beck of their pleasure. Thus it may come to pass the old types fail. It would not be strange if men should again grow indifferent to Dante. It is not hard to imagine a generation that should not care deeply for Hamlet, with its hero rich in words and poor in action, with its enigmatic plot, its bloody deeds, its inconceivable apparition, its long orations; nor for Macbeth, with its impossible happenings, its unimaginable haste of action. And here is where criticism may exercise an important influence. The history of art is a noble pursuit, an interesting branch of science. History that reconstructs is perhaps its highest point, its most difficult task. But what the people of to-day need most is criticism which helps them to distinguish in the art of yesterday that which to-day is most beautiful and most true.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Poetry and the Drama. In Russet and Silver, by Edmund Gosse. (Stone & Kimball.) The truest note of this volume is struck in the verses of lament for lost youth and opportunities. Such lines as The Prodigal and Revelation convey something of the genuine feeling of poetry, if not its whole reality. Now and then the lack of any definite sense of humor stands in the way of success. The possessor of such a sense would hardly have written seriously,

> "I cannot write my love with Shakespeare's art,
> But the same burden weighs upon my heart;"

nor would he have been likely to speak of the Opium Harvest as gathered up "in bales of solid sleep." Yet the verses always show the trained craftsmanship of the pen, and if for the most part they are the product more of a cultivated mind than of a poet's, in the larger sense, they are nevertheless often agreeable reading. — Three single poems which come to us as separate books are: Lincoln's Grave, by Maurice Thompson (Stone & Kimball); The Torch-Bearers, by Arlo Bates (Roberts); and Chant of a Woodland Spirit, by Robert Burns Wilson (Putnams). The first and second of these are occasional poems. Mr. Thompson's was read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard, and has its special interest in the fact that the writer fought for "the lost cause." None the less is he capable of seeing Lincoln as he was, and of producing, with the inspiration of the theme, some of the best work in verse that has yet come from his pen. Mr. Bates's poem was written for the Bowdoin College Centennial last spring. It is, in effect, a mingled essay and homily on truth, with the text, of the author's own creation, "What man believes is truth." The Chant of a Woodland Spirit is more difficult to define, as its aim is far less distinct. A poet strives to interpret nature, and to give voice to the futility of most of the satisfactions of man except those of Sorrow and Memory. Various metrical forms are essayed, often with success, and passages of poetic beauty are easy to find; yet the effect of the whole poem is rather confused and confusing. — The Plays of Maurice Maeterlinck: Princess Maleine, The Intruder, The Blind, The Seven Princesses. Translated by Richard Hovey. (Stone & Kimball.) In his Introduction, Mr. Hovey says of Maeterlinck: "He has been accused of a lack of humor, but it is rather a restriction to one kind of humor, — the hysterical mirth of tragic crises, the grin on the everlasting skull." The idea of this "grin" as a form of humor will be as new to many readers as the quality of the plays must be to all those who have not before had at least a bowing acquaintance with Maeterlinck. Mr. Hovey has succeeded, perhaps, as thoroughly as the spirit of our language permits, in catching and reproducing the very atmosphere of the Belgian writer. The Introduction, moreover, shows the translator to be well in sympathy with the latter-day growth of which Maeterlinck is a most characteristic because a most individual development. — Vistas, by William Sharp. (Stone & Kimball.) This book, like the Plays of Maeterlinck, appears in the Green Tree Library, and like them, too, it keeps one listening so intently for sounds that are just beyond hearing, and trying so hard to see mystical presences which are not quite visible, that in the end one's ears and eyes are really sensible of the strain. Mr. Sharp's dedicatory letter tells Mr. Alden and the world at large how he came to write these "dramatic interludes," and why they are not, as some have thought, "an English reflection of the Maeterlinckian fire." Their kinship with the Belgian's work, in purpose and in method, is nevertheless beyond question. Whether one cares to subject one's self to the effect of such work is a matter for private decision. The effect is palpably wrought in the best of the Vistas. — Narragansett Ballads, with Songs and Lyrics, by Caroline Hazard. (Houghton.) Many traditions of the southern part of Rhode Island are preserved in the ballads which make a large part of this book. They are stories worth keeping, and Miss Hazard has brought to her task the true zeal of the historian of localities. She is a Rhode Islander, too, in many of the Songs and Lyrics, though their themes have no distinct geographical limits. Some of the most attractive verses in the book, indeed, have

the Californian coast for their scene. — Love-Songs of Childhood, by Eugene Field. (Scribners.) Mr. Field's happiest vein heretofore has often been in juvenile rhymes, and so, apparently, it continues to be. Verses like "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" and The Ride to Bumpville, for instance, are amusing and clever. Yet too often the writer lets himself drop below his own better standards, and the result, as shown in many verses of this volume, is a cheap and common kind of rhyming, which can neither cultivate good taste in the children nor gratify it in the parents. — Heigh-Ho! My Laddie, O! and Other Child Verses, by William S. Lord. (The Enterprise, Evanston, Ill.) A small pamphlet of rhymes which, if the strictest truth be told, are neither here nor there. — From Time to Time, a Book of Verse, by S. W. Weitzel. (Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.) There are two lines in the Bab Ballads about a person belonging to the class of men who are said to stand in "the middle distance:" —

> "No characteristic trait had he
> Of any distinctive kind."

They are lines which a book of verse often has the power to recall. It is the more refreshing to find this paper-covered volume of the family to which the quotation does not refer, for there is a very clear note of simple religious faith constantly recurrent in the collection, and the verses are better written than many others. — On the Wooing of Martha Pitkin, being a Versified Narrative of the Time of the Regicides in Colonial New England, by Charles Knowles Bolton. (Copeland & Day.) If an unvigilant proof-reader had let the 1894 on the title-page of this smallest of small books twist itself into 1694, nobody would have been much the wiser, so successful is the reproduction of the garb of antiquity for the little volume. The Versified Narrative which it contains is pleasant enough, but hardly so conspicuous in its success. — Songs from Dreamland, by May Kendall. (Longmans.) On the whole, the better verses in this book are those of the lighter sort, and, curiously enough, the light method often finds its way into the treatment of serious themes. At their very best, the better verses of each kind are good, but of these there are hardly enough to give the collection any positive distinction. — Philip of Pokanoket, an Indian Drama, by Alfred Antoine Furman. (Stettiner, Lambert & Co., New York.) Mr. Furman has no hesitation in following the best dramatic models, for in a sort of balcony scene for Captain Church and Wenonah, "Squaw-Sachem of the Seconets," the Indian fighter, not hitherto credited with love passages with squaws, exclaims, "But see! the dawn!" and Wenonah replies,

> "No, 't is not the dawn,
> But some belated meteor in his flight."

Then Church again cries out against "those jealous streaks that hem the dress of day," and one is not quite sure whether the age is that of the sewing-machine or of Shakespeare. There are five acts in the play, and twenty-two speaking parts. The scene is said to be laid "dispersedly in Massachusetts and Rhode Island." — The Wine of May, and Other Lyrics, by Fred Lewis Pattee. (Republican Press Association, Concord, N. H.) There is a pleasant facility of pen and imagination in many of the verses here, but no insistent note of individuality. — Watchers of Twilight, and Other Poems, by Arthur J. Stringer. (T. H. Warren, Printer, London, Ont.) — Among the Muses, by Miles A. Davis. (Published by the Author.)

Literature and Literary History. The fifth volume of the new edition of Pepys's Diary, which is appearing under the charge of Mr. Henry B. Wheatley (Macmillan), runs from July, 1665, to October, 1666. It is worth while to read in this faithful chronicle how he and other Londoners lived and quaked during the plague. Pepys is as amatory as ever, always applauding modesty, and always apparently ready to take liberties with it. His taste for music leads him to give many references to songs by Lawes and others, and to convey the impression that England had more real music in her in the middle of the seventeenth century than she has now. — The Aims of Literary Study, by Hiram Corson. (Macmillan.) An admirable little treatise, which, read attentively, would go far to enlightening teachers as to what they may and may not do in teaching English. If it were possible to examine teachers in Dr. Corson's tract, we might look to see the ordinary examinations of pupils in English abandoned. The truths which he sets forth are of the kind that enter the mind like light; they do not knock like an officer of the law. — The second of the three volumes of Ben Jonson, in

the Mermaid Series (Imported by Scribners), has, as an appropriate frontispiece, an etching of the portrait of Richard Burbadge in the Dulwich Gallery. The book contains Bartholomew Fair, Cynthia's Revels, and Sejanus.

Essays. The Use of Life, by Sir John Lubbock. (Macmillan.) This volume contains so many truths that it is a maddening thing to read. The trouble is that the truths are for the most part also truisms. According to his previous practice, Sir John has clipped and copied from every source the more familiar dicta of great minds regarding the virtues. On threads of his own spinning, wrought wholly from the *bourgeois* "be-good-and-you-will-be-happy" philosophy, the author — and compiler — has strung these extracts together. To find a perfectly familiar couplet from Shakespeare misquoted, and then attributed to Burns, shakes one's faith in all the less easily verified citations. But Sir John is not content merely with repeating what others have said; he also repeats himself. On page 83, in the chapter on Health, one finds, "The senses — full of innocent delight as they are — will no doubt, if we yield to them, wreck us like the Sirens of old [by the way, were the Sirens wrecked?] on the rocks and whirlpools of life." On page 290, when Peace and Happiness are reached, the same original sentiment is expressed, only here it is "true delight," and "no doubt" is omitted. Can it be that the wreck and the rocks and the whirlpools have become in the interval any less a certainty? A particularly fresh quotation ends the book: "Be good, in the noble words of Kingsley,

'And let who will be clever.'"

Such tricks as these we have pointed out may be good, indeed, but surely they are not clever. — The Alphabet and Language, Immortality of the Big Trees, Wealth and Poverty of the Chicago Exposition, Three Essays by Thomas Magee. (William Doxey, San Francisco.)

History and Biography. England in the Nineteenth Century, by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. (McClurg.) This book follows the same plan as the author's previous volumes on France and Russia, and has the same readable quality. Mrs. Latimer's first thought of calling her work of this kind Historical Gossip would have given the series a good descriptive title. Her personal reminiscences are always interesting, and she is an entertaining compiler; but she should follow her authorities more closely, and revise more carefully. Even for gossip the volume contains too many inaccuracies and blunders of the most obvious kind, such as, to note a few instances, the statement that George III. was the first sovereign English born and bred since Queen Elizabeth; or that Lord Beaconsfield was refused a grave in Westminster Abbey, the exact opposite being the fact; while sometimes a curious confusion of persons and things is shown, as where the youngest of the three beautiful Sheridans is said to have been Lady Eglintoun, and the Crown Prince of Roumania is married simultaneously, as it were, to his wife and his wife's sister, the ignoring of the authentic marriage of the latter, with its rather important attendant circumstances, being a clear loss of excellent material. But these infelicities will trouble not at all that large class of readers who will not take history and biography except in the form here offered, and who are certain to find the volume entertaining. — Dante Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, by Esther Wood. (Scribners.) The writer disavows the intention of producing the authoritative life of Rossetti, or of entering fully into the domain of art criticism. Her purpose is rather to give expression to the meaning, ethical even more than æsthetic, of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement. To this end she does, in effect, present us a biography of Rossetti, and many interesting glimpses of the men and thoughts with which he had most to do. One of the most valuable elements of the book is its showing of the influence that English poetry — not his own, but Keats's, Tennyson's, and Browning's in turn — had upon Rossetti's work as a painter. The consideration of the painter's own verse is sane and sympathetic. Indeed, throughout admirable judgment is shown, in spite of the writer's somewhat diffuse method. Notwithstanding her good resolutions at the outset, she permits herself many pages that might have been more reasonably looked for elsewhere. — The Annals of a Quiet Valley, by a Country Parson. Edited by John Watson, F. L. S. (Macmillan, New York; Dent, London.) Besides being an attractive book to look at, this is a pleasant one to read. In a

very simple, straightforward style the writer describes the life of the dalesmen in the Wordsworth country, — more, be it said, as it was fifty and a hundred years ago than as it is now. For, unhappily, the encroachments of the outer world are changing even the ways of the Quiet Valley, and all the best things of anecdote and fact about strange old clergymen and parish clerks, the customs of indoor and outdoor life, indeed all the most individual bits in the folk-lore of the region, are brought to us out of a past that is truly gone. — Reminiscences of a Portrait Painter, by George P. A. Healy. (McClurg.) Mr. Healy tells without affectation or vainglory the story of his own life, and many anecdotes about his friends and sitters. No one more than the successful painter of portraits has the opportunity of seeing a variety of interesting people at short range, and when, as here, the memorable points of the interviews are preserved without making the narrator the principal character in each scene, the artist must have a second pleasure in leaving behind him the pictures of his pen. — The Egyptian Book of the Dead, the most Ancient and the most Important of the Extant Religious Texts of Ancient Egypt. Edited, with Introduction, a complete Translation, and various chapters on its History, Symbolism, etc., by Charles H. S. Davis. With 99 Plates reproduced in facsimile from the Turin papyrus and the Louvre papyrus. (Putnams.) A big quarto with quite an air of erudition about it. The reproductions are blurred, process copies of those published long ago by De Rougé and Lepsius. The translation is from the French of Pierret. In the editor's own work of introduction there is apparently no recourse to Maspero or E. Meyer, and Naville's critical edition seems not to have been used. In a word, the book adds nothing to the subject, and does not set forth intelligently what is known. Any one who can read French can dispense with the book ; and if one is really eager to become versed in hieratic learning, he had better first learn French. — In the Cornell Studies in Classical Philology (Ginn), an historical treatise on The Cult of Asklepios, by Alice Walton, has appeared.

Textbooks and Education. Cinq-Mars, ou Une Conjuration sous Louis XIII., par le C^te^ Alfred de Vigny. Abridged and edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Charles Sankey. (Heath.) The Historical Introduction to this number of Heath's Modern Language Series is a capital sketch of the reign of Louis XIII. and the career of Richelieu. Besides, there is a biographical account of Alfred de Vigny, and the notes upon the text are ample without being overpowering. — A Text-Book of Modern Spanish, as Now Written and Spoken in Castile and the Spanish-American Republics, by Marathon Montrose Ramsay (Holt), is not too late, we hope, to profit by the interest in Pan-American affairs of which so much was said a few years ago. — From D. C. Heath & Co. we have A Danish and Dano-Norwegian Grammar, by P. Groth. — Four new books for classes in French are : Hernani, edited, with Notes and an Essay on Victor Hugo, by George McLean Harper (Holt) ; Colomba, par Prosper Mérimée, edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Bibliography, by A. Guyot Cameron (Holt) ; Episodes from François le Champi, par George Sand, edited, with Notes, by C. Sankey (Longmans); and A First Lesson in French, by François Gouin, translated from the French by Howard Swan and Victor Bétis (Scribners). — Another book for beginners is A First Year in Drawing, by Henry T. Bailey. (Educational Publishing Co., Boston.) — In the Standard Teachers' Library (Bardeen, Syracuse) have appeared a second edition of Roderick Hume, the Story of a New York Teacher, by C. W. Bardeen, and two books not distantly related to each other, The School Room Guide to Methods of Teaching and School Management, by E. V. De Graff, and The Teacher's Mentor, including in one volume Buckham's First Steps in Teaching, Huntington's Unconscious Tuition, Fitch's Art of Questioning, and Fitch's Art of Securing Attention. — In Hutchison's Physiological Series, Maynard, Merrill & Co. have issued Our Wonderful Bodies, and How to Take Care of Them, the First Book for Primary Grades, the Second for Intermediate and Grammar Grades.

Books for and about the Young. Piccino, and Other Child Stories, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Scribners.) Mrs. Burnett has hardly done better work than in the delightful history of two memorable, not to say dreadful days in the life of Piccino, a six-year-old Italian peasant, whose wonderful beauty attracts the attention of an idle English lady, who, as an amusing distrac-

tion, takes charge of the boy. The lovely little savage is introduced to bewildering habits, strange food, and, worst of all, "put into water," and after forty-eight hours of misery he runs away, returning to the congenial squalor of his parental hovel. The story will be eagerly read and re-read by children, but will be better appreciated by their elders. The Other Child Stories are properly so called, for they are not a child's stories, even though children find them attractive. This is emphatically the case with The Captain's Youngest, and so, in a less degree, with the graceful, pathetic sketch Little Betty's Kitten Tells her Story, and with How Fauntleroy Occurred, some notes on the babyhood and childhood of the writer's younger son, the model of that picturesque and popular juvenile hero. — Twilight Land, by Howard Pyle. (Harpers.) The plan of this fairy-book is to have various persons of nursery lore, such as Cinderella, Ali Baba, and Boots, tell stories to be illustrated by Mr. Pyle. This part of the work he has done charmingly. Whenever the aerial motion of a flying-carpet or wishing-stool is the subject, the design is peculiarly happy, not to say flighty. But the text, — there one wishes Grimm and Scheherazade might have been left to their own devices of speech. To them can most of the substance of the tales be traced, and the transfer to the lips of new tellers does not add greatly to their charm. — Sirs, Only Seventeen ! by Virginia F. Townsend. Mollie Miller, by Effie W. Merriman. (Lee & Shepard.) In the first of these volumes, two well-to-do young folk rescue and befriend a boy from the slums ; in the second, a family of poor orphans, while struggling to rise in the world, do good to those still more helpless than themselves. Both authors have a certain skill in story-telling, and their tales, though ordinary in quality, are neither unwholesome nor unreadable. — The Little Old Man, a Story written on Request, by Uncle Charley. (Bardeen, Syracuse.)

Music and Æsthetics. Studies in Modern Music, Second Series, by W. H. Hadow. (Macmillan.) The writer makes his way across the quicksands of musical criticism as if they were solid ground. Without too much affirmation and contention, he deals with his themes in such a way as to give a full impression of sureness and sober judgment. The book opens with a long paper on Outlines of Musical Form, dealing in turn with Faculties of Appreciation, Style and Structure, and Function. For the less technical music lover, the three biographical and critical papers that follow are of still greater interest. Their subjects are Chopin, Dvořàk, and Brahms. This last master is held to have taken his place with Bach and Beethoven. — Rhythm and Harmony in Poetry and Music, together with Music as a Representative Art, Two Essays in Comparative Æsthetics, by George Lansing Raymond. (Putnams.) A long preface is devoted to defending the author against the critics of his previous books, and showing wherein they were mistaken and unintelligent. A chapter in the first essay of the present volume is entitled Musical Harmony as developed by the Art-Method of Grouping Like Partial Effects of Unlike Complex Wholes. This alone may be taken to indicate the writer's fashion of dealing with the purely technical side of artistic production, and it is hardly to be wondered that mortal critics have failed to sound the depths of such work.

Fiction. Sir Robert's Fortune, by Mrs. Oliphant. (Harpers.) Before now Mrs. Oliphant has shown how easily and vividly she can reproduce the Scottish life of the early years of this century, and though Sir Robert's Fortune is in no wise equal to her best work, the story of Lily Ramsay's gradual and hopeless entanglement in a net of falsehood and deceit, despite her own frankness and truthfulness, never fails in interest. The girl, with her willfulness, petulance, occasional foolishness, and constant lovableness, is a very lifelike study, while the humbler personages of the tale have every one the distinct individuality which belongs to the author's sketches of her country folk. It is a thing to be grateful for, as the larger part of the story is laid in a region remote from the Lowlands, that, though all the characters, high and low, have properly what may be called a Scottish flavor in their speech, dialect is used scarcely at all. — Who was Lost and is Found (Harpers), both in length and in quality, will rank among Mrs. Oliphant's minor tales ; but the picture of Mrs. Ogilvy and her household is in the writer's best manner, — the gentle widow, with her habit of well-ordered, decorous living, to whom re-

turns the unrepentant prodigal, being drawn with most delicate and sympathetic insight. — The Parasite, by A. Conan Doyle. (Harpers.) The hero and narrator of this brief tale is a young scientist, who, in the way of experiment, puts himself in the power of a very potent hypnotizer, a woman neither young nor attractive, who is at once amorous, malignant, and merciless. When we add that her victim is betrothed to a charming girl, we have given the materials for a thrilling history which the author may be trusted to use skillfully and effectively. — Messrs. Harpers have brought out a handsome new edition of The White Company, Dr. Doyle's spirited and easily readable tale of the days when Edward III. was king, the volume being in the same general style as the publishers' issues of Micah Clarke and The Refugees. We do not know whether it was a slip of the writer's pen or a perversity of the types which, in the last chapter, makes the fourth Edward the successor of the second Richard. — Messrs. Holt have published two more little volumes by Anthony Hope, The Dolly Dialogues and The Indiscretion of the Duchess. As to the former book, easy facility in writing bright, epigrammatic dialogue, almost always nicely adapted to the occasion, has been an important element in the making of Mr. Hope's rapid and rather exceptional success, and the gift is here displayed often with much cleverness and humor. The essentials of a social skit of this sort, a well-bred tone, lightness in the satiric touches, and cynicism of not too dark a dye, can be found in the book. Altogether the author is a not inapt pupil of the vivacious, and unequaled, Gyp. The Indiscretion of the Duchess is of the same class as The Prisoner of Zenda. Though the later tale is on the whole inferior to its predecessor, it has the same ingenuity of construction, is as brimful of incidents, as rapid in movement, and as entertainingly improbable. The characters who disport themselves in its pages will excite only moderate interest, but the story of their adventures will be read at a sitting by a multitude of romance lovers. — The Vagabonds, by Margaret L. Woods. (Macmillan.) The vagabonds are the members of Stockwell's Giant Circus, and the motley crowd and their wandering life are drawn with rigidly truthful, yet at the same time kindly and sometimes humorous touches. But the sketches of life in the ring and on the road are but secondary to the story of the clown Joey, an ugly, good-hearted middle-aged man, married to a pretty girl-wife whom he loves passionately, while she accepted him as a husband simply as her only escape from a disreputable father. When we say that she is a good but commonplace young woman, with the selfishness of utterly unimaginative youth; that she falls in love with one of her fellow-workers; that when circumstances for which no one is to blame make her remarriage necessary, she accepts her freedom at Joey's hands and sails for America with her new husband, where both, we may be sure, will quickly forget the man who has saved the life of one, and resigned for the other all that made his own life of value, we indicate a humble tragedy which Mrs. Woods has treated with strength and tenderness. The book is interesting from beginning to end, but will hardly make so deep an impression as the author's earliest and as yet best novel. — A Drama in Dutch, by Z. Z. (Macmillan.) A study of a community of Dutch shopkeepers in London, apparently written by one of the same nationality, who is able, at least partially, to look at the little world he describes from the outside. His sketches are uncompromisingly realistic, and the men and women he depicts so graphically can win but scant regard from the reader, so narrow-minded, sordid, and vulgarly materialistic are most of them. The story, though it has both tragic and pathetic elements, makes but a slight impression in comparison with the pictures of life and character so forcibly given, which show both insight and power on the part of the author. The weakest point in the book is the rapid conversion of Martin, the young hero, into a Dutchman. Heredity would hardly overcome in an instant, so to speak, the education and habits of a lifetime, and even falling in love would scarcely reconcile an English university-bred youth to some of the qualities of his new associates. — A Monk of the Aventine, by Ernst Eckstein. Translated by Helen Hunt Johnson. (Roberts.) A due amount of historical and archæological knowledge can generally be looked for in a German novel of this class, and it is not wanting here. But the author has hardly succeeded in giving a very vivid picture of the squalid, ignorant, degraded,

and brutalized Rome of the tenth century, and most of his characters, though as carefully studied as their environment, lack vitality. Yet the story of the monk Bernardus is an interesting one, told throughout in a terse, straightforward manner, and usually with simplicity. It may not transport the reader to mediæval Rome, but it will help him to reconstruct it in his own imagination. — An Altar of Earth, by Thymol Monk. (Putnams.) An end-of-the-century tale, mainly devoted to the history of Daphne Cresswell, a medical student, dangerously attractive to every man who approaches her nearly. Told that she has but two years to live, she seeks country air and quiet at Hiram's Hill, the owner whereof, a coarse, rich City man, soon loves her unlawfully, while she is adored honestly by the rising young doctor who has pronounced her doom. The study of the girl's state of mind, her passionate feeling for nature, her recklessness, her clinging to life, her brave endurance for the most part, though she has neither faith nor hope, is singularly vivid. The tone of the book is morbid, and at times unwholesome, but it is never dull, which last assertion cannot be made of another *fin-de-siècle* novel, Helen, by Oswald Valentine, a late addition to the Incognito Library. (Putnams.) George, the literary hero, begins life in a state of general discontent and disgust, marries Helen, and through her influence becomes somewhat more healthy-minded, takes up socialism for a while, leaving it rather suddenly to devote himself to a new form of writing, which in its final development leaves him a celebrated novelist. All this and more is narrated intelligently, but without grace or lightness of touch, and the reader, in turning the last pages, which are slowly reached considering the size of the book, wonders for what particular reason the story of George and Helen should have been told at all. — On Cloud Mountain, by Frederick Thickstun Clark. (Harpers.) A frontier tale of a strongly accented and highly colored sort, in which full justice is done to the uncouthness and eccentricity of certain inhabitants of the Colorado mountains, and more than justice, it is to be hoped, to their fearful and wonderful misuse and abuse of the English language. When the story is dug out of the mass of "dialect" in which it is imbedded, it will be found far from uninteresting. — The Christmas Hirelings, by M. E. Braddon. (Harpers.) The author says that she has "long wished to write a story about children which should be interesting to childish readers, and yet not without interest for grown-up people." She has probably accomplished both objects in this book, which she yet rightly calls a novel. For cleverly drawn as are the little folk in this tale, especially the bright, original Moppet, their portraits will be much better appreciated by elder readers than by those of their own age. Miss Braddon has certainly proved in this volume that she can write charmingly and sympathetically of children. — A Kentucky Cardinal, by James Lane Allen. (Harpers.) This issue of the Little Novels Series has to do with a cardinal bird who lived in a bachelor's garden, and the girl who lived just beyond it. He was fond of them both, and against his principles, to gratify the girl, he captured the bird. The little creature died, and a misunderstanding between the bachelor and the girl became more intense in consequence, but in the end resulted in his capture of her also. It is altogether a delightful little story, full of quaint turns of construction and humor, and well apart from the beaten tracks of lighter fiction. — English Episodes, by Frederick Wedmore. (Imported by Scribners.) The writer of the five little stories that make this book knows his London and his Londoners well. He tells about a vicar, a probationer, a retired draper, a young poet with hopes for the laureateship, and a young woman in an Aerated Bread shop in a fashion as completely English as are the characters described. And in saying this we are not of those who would imply that the element of humor is quite lacking. There is something of it throughout the book, and even more of its sister quality, pathos. What some of our own writers have done for New England villages, Mr. Wedmore does for London in showing the quiet realities in the lives of a few separate inhabitants. — The Doctor, his Wife and the Clock, by Anna Katharine Green. (Putnams.) All about a blind physician who, with deadly marksmanship, shoots a man he had had no wish or reason to kill. The story is told by the detective, who puts the scanty bits of evidence together, and in the end confronts the in-

nocent criminal with all the details of the murder. What may be called the police fiction of recent years has raised one's standards of the sensational so high that this number of the Autonym Library can hardly excite positive enthusiasm. — Writing to Rosina, by W. H. Bishop. (Century Co.) An amusing little tale of the complications that involved two matter-of-fact lovers and the two friends who undertook to carry on a romantic correspondence for them. There is something really pathetic in the bewilderment of the young New York "hustler" when called upon to write real letters, after a lifelong training in "Yours rec'd, and contents duly noted." — Sidney Forester, by Clement Wilkes. (H. W. Hagemann, New York.) — On the Hurricane Deck, a Novel, by W. H. Wright. (Mascot Publishing Co., New York.) — A Siren's Son, by Susie Lee Bacon. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.)

Sociology. The Boss, an Essay upon the Art of Governing American Cities, by Henry Champernowne. (Geo. H. Richmond & Co., New York.) The author's attempt is, by assuming the Machiavellian attitude of a crafty adviser, to make a satiric showing of all that a New York boss does and might do. There is some real sagacity in the final appeal to him to use his great powers to promote the splendor of the city, and thus to win the love of the citizens. But for the most part the writer's art does not lend itself readily to the methods of satire, and the results of his enterprise are rather cumbrous. — The first volume of J. Shield Nicholson's Principles of Political Economy (Macmillan) deals with Production and Distribution. The author appears to be an independent disciple of Mill. In his closing chapter he has some interesting and vigorous criticisms to pass upon theoretical socialism.

Books of Reference. Woman in Epigram, Flashes of Wit, Wisdom, and Satire from the World's Literature, compiled by Frederick W. Morton. (McClurg.) Mr. Morton has ransacked the libraries of the ages for observations on woman. He has even quoted from himself. Certainly he has brought together sentiments enough of every shade to please alike the misogynist, the lady-killer, and the silent worshiper. Furthermore, he has provided his book with an index of authors and of subjects, and altogether has made his work the Bartlett of Femininity. — Report of the Massachusetts Board of World's Fair Managers. (Wright & Potter Printing Co., Boston.) An octavo volume, liberally illustrated, which clearly sets forth the exhibit made by Massachusetts. The state building formed an interesting part of the exhibit, both in itself and in its contents, and the illustrations of it are an attractive element in the report. — The Oxford English Dictionary, with the praiseworthy intention of regular serial publication, appears January 1, 1895, in a part of Volume III., covering the words Deceit–Deject. (At the Clarendon Press, Oxford; Macmillan, New York.) — A third edition of Phyfe's Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced (Putnams) has recently come to us.

Travel and Nature. Six Months among the Palm Groves, Coral Reefs, and Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands, by Isabella Bird Bishop. (Putnams.) It is a curious intimation of English obstinacy which persists in giving the Earl of Sandwich's name to the Hawaiian Islands. Mrs. Bishop's book is not brought down to date, but represents her experience of a decade or so ago. She is a good traveler, a faithful recorder, and if she has not the art of eliminating the trivial from her record, she has at least some sense of proportion. For an animated picture of life in Hawaii, the book stands usage well. — Bread from Stones, a New and Rational System of Land Fertilization and Physical Regeneration, translated from the German. (A. J. Tafel, Philadelphia.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Charades — in a Setting.

I WAS welcomed, in England, to a country house by my niece, whose husband is a banker by heritage, a soldier by profession, and a hunter by taste and devotion. His guests were according, particularly of the "horsy" type, and I felt like David Copperfield on the top of the coach, behind the great breeder. This comparison occurred to me so strongly as to suggest the following charade : —

Near the ancient town of Yarmouth,
Where the Peggottys abode,
I sought my *second's* agency
To bear my body's load ;
But it sore belied its title,
In vain I stormed and cursed ;
I could not force nor coax to speed
My irresponsive *first*.

Then on the beach arriving
Where the Peggottys abode,
Into ocean for refreshment
In its sunlit brine I strode.
Then for my late profaneness
Came vengeance on my soul,
As my neck in torture quivered
With the keen stroke of my *whole*.

"You hunt, I suppose ?" said my niece at breakfast, the first morning. "No, I don't," said I, playing with an old Derby china cup ; "much as ever I can ride." "Well, you shoot, I know." "No, I fear I should take a ramrod for a bayonet." "What do you do, then ?" said Lilian, rather snappishly, for the orifice of her teapot would *not* pour. "I know : he plays football," said her Harrow brother-in-law. "Not even that, Arthur," said I. "I 'm no hand at any sports ; I can't even play with stocks and bullion, like your uncle John." "I 'm afraid you 'll lack amusement," said Lilian, in a great tone of compassion. "Not at all," said I. "People always amuse me. There was that incipient courtship I overheard last night, on which I composed this charade.

"'Come to the chase, my lovely maid !
I hear my *first* awake the air ;
My *first* I 'll lend,' Sir Robert said,
'And thou my *first* shalt win and wear.'

"'Naught will I borrow ; 't is a snare ;
Or thou shalt lend my *next* alone ;
My *next* is still a sound of care,
And I have ever shunned a loan.'

"''T is thou dost spread my *third*, fair maid,
The hearts of lovers to entwine ;
Howe'er these bitter jests we trade,
My *third* advantage will be thine.

"'In storm this breast my *first* shall be,
My faultless *next* our compact bind.'
"'Never !' she cried, and smit fell he
With wound, as of my *whole*, unkind."

This was received with applause, and I was admitted as a sort of performer, though a non-equestrian, non-military, non-money man was unknown to the Mitford archives. On the banker element, however, I was soon revenged. Sir John Mitford, the august head of the banking firm, rising late, and determined to outdo his sons and nephews by reviving the hunting exploits of his youth, had made his horse fly over fence after fence, till suddenly — But let the charade which greeted him after dinner speak : —

Blithely day my *first* appears
With breezy call of opening morn ;
And mixed with shouts and yelps and cheers
Blithely sounds the huntsman's horn.
Horse and hound and groom are there,
Stirrup and snaffle and rein are on,
And ladies' laughter awakes the air,
But why delayeth the good Sir John ?

Too late did he follow the mazy dance
That thus he lingers in sweet repose ?
A pearly button he breaks, perchance,
Hath lost his heart or his striped hose.
Sudden he bounds through stair and hall,
Vaults upon Ormonde's chestnut foal ;
Never he recks the butler's call,
Never he stops to take my *whole*.

Alas for the posts and rails and ditch
That soon arrested his airy flight,
The straining bound and thundering pitch
That spiked the charger and lamed the knight !
Vainly he hears the hounds sweep by,
Vainly their music stirs his blood,
And vainly now for my *whole* he 'll sigh,
For he 's my *second* in Melton mud.

Moreover, a very charming young lady was so disgusted with the brag of a military suitor that she received with pleasure the following : —

The captain mounts his fiery steed,
And proudly gallops to the mead.
"I reck not of my *last*," he cries,
"When honor points me to the skies !
On, my brave troop ! my *first* may come,
The trumpet bray, and roll the drum.
Squadrons, advance ! as gayly ride,
As in my *last* my *first* you plied."

The squadrons ride ; my *first* is there
To hold the ground, my *last* the air ;

Slaughter and wounds the meadow fill,
Where chargers crush and sabres kill;
But all the horrors of the fight,
And all the pangs when fell the night,
Match not the tale of mangling blows
Wherewith my *whole* its field bestrews.

She actually joined me in a little starlight flirtation, calling it an astronomy lesson, which led to this: —

Divided, in the sky they shine;
On earth to glitter, they combine;
Apart, men fly their furious harms;
Together, court their brilliant charms;
Nor onset fierce, nor mystic power,
Slays like that beauty's fatal dower.

On the other hand, her suitor, being assured I was terribly clever, drew me aside to consult me on matrimony. My advice may be found hidden in these lines: —

"Tell me, skilled in wiles of wedlock,
How shall I a consort choose?
How secure my *first*, who makes me
All to gain, and naught to lose?
Is my *second* wealth uncounted,
Sparkling beauty, smiling wit,
That shall make me first of mortals?
How should prudence settle it?"

"Youth," replied the three-times-wedded,
"List the counsel of my *third;*
Let not wealth alone, nor beauty,
Wit nor temper be preferred.
Look beyond thy charmer's person,
Let her race thy choice control;
Fathers make and mothers fashion, —
Let thy compass be my *whole.*"

It had really become serious. I could not open my lips without having a charade called for. The morning newspaper set the old men on me, and elicited this: —

My *first* must feel
The reaper's steel.

My *last* must lead
Where speech may need.

My *whole* must fall,
Though vast her wall.

A difficulty with the lamp at five-o'clock tea made the ladies call for one, and I responded thus: —

"Let there be light," was Heaven's decree,
When all in one were land and sea;
The splendors of my *first* recall
When land was naught, and sea was all.

In cells precise my monkish *next*
Give shelter to a band unsexed;
Yet if my *next* should rack your child,
They soothe it with a nectar mild.

Woe to the land whose visions bold
Seek but the new, and miss the old;
Nor from my *whole* the lesson draw
That wit and force must yield to law.

And at bedtime, when the servant reported to the dispersing guests that the frost was too hard for hunting, I had the sportsmen, each stirring a nightcap, stand round me, and say, "Can you get anything witty out of this beastly frost, old fellow?" Well, I sat down, and scratched off this: —

"Farewell, farewell, my children dear!
Farewell, my precious wife!
I go to prove my trenchant steel
In wild, adventurous strife!
My troops are gone, their harness on,
For sharp encounter stirred;
The gleaming foe their strokes shall know,
My faithless, heartless *third.*

"Watch my bold rush, my artful wheel,
And each manœuvre skilled;
Fear not my feet in foul retreat
Shall break by terror chilled.
My *first*, my *second*, — words of doubt, —
Must they your hearts appal?
Be far removed from champion proved
Such omens of his fall."

The champion to the fray has passed;
His darlings watched him ply
His blade's keen edge, like woodman's wedge,
With sparkling, tearful eye.
One rattling stroke — the foe he broke,
And made my yawning *whole*,
While sharply rang as one should say
The parting of his soul.

Perhaps my readers will not find out, any more than my hearers, where the cold weather comes in.

In short, from a nobody I had risen to a hero; but my glory was paramount when we all came home from a ball where a naval officer had cut out every man jack of us, bankers, soldiers, and hunters, the blue coat beating black and red out of the field. The jilted crowd called on me with one voice for a "skit on that beggar of a midshipman" (I believe he was a lieutenant commander), and expressed the greatest delight when I produced the following: —

Have you heard, my dear Ethel, the news in our town?
A young naval officer 's lately come down;
There 's gold on his cap, and a dirk by his side,
And his black silk cravat is most jauntingly tied.
Every girl in the town is delighted to know
She 's a chance of securing so charming a beau;
Not a day in the week but he 's asked out to tea,
And my *first* are all set when his coming we see.

Such terrible stories he loves to relate
Of shipwrecks and icebergs and imminent fate;
The pirates he conquered, the captives he saved,
The hardships he bore, and the dangers he braved.
When he opens his mouth we sit mum as the dead,
You would think that my *second* was everywhere spread;
The most desperate gossips are silent for once,
And the brightest young spark is as mute as a dunce.

His ship 's to be here, and we 've made him agree
To take us on board all her wonders to see :
The sheets and the royals, the spanker and jib, —
You see he has taught me to say them off glib, —
The shot and the shell lying round cheek by jowl,
And the pistols and cutlasses decking my *whole*.
'T is true, my dear Ethel, our heads fairly swim ;
We have ne'er had a beau so delightful as him !

You will find the answer to every charade, dear reader, somewhere in the prose of this story.

Quotations. — It is generally admitted that the human memory is a most wayward associate, and not only fails us utterly at a crisis, but thrusts into our mouths altered and even invented facts to suit its own wicked purposes. A very gallant soldier of the late war insisted the other day that Fredericksburg was fought early in 1864, and scouted a lady who said she remembered its wounded at Washington in January, 1863. But it is in dealing with quotations that memory is most depraved, and will not avail itself of its undoubted right not to quote at all. Mr. Lowell, at one of the last public dinners he ever attended, credited to Wordsworth the lines,

> "Till old Experience do attain
> To something like prophetic strain,"

and really resented the idea that they are Milton's. Mr. Webster once quoted Dr. Johnson for certain lines in Goldsmith's Traveller, thinking they were from the Vanity of Human Wishes ; but by a piece of superhuman luck they happened to be among the handful of lines that Johnson is known to have supplied in Goldsmith's poem. Less eminent persons *will* talk about the chapter on there being "no snakes in Ireland ;" and when you tell them it is in Horrebow's History of Iceland, they say, "Everybody quotes the other way, and it must be Ireland on account of St. Patrick ;" but then it is not so.

Now, quotation, though sometimes a spicer, is oftener a diluter of talk, and if it is not right gives indeed a mawkish twang. A young lady favored me the other day with a panegyric on "the farmer," — whoever he is, — and, drawing herself up, informed me that George Washington, being asked who he considered was the greatest benefactor of the human race, replied, "He who made two blades of grass grow where one grew before." Perhaps Gulliver's Travels is not good reading for young ladies ; but really, she need not have treated her company to this very castanean quotation as coming from such an uncongenial source, when so many lives of Washington and so many editions of Bartlett's Quotations are accessible. The latter invaluable book might be well studied by people who talk of "the Simon Pure Democracy" without the faintest idea who Simon Pure was, and that his name loses all its meaning unless it is a noun, with the word "real" or "true" prefixed to it. Hoyle is often accused of giving the advice, "When in doubt, play trumps." What he does say is, "When in doubt, win the trick," which is not exactly the same. And to conclude : will people never stop saying that some one "lay low, like Brer Rabbit"? It would have been the best thing if poor Brer Rabbit, instead of meddling with Tar Baby, had learned to "lay low" from his vulpine antagonist.

A True Israelite. — Perhaps those who know the late James Darmesteter only from such eulogies of his life and learning as Professor Max Müller has given will hardly realize how essentially this surprising man, with a note of unfinished tragedy about all he undertook, — Orientalist, ultra-Parisian, striving not unsuccessfully to lead modern thought in the ways of a wide philosophy, — was, in all and through all, a Jew of the Jews. It was not alone the passive melancholy, which grew cynical in Heine, belonging to a race that holds intensely to its inheritance of qualities evolved before classic paganism had moulded the intellect of mankind. The ideas themselves of Professor Darmesteter were those of all the sons of Israel, when they take cognizance of their genuine mental processes. With all his sublimation at the hands of modern culture, with the touching idyl of his married life, he seems never once to have faltered in his belief that salvation is of the Jews. He vainly gave a philosophic interpretation to religious names, and professed that vague rationalism which Renan has made intellectually fashionable. The Weltgeist which had borne him from four thousand years of travail with his race — not the doctrine, but the thing of evolution — produced in him a living utterance of Jewish thought as it is in presence of the revolutionary Zeitgeist. He had not even assimilated by the way the Western inheritance of distinctively Christian thought and feeling.

His father was a poor bookbinder in the

little town of Château-Salins in Lorraine, close to what is now the frontier of the German Empire. His mother was of the family of Brandeis, from which have sprung so many of the doctors of the Mosaic law that lie buried in the ancient Jewish cemetery of Prague, described by Marion Crawford. The father, without much book-learning himself, dreamed of a future in which his sons should be distinguished for wise rabbinical lore. Hoping to better his condition, he came up to Paris when James was three years old. But he only fell the deeper into cruel want. Amid all his struggles, intensified by ill health, he never lost sight of the ideal life he had planned for his two sons. The spirit of solidarity, which is the strength and the prime offense of the Jewish community, allowed him to realize his aim beyond all his expectations, though he lived not to see it.

The two boys, from the bosom of their family, drew a thorough acquaintance with the German and French languages, and that familiarity with liturgical Hebrew which is found in the stricter, old-fashioned Jewish circles. The Israelite consistory (the organization in which the French state recognizes the Jewish religion as one of the official churches) has in Paris its own higher school of the Talmud Thorah. Here, besides the religious education which is its reason for existence, instruction is given in all the studies required by the government programmes of the university. Arsène Darmesteter, who was the elder by three years, had no other collegiate training than this. How sure it must have been is shown by the position he took immediately afterwards among the chosen pupils of M. Gaston Paris, the founder of Romance philology in France. In 1872, when only twenty-six years of age, he was named *maître de conférences* at the Ecole des Hautes-Etudes. The father had died in 1868, before seeing more than the dawn of promise in the school record of his sons, with both of whom the frail body seemed like a sheath overworn by the keen sword of the spirit within.

Arsène, who had himself been prepared for the rabbinate, had induced the father to send his brother James to complete his studies for the bachelor's degree in letters in the government schools. This was undoubtedly to the great advantage of the boy's literary training. He was successively a day-scholar at the Lycée Charlemagne, which occupies the pre-revolutionary house of the Jesuits, and at the Lycée Condorcet, which is similarly in a former convent of Capuchin friars. The mere buildings convey little of the spirit of the mediæval Church to their present inmates ; but James Darmesteter brought with him a tradition of things which has braved the storms of all the ages. He distinguished himself in mathematics, to which for a moment he thought of giving himself up ; he bore off the prize of rhetoric, in the general competition of all the Paris colleges ; and he had his day dream, with Hebrew versatility, of writing for the stage. But his whole life had prepared him to appreciate the subtle philosophies of Oriental religions and literatures ; and he entered into the school where his brother was a teacher, as a pupil of Bréal in philology.

Three years later, at the same age as his brother was when promoted, he was recognized by his masters as their equal. He had astonished the learned world by a first volume, — Haurvatât et Amerêtât, — in which he explained intelligibly the divinities of ancient Persia, — a land wherein no one had seen clearly since the death of Eugène Burnouf. Two years passed, and the Ecole des Hautes-Etudes called him to teach Zend, and he again showed his science by publishing a volume — Ormazd et Ahriman — on that problem of the two essential principles, good and evil, which Persian religion passed on to the Manicheans of St. Augustine's time, and which the saint, some say, handed down to John Calvin. Professor Max Müller now confided to him the important translation of the Zend Avesta for his collection of the sacred books of the East. The profane world has been astonished at reading the high eulogium given to the mere scholarship of James Darmesteter by the Oxford professor ; it was merited long before he had reached his thirtieth year.

At this time, by a patriotic turn, he compiled a volume of readings in French history. In 1882 he was chosen secretary of the Société Asiatique, where, in succession to Renan, he was obliged to write those difficult and exhaustive accounts, which are published every two years, of all that has been done in France in the domain of Oriental studies. In 1885 the Collége de France made a place for him as professor of "the

languages and literature of Persia." He was already coming to be known to the world at large for his clear, broad views of all that concerns the East. It was in this year that his study of the Mahdi appeared, with its complete summing up of the religious history of Islam. The following year he was sent out to India, with the special mission of investigating the difficult problems of the Afghan language in its home. The Parsees, of whose ancestor Zoroaster he had written things unknown to themselves, received him as an envoy of Western science. He delighted them with a conference on the five religions, Jewish, Christian, Mussulman, Indian, and Zoroastrian. In the two volumes he had already published of "Iranian studies," he had shown the distinction of what is called the Zend from the old Persian of inscriptions, from which, through the Pehlvi and Parsee (in Arabic letters), we come to the modern language of Persia. In the modern Afghan he found the direct derivative of the language of the Avesta, and he gathered the material of two volumes of "popular songs of the Afghans." In all these studies, to which should be added a work on Aryan cosmogonies, he sought out the successive elaboration of a primitive religion by the varying influx of Aryans and Semites (Mussulmans). According to him, the religious evolution of humanity is "the only guiding line by which we can follow the evolution of the life of peoples."

Shortly after his return to France, in 1888, he lost his brother Arsène, who died of a disease of the heart at the age of forty-two. James piously edited the Reliques Scientifiques of one who had taken a fixed place among the great authorities on French philology. Few have read more of the life of history and psychology in the dried-up words of an infant language. Next came the event which has always seemed to his friends the crown and consolation of his life of ceaseless labor. "James" Darmesteter (by a presentiment he had always written his name in English fashion) was married to the refined English poetess known as Mary Robinson. It does not belong to a stranger to say more. The new interests of their conjoined lives are equally to be seen in his essays on English literature — Shakespeare, Byron, Wordsworth, Browning — and in her works (written in French which the Academy has crowned) on Renaissance tales and the chronicles of mediæval Froissart. The husband seems lately to have aimed, beyond scholarship, at the larger influence of literature, in his Revue de Paris.

The last great work of James Darmesteter was entitled by him Prophets of Israel. With no pretense to faith in the dogmatic sense, he maintains the thesis dear to his soul from childhood, — perhaps even from the prenatal aspirations of his mother's race. The world must come back to learn from Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel. He makes no place for the Christ of Nazareth. Whatever secret sympathies he may have had with the Christianity that trod down his people in transforming the world, he hides with studied reserve. He sees in his people's chosen prophets the two ideas which are perennially to regenerate the world: the divine unity, which, in the light of modern science, he interprets to be "the unity of law;" and *Messianisme*, which to him is the "progress" coming from expectation. This, at least, is of plainer utterance than Renan's attempted harmony of past and present. Perhaps it is equally Christian. Those who find only disaster in the fading away of all high ideals will regret the disappearance from the seething world of Paris letters of that scanty, almost deformed body which held the strong soul-energy of James Darmesteter.

A Silhouette.

— 'T was deep in the afternoon. The sun still hung high in the heavens, yet we had not reached the pause between noon and night when, in Virginia, the air blows softer, the fleecy clouds grow more dense, as with accumulated snow, and a foretaste of evening comes in the hue of earth and sky.

We were halted at a high river-bank opposite the town of Lexington. Not the Lexington of our Revolution, nigh a century ago, but, as a Virginian told us, with flashing eyes, the Lexington of theirs!

We had paused by the river-bank for the excellent reason that the bridges which spanned the stream had been burned by the enemy. This disaster our gallant engineers were striving to remedy with axe and saw and pontoon. The air about us was alive with sound, — the heavy tread of marching cavalry deploying into position, the lighter cadence of the infantry, the ponderous

movement of the artillery, intermingled with the hoarse word of command and what our boys called the "neighing" of many trumpets.

Seated on my horse and looking vacantly at the sky, I became vaguely conscious of an increase of crimson, and recalled what I had been told at a blind asylum, years before, of a strange analogy between colors and sounds, — that the blast of a trumpet conveyed to the minds of those born blind an impression of red. While I thus mused, I saw the drifting snow-bank clouds lighted up with what looked like crimson foam, and for a moment I thought that the tints of sunset had been borne in upon me unawares, sheltered as I was by the penumbra of an enormous oak under which I lingered. Recovering from my revery, I was startled by the hum of many voices, and then I noticed that the trumpets had ceased, and that many men were looking with wondering awe at some object beyond the river. Sure enough, it was a fire. The Virginia Military Institute, the West Point of the South, had been kindled into a conflagration by some unknown hand: it was generally said by the enemy, as our advance guard had not yet crossed; others surmised the work of slave incendiaries, for it was evident that in this town white men were few, and temporarily, at least, all slaves must be free. I have seen many remarkable fires, but, whether from greater inflammability of material or from some other cause, this was the most magnificent one I ever beheld. Other buildings, including the residences of the professors and some houses in the town, soon contributed to the burnt offering before us.

Our progress had been almost undisputed; nevertheless it was deemed prudent by our authorities to throw a few shells into the town, to see if organized valor might not be lurking somewhere within its shadow. Our gallant enemies' delight in ambuscade, and, sooth to say, their frequent success therein, had made us cautious in all our movements.

The glories of a Southern sunset were beginning to be added to the lurid tints already seen in the sky, when our engineers pronounced the bridges practicable, and the whole army proceeded to cross.

Our advance guard took prompt possession of the town and its public buildings, not forgetting sundry halls of refreshment; and it was during the glowing twilight that we went into camp in a broad field of the suburbs. Everything being made snug for the night, our officers got permission to ride over to the principal hotel of the town for the purpose of dining.

On assembling, after dinner, on the piazza, which in a Southern country hotel serves as drawing-room and club-house, I noticed that a large dwelling-house directly opposite had been burned. From the charred and dismantled ruin before us, it was easy to infer that the house had belonged to some person of consideration. The grounds had evidently been sumptuous. All the familiar objects of a Southern garden were here strewn in blackened confusion, as though scorched by the flames from the great house which had fallen, — rose-trees of many varieties, box, juniper, and arbor-vitæ. At a little distance from the smouldering ruin stood a summer-house, almost intact, which seemed to have escaped the general wreck as by a miracle. This summer-house was constructed of climbing-plants — wistaria, clematis, and honeysuckle — woven upon invisible wire to the shape of a pagoda. A few blossoms, frail and white, could be seen through the gathering gloom, as though in gentle defiance of the wreck that had been wrought. Strange, burnt odors were blown to us from across the road, — a grotesque incense of box, rose-bush, and charred wood, with other elements as incongruous, all enhancing the desolation of the scene. Whose house it was, or how it came to be burned, we did not certainly know. Gossips of the advance guard informed us that it had been the residence of an eminent official obnoxious to our government, and that the fire had been occasioned by the bursting of a shell.

As our eyes became accustomed to the imperfect light, we saw that the garden was occupied. A lady dressed in black was sitting on a long, low settee, which must have stood in the shadow of the wall before the building was burned. Something in her pose bespoke the pride of the patrician class in that still feudal country. Although her features were indistinguishable in the twilight, there was something in the poise of her head which revealed a consciousness of beauty, while the lines of her graceful figure were seen to be poetical in their symmetry.

Her presence at this scene of ruin and the deep mourning evinced in her attire keenly stirred in her behalf the sympathetic feelings and romance imaginings of our younger officers. We all agreed that she must be a lady of rank, an F. F. V., — a *grande dame* presumably, a beauty undoubtedly. We naturally surmised her to be the now homeless daughter of that burned house, and, moreover, one whose male relatives were not there to protect her, but were fighting in the van of the Southern armies.

A sudden exclamation from one of our young men called attention to another occupant of the garden, and we saw a young officer of the cavalry, who evidently had been placed there on duty, as was shown by his manner of patrolling a weed-grown gravel walk.

The officer turned with eyes of apparent solicitude toward the lady who was seated on the black settee, and inclined more and more his pacing in that direction. But the movement of queenly majesty, of outraged womanhood, the indices of imperishable hate that informed every limb of her quivering body, showed how unwelcome was such intrusion. We, the spectators from the piazza, were unanimous in the opinion that the situation of our comrade was by no means an enviable one, and that we greatly preferred to be where we were.

When, after some interruption which called us indoors, we returned to our seats on the piazza, another scene of the drama which we had beheld was being enacted. The lady was in tears. Burning indignation had been replaced by a helpless sense of wrong, and she was sobbing in pitiful dumb-show which thrilled every fibre of our masculine hearts, and made us wonder why such semblance of warring upon women must be woven into the woof of every conflict. The officer had his back to us, and was murmuring something in a voice far too low for us to hear. He had sheathed his sword, and was absently making marks with the scabbard in the gravel and among the ashes. He appeared profoundly conscious of his unhappy position, and was evidently pleading for some mitigation of beauty's sentence, — pleading, no doubt, in extenuation, his own sense of soldierly duty, to which appeal she, as a daughter of devoted Virginia, could scarce be insensible.

The last red light of the western sky faintly illumined the scene. The dying embers of the burned building were touched into life by the evening zephyr. The darkness, if it had increased, had so changed its character as to throw a picturesque, if uncertain, clearness over all objects. It seemed to us as if there was a faint flush upon the lady's cheek, hitherto so pale ; and we fell to wondering whether it was real, or was wrought by the red ruin that smouldered near, or was aided by the passion that still held the sky.

And now the twilight had died in the horizon ; the embers which had been stirred into brief life had fallen back into darkness. Nothing remained to light us on our way except an occasional uncertain flash from the still burning houses on the hill. We looked for our bereaved lady and her cavalry guard of honor, but we looked in vain ; and it was not until we had mounted our horses and were slowly riding out to camp that a change in our position brought between us and the sky a silhouette. There, upon the centre of the same seat, we could see two figures sitting so closely together as to make one image ; and by a sportive flash from a burning building beyond we saw for a brief instant that the soldier was holding her hand, while his attitude was one of prayerful intensity. And the lady was listening.

The Sister's Tragedy. — There is a charming little story by Mrs. Deland, Mr. Tommy Dove, that touches upon a subject on which, I confess, my heart has been sore for some time. True, the chief characters here are worked out in what might be called such very thin colors, that the brief milk-and-water romance between Jane Temple and her lover (Jane meekly sacrifices the hope of happiness and a home of her own, that come to her late in life, because she thinks her relatives "need" her) verges close upon the ludicrous ; yet this cannot wholly blind us to the pathos of it all ; for it but reflects the fate of many single women, — very frequently an unmarried sister of husband or wife, — who, left in the world without independent means of their own, and perhaps not possessing either the mental or moral stamina to be "self-supporting," are unfortunate enough to have to make their home with their nearest relatives (I use the adverb quite advisedly), and whose lives might not inappropriately

be called the Sister's Tragedy, though in a sense wholly different from that of Mr. Aldrich's most admirable poem.

So far as my observations go, I am bound to say most married people are apt to grow small and selfish, in cases, at least, where those members of society are concerned who have been left outside the pale of "blessed matrimony," and all their interests and sympathies become merged in their own narrow home-circle. This, perhaps, is all humanly natural enough, and might be entirely right, if only they did not insist upon drawing with them into their small domestic whirlpool other lives, which, if they be but "meek and lowly" enough, will go down and disappear in the flood, without so much as a bubble rising to the surface to show they ever existed. They are simply seized, swallowed, and ground into hopeless powder, by the remorseless "family machine." Indeed, the selfishness of people in this respect, what might perhaps be called the "collective family selfishness," is absolutely wonderful, unconscious though it may be ; and let me give them the benefit of the doubt. Again and again, I have been amazed and pained to see not only how much active help and service are constantly called upon, but what large and never-ending drafts are made upon interest, sympathy, counsel, moral support, in any and every shape, where actually *nothing* is given in return, until it seems as if the unmarried sister has no rights that the family is bound to respect. Her taste and judgment are appealed to for every patch of carpet that comes into the house, every shred of clothing that goes on the children's back, every phase of that difficult problem, the "servant question." She is expected to remember all about Jackie's first tooth and Bobbie's first attempts at walking, and how the two young hopefuls compare ; is asked again and again to admire the baby's delicate ears or tiny pink toes. But who ever inquires of her, How do *you* feel ? What are you thinking, or doing, or planning ? Whether *her* head aches, or her feet are weary, whether she suffers from sadness and depression, and in all the midst of the turbulent life about her, such as only noisy children know how to create, from an intolerable sense of loneliness and heartache, who knows of it, and what does it matter ? So long as she is faithfully at her post, and the family machine runs smoothly, all is well. It is simply expected of her, as a matter of course, as the most natural thing in the world, that she give her whole time and strength, sacrifice "heart and soul, body and bones," every hope, interest, or ambition of her own that she may have in the world, almost literally and absolutely her entire *Self*, for the good of the family, and thank God for the chance !

It is all very fine to say, Throw yourself out into the lives of others, and forget all the claims of self, "for of such is the kingdom of Heaven" ! In the first place, not all natures are capable of that process ; and more, no one with any depth of mind or any strength of character could for one moment wish to be absorbed in the lives of others, to the actual extinction of her own individuality. But it requires, indeed, no inconsiderable strength of character, and perhaps a somewhat peculiar and decidedly self-poised disposition, for the "lone woman" to "hold her head stiff," and in some measure, at least, ward off the constant and insistent claims made upon her by the family ; and if she ventures to do so, for any reason whatever, refuses to immolate herself absolutely and without reserve on the family altar, be sure she will be considered intensely disagreeable and unutterably selfish, — a sort of unnatural monster, in fact ! And it is really at this point that my feeling rises highest. For why should the Golden Rule not be made to work both ways, but apply to only one of the parties, and that the weaker ? If it is not good for any of us to indulge selfishness and selfish thoughtlessness, why should the family have that privilege ? In another form, this is still the "war of society against the individual."

There is probably not a single reader of the Club who could not point to at least one "victim" of this kind, among her or his acquaintances, for the name of these silent martyrs and uncomplaining saints is legion all over the world. It is a chapter of human life never yet very fully worked by writers of fiction ; but that it is a mine rich in the pathos of suffering and unwritten tragedy, surely the Recording Angel, at least, knows, even if no one else takes the trouble to inquire.

THE

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THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

VII.

I HAVE given the whole story here as though it had been thought out and written that Sunday afternoon which brought me good news of Juste Duvarney and the sweet messages from his sister. But it was not so. I did not choose to break the run of the tale to tell of other things and of the passing of time. I made the story bit by bit, and learned it as I sat upon my couch, or walked back and forth — short travel — between it and the wall, that I might not tread down the blades of corn, which were become such a comfort to me. The making took me many, many weeks, and in all that time I had seen no face but Gabord's, and heard no voice but his, when he came twice a day to bring me bread and water, and stayed but a few moments each time. He was strangely silent, and would answer no questions at all concerning Juste Duvarney, or Voban, or Monsieur Doltaire, nor tell me anything of what was forward in the town. He had had his orders precise enough, he said, and he was set to keep to them. I would not entreat, but I approached him in many ways to win him to speak, talking of things to interest him as a soldier. I think he understood my motive, but he did not resent it, and he used to stand and watch me, with a quizzical but not ungenial glance; never, however, rising to the bait. At the end of my hints and turnings and approaches, stretching himself up, and maybe touching the walls with his hand, or turning the corn about with his foot, but not crushing it, for he saw that I prized the poor little comrades, he would say: —

"Snug, snug, quiet and warm! The cosiest nest in the world. Rock-a-bye, beggar; nobody 'll find you here — aho!"

There was no coaxing him; he was inflexible when he so willed. I had not asked for paper on which to write my story, for I knew it would not be granted; and besides, I had no light save that from my pipe, for the torch lasted only a few days, and there was nothing to burn or give light save my field of corn, and I would not have burned that for a hundred days of light. But I had my tobacco, and with its burning bowl I could light a little space about me for a moment or so, though I could not waste my good comfort by smoking it so fast. With that resolution which might have fitted some momentous enterprise, I set my mind to see in the dark, and at the end of a month I was able to note the outlines of my dungeon; nay, more, I was able to see my field of corn; and at last what joy I had when, hearing a little rustle near me, I looked closely and beheld a mouse running across the floor! I straightway began to scatter crumbs of bread, that it might, perhaps, come near

me. I could not think that it had been here ever since I came; I fancied it had come in when Gabord opened the door. And yet I could not tell then, for it might have fed — it and its kind — for a long time upon the leaves of corn. There was nothing strange in its not having nibbled my bread, for this had lain on the board covering the earthen jar, and it could not climb the smooth sides of the vessel. But now I laid a piece of bread beside the jar to tempt my shy companion. I had had nothing but bread and water since I entered the dungeon, but I had not fretted because of that, for the bread was always sweet and the water pure, and there was my tobacco for stimulant — how often I thanked Gabord for fetching it!

I have not spoken at all of my wounds, though they gave me some painful hours, and I had no attendance but my own and Gabord's, which, I will say, was comforting and sensible. The wound in my side was long healing, for it was more easily disturbed as I turned in my sleep, while I could save my arm at all times, and it came on slowly.

I will not say that I was always cheerful as I lay there in my dark abode, for, as may be seen, I had much to try me. Then, before, even in my captivity, I had had good nourishing food and wine, and I had always been free, if not sumptuous, in my living. My wounds drew on my flesh, my blood, and my spirits, and to this was added that wearing disease inaction, that corrosion solitude, the fever of uncertainty and suspense as to Juste Duvarney and Alixe, the anxiety as to my fate, and the sorrow for our cause. There were hours when the tabernacle of flesh seemed too small for my fighting spirit, which beat and beat against it like a caged thing. I suffocated, and I felt my eyes staring wildly towards freedom, which presented itself to me always as light and sky and air and woods and streams. I have often noticed how the thing which we desire, thinking upon it much as an abstract matter, though it be concrete, by some alchemy of the mind changes its real form to the form of our imagination. Maybe it is well so, else there were no permanent charm in life. I will not call it keeping our illusions; I will say it is throwing about the things we see the divinity of our souls, which at their worst preserve a love and desire for something: which is, therefore, imagination or sincere illusion.

I say that I felt like a caged thing. I feel now that I looked it. I have often fancied that I could, as it were, stand outside my living presence, and see and pity myself in a half-curious, unsentimental, even ironical way. I saw a pale cheek, a forehead shining with a cold sweat, and a hot eye, while my hair, almost white, waved about my head. I was perfectly visible to myself so, though, as you can see, it was but imagination.

I think I know what must have given me the idea. A year or so past, soon after Juste Duvarney came from Montreal, he brought in one day from hunting a young live hawk, and put it in a cage. When I came the next morning, Alixe met me, and asked me to see what he had brought. There, beside the kitchen door, overhung with morning-glories and flanked by hollyhocks, was a large green cage, and in it the gray-brown hawk. "Poor thing, poor prisoned thing!" Alixe said. "Look how strange and hunted it seems! See, oh see how its feathers stir! And those flashing, watchful eyes, they seem to read through you, and to say, Who are you? What do you want with me? Your world is not my world; your air is not my air; your homes are holes, and mine hangs high up between you and God. Who are you? Why do you pen me? You have shut me in that I may not travel, not even die out in the open world. All the world is mine; yours is only a stolen field. Who are you? What do you want with me? There is a fire within my head, it

eats to my eyes, and I burn away. The air blows in my cage, but it does not cool me; the moisture comes from the trees and grass, but my feathers are parched; the noise of the stirring leaves, the branches brushing the water, the stream trickling from the rock, the creak of the locust, the high call of the bobolink, trouble me in this cage, and I have no gladness in the flying clouds nor in the warm light of my father the sun. Who are you? What do you want with me?"

She did not speak these words all at once as I have written them here, but little by little, as we stood there beside the cage, talking. Yet, as she talked, her mind was on the bird, her fingers running up and down the cage bars soothingly. I was greatly charmed at her words. She ever had the beauty and the awe, ay, the sorrow of imagination, and I know full well that by it she opened up new powers of vision in my own heavier nature. She was full of fancies, and yet these had ever a deep meaning, though she did not guess their significance. And indeed, not often did I, till afterwards, sometimes long afterwards, such was the permanency of much she said.

At last I asked her, "Shall I set it free?"

She turned upon me and replied, "Ah, monsieur, I hoped you would — without my asking. You are a prisoner too," she added; "one captive should feel for another."

"And the freeman for both," I answered meaningly, as I softly opened the cage.

I think that was the first day that ever I touched upon this chord even faintly, which waking, and singing ever so little, sends the girl into the wide halcyon garden where are the bowers of which she never even dreamed. When that knowledge comes, it does so suddenly, and it is at once a revelation and a pain; for the joy of understanding, the sight of the new world, brings sweet apprehensions. Rough soldier as I am, and little like to be versed in knowledge of women, I know I am not speaking wildly when I say that most women can point to the very day when a new world opened up to them, flushing their cheeks, putting a flying glory in their eyes, making happy weather about them, wherein they basked and trembled too.

When I spoke as I did, she did not drop her eyes, but raised them shining honestly to mine, and said, "I wished you to think that."

But when she had said it, something in my look, as I held open the door of the cage, caused her to turn her head away; and that moment the larger dream of life came to her: not from me, not through me, but from Life itself, which had been waiting for the moment when a sudden word should touch the hidden spring of womanhood, and let the tide in along the courses of her understanding.

I did not look again lest she should be confused, but stood apart, and, opening the cage door wide, called the little captive to freedom. But while we stood close by it would not stir, and the look in its eyes became wilder. I moved away, and Alixe followed me. Standing beside an old well, we waited and watched. Presently the hawk dropped from the perch, hopped to the door, then with a wild spring was gone, up, up, up, and was away over the maple woods beyond, lost in the sun and the good air.

I know not quite why I dwell on this scene, save that it throws some little light upon her nature, and shows how simple, and yet deep, she was in soul, and what was the fashion of our friendship. It was such things as this, such scenes coming out of memory to my thoughts again, revealing and charming, that made me dote upon her long before that day when, in the very thick of trouble, and facing peril to my life and fame, we spoke words which bound us close through

many and sore trials. But I can perhaps give a deeper insight of her character if I here set down the substance (I omit some trifling matters) of a letter which she wrote about that time. It was her custom to write her letters first in a book, and then copy them for posting. This she did that they might be an impulse to her friendships and a record of her feelings. This letter was written the year that Juste came home from Montreal. The words would have touched me, if I had seen them in those dark days of mine; they touch me now, for I see that warm, living face bend over the paper, and the bright eyes that flashed wit into the written words, the dear fingers that traced the small, firm writing. It all speaks to me out of her youth — and mine. Dangers passed, honors won, many fightings over, large duties of long years accomplished, with blood as warm as then, but less of it in my veins — one of those days out of her excellent youth is worth a thousand others in my memory. Pass on, pass on, industrious and venturesome years, fightings and vexings and hopings and losings and desirings and attainings; leave me alone with the gallant-hearted maid who gave a tempered glory to my life from the splendor of her own. But then I forget: this record is for the world to read when I am gone, and few will be patient with the flickering reveries of a vain old man, though even yet his arm is strong and his heart light.

But here is her letter: —

ALIXE DUVARNEY TO LUCIE LOTBINIÈRE.

QUEBEC CITY, *the 10th of May*, 1756.

MY DEAR LUCIE, — I wish I knew how to tell you all I have been thinking since we parted at the door of the Ursulines, a year ago. Then we were going to meet again in a few weeks, and now twelve months have gone. How have I spent them? Not wickedly, I hope, and yet sometimes I wonder if Mère St. George would quite approve of me; for I have such wild spirits now and then, and I shout and sing in the woods and along the river as if I were a mad youngster home from school. But indeed, that is the way I feel at times, though again I am so quiet that I am frightened of myself, and shrink when I look in the glass. I am a hawk to-day and a dove to-morrow, and I am fond of pleasure all the time. Ah, what good days I have had with Juste! You remember him before he went to Montreal? He is gay, full of fancies, as brave as can be, and plays and sings well, but he is very hot-headed, and likes to be the tyrant. I will not let him be so, it is not good for him or me either, and so we have some bad quarter-hours now and then. But we love each other better for it; he respects me, and he does not get spoiled, as you will see when you come to us — and you *are* coming, are you not?

I have had no society yet. My mother thinks sixteen years too few to warrant my going into the gay world. I wonder will my wings be any stronger, will there be less danger of scorching them, at twenty-six? Years do not make us wise; one may be as wise at twenty as at fifty. And they do not save us from the scorching. I know more than they guess how cruel the world may be to the innocent as to the other. One cannot live within sight of the Intendant's palace and the Château St. Louis without learning many things; and, for myself, though I hunger for all the joys of life, I do not fret because my mother holds me back from the gay doings in the town. I have my long walks, my fishing and rowing, and sometimes hunting, with Juste and my sweet sister Georgette, my drawing, painting, music, and needlework; and, more, I have my housework. My mother insists that I must know all things to be done in a house, though I may never have to do things in my own — if I ever have one, which I do not expect. Yes, dear, I mean that, though I would not have you think me silly in saying so.

But I enjoy nearly all that I do. You should see me hunting with Juste. I can bring down a pigeon or a duck; I can land a bass of four pounds — and a bass is a strong fighter; and my apple jelly, my corn cakes, and my toasted chicken, even Juste says, are full of relish.

Yet I do not know quite why, but I am not entirely happy. Do you ever feel as if there were some sorrow far back in you, which now and then rushed in and flooded your spirits, and then drew back, and you could not give it a name? Well, that is the way with me. Yesterday, as I stood in the kitchen beside our old cook Joyce, she said a kind word to me, and my eyes filled, and I ran up to my room, and burst into tears as I lay upon my bed. I could not help it. I thought at first it was because of the poor hawk that Captain Stobo and I set free yesterday morning; but it could not have been that, for it was *free* when I cried. You know how kind and brave a gentleman Captain Stobo is, — you have seen him; well, it seemed to me he never showed better than when he pitied the poor hawk and set it free. It was a little thing, but big things may come from the head, while little ones come from the heart. You know, of course, that he saved my father's life, some years ago? That is one reason why he has been used so well in Quebec, for otherwise no one would have lessened the rigors of his captivity. But there are tales that he is too curious about our government and state, and so he may be kept close jailed, though he only came here as a hostage. He is much at our home, and sometimes walks with Juste and me and Georgette, and accompanies my mother in the streets. All this is not to the liking of the notorious Intendant, who loves not my father, because he is such a friend of our cousin the Governor, who, as you know, opposes the Intendant often; and, if their lives and characters be anything to the point, the Governor must be right.

In truth, things are in a sad way here, for there is robbery on every hand, and who can tell what the end may be? Perhaps that we go to the English, after all. Monsieur Doltaire — you do not know him, I think — says, "If the English eat us, as they swear they will, they 'll die of megrims, our affairs are so indigestible." At another time he said, "Better to be English than to be damned." And when some one asked him what he meant, he said, "Is it not read from the altar, 'Cursed is he that putteth his trust in man'? The English trust nobody, and we trust the English." That was aimed at Captain Stobo, who was present, and I felt it a cruel thing for him to say; but Captain Stobo, smiling at the ladies, said, "Better to be French and damned than not to be French at all." And this pleased Monsieur Doltaire, who does not love him. I know not why, but there are vague whispers that he is acting against the Englishman for causes best known at Versailles, which have nothing to do with our affairs here. I do believe that Monsieur Doltaire would rather hear a clever thing than get ten thousand francs. His face lights up, he is at once on his mettle, his eyes look almost fiendishly beautiful. He is a handsome man, but he is wicked, and I do not think he has one little sense of morals. I do not suppose he would stab a man in the back, or remove his neighbor's landmark in the night, though he 'd rob him of it in open daylight, and call it "enterprise," a usual word with him.

He is a favorite with Madame Cournal, who influences Bigot most, and one day we may see the boon companions at each other's throats; and if either falls, I hope it may be Bigot, for Monsieur Doltaire is, at least, no robber. Indeed, we all know that he is kind to the poor in a disdainful sort of way. He gives to them and scoffs at them at the same moment; a bad man, with just enough natural kindness to make him dangerous. I have not seen much of the world, but some things we know by instinct; we feel them; and

I often wonder if that is not the way we know everything in the end. Sometimes when I take my long walks, and maybe go and sit beside the Falls of Montmorenci, looking out to the great city on the great Heights, to dear Orleans, where we have our pretty villa (we are to go there next week for three months — happy summer months), up at the blue sky and into the deep woods, I have strange feelings, which afterwards become thoughts; and sometimes they fly away like butterflies, but oftener they stay with me, and I give them a little garden to roam in — you can guess where. Now and then I call them out of the garden and make them speak, and then I set down what they say in my journal; but I think they like their garden best. You remember the song we used to sing at school?

"'Where do the stars grow, little Garaine?
The garden of moons, is it far away?
The orchard of suns, my little Garaine,
Will you take us there some day?'

"'If you shut your eyes,' quoth little Garaine,
'I will show you the way to go
To the orchard of suns, and the garden of moons,
And the field where the stars do grow.

"'But you must speak soft,' quoth little Garaine,
'And still must your footsteps be,
For a great bear prowls in the field of the stars,
And the moons they have men to see.

"'And the suns have the Children of Signs to guard,
And they have no pity at all;
You must not stumble, you must not speak,
When you come to the orchard wall.

"'The gates are locked,' quoth little Garaine,
'But the way I am going to tell?
The key of your heart it will open them all:
And there 's where the darlings dwell.'"

You may not care to read these lines again, but it helps to show what I mean: that everything is in the heart, and that nothing is at all if we do not feel it. Sometimes I have spoken of these things to my mother, but she does not see as I do. I dare not tell my father all I think, and Juste is so much a creature of moods that I am never sure whether he will be sensible and kind, or scoff. One cannot bear to be laughed at. And as for my sister, she never thinks; she only lives; and she looks it — looks beautiful. Have you not noticed that people who think much never have good complexions? If they have beauty, it comes from other things. But there, dear Lucie, I must not tire you with my childish philosophy, though I feel no longer a child. You would not know your friend. I cannot tell what has come over me. *Voilà!*

To-morrow we go to visit General Montcalm, who has just arrived in the colony. Bigot and his gay set are not likely to be there. My mother insists that I shall never darken the doors of his palace. Both on the public and on the private side of his character he is impossible, my mother says; for she is always thinking of that cheating King's magazine which the people call La Friponne, and of some homes here which will never be happy again because of him.

Do you still hold to your former purpose of keeping a daily journal? If so, I beg you to copy into it this epistle and your answer; and when I go up to your dear turreted manor house at Portneuf next summer, we will read over our letters and other things set down, and gossip of the changes come since we met last. I long to meet you by the gay Chaudière among the noble elms. Do sketch the old place for me (as will I our new villa on dear Isle Orleans), and make interest with the good curé to bring it to me with your letter, since there are no posts, no postmen, yet between here and Portneuf. The curé most kindly bears this to you, and says he will gladly be our messenger. Yesterday he said to me, shaking his head in a whimsical way, "But no treason, mademoiselle, and no heresy or schism." I am not quite sure what he meant. I dare hardly think he

had Captain Stobo in his mind. I would not for the world so lessen my good opinion of him as to think him suspicious of me when no other dare; and so I put his words down to chance hitting, to a humorous fancy.

Be sure, dear Lucie, I shall not love you less for giving me a prompt answer. Tell me of what you are thinking and what doing. If Juste can be spared from the Governor's establishment, may I bring him with me next summer? He is a difficult, sparkling sort of fellow, but you are so steady-tempered, so full of tact, getting your own way so quietly and cleverly, that I am sure I should find plenty of straw for the bricks of my house of hope, my castle in Spain.

Do not give too much of my share of thy heart elsewhere, and continue to think me, my dear Lucie, thy friend, loyal and loving, ALIXE DUVARNEY.

P. S. Since the above was written we have been to the General's. Both Monsieur Doltaire and Captain Stobo were there, but neither took much note of me, — Monsieur Doltaire not at all. Those two either hate each other lovingly, or love hatefully, I know not which, they are so biting, yet so friendly to each other's cleverness, though their style of word-play is so different: Monsieur Doltaire's like a bodkin-point, Captain Stobo's like a musket-stock a-clubbing, but not wanting for all that. Be not surprised to see the British at our gates any day. Though we shall beat them back, I shall feel no less easy because I have a friend in the enemy's camp. You may guess who. Do not smile. *He is old enough to be my father.* He said so himself six months ago. ALIXE.

VIII.

Gabord, coming in to me one day after I had lain down to sleep, said, "See, m'sieu' the dormouse, 't is holiday-eve; the King's sport comes to-morrow."

I sat up in bed with a start, for I knew not but that my death had been decided on without trial; and yet on second thought I was sure this could not be, for every rule of military conduct was against it. Besides, it would not be like my jailer to use such brutal words if death were intended, for he had a human heart, and also, I think, a feeling of kindness for me.

"Whose holiday?" asked I after a moment; "and what is King's sport?"

He laughed. "Holiday for the dormouse, which is sport for the King — aho!" answered he.

I knew that I must let him take his own time.

"'T is snug and tight here, too," he added, looking round. "Dry, dry as a bone. Why should dickey-bird wing away?"

"'T was dormouse a minute ago," said I complacently.

"'T will be a bear in the streets to-morrow," he retorted; "we lead you by a rope, and you dance the quickstep to please our ladies."

"A ring through the nose, too?" droned I.

"And nuts and sugar when dancing 's done," answered he in good humor, slapping his leg.

"Is that all?" asked I. "No more sport for the King!"

"That 's the procession!" he roared; "the play comes on at the Château. They bring the bear to the drumhead."

"Who sits behind the drum?" questioned I.

"The Marquis de Vaudreuil," he replied, "the Intendant, and the little masters." By these last he meant officers of the marines, the colonial soldiery.

So then, at last I was to be tried, to be dealt with definitely on the abominable charge. I should at least again see light and breathe fresh air, and feel about me the stir of the world. For a long year I had heard no voice but my own and Gabord's, had had no friends

but my pale blades of corn and a timid mouse, day after day no light at all; and now winter was at hand again, and without fire and with poor food my body was chilled and starved. I had had no news of the world, nor of her who was dear to me, nor of Juste Duvarney save that he lived, nor of our cause. But succeeding the thrill of delight I had at thought of seeing the open world again there came a feeling of lassitude, of indifference; I shrank from the jar of activity. I had been sunk so long in a kind of stupor of body that action now brought with it a sort of timorousness. I felt all this while Gabord stood there waiting for me to speak. How insidious is disease! The mind and body fade, and we do not know it till we are called upon in some exigeant moment, and where the robust picture stood there is only a pale image. But I think that through it all I had kept a cheerful spirit and manner, and had never shown to my rough jailer a shaking courage.

So now I got upon my feet, and with a little air of drollery straightened out my clothes and flicked a handkerchief across my gaiters. Then I twisted my head over my shoulder as if I were noting the shape of my back and the set of my clothes in a mirror, and thrust a leg out in the manner of an exquisite. I had need to do some mocking thing at the moment, or I should have given way to tears like a woman, so suddenly weak had I become.

Gabord burst out laughing. "Dickey-bird dusts his down, but feathers are few in his tail."

An idea came to me. "I must be fine to-morrow," was my remark. "I must not shame my jailer." At that I rubbed my beard. I had none when I came into this dungeon first.

"Aho!" said he, his eyes wheeling. "Aho!"

I knew he understood me. I did not speak, but went on running my fingers through my beard.

"As vain as Absalom," he added. "Do you think they 'll hang you by the hair?"

"I 'd have it off," said I, "to be clean for the sacrifice."

"Voban?" asked he.

"Voban," answered I, "if I may."

"You had Voban before," he rejoined; "we know what happened, — a dainty bit of a letter all rose-lily scented, and comfits for the soldier. The pretty wren perches now in the Governor's house — a-cousining, a-cousining. Think you it is that she may get a glimpse of m'sieu' the dormouse as he comes to trial? No, oh no! But 't is no business o' mine; and if I bring my prisoner up when called for, there 's duty done!"

I saw the friendly spirit in the words. I guessed that Alixe had been with him lately, had influenced him, and I felt that he would not divulge this thing — which was for her good as my own. I even dared hope that he had a message for me, and I waited, but he said nothing. Then again light dawned on me. Perhaps they would let him fetch Voban to me, and in that case Voban might secretly give me the message which he himself would not. So I essayed that point.

"Voban," asked I, "may come to me?"

"The Intendant said no, but the Governor yes," was the reply; "and that Monsieur Doltaire is not yet come from Montreal, so he had no voice. They look for him here to-morrow."

"What is he doing in Montreal?"

Gabord shrugged his shoulders.

Then a thought came to me. He was there to work upon my fellow-hostage, Van Braam; perhaps to bribe him to go to Williamsburg and steal my papers, freedom and money his reward. That thought came to me with great force, and it proved right, as afterwards I knew. But Van Braam was loyal, and no thief.

I guessed again I had to thank Alixe

for this matter of Voban: she had suggested it to Gabord, and he had brought it before the Governor and Bigot as if it were his own thought. I am glad that never for a moment had I doubted her constancy and love. She was working, and, as I came to know later, with so great skill and carefulness that no one ever guessed her real interest in me, — she blinded even Doltaire, — but rather loved to scoff at my condition, and to laugh at my English roughness, though she confessed that, for her father's sake, she had treated me with gay courtesy always because I had some humor. I say no one suspected; but there were three, Gabord, Voban, and Mathilde. Yet each of these could be trusted; they were all under the spell that charmed me.

"Voban may come?" I asked again.

"At daybreak," answered Gabord. "There 's milk and honey to-morrow," he added, and then, without a word, he drew forth from his coat, and hurriedly thrust into my hands, a piece of meat and a small flask of wine, and, swinging round like a schoolboy afraid of being caught in a misdemeanor, he passed through the door with a double *aho*, and the bolts clanged after him. As if forgetfully, he had left the torch behind him, stuck in the cleft of the wall.

I sat down on my couch, and for a moment almost vacantly gazed at the meat and wine in my hands. I had not touched either for a year, and now I could see that my fingers, as they closed on the food nervously, were thin and bloodless, and it came home to me that my clothes hung loose upon my person. Here were light, meat, and wine, and there was a piece of bread on the board covering my water-jar. Luxury was spread before me, but although I had eaten little all day I was not hungry. Presently, however, I took the knife which I had hidden a year before, and cut pieces of the meat and laid them by the bread. Then I drew the cork from the bottle of wine, and, lifting it towards that face which was always visible to my soul, I drank — drank — drank! Never shall I forget how that rich liquor swam through my veins like glorious fire. It wakened my brain and nerved my body. The old spring of life came back; I had not only courage, I had nerve and strength. I knew it then: this wine had come from the hands of Alixe, — from the Governor's store, maybe; for never could Gabord have got such stuff. I ate heartily of the rich beef and bread, ate it all with a new-made appetite, and drank the rest of the wine. It should be a feast. I would not think of to-morrow; this would give me sleep, and some little strength and vigor for my trial. So, when I had eaten and drunk the last, I sat and looked at the glowing torch, and felt a sort of comfort creep through me. Then there came a delightful thought. Months ago I had put away one last pipeful of tobacco, to save it till some day when I should need it most. I got it, and no man can guess how lovingly I held it to a flying flame of the torch, saw it light, and blew out the first whiff of smoke into the sombre air; for November was piercing this underground house of mine, winter was at hand. I sat and smoked, and — can you not guess my thoughts? For have you not the same heart, being British born and bred? When I had taken the last whiff, I wrapped myself in my cloak and went to sleep. But twice or thrice during the night I waked to see the torch still shining, and caught the fragrant smell of burning pine, and minded not at all the smoke the burning made.

IX.

I was wakened at last completely by the shooting of bolts. With the opening of the door I saw two figures, Gabord and Voban. My friend the mouse saw them also, and scampered from the

bread it had been eating, away among the corn, through which my footsteps had now made two rectangular paths, not disregarded by Gabord, who pulled Voban into the narrow track, with the words, "'Ware! 'T is harvest, barber; we fling the flail to-day."

I rose, showed no particular delight at seeing Voban, but greeted him easily, — though my heart was bursting to ask him of Alixe, — and arranged my clothes. Presently Gabord said, "You 'll need stools, barber," and, wheeling, he left the dungeon. He was gone but an instant, and I suppose I never shall know whether his going was of purpose, — that is, to give me one minute alone with Voban, — but it was long enough for Voban to thrust a letter into my hand, which I ran into the lining of my waistcoat as I whispered, "Her brother — he is well?"

"Well, and he have go to France," he answered. "She make me say, look to the round window in the Château front."

We spoke in English — which, as I have said, Voban understood imperfectly — that Gabord might not know if he should chance to hear. There was nothing more said, and if Gabord, when he returned, suspected, he showed no sign, but put down two stools, seating himself on one, as I seated myself on the other for Voban's handiwork. It proceeded silently for a time, but at last I said to Gabord, "At what hour do I go forth, monsieur?"

"At ten o'clock; and after you 've danced in the streets, the Château St. Louis at eleven," answered he.

"From now till ten I sit adorned and wait?" asked I.

"From barber-time to ten you breakfast," said he.

There was to-day more elasticity in the orders given him, and I was to breakfast, which I had not done for a year. I conjured up a score of delicacies, and already, in anticipation, I sniffed a cup of hot coffee. Even as I thought it there were footsteps without, and a soldier appeared with a cup of coffee on a tray. Gabord rose, took it from him, waved him away, and handed it to me. Never did coffee taste so sweet, and I sipped and sipped till Voban had ended his work with me. I drained the last drop and stood up. He handed me a mirror, and Gabord, fetching a fine white handkerchief from his pocket, said, "Here 's for your tears, when they drum you to heaven."

Good soldier, how I thanked him in my heart, though I said little then! He had ever done what he could to ease my miserable state, and it was long afterwards I knew that through him, and through him only, was it I had not been loaded down with irons, though, as I said, he would have killed me instantly if I had tried to evade his vigilance.

But when I saw my face in the mirror, I confess I was startled. My hair, which had been black, was plentifully sprinkled with white, my face was intensely pale and thin, and the eyes were sunk in dark hollows, but I do not think they looked hunted or afraid. I should not have recognized myself. But I laughed as I handed back the glass, and said, "All flesh is grass, but a dungeon 's no good meadow."

"'T is for the reaped corn," Gabord answered, "'t is for the dry chaff, not young grass — aho!"

With that he rose and made ready to leave, Voban with him. "The commissariat camps here in an hour or so," he said, with a ripe chuckle.

It was clear the new state of affairs was more to his mind than the last year's rigor and silence. It seemed to me strange then, and it has seemed so ever since, that during all that time I never was visited by Doltaire but once, and of that event I am going to write here briefly.

He came in with Gabord about two

months before this particular morning, and greeted me courteously enough, and Gabord left us alone. He leaned against the wall, near the torch, and I sat down on my couch.

"Close quarters here," said he, looking round as if the place were new to him. He was smiling to himself as he spoke.

"Not so close as we all come to one day," said I.

"Dismal comparison!" he rejoined. "You 've lost your spirits."

"Not so," I retorted; "nothing but my liberty."

"You know the way to find it quickly," he suggested.

"The letters for La Pompadour?" I asked.

"A dead man's waste papers," he responded: "of no use to him, or you, or any one save the Grande Marquise."

"Valuable to me," said I.

"Not so; none but the Grande Marquise and the writer would give you a penny for them."

"Why should I not be my own merchant?"

"You can — to me. If not to me, to no one. You had your chance long ago, and you refused it. You must admit I dealt fairly with you. I did not move till you had set your own trap and fallen into it. Now, if you do not give me the letters — well, you will give them to no one else in this world. It has been a fair game, and I am winning now. I 've only used means which one gentleman might use with another. Had you been a lesser man, I would have had you spitted long ago. You understand?"

"Perfectly. But since we have played so long, do you think I 'll give you the stakes now — before the end?"

"It would be wiser," he answered thoughtfully.

"I have a nation behind me," urged I.

"It has left you in a hole here to rot."

"It will take over your citadel and dig me out some day," I retorted hotly.

"What good that? Your life is more to you than Quebec to England."

"No, no," said I quickly; "I would give my life a hundred times to see your flag hauled down!"

"A freakish ambition," he replied, "mere infatuation."

"You do not understand it, Monsieur Doltaire," I remarked ironically.

"I love not endless puzzles. There is no sport in following a maze that leads to nowhere save the grave." He yawned. "This air is heavy," he added; "you must find it trying."

"Never as trying as at this moment," I retorted.

"Come, am I so malarious?"

"You are a trickster," said I coldly.

"Ah, you mean that night at Bigot's?" He smiled. "No, no, you were to blame — so green. You might have known we were for having you between the stones."

"But it did not come out as you wished?" hinted I.

"It served my turn," he responded; and he gave me such a smiling, malicious look that I knew he was thinking of Alixe, that he sought to convey he had his way with her; and though I felt that she was true to me, that she had thrown him off the scent so that he had no thought of the real nature of things between us, his cool presumption so stirred me I could have struck him in the face. I got angrily to my feet. As I did so I shrank a little, for at times the wound in my side, not yet entirely healed, hurt me.

"You are not well," he said, with instant show of curiosity; "your wounds still trouble you? They should be healed. Gabord was told to see you cared for."

"Gabord has done well enough," I answered. "I have had wounds before, monsieur."

He leaned against the wall and laughed. "What braggarts you English are!" he said. "A race of swashbucklers — even on bread and water!"

He had me at advantage, and I knew it, for he had kept his temper. I made an effort. "Both excellent," rejoined I, "and English too."

He laughed again. "Come, that is better. That 's in your old vein. I love to see you so. But how knew you our baker was English? — which he is, a prisoner like yourself."

"As easily as I could tell the water was not made by Frenchmen."

"Now I have hope of you," he broke out gayly. "You will yet redeem your nation."

Just at that moment Gabord came with a message from the Governor to Doltaire, and he prepared to go.

"You are set on sacrifice?" he asked. "Think — dangling from Cape Diamond."

"I will think of your fate instead," I sent back at him.

"Think!" he said again, waving off my reply with his hand. "The letters I shall no more ask for. And you will not escape death!"

"Never," said I.

"So? Very good. *Au plaisir*, my captain. I go to dine at the Seigneur Duvarney's."

With that last thrust he was gone, and left me wondering if the Seigneur had ever made an effort to see me, if he had forgiven the duel with his son.

That was the incident.

When Gabord and Voban were gone, leaving the light behind, I went over to where the torch stuck in the wall, and drew Alixe's letter from my pocket with eager fingers. It told the whole story of her heart. I do not need to turn to it to set it down. I have it as it fastened on my brain then.

CHÂTEAU ST. LOUIS, *27th November*, 1757.

Though I write you these few words, dear Robert, I do not know that they will reach you, for as yet it is not certain they will let Voban visit you; and if he does, it may be there will be no chance to pass it to you; but I pray for good success, even as I pray every day for your release. Oh, how long, how long these months have been! A year, dear friend, and not a word from you, and not a word to you. I should have broken my heart if I had not heard how you were. Oh, Robert, and they have kept you on bread and water, and they say you are much worn in body, though you have always a cheerful air. There are stories of a visit Monsieur Doltaire paid you, and how you jested. He hates you, and yet he admires you, too, as well he might, for are you not the bravest and best of men?

And now listen, Robert, while I tell you something; and I beg you not to be angry — oh, do not be angry, for I am all yours. But I want to tell you that I have not repulsed Monsieur Doltaire when he has spoken flatteries to me. I have not believed them, and I have kept my spirits strong against his wicked presence. I have done it for your sake, and you must not scold or grieve. I want to get you free of prison, and to that end I have to work through him with the Intendant, that he will not set the Governor more against you. With the Intendant himself I will not deal at all: is not his foulness always before me in Mathilde? And so I use the lesser villain, and in truth the more powerful, for he stands higher at Versailles than any here. With the Governor I have influence, for he is, as you may know, a kinsman of my mother's, and of late he has shown a fondness for me. Yet you can see that I must act most warily, that I must not seem to care for you, for that would be your complete undoing. I rather seem to scoff. (Oh, how it hurts me! how my cheeks tingle when I think of it alone! and how I clench my hands, hating them all so for oppressing you!)

I do not believe their slanders — that you are a spy. It is I, Robert, who

have at last induced the Governor to try you. They would have put it off till next year, but I feared you would die in that awful dungeon, and I was sure that if they brought you to trial there would be a change, as there is to be for a time, at least. You are to be lodged in the common jail during the trial; and so that is one step gained. Yet, good, good friend of my soul, I had to use all manner of device to get the Governor to bring you to trial now. He is sometimes so playful with me that I can pretend to sulkiness; and so one day I said that he showed no regard for our family or for me in not bringing you, who had near killed my brother, to justice. So he consented, and being of a stubborn nature, too, when Monsieur Doltaire and the Intendant opposed the trial, he said it should come off at once. But there is one thing that grieves me so: they are to have you marched through the streets of the town like any common criminal, and I dare show no distress nor plead, nor can my father, though he wishes to move for you in this; and I dare not urge him, for then it would seem strange the daughter asked your punishment, and the father sought to lessen it.

Ah, Robert, my part is not an easy one, but I do not despair — no, not a whit; my heart is brave, for my desire for your well-being is so strong. I never cease to think of you, and to work in your behalf; and though your escape to your own country would leave me here alone, yet I work for that, though I never should see you again. If I never did, you would not forget me, would you? I could bear separation, but not to be forgotten; for I am a woman, — a weak girl, you will say, — and remembrance to a woman is solace for her misery and trouble.

Voban is my faithful servant — he is grateful for my care of Mathilde; and she is better, thank God, a little better. When I think how her life has been sacrificed to the Intendant's wickedness, I feel I could do anything to bring about his punishment. But alas! the wicked flourish, and the good are cast down.

When you are in the common jail it will be much easier to help you. I have seen Gabord, but he is not to be bent to any purpose, though he is kind to me. I shall try once more to have him take some wine and meat to you to-night, for I would not have you seem even weak in body before your enemies to-morrow. If I fail, then I shall only pray that you may be given strength in body for your time of trouble equal to your courage. I shall see you to-morrow as you pass to trial. Think, Robert, of my sadness at that moment — I housed, comfortable, free, heaped-up favors about me, visiting in the house of your judge, who will not spare you if he can help it, yet must I remain silent, must not weep nor show distress, must seem anxious for your condemnation. Alas! yet I had rather be thus vexed and troubled loving and serving you than to be without the sacred presence of a perilous but tried affection.

It may be I can fix upon a point where you may look to see me as you pass to-morrow to the Château. There must be a sign. If you will put your hand to your forehead — But no, they may bind you, and your hands may not be free. When you see me, pause in your step for an instant, and I shall know. I will tell Voban where you shall send your glance, if he is to be let in to you, and I hope that what I plan may not fail.

And so, Robert, adieu. Time cannot change me, and your misfortunes draw me closer to you. Only the dishonorable thing could make me close the doors of my heart, and I will not think you, whate'er they say, unworthy of my constant faith. Some day, maybe, we shall smile at, and even cherish, these sad times. Let us smile, though tears fall too. In this gay house I must be flippant, for I am now of the foolish world!

But under all the trivial sparkle a serious heart beats. It belongs to thee, if thou wilt have it, Robert, the heart of thy

ALIXE.

An hour after getting this comforting and blessed letter, Gabord came again, and with him breakfast — a word which I had almost dropped from my language. True, it was only in a dungeon, on a pair of stools, by the light of a torch, but how I relished it! — a bottle of good wine, a piece of broiled fish, the half of a fowl, and some tender vegetables. My spirits came up, as you may see a lark, hovering and rising, rising and hovering, and singing into the sun, till it is a speck in the hollow sky. I gave myself to pleasant thoughts, not jauntily, but with some hope and many blithe conjectures as to chances of escape from the common jail. I had no hope that I should be acquitted at my trial, though I would not think they could condemn me to death; but it might be they would return me to this dungeon to die of cold and silence and lack of nourishment. Yet I did not have the less relish for food because of that. I made as hearty a meal as you can think; and what should the end of it be but a pipeful of tobacco brought by Gabord, laid beside me with, "M'sieu' the lion feeds. Good-by, dormouse and dickey-bird — aho!" and he was gone again on the instant.

So when he came for me with two soldiers, another hour later,— I say an hour, but I only guess so, for I had no way of noting time, — I was ready for new cares, and to see the world again. Before the others Gabord was the rough, almost brutal soldier, and soon I knew that I was to be driven, bound, out upon the St. Foye Road and on into the town. My arms were well flightered down, and I was tied about till I must have looked like a bale of living goods of no great value. Indeed, my clothes were by no means handsome, and save for my well-shaven face and clean handkerchief I was an ill-favored spectacle; but I tried to bear my shoulders up as we stepped out of the dungeon, marched through dark reeking corridors, and presently came suddenly into lighted passages, and through a barred window I saw the sun.

I had to pause, for the light blinded my eyes, and they hurt me horribly, so delicate were the nerves. For some minutes I stood there, my guards stolidly waiting, Gabord muttering a little, and stamping upon the floor as in anger, though I knew he was merely playing a small part for his comrades. The pain in my eyes grew less, and, though they kept filling with moisture from the violence of the light, I soon could see without distress.

I am not able to forget the strange feeling that came when, after all these months, I saw the open world again. Stepping out of the citadel, I was led into the yard, where was drawn up a company of soldiers. Gabord bade me stand still in the centre of the yard where I was, and started towards the officers' quarters. As he did so, I asked him if I might not walk to the ramparts and view the scene. He gruffly assented, bidding the men watch me closely, and I walked over to a point where, standing three hundred feet above the noble river, I could look out upon its sweet expanse, across to the Levis shore, with its serried legions of trees behind, and its bold settlement in front upon the Heights. There eastward lay the good Island of Orleans, glowing, as was the foliage far and near, with the exquisite coloring of the maple leaves, and over all the clear sun and sky, enlivened by a crisp and cheering air. Snow had fallen, but none now lay upon the ground, and I saw a rare and winning earth. At the moment I felt that, whatever came, I could endure it after feeling the blessed joy of this new discovery of the world. I stood absorbed. I was recalling that first day that I remember in my life, when at Balmore my grandfather made prophecies upon me, and I felt the world

about me for the first time — the original discovery, held by Memory, and handed by it to me in the hours of my trial. That record I should be able now to write down in the common jail. If they granted me the privilege of lodging there, they would probably not withhold from me pens, ink, and paper.

As I stood lost to everything save the delight of the excellent world about me, I heard Doltaire's voice behind, and presently he said over my shoulder, "To wish Captain Stobo a good-morning were superfluous!"

I smiled at him: the pleasure of that scene had given me an impulse towards good nature even with my enemies.

"The best I ever had," I answered quietly.

"Contrasts are life's delights," he said. "You should thank us. You have your best day because of our worst dungeon."

"But my thanks shall not be in words; you shall have the same courtesy at our hands one day."

"I had the Bastile for a year," he rejoined, calling up a squad of men with his finger as he spoke. "I have had my best day. Two would be monotony. You think your English will take this some time?" he asked, waving a finger towards the citadel. "It will need good play to pluck that ribbon from its place." He glanced up, as he spoke, at the white flag with its golden lilies.

"So much the better sport," I said. "We will have the ribbon and its heritage."

"You yourself shall furnish evidence to-day. Gabord here will see you temptingly disposed — the wild bull led peaceably by the nose!"

"But one day I will twist your nose, Monsieur Doltaire."

"That is fair enough, if rude," he responded. "When your turn comes, you twist and I endure. You shall be nourished well like me, and I shall look a battered hulk like you. But I shall never be the fool that you are. If I had a way to slip the leash, I'd slip it. You are a dolt." He was touching upon the letters again.

"I weigh it all," said I. "I am no fool — anything else you will."

"You'll be nothing soon, I fear — which is a pity."

What more he might have said I do not know, but there now appeared in the yard a tall, reverend old gentleman, in the costume of the coureur de bois, though his belt was richly chased, and he wore an order on his breast. There was something more refined than powerful in his appearance, but he had a keen, kindly eye, and a manner unmistakably superior. His dress was a little barbarous, unlike Doltaire's splendid white uniform, set off with violet and gold, the lace of a fine handkerchief sticking from his belt, and a gold-handled sword at his side; but the manner of both was alike. Seeing Doltaire, he came straight to him, and they embraced. Then he turned towards me, and as they walked off a little distance I could see that the old gentleman was questioning about me. Presently he raised his hand, and, as if something had excited him, said, "No, no, no; hang him and have done with it, but I'll have nothing to do with it — not a thing. 'T is enough for me to rule at" — I could not hear the last word, but I was now sure that he was some one of note who had retired from any share in state affairs. He and Doltaire then moved on to the doors of the citadel, and, pausing there, Doltaire turned round and made a motion of his hand to Gabord. I was at once surrounded by the squad of men, and the order to march was given. A drum in front of me began to play a well-known derisive air of the French army, The Fox and the Wolf.

We came out on the St. Foye Road and down towards the Château St. Louis, between crowds of shouting people who beat drums, kettles, pans, and made all manner of mocking noises. It was meant

not only against myself, but against the British people. The women were not behind the men in violence; from them came handfuls of gravel and dust which struck me in the face; but Gabord put a stop to that by threatening to drive off the crowd if this were repeated. They thought his anger had come from being himself hit by a stray pebble, not for thought of me; for, as I came to know, weird tales of his violent treatment of me while in the dungeon had been bruited, and I am inclined to think this was his device lest he should be thought using me with the least consideration.

It was a shameful ordeal, which might have vexed me sorely if I had not had greater trials and suspected worse. Nor had I yet lost the genial flush of spirit which this new taste of the open world gave me an hour ago. They were excited, but I was calm; raging, and I was thinking of my defense before my judges; seeing a victim, a sacrifice, a target for the arrows of their bad blood, and I was looking towards the Château St. Louis where was she who seemed to me the symbol of all that was rare and best in a troubled world. Now and again appeared a face I knew — some lady who turned her head away, or some gentleman who watched me curiously, but made no sign. Nearing the Château, I saw Voban standing among a knot of men, who were evidently questioning him about me, for it was known that he had tended me that morning. As we came to the Château, I looked up as if casually, and there in the little round window I saw Alixe's face, for an instant only. I stopped in my tracks, was prodded by a soldier from behind, and I then stepped on. Glancing up again, I saw her dear face once more like a passing light, and then, with a braver heart, I came on with my guards to the doors of the Château. Entering, we were taken to the rear of the building, where, in an open courtyard, were a company of soldiers, some seats, and a table. I looked up at the Château from where I was placed, and saw another small round window above, but no face showing in it; yet I hoped that, later, I should see it. I knew that some one could be in the dark room, looking down, and yet if the face were not very near the window, it would not be seen. Again, it was possible for a watcher to be hidden in the balcony that ran the full length of the building. On my right was the St. Lawrence swelling on its course, three hundred feet beneath, little boats passing hither and thither on its flood.

We were waiting about half an hour, the noises of the clamoring crowd coming to us, as they carried me aloft in effigy, and, burning me at the cliff edge, fired guns at me and threw stones, till, rags, ashes, and flame, I tumbled into the river far beneath. At last, from the Château came the Marquis de Vaudreuil, Bigot, and a number of officers. The Governor looked gravely at me, but did not bow; Bigot gave me a sneering smile, eying me curiously the while, and, I could feel, remarking on my poor appearance to Cournal beside him — Cournal, who winked at his wife's dishonor for the favor of her lover, who gave him means for public robbery.

Presently the Governor was seated, and he said, looking round, "Monsieur Doltaire — he is not here?"

Bigot shook his head, and answered, "No doubt he is detained at the citadel."

"And the Seigneur Duvarney?" the Governor added.

At that moment the Governor's secretary handed him a letter. The Governor opened it. "Listen," said he; and he read to the effect that the Seigneur Duvarney felt he was hardly fitted to be a just judge in this case, remembering the conflict between his son and the notorious Captain Stobo. And from another standpoint, though the prisoner merited any fate reserved for him, if he was a spy, he could not forget that his life had been saved by this British captain — an

obligation that, unfortunately, he could neither repay nor wipe out. After much thought, he must disobey the Governor's summons, and he prayed that his Excellency would grant his consideration thereupon.

I saw the Governor frown, but he made no remark, while Bigot said something in his ear which did not improve his humor, for he replied curtly, and turned to his secretary. "We must have two more," he said.

At that moment Doltaire entered with the old gentleman of whom I have written. The Governor instantly brightened, and gave the stranger a warm greeting, calling him his "dear Chevalier;" and, after a deal of urging, the Chevalier la Darante was seated as one of my judges: which did not at all displease me, for I liked his face.

I do not need to dwell upon the trial here. I have set down the facts before. I had no counsel and no witnesses. There seemed no reason why the trial should have dragged on all day, for I soon saw it was the intention on the part of all — save perhaps Doltaire and the Chevalier la Darante, and of them I was not sure — to hang me. I felt that Doltaire would rather torture me to the bitter end, in the hope of still getting the papers, than see me ended at once, as would likely be the case if I were condemned. Besides, I think he really wished the chance of killing me himself one day, when our affairs had got beyond any kind of repair. Yet it is hard to tell why the man who hates you serves you, too, at times. To the last I never understood him, and, hating him because of all his villainies, I warmed to him, also. I was surprised to see how he brought up a point here and a question there, which served to lengthen out the trial; and all the time he sat near the Chevalier la Darante, now and again talking with him.

It was late evening before the trial came to a close. The one point to be established was that the letters taken from General Braddock were mine, and that I had made the plans while a hostage. I acknowledged nothing, and would not do so unless I was allowed to speak freely. This was not permitted until just before I was sentenced. Doltaire's look was fixed on me, and I knew he waited to see if I would divulge the matter private between us. If I had done so, I should have died the next day. I knew this afterwards; but I stood by my compact with him. Besides, it could not serve me to speak of it here, or use it as an argument, and it would only hasten an end which I felt he could prevent if he chose.

So when I was asked if I had aught to say, I pleaded the one thing: that they had not kept the Articles of War which provided I should be free within two months and a half; that is, when an officer and two prisoners in our hands should be delivered up to them, as they were. They had broken their bond, though we had fulfilled ours, and I held myself justified in doing what I had done for our cause and for my own life, which they here assaulted against all honorable dealing.

I was not heard patiently, though I could see that the Governor and the Chevalier were impressed; but Bigot instantly urged the case hotly against me, and the end came very soon. It was now dark; a single light had been brought and placed beside the Governor, while a soldier held a torch at a distance. Suddenly there was a silence; then, in response to a signal, the sharp ringing of a hundred bayonets as they were drawn and fastened to the muskets, and I could see them gleaming in the feeble torchlight. Presently, out of the stillness that grew again, the Governor's voice was heard condemning me to death by hanging, thirty days hence, at sunrise. A silence fell again instantly, and then a thing occurred which sent a thrill through us all. From somewhere came a voice, weird, high, and wailing: —

"Guilty! Guilty! Guilty! He is guilty, and shall die! François Bigot shall die!"

I knew that the voice was Mathilde's, and I saw Doltaire shrug a shoulder and look with malicious amusement at the Intendant. Bigot himself sat pale and furious. "Discover the intruder," he said to Gabord, who was standing near, "and have — him — jailed."

But the Governor interfered. "It is some drunken creature," he urged quietly. "Take no account of it."

I glanced up at the little round window at that moment, and saw dimly a face pressed against the pane. I could not see the features, but I knew who it was, and I guessed that Alixe had heard the sentence. Only for an instant did I see the face, and then it was gone.

Gilbert Parker.

MARS.

I. ATMOSPHERE.

Amid the seemingly countless stars that on a clear night spangle the vast dome overhead, there appeared last autumn to be a new-comer, a very large and ruddy one, that rose at sunset through the haze about the eastern horizon. That star was the planet Mars, so conspicuous when in such position as often to be taken for a portent. Large as he then looked, however, he is in truth but a secondary planet traveling round a secondary sun; but his interest for us is out of all proportion to his actual size or his relative importance in the cosmos. For that sun is our own; and that planet is, with the exception of the moon, our next to nearest neighbor in space, Venus alone ever approaching us closer. From him, therefore, of all the heavenly bodies, may we expect first to learn something beyond celestial mechanics, beyond even celestial chemistry; something in answer to the mute query that man instinctively makes as he gazes at the stars, whether there be life in worlds other than his own.

Hitherto the question has received no affirmative reply, although the trend of all latter-day investigation has been to such affirmation; for science has been demonstrating more and more clearly the essential oneness of the universe. Matter proves to be common property. We have learnt that the very same substances with which we are familiar on this our earth, iron, magnesium, calcium, and the rest, are present in the far-off stars that strew the depths of space. Nothing new under the sun! Indeed, there is nothing new above it but ever-varying detail.

So much for matter. As for mind beyond the confines of our tiny globe, modesty, backed by a probability little short of demonstration, forbids the thought that we are the sole thinkers in this great universe.

That we are the only minds in space it takes indeed a very small mind to fancy. Our relative insignificance commonly escapes us. If we reduce the universe to a scale on which we can conceive it, that on which the earth shall be represented by a good-sized pea, with a grain of mustard seed, the moon, circling about it at a distance of seven inches, the sun would be a globe two feet in diameter, two hundred and twenty feet away. Mars, a much smaller pea, would circle round the two-foot globe, three hundred and fifty feet from its surface; Jupiter, an orange, at a distance of a quarter of a mile; Saturn, a small orange, at two fifths of a mile; and Uranus and Nep-

tune, good-sized plums, three quarters of a mile and a mile and a quarter away, respectively. The nearest star would lie two hundred and thirty thousand miles off, or at about the actual distance of our own moon, and the other stars at corresponding distances beyond that; that is, on a scale upon which the moon should be but seven inches off, the nearest star would still be as far from us as the moon is now. When we think that each of these stars is probably the centre of a solar system on a grander scale than our own, we cannot seriously take ourselves to be the only minds in the universe.

But improbable as the absence of ultra-terrestrial life in a general way is, up to the present time we have had no proof of its particular existence in worlds beyond our own. Whether the observations I am now to describe have revealed something on the point I shall leave the reader himself to judge, after laying the facts before him; for it is with this in view that the present papers will deal with Mars, since any answer on this point is the most generally interesting outcome of a study of the planet. That the observations also disclose the fact that the hitherto accepted period of its rotation proves to be too small by the hundredth of a second is a matter of far greater moment, of course, but one which leaves the average man comparatively cool. That Mars, however, should be peopled by intelligent beings, although physically they be utterly unlike us, more goblins than men or animals, is a suggestion which appeals romantically, at least, to everybody.

To determine whether a planet be the abode of life, two questions about it must be answered in turn: first, are its physical conditions such as to render it habitable? and secondly, are there any signs of its actual habitation? Unless we can answer the first point satisfactorily, it were futile to seek for evidence of the second.

Of such planets as doubtless circle round other suns we as yet know nothing. Our search is perforce confined at present to the members of our own solar family. Now, when we scan them for answer to our first query, we find but two that promise even the possibility of an affirmative reply, Mars and Venus. All the others turn out, upon scrutiny, to lie beyond the pale, either because they are too big, or because they are too little; for, curiously enough, mere size settles the matter.

The giant Jupiter piques inquiry first by showing us great cloud-belts that recall our own equatorial and temperate cloud-zones. But further study discloses that his clouds are in kind quite unlike those of our earth. Neither the hour of his day nor the season of his year brings change in them. They slowly, very slowly, alter in appearance, indeed, but not in obedience to that central ruler that gathers and dispels our own. In short, the Jovian clouds are not sun-raised, but self-raised ones. It is heat inherent in Jupiter himself, not heat from the sun, that belts him about with his great girdles of cloud. We can even see, in all probability, his glowing inner self; for Jupiter shows brick-red between his belts, like a molten mass.

The same state of things is yet more strikingly instanced by Saturn; for the tilt of Saturn's pole is not very unlike that of the earth, and in consequence his equatorial regions are at times raised far above the plane of his orbit; at others, dipped far below it. Yet unlike the earth's cloud-belts, his never travel northward when the sun goes north, nor follow the sun when he journeys south again. So far as the sun is concerned, the Saturnian cloud-belts are invariable. Like the Jovian, they owe their formation to the planet's own heat. Like Jupiter, too, Saturn shows red beneath.[1] From all this it is pretty plain that the giant

[1] Both Jupiter and Saturn are ruddier than is commonly stated. In the air of Flagstaff, Arizona, the site of my observations, both of them show conspicuously red between their belts.

planets are far from pleasurable abodes, as yet midway in evolution between actual suns and tenantable worlds; too cooled down for the one state, and not yet cooled down enough for the other.

Uranus and Neptune give evidence, also, of being in a chaotic condition, orbs *informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*, — no longer suns, but as yet quite unfit to support beings even distantly analogous to ourselves.

With Mercury littleness is even more fatal to life; for though the giant planets may perhaps, at some future day, grow to be life-supporting, a small one apparently never was, nor ever can be, peopled by beings in the least resembling us. Incapacity to quarter folk is included in the more general incapacity to hold an atmosphere; for absence of atmosphere precludes the possibility of life as we know it. That a planet may be too small to have an atmospheric envelope we shall see more definitely later. That life, however, of a type of which we have no conception may not exist in all these orbs we must be wary of stating, for nothing is more dangerous than a general denial, except a particular statement.

We are limited, therefore, in our present inquiry, to Venus and Mars. But Venus, contrary to her name, proves provokingly modest, the most modest of all the company of heaven, keeping herself so constantly veiled in cloud that we seldom, if ever, are permitted a peep at her actual surface. In consequence, beyond the fact that she has an atmosphere of considerable though not excessive density, we know little about her.

With Mars, on the other hand, no such false modesty balks us at the outset. The planet named after the old God of War — satirically, it would seem, since he turns out to present characteristics quite the reverse of warlike — lets himself be seen as well as thirty-five millions of miles of separation will allow.

Now, to all forms of life of which we have any conception, two things in nature are vital, air and water. A planet must possess these two things to be able to support any life at all upon its surface. Some articles that we might deem essential to well-being fall cosmically under the head of luxuries; but air and water are necessities of existence. There is no creature which is not in some measure dependent upon both of them. How then is Mars off for air?

Fortunately for an answer to this question, air is as vital to change in the inorganic processes of nature as it is to those other changes which we call peculiarly life. Atmosphere is essential not only to life upon a planet, but to the production of any change whatever upon that planet's surface. Without it, not only development, but decay would come to a standstill, when once all that was friable had crumbled to pieces under the alternate roasting and refrigerating to which the planet's surface would be exposed as it revolved upon its axis toward and away from the sun. Disintegration once effected, the planet would roll, a mummy world, through space. Since atmosphere, therefore, is a *sine qua non* to any change upon a planet's surface, reversely, any change upon a planet's surface is proof positive of the presence of an atmosphere, however incapable of detection such atmosphere be by direct means.

Now changes take place upon the surface of Mars, changes vast enough to be visible from the earth. When properly observed they turn out to be most marked. We will begin with the look of the planet last June. Its general aspect then was tripartite. Upon the top part of the disc, round what we know to be the planet's pole, appeared a great white cap, the south polar cap. The south lay at the top, because all astronomical views are, for optical reasons, upside down; but inasmuch as we never see the features otherwise, to have them right side up is not vital to the effect. Below the white cap lay a region chiefly bluish-green, interspersed, however, with portions more or less reddish-

ochre. Below this, again, came a vast reddish-ochre stretch, the great continental deserts of the planet.

The first sign of change occurred in the polar cap. It proceeded slowly to dwindle in size. Such obliteration it has, with praiseworthy regularity, undergone once every two years for the last two hundred. Since the polar cap was first seen it has waxed and waned with clock-like precision, a precision timed to the change of season in the planet's year. During the spring, these snow-fields, as analogy at once guesses them to be, and as beyond doubt they really are, stretch in the southern hemisphere, the one presented to us at this last opposition, down to latitude seventy, and even sixty-five south; covering thus more than the whole of the planet's south frigid zone. As summer comes on they dwindle gradually away, till by early autumn they present but tiny patches, a few hundred miles across. This year, for the first time in human experience, they melted, apparently, completely. This unprecedented event happened on October 13, or forty-three days after the summer solstice of the southern hemisphere, a date corresponding to about the middle of July on earth. Evidently it was a phenomenally hot season on Mars, for the minimum of the polar patch is reached usually about three months after Martian midsummer. It will be noticed how nearly such melting parallels what takes place with our arctic ice-cap on earth.

But the disappearance of the polar snows is by no means the only change discernible upon the surface of the planet. Several years ago Schiaparelli noticed differences in tint at successive oppositions, both in the dark areas and in the bright ones. These, he suggested, might be due to the seasons. This year it has been possible to watch the change take place. From the Martian last of April to the Martian middle of August, the bluish-green areas have been steadily undergoing a most marked transformation. There proves, in fact, to be a wave of seasonal change that sweeps over the face of the planet from pole to pole. We will examine this more in detail when we take up the question of water. For the present point it suffices that it takes place; for it constitutes proof positive of the presence of an atmosphere.

A moment's consideration will show how absolutely positive this proof is; for it is the inevitable deduction from the simplest of observed facts. Its cogency consists in its simplicity. It is independent of difficult detail or of doubtful interpretation. It is not concerned with what may be the constitution of the polar caps, nor with the character of the transformation that sweeps, wavelike, over the rest of the planet. It merely states that change occurs, and that statement is conclusive.

Having thus seen with the brain as much as with the eye, and in the simplest possible manner, that a Martian atmosphere exists, we will go on to consider what it is like.

The first and most conspicuous of its characteristics is its cloudlessness. A cloud is an event on Mars, a rare and unusual phenomenon, which should make it more fittingly appreciated there than Ruskin lamented was the case on earth. For it is almost perpetually fine weather on our neighbor in space. From the day's beginning to its close, and from one end of a year to the other, nothing appears to veil the greater part of the planet's surface.

This is more completely the case than has hitherto been supposed. We read sometimes in astronomical books and articles picturesque accounts of clouds and mist gathering over certain regions of the disc, hiding the coast lines and continents from view, and then, some hours later, clearing off again. No instance of such blotting out of detail has been seen this year at Flagstaff. Though the planet's face has been scanned there almost every night, from the last day of May to the end of November, not a case of obscuration of any part of the central portions of the

planet, from any Martian cause, has been detected by any one of three observers. Certain peculiar brightish patches have from time to time been noted, but, with a courtesy uncommon in clouds, they have carefully refrained from obscuring in the slightest degree any detail the observer might be engaged in looking at.

The only dimming of detail upon the Martian disc has been along its bright edge, what is technically called its limb. Fringing this is a permanent lune of light that swamps all except the very darkest markings in its glare. This limb-light has commonly been taken as evidence of sunrise or sunset mists on Mars. But observations of mine during last June show that such cannot be the case. In June Mars was gibbous, — that is, he showed a face like the moon between the quarter and the full, — and along his limb, then upon his own western side, lay the bright limb-light, stretching inward about thirty degrees. Since the face turned toward us was only in part illumined by the sun, the centre of it did not stand at noon, but some hours later, and the middle of the limb consequently not at sunrise, but at about nine o'clock of a Martian morning. As the limb-light extended in from this thirty degrees, or two hours in time, the mist, if mist it was, must have lasted till eleven o'clock in the day. Furthermore, it must have been mist of a singularly mathematical turn of mind, for it made a perfect semi-ellipse from one pole to the other, quite oblivious of the fact that every hour from sunrise to sunset lay represented along its edge, including high noon. What is more, as the disc passed, in course of time, from the gibbous form to the full, and then to the gibbous form on the other side, the limb-light obligingly clung to the limb, regardless of everything except its geometric curve. But as it did so, the eleven o'clock meridian swung from one side of the centre of the disc to the other. As it crossed the centre its regions showed perfectly clear; not a trace of obscuration as it passed directly under the eye. It was evident, therefore, that Martian morning mists were not responsible for the phenomenon.

To what, then, was the limb-light due? At first sight, it would seem as if the moon might help us; for the moon's limb is similarly ringed by a lune of light. In her case the effect has been attributed to mountain slopes catching the sun's light at angles beyond the possibilities of plains. But Mars has few mountains worthy the name. His terminator — that is, the part of the disc which is just passing in or out of sunlight, and discloses mountains by the way in which they catch the coming light before the plains at their feet are illuminated — shows irregularities quite inferior to the lunar ones, proving that his elevations and depressions are relatively insignificant.

On the whole, the best explanation of the phenomenon seems to be that the Martian atmosphere itself is somewhat of a veil, and that this veiling effect, though practically imperceptible in the centre of the disc, becomes noticeable as we go from the centre to the edge, owing to the greater thickness of the stratum through which we look. At thirty degrees in from the limb the observer would look through twice as much of it as when he looked plumb down upon the centre of the disc; in consequence, what would be diaphanous at the centre might well seem opaque toward the edge. The effect we are familiar with on earth in the haze that always borders the horizon, — a haze most noticeable in places where there is much water in the air. Here, then, we have a hint of what is the matter on Mars. Were his atmosphere charged with water-vapor, just such an effect as is observed should take place.

This first hint receives independent support from another Martian phenomenon. Contrary to what the distance of the planet from the sun and the thinness of its atmospheric envelope would lead us to expect, the climate of Mars proves

astonishingly mild. Whereas calculation from distance and atmospheric density puts its average temperature below freezing, thus relegating it to perpetual ice, the planet's surface features show that the temperature is relatively high. Observation reveals the fact that the mean temperature must actually be above that of the earth; for not only is there practically no snow or ice outside the frigid zone at any time, but the polar snow-caps melt to a minimum quite beyond that of our own, affording the Martians rare chance for quixotic polar expeditions. Such pleasing amelioration of the climate must be accounted for, and aqueous vapor seems the most likely thing for the purpose; for aqueous vapor is quite specific as a planetary comforter, being the very best of blankets. It acts, indeed, like the glass of a conservatory, letting the light rays in, and opposing the passage of the heat rays out.

The state of things thus disclosed by observation, the cloudlessness and the rim of limb-light, turns out to agree in a most happy manner with what probability would lead us to expect; for the most natural supposition to make *a priori* about the Martian atmosphere is the following. When each planet was produced by fission from the parent nebula, we may suppose that it took with it as its birthright its proportion of chemical constituents; that is, that its amount of oxygen, nitrogen, and so forth was proportional to its mass. Doubtless its place in the primal nebula would to a certain extent modify the ratio, just as the size of the planet would to a certain extent modify the relative amount of these elements that would thereupon enter into combination. Supposing, however, that the ratio of free oxygen and so forth to the other elements remained substantially the same, we should have in the case of any two planets the same relative quantity of atmosphere. But the size of the planet would entirely alter the distribution of this air.

Three causes would all combine to rob the smaller planet of efficient covering, on the general principle that he that hath little shall have less.

In the first place, the smaller the planet, the greater would be its volume in proportion to its mass, because the materials of which it was composed, being subjected to less pressure owing to a lesser pull, would not be crowded so closely together. This is one reason why Mars should have a thinner atmosphere than is the case with our earth.

Secondly, of two similar bodies, spheres or others, the smaller has the greater surface for its volume, since the one quantity is of two dimensions only, the other of three. An onion will give us a good instance of this. By stripping off layer after layer we reach eventually a last layer which is all surface, inclosing nothing. We may, if we please, observe something analogous in men, among whom the most superficial have the least in them. In consequence of this principle, the atmosphere of the smaller body finds itself obliged to cover relatively more surface, which still further thins it out.

Lastly, gravity being less on the surface of the smaller body, the atmosphere is less compressed, and, being a gas, seizes that opportunity to spread out to a greater height, which renders it still less dense at the planet's surface.

Thus for three reasons Mars should have a thinner air at his surface than is found on the surface of the earth.

Calculating the effect of the above causes numerically, we find that on this a priori supposition Mars would have at his surface an atmosphere of about fourteen hundredths, or one seventh the density of our terrestrial one.

Observation supports this general supposition; for the cloudless character of the Martian skies is precisely what we should look for in a rare air. Clouds are congeries of globules of water or particles of ice buoyed up by the air about them. The smaller these are, the more easily are they buoyed up, because

gravity, which tends to pull them down, acts upon their mass, while the resistance they oppose to it varies as their surface, and this, as we saw just now, is relatively greater in the smaller particles. The result is that the smaller particles can float in thinner air. We see the principle exemplified in our terrestrial clouds; the low nimbus being formed of comparatively large globules, while the high cirrus is made up of very minute particles. If we go yet higher, we reach a region incapable of supporting clouds of any kind, so rarefied is its air. This occurs about five miles above the earth's surface; and yet even at this height the density of our air is greater than is the probable density of the air at the surface of Mars. We see, therefore, that the Martian atmosphere should from its rarity prove cloudless, just as we observe it to be.

So far in this our investigation of the Martian atmosphere we have been indebted solely to the principles of mathematics and molar physics for help, and these have told us something about the probable quantity of that atmosphere, though silent as to its possible quality. On this latter point, however, molecular physics turns out to have something to say; for an Irish gentleman, Dr. G. Johnstone Stoney, has recently made an ingenious deduction from the kinetic theory of gases bearing upon the atmospheric envelope which any planet can retain. His deduction is as acute as it appears from observation to be in keeping with the facts. It is this: —

The molecular theory of gases supposes them to be made up of myriads of molecules in incessant motion. What a molecule may be nobody knows; some scientists supposing it to be a vortex ring in miniature, — something like the swirl produced by a teaspoon when drawn through a cup of tea. But whatever it be, the idea of it accounts for the facts. The motion of the molecules is almost inconceivably swift as they dart hither and thither throughout the space occupied by the gas, and their speed differs for different gases. It is calculated that the molecules of oxygen travel, on the average, at the rate of fifteen miles a minute, those of water vapor about twenty miles a minute, and those of hydrogen, which are the fastest known, at the enormous speed of a mile a second. But this average velocity may, in any particular case, be increased by collisions of the molecules among themselves something like sevenfold. What is more, each molecule of the gas is bound, sooner or later, to attain this maximum velocity of its kind merely on the doctrine of chances. When it is attained, the molecule of oxygen travels at the rate of one and three fourths miles a second, the molecule of water vapor at the rate of two and one third miles a second, and the molecule of hydrogen actually at seven miles a second, six hundred times as fast as our fastest express train.

Now, if a body, whether it be a molecule or a cannon-ball, be projected away from the earth's surface, the earth will at once try to pull it down again: this instinctive holding on of Mother Earth to what she has we call gravity. In the cases with which we are personally familiar, her endeavor is eminently successful; what goes up usually coming down again, either on the thrower or on some other person. But even the earth is not omnipotent. As the velocity with which the body is projected increases, it takes the earth longer and longer to overcome it and compel the body's return. Finally there comes a speed which the earth is just able to overcome, if she take an infinite time about it. In that case, the body would continue to travel away from her, at a constantly diminishing rate, but still at some rate, on and on into the depths of space, till it attained infinity, at which point the truant would stop, and reluctantly begin to return again. This velocity we may call the critical velocity. It is the velocity which the earth would cause in a body falling to it from an

infinite distance, since gravity is able to destroy on the way up just the speed it is able to create on the way down. But now, if the body's departure were even hastier than this, the earth would never be able wholly to annihilate its speed, and the body would travel forever away out and out, till it fell, probably, under the sway of some distant star. In any case, the earth would know the vagabond no more.

As gravity depends upon mass, the larger the attracting planet, the greater is its critical velocity, the velocity it can just control; and, reversely, the smaller the planet, the less its restraining power. With the earth the critical velocity is between six and seven miles a second. If any of us, therefore, could manage to become faster than this, socially or otherwise, we could bid defiance to the whole earth, and begin to voyage on our own account through space.

This is actually what happens, as we have seen, to the molecules of hydrogen. If, therefore, free hydrogen were present at the surface of the earth, and met with no other gas attractive enough to tie it down by uniting with it, the rover would, in course of time, attain a speed sufficient to allow it to bid good-by to earth, and start on interspacial travels of its own. That it should reach its maximum speed is all that is essential to liberty, the direction of its motion being immaterial. To each molecule in turn would come this happy dispatch, till the earth stood deprived of every atom of free hydrogen she possessed.

It is a highly significant fact that there is no free hydrogen found in the earth's atmosphere. With oxygen and water vapor, and indeed all the other gases we know, the case is different; for their maximum speed falls far short of the possibility of escape. So they have stayed with us solely because they must. And, as a matter of fact, the earth's atmosphere contains plenty of free oxygen, nitrogen, and the like. The actions of the heavenly bodies confirm this conclusion. The moon, for example, possesses no atmosphere, and calculation shows that the velocity it can control falls short of the maximum of any of these gases. All were, therefore, at liberty to leave it, and all have promptly done so. Whatever the moon's attraction for lovers, no gas was sufficiently attracted by it to stay. On the other hand, the giant planets give evidence of very dense atmospheres. They have kept all they ever had.

But the most striking confirmation of the theory comes from the cusps of Venus and Mercury; for an atmosphere would prolong, by its refraction, the cusps of a crescent beyond their true limits. Length of cusp becomes, consequently, a criterion of the presence of an atmosphere. Now, in the appearance of their cusps there is a notable difference between Venus and Mercury. The cusps of Venus extend beyond the semicircle; Mercury's do not. We see, therefore, that Mercury has no appreciable atmospheric envelope.

Turning to the case of Mars, we find with him the critical velocity to be about three miles a second. This is, like the earth's, below the maximum for the molecules of hydrogen, but also, like the earth's, above that of any other gas; from which we have reason to suppose that, except for possible chemical combinations, his atmosphere is in quality not unlike our own.

Having seen what the atmosphere of Mars is probably like, we may draw certain interesting inferences from it as to its capabilities for making life comfortable. The first consequence is that Mars is blissfully destitute of weather. Unlike New England, which has more than it can accommodate, Mars has none of the article. What takes its place as the staple topic of conversation for empty-headed folk there remains one of the Martian mysteries yet to be solved. What takes its place in fact is a perpetual serenity, such as we can scarcely conceive of. Al-

though over what we shall later see to be the great continental deserts the air must at midday be highly rarefied, and cause vacuums into which the surrounding air must rush, the actual difference of gradient owing to the initial thinness of the air must be very slight. With a normal barometer of four and a half inches, a very great relative fall is a very slight actual one. In consequence, storms would be such mild-mannered things that, for objectionable purposes, they might as well not be. In the first place, if we are right, there can be no rain, nor hail, nor snow in them, for the particles would be deposited before they gained the dignity of such separate existence. Dew or frost would be the maximum of precipitation that Mars could support. The polar snow-cap or ice-cap, therefore, is doubtless formed, not by the falling of snow, but by successive depositions of dew. Secondly, there would be about the Martian storms no very palpable wind. Though the gale might blow at fairly respectable rates, so flimsy is the substance moved that it might buffet a man unmercifully without reproach.

Another interesting result of the rarity of the air would be its effect upon the boiling-point of water. Reynault's experiments have shown that, in air at a density $\frac{14}{100}$ of our own, water would boil at about 127° Fahrenheit. This, then, would be the temperature at which water would be converted into steam on Mars. So low a boiling-point would make it impossible to cook anything in the open air. Boiled eggs could be prepared only under cover, and such people as liked their meat boiled would probably find it convenient to prefer it done differently. Fortunately, roasts would still remain possible. The lowering of the boiling-point would raise the relative amount of aqueous vapor held in suspension by the air at any temperature. At about 127° the air would be saturated, and even at lower temperatures much more of it would evaporate and load the surrounding air than happens at similar temperatures on earth. Thus at the heels of similarity treads contrast.

We may now go on to such phenomena bearing on the Martian atmosphere as show it to differ from ours. Some of them we are able more or less imperfectly to explain; some we are not.

Although no case of obscuration has been seen at Flagstaff this summer, certain bright patches have been observed on special portions of the planet's disc. That they are not storm-clouds, like those which, by a wavelike process of generation, travel across the American continent, for example, is shown by the fact that they do not travel, but are local fixtures. Commonly, they appear day after day, and even year after year, in the same spots; for identical patches have been observed by different astronomers at successive oppositions. To this category belong the regions known as Elysium, Ophir, Memnonia, Eridania, and Tempe. Still smaller patches, apparently more fugitive in character, have been seen this year by Professor W. H. Pickering. But the most marked instance of variability was detected in September last by Mr. Douglass, in the western part of Elysium. On September 22 and 23 he found this blissfully named region, as usual, equally bright throughout. But on September 24 he noticed that the western half of it had suddenly increased in brightness, and far outshone the eastern half, being almost as brilliant as the polar cap. When he looked at it again the next night, September 25, the effect of the night before had vanished, the western half being now actually the darker of the two. So fugitive an effect suggests cloud, forming presumably over high ground, and subsequently dissipating; it also suggests a deposition of frost that melted on the next day. It is specially noteworthy that the canals inclosing the region, Galaxias and Hyblæus, were not in any way obscured by the bright apparition. On the contrary, Mr. Douglass

found them perceptibly darker than they had been, an effect attributable perhaps to contrast.

Although not storm-clouds, it is possible that these appearances may have been due to cloud capping high land. There are objections, however, to this view, as, in the first place, there is evidence that the Martian mountains are low; in the second place that they would have to be phenomenally high to produce a change in temperature sufficient to condense the air about them and so cap them with cloud; and in the third place that the air is not dense enough to support clouds, anyway. Nevertheless a most singular phenomenon was seen by Mr. Douglass on November 24, a bright detached projection, for which from measurement he deduced a height of thirty miles. This would seem to have been cloud. With regard to its enormous height, it is not to be forgotten that a few years ago, on the earth, phenomenal dust-clouds were observed as high as one hundred miles.

Something more in the line of the explicable was a phenomenon observed in 1879 and in 1881 by Schiaparelli. From October, 1879, to January, 1880, he noticed certain bright patches which appeared to surround the north pole in a sort of crown, the pole itself being invisible. In 1881 he saw the same ramifications again, in apparently the same place. At this latter opposition the north pole was much better placed for observation, and he was able to mark a curious subsequent action in these spots; for as time went on they gradually contracted toward the pole, till finally they consolidated into the north polar patch, which up to that time had been absent. The polar patch proper did not thus appear till more than a month after the vernal equinox of the northern hemisphere.

Here, then, we have a very curious phenomenon, a phenomenon which seems to indicate that the seasonal wave of change acts as a unit across the planet's face; that instead of a more or less continuous deposit of moisture at the pole, such as occurs on earth, Martian atmospheric conditions oblige such deposit to creep gradually with the season up into polar latitudes, where it appears first as a crown of frost, and does not envelop the pole and become a polar cap till it has got higher. No sooner has this happened than the advance of following warmer isotherms causes it to begin to melt. One deduction from this thin air we must, however, be careful not to make: that because it is thin it is incapable of supporting intelligent life. That beings constituted physically as we are would find it a most uncomfortable habitat is pretty certain. But lungs are not wedded to logic, and there is nothing in the world or beyond it to prevent, so far as we know, a being with gills, for example, from being a most superior person. A fish doubtless imagines life out of water to be impossible; and similarly, to argue that life of an order as high as our own, or higher, is impossible, because of less air to breathe than that to which we are locally accustomed, is, as Flammarion happily expresses it, to argue, not as a philosopher, but as a fish.

To sum up, now, what we know about the atmosphere of Mars: we have proof positive that Mars has an atmosphere; we have reason to believe that this atmosphere is very thin, — thinner at least by half than the air upon the summit of the Himalayas, — that in constitution it does not differ greatly from our own, and that it is relatively heavily charged with water vapor.

In the next paper I shall take up the question of water upon the planet.

Percival Lowell.

ISOLATION.

O BROTHER Planets, unto whom I cry,
Know ye, in all the worlds, a gladder thing
Than this glad life of ours, this wandering
Among the eternal winds that wander by?
Ever to fly, with white star-faces set
Quenchless against the darkness, and the wet
Pinions of all the storms, — on, on alone,
With radiant locks outblown,
And sun-strong eyes to see
Into the sunless maze of all futurity.

Not ours the little measure of the years,
The bitter-sweet of summer that soon wanes,
The briefer benison of springtime rains;
Nay, but the thirst of all the living spheres,
Full-fed with mighty draughts of dark and light, —
The soul of all the dawns, the love of night,
The strength of deathless winters, and the boon
Of endless summer noon.
Look down, from star to star,
And see the centuries, — a flock of birds, afar.

Afar! But we, each one God's sentinel,
Lifting on high the torches that are His,
Look forth to one another o'er the abyss,
And cry, *Eternity, — and all is well!*
So ever journey we, and only know
The way is His, and unto Him we go.
Through all the voiceless desert of the air,
Through all the star-dust there,
Where none has ever gone,
Still singing, seeking still, we wander on and on.

O brother Planets, ye to whom I cry,
— Yet hath a strange dream touched me; for a cloud
Flared, like a moth, within mine eyes. I bowed
My head, and, looking down through all the sky,
I saw the little earth, far down below, —
The earth that all the wandering winds do know.
Like some ground-bird, the small, belovèd one
Fluttered about the sun:
Ah, were that little star
Only a signal-light of love for us, afar!

Josephine Preston Peabody.

A WEEK ON WALDEN'S RIDGE.

I.

THROUGHOUT my stay in Chattanooga I looked often and with desire at a long, flat-topped, perpendicular-sided, densely wooded mountain, beyond the Tennessee River. Its name was Walden's Ridge, I was told; the top of it was eighty miles long and ten or twelve miles wide; if I wanted a bit of wild country, that was the place for me. Was it accessible? I asked. And was there any reasonable way of living there? Oh yes: carriages ran every afternoon from the city, and there were several small hotels on the mountain. So it happened that I went to Walden's Ridge for my last week in Tennessee, and have ever since thanked my stars — as New England Christians used to say, in my boyhood — for giving me the good wine at the end of the feast.

The wine, it is true, was a little too freely watered. I went up the mountain in a rain, and came down again in a rain, and of the seven intervening days five were showery. The showers, mostly with thunder and lightning, were of the sort that make an umbrella ridiculous, and my jaunts, as a rule, took me far from shelter. Yet I had little to complain of. Now and then I was put to my trumps, as it were; my walks were sometimes grievously abbreviated, and my pace was uncomfortably hurried, but by one happy accident and another I always escaped a drenching. Worse than the water that fell — worse, and not to be escaped, even by accident — was that which saturated the atmosphere, making every day a dogday, and the week a seven-day sweat. And then, as if to even the account, on the last night of my stay I was kept awake for hours shivering with cold; and in the morning, after putting on all the clothing I could wear, and breakfasting in a snowstorm, I rode down the mountain in a state suggestive of approaching congelation. "My feet are frozen, I know they are," said the lady who sat beside me in the wagon; but she was mistaken.

This sudden drop in the temperature seemed to be a trial even to the natives. As we drove into Chattanooga, it was impossible not to smile at the pinched and woebegone appearance of the colored people. What had they to do with weather that makes a man hurry? And the next morning, when an enterprising, bright-faced white boy ran up to me with a "Times, sir? Have a Times?" I fear he quite misapprehended the more or less quizzical expression which I am sure came into my face. I was looking at his black woolen mittens, and thinking how well he was mothered. It was the 19th of May; for at least three weeks, to my own knowledge, the city had been sweltering under the hottest of midsummer heats, — 94° in the shade, for example; and now, mittens and overcoats!

I should be sorry to exaggerate, or leave a false impression. In this day of literary conscientiousness, when writers of fiction itself are truth-tellers first, and story-tellers afterwards, — if at all, — it behooves mere tourists and naturalists to speak as under oath. Be it confessed, then, that the foregoing paragraphs, though true in every word, are not to be taken too seriously. If the weather, "the dramatic element in scenery," happened not to suit the convenience of a naturally selfish man, now ten times more selfish than usual — as is the rule — because he was on his annual vacation, it does not follow that it was essentially bad. The rains were needed, the heat was to have been expected, and the cold, unseasonable and exceptional, was not peculiar to Tennessee. As for

the snow, it was no more than I have seen before now, even in Massachusetts, — a week or two earlier in the month; and it lent such a glory to the higher Alleghanies, as we passed them on our way homeward, that I might cheerfully have lain shivering for *two* nights in that unplastered bedroom, with its window that no man could shut, rather than miss the spectacle. Eastern Tennessee, I have no doubt, is a most salubrious country; properly recommended by the medical fraternity as a refuge for consumptive patients. If to me its meteorological fluctuations seemed surprisingly wide and sudden, it was perhaps because I had been brought up in the equable climate of New England. It would be unfair to judge the world in general by that favored spot.

The road up the mountain — the "new road," as it is called — is a notable piece of work, done, I was told, by the county chain-gangs. The pleasure of the ascent, which naturally would have been great, was badly diminished by the rain, which made it necessary to keep the sides of the wagon down; but I was fortunate in my driver. At first he seemed a stolid, uncommunicative body, and when we came to the river I made sure he could not read. As we drove upon the bridge, where straight before his eyes was a sign forbidding any one to drive or ride over the bridge at a pace faster than a walk, under a penalty of five dollars for each offense, he whipped up his horse and his mule (the mule the better horse of the two), and they struck into a trot. Halfway across we met another wagon, and its driver too had let his horses out. Illiteracy must be pretty common in these parts, I said to myself. But whatever my driver's educational deficiencies, it did not take long to discover that in his own line he was a master. He could hit the ear of his mule with the end of his whip with a precision that was almost startling. In fact, it *was* startling — to the mule. For my own part, as often as he drew back his hand and let fly the lash, my eye was glued to the mule's right ear in spite of myself. Had my own ears been endowed with life and motion, instead of fastened to my head like blocks of wood, I think they too would have twitched. I wondered how long the man had practiced his art. He appeared to be not more than forty-five years old. Perhaps he came of a race of drivers, and so began life with some hereditary advantages. At all events, he was a specialist, with the specialist's motto, "This one thing I do."

We were hardly off the bridge and in the country before I began plying him with questions about this and that, especially the wayside trees. He answered promptly and succinctly, and turned out to be a man who had kept his eyes open, and, better still, knew how to say, "No, suh," as well as, "Yes, suh." (There is no mark in the dictionaries to indicate the percussive brevity of the vowel sound in "suh" as he pronounced it.) The big tupelo he recognized as the "black gum." "But is n't it ever called 'sour gum'?" "No, suh." He knew but one kind of tupelo, as he knew but one kind of "ellum." There were many kinds of oaks, some of which he named as we passed them. This botanical catechism presently waked up the only other passenger in the wagon, a modest girl of ten or twelve years. She too, it appeared, had some acquaintance with trees. I had asked the driver if there were no long-leaved pines hereabout. "No, suh," he said. "But I think I saw some at Chickamauga the other day," I ventured. (It was the only place I did see them, as well as I remember.) "Yes, sir," put in the girl, "there are a good many there." "Good for you!" I was ready to say. It was a pretty rare schoolgirl who, after visiting a battlefield, could tell what kind of pines grew on it. Persimmons? Yes, indeed, the girl had eaten them. There was a tree by the fence. Had I never eaten

them? She seemed to pity me when I said "No," but I fancied she would have preferred to see me begin with one a little short of ripe.

As for the birds of Walden's Ridge, the driver said, there were partridges, pheasants, and turkeys. He had seen ravens, also, but only in winter, he thought, and never in flocks. His brother had once shot one. About smaller birds he could not profess to speak. By and by he stopped the carriage. "There 's a bird now," he said, pointing with his whip. "What do you call that?" It was a summer tanager, I told him, or summer redbird. Did he know another redbird, with black wings and tail? Yes, he had seen it; that was the male, and this all red one was the female. Oh no, I explained; the birds were of different species, and the females in both cases were yellow. He did not insist, — it was a case of a driver and his fare; but he had always been told so, he said, and I do not flatter myself that I convinced him to the contrary. It is hard to believe that one man can be so much wiser than everybody else. A Massachusetts farmer once asked me, I remember, if the night-hawk and the whippoorwill were male and female of the same bird. I answered, of course, that they were not, and gave, as I thought, abundant reason why such a thing could not be possible. But I spoke as a scribe. "Well," remarked the farmer, when I had finished my story, "some folks *say* they be, but I guess they *ain't*."

With such converse, then, we beguiled the climb to the "Brow," — the top of the cliffs which rim the summit of the mountain, and give it from below a fortified look, — and at last, after an hour's further drive through the dripping woods, came to the hotel at which I was to put up — or with which I was to put up — during my stay on the Ridge.

I had hardly taken the road, the next morning, impatient to see what this little world on a mountain top was like, before I came to a lovely brook making its devious course among big boulders with much pleasant gurgling, in the shadow of mountain laurel and white azalea, — a place highly characteristic of Walden's Ridge, as I was afterwards to learn. Just now, naturally, there was no stopping so near home, though a Kentucky warbler, with his cool, liquid song, did his best to beguile me; and I kept on my way, past a few houses, a tiny box of a post-office, a rude church, and a few more houses, till just beyond the last one the road dropped into the forest again, as if for good. And there, all at once, I seemed to be in New Hampshire. The land fell away sharply, and at one particular point, through a vista, the forest could be seen sloping down on either side to the gap, beyond which, miles away, loomed a hill, and then, far, far in the distance, high mountains dim with haze. It was like a note of sublimity in a poem that till now had been only beautiful.

From the bottom of the valley came a sound of running water, and between me and the invisible stream a chorus of olive-backed thrushes were singing, — the same simple and hearty strains that, in June and July, echo all day long through the woods of the Crawford Notch. The birds were on their way from the far South, and were happy to find themselves in so homelike a place. Then, suddenly, amid the golden voices of the thrushes, I caught the wiry notes of a warbler. They came from the treetops in the valley, and — so I prided myself upon guessing — belonged to a cerulean warbler, a bird of which I had seen my first and only specimen a week before, on Lookout Mountain. Down the steep hillside I scrambled, — New Hampshire clean forgotten, — and was just bringing my glass into play when the fellow took wing, and began singing at the very point I had just left. I hastened back; he flew again, farther up the hill, and again I put myself out of breath with pursuing him. Again and again he sang, now in this

tree, now in that, but there was no getting sight of him. The trees should have been shorter, or the bird larger. Straight upward I gazed, till the muscles of my neck cried for mercy. At last I saw him, flitting amid the dense foliage, but so far above me, and so exactly between me and the sun, that I might as well not have seen him at all.

It was a foolish half-hour. The bird, as I afterwards discovered, was nothing but a blue yellow-back, with an original twist to his song. In Massachusetts, I should not have listened to it twice, but on new hunting-grounds a man is bound to look for new game; else what would be the use of traveling? It was a foolish half-hour, I say; but I wish some moralist would explain, in a manner not inconsistent with the dignity of human nature, how it happens that foolish half-hours are commonly so much more enjoyable at the time, and so much pleasanter in the retrospect, than many that are more reasonably employed.

I swallowed my disappointment, and presently forgot it, for at the first turn in the road I found myself following the course of a brook or creek, between which and myself was a dense thicket of mountain laurel and rhododendron, with trees and other shrubs intermingled. The laurel was already in full bloom, while the rhododendrons held aloft clusters of gorgeous rose-purple buds, a few of which, the middle ones of the cluster, were just bursting into flower. Here was beauty of a new order, — such wealth and splendor of color in surroundings so romantic. And the place, besides, was alive with singing birds: hooded warblers, Kentucky warblers, a Canadian warbler, a black-throated blue, a black-throated green, a blue yellow-back, scarlet tanagers, wood pewees, wood thrushes, a field sparrow (on the hillside beyond), a cardinal, a chat, a bunch of white-throated sparrows, and who could tell what else? It was an exciting moment. Luckily, a man can look and listen both at once. Here was a fringe-tree, a noble specimen, hung with creamy-white plumes; here was a magnolia, with big leaves and big flowers; and here was a flowering dogwood, not to be put out of countenance in any company; but especially, here were the rhododendrons! And all the while, deep in the thickest of the bushes, some unknown bird was singing a strange, breathless jumble of a song, note tripping over note, — like an eager churchman with his responses, I kept saying to myself, with no thought of disrespect to either party. It cost me a long vigil and much patient coaxing to make the fellow out, and he proved to be merely a Wilson's blackcap, after all; but he was the only bird of his kind that I saw in Tennessee.

On this first visit I did not get far beyond the creek, through the bed of which the road runs, with a single log for foot-passengers. I had spent at least an hour in going a hundred rods, and it was already drawing near dinner time. But I returned to the spot that very afternoon, and half a dozen times afterward. So poor a traveler am I, so ill fitted to explore a new country. Whenever nothing in particular offered itself, why, it was always pretty down at Falling Water Creek. There I saw the rhododendrons come into exuberant bloom, and there I oftenest see them in memory, though I found them elsewhere in greater abundance, and in a setting even more romantic.

More romantic, perhaps, but hardly more beautiful. I remember, just beyond the creek, a bank where sweet bush (*Calycanthus*), wild ginger (*Asarum*), rhododendron, laurel, and plenty of trailing arbutus (the last now out of flower) were growing side by side,— a rare combination of beauty and fragrance. And within a few rods of the same spot I sat down more than once to take a long look at a cross-vine covering a dead hemlock. The branches of the tree, shortening regularly to the top, were draped heavily with gray lichens, while

the vine, keeping mostly near the trunk and climbing clean to the tip, — fifty feet or more, as I thought, — was hung throughout with large, orange-red, gold-lined bells. Their numbers were past guessing. Here and there a spray of them swung lightly from the end of a branch, as if inviting the breeze to lend them motion and a voice. The sight was worth going miles to see, and yet I passed it three times before it caught my eye, so full were the woods of things to look at. After all, *is* it a poor traveler who turns again and again into the same path? Whether is better, to read two good books once, or one good book twice?

A favorite shorter walk, at odd minutes, — before breakfast and between showers, — was through the woods for a quarter of a mile to a small clearing and a cabin. On a Sunday afternoon I ventured to pass the gate and make a call upon my neighbors. The doors of the house stood open, but a glance inside showed that there was no one there, and I walked round it, inspecting the garden, — corn, beans, and potatoes coming on, — till, just as I was ready to turn back into the woods, I descried a man and woman on the hillside not far away; the man leading a mule, and the woman picking strawberries. At sight of a stranger the woman fell behind, but the man kept on to the house, greeted me politely, and invited me to be seated under the hemlock, where two chairs were already placed. After tying the mule he took the other chair, and we fell into talk about the weather, the crops, and things in general. When the wife finally appeared, I rose, of course; but she went on in silence and entered the house, while the husband said, "Oh, keep your seat." We continued our conversation till the rain began to fall. Then we picked up our chairs and followed the woman inside. She sat in the middle of the room (young, pretty, newly married, and Sunday-dressed), but never once opened her lips. Her behavior was in strict accordance with local etiquette, I was afterward assured (as if *all* etiquette were not local); but though I admire feminine modesty as much as any man, I cannot say that I found this particular manifestation of it altogether to my liking. Silence is golden, no doubt, and gold is more precious than silver, but in cases of this figurative sort I profess myself a bimetallist. A *little* silver, I say; enough for small change, at any rate; and if we can have a pretty free coinage, why, so much the better, though as to that, it must be admitted, a good deal depends upon the "image and superscription." However, my hostess followed her lights, and reserved her voice — soft and musical, let us hope — for her husband's ear.

They had not lived in the house very long, he told me, and he did not know how many years the land had been cleared. There was a fair amount of game in the woods, — turkeys, squirrels, pheasants, and so on, — and in winter the men did considerable hunting. Formerly there were a good many deer, but they had been pretty well killed off. Turkeys still held out. They were gobbling now. His father had been trying for two or three weeks, off and on, to shoot a certain old fellow who had several hens with him down in the valley. His father could call with his mouth better than with any "caller," but so far the bird had been too sharp for him. The son laughed good-naturedly when I confessed to an unsportsmanlike sympathy with the gobbler.

The cabin, built of hewn logs, with clay in the chinks, was neatly furnished, with beds in two corners of the one room, a stone chimney, two doors directly opposite each other, and no window. The doors, it is understood, are always to be open, for ventilation and light. Such is the custom; and custom is nowhere more powerful than in small rustic communities. If a native, led away by his wife, perhaps, puts a window into his new cabin, the neighbors say, "Oh, he is

building a glass house, is n't he?" It must be an effeminate woman, they think, who cannot do her cooking and sewing by the light of the door. None the less, in a climate where snow is possible in the middle of May, such a Spartan arrangement must sometimes be found a bit uncomfortable by persons not to the manner born. A preacher confided to me that in his pastoral calls he had once or twice made bold to push to a door directly at his back, when the wind was cold; but the innovation was ill received, and the inmates of the house, doubtless without wishing to hurt their minister's feelings, — since he had meant no harm, to be sure, but was simply unused to the ways of the world, — speedily found some excuse for rectifying his mistake. Probably there is no corner of the world where the question of fresh air and draughts is not available for purposes of moral discipline.

Beside the path to the cabin, on the 13th of May, was a gray-cheeked thrush, a very gray specimen, sitting motionless in the best of lights. "Look at me," he seemed to say. "I am no olive-back. My cheeks are not sallow." On the same day, here and in another place, I saw white-throated sparrows. Their presence at this late hour was a great surprise, and suggested the possibility of their breeding somewhere in the Carolina mountains, though I am not aware that such an occurrence has ever been recorded. Another recollection of this path is of a snow-white milkweed (*Asclepias variegata*), — white with the merest touch of purple to set it off, — for the downright elegance of which I was not in the least prepared. The queen of all milkweeds, surely.

After nightfall the air grew loud with the cries of batrachians and insects, an interesting and novel chorus. On my first evening at the hotel I was loitering up the road, with frequent auditory pauses, thinking how full the world is of unseen creatures which find their day only after the sun goes down, when in a woody spot I heard behind me a sound of footsteps. A woman was close at my heels, fetching a pail of water from the spring. I remarked upon the many voices. She answered pleasantly. It was the big frogs that I heard, she reckoned. "Do you have whippoorwills here?" I asked. "Plenty of 'em," she answered, "plenty of 'em." "Do you hear them right along the road?" "Yes, sir; oh yes." We had gone hardly a rod further before we exclaimed in the same breath, "There is one now!" I inquired if there was another bird here, something like the whippoorwill, meaning the chuck-will's-widow. But she said no; she knew of but one. "How early does the whippoorwill get here?" said I. "Pretty early," she answered. "By the first of April, should you say?" "Yes, sir, I think about then. I know the timber is just beginning to put out when they begin to holler."

This mannerly treatment of a stranger was more Christian-like than the stately silence of my lady of the cabin, it seemed to me. I liked it better, at all events. I had learned nothing, perhaps; but unless a man is far gone in philosophy he need not feel bound to increase in wisdom every time a neighbor speaks to him; and anyhow, that expression about the "putting out of the timber" had given me pleasure. Hearing it thus was better than finding it upon a page of Stevenson, or some other author whose business in life is the picking of right words. Let us have some silver, I repeat. I am ready to believe, what I have somewhere read, that men will have to give account not only for every idle word, but for every idle silence.

The summit of the Ridge, as soon as one leaves its precipitous rocky edge, — the Brow, so called, — is simply an indefinite expanse of gently rolling country, thin-soiled, but well watered, and covered with fine open woods, rambling through which the visitor finds little to

remind him of his elevation above the world. I heard a resident speak of going to the "top of the mountain," however, and on inquiry learned that a certain rocky eminence, two miles, more or less, from Fairmount (the little "settlement" where I was staying), went by that name, and was supposed to be the highest point of the Ridge. My informant kindly made me a rough map of the way thither, and one morning I set out in that direction. It would be shameful to live for a week on the "summit" of a mountain, and not once go to the "top."

The glory of Walden's Ridge, as compared with Lookout Mountain, — so the dwellers there say, — is its streams and springs; and my morning path soon brought me to the usual rocky brook bordered with mountain laurel, holly, and hemlock. To my New England eyes it was an odd circumstance, the hemlocks growing always along the creeks in the valley bottoms. Beyond this point I passed an abandoned cabin, — no other house in sight, — and by and by a second one, near which, in the garden (better worth preserving than the house, it appeared), a woman and two children were at work. Yes, the woman said, I was on the right path. I had only to keep a straight course, and I should bring up at the "top of the mountain." A little farther, and my spirits rose at the sight of a circular, sedgy, woodland pond, such a place as I had not seen in all this Chattanooga country. It ought to yield something new for my local ornithological list, which up to this time included ninety species, and not one of them a water-bird. I did my best, beating round the edge and "squeaking," but startled nothing rarer than a hooded warbler and a cardinal grosbeak.

Next I traversed a long stretch of unbroken oak woods, with single tall pines interspersed; and then all at once the path turned to the right, and ran obliquely downhill to a clearing in which stood a house, — not a cabin, — with a garden, orchard trees, and beehives. This should be the German shoemaker's, I thought, looking at my map. If so, I was pretty near the top, though otherwise there was no sign of it; and if I had made any considerable ascent, it had been as children increase in stature, — and as the good increase in goodness, — unconsciously. A woman of some years was in the garden, and at my approach came up to the fence, — a round-faced, motherly body. Yes, the top of the mountain was just beyond. I could not miss it. "You do not live here?" she asked. No, I explained; I was a stranger on the Ridge, — a stranger from Boston. "From Washington?" "No, from Boston." "Oh! from Boston! — Massachusetts! — Oh-h-h!" She would go part way with me, she said, lest I should miss the path. Perhaps she wished to show some special hospitality to a man from Massachusetts; or possibly she thought I must be more in danger of getting bewildered, being so far from home. But I could not think of troubling her. Was there a spring near by, where I could drink? "I have water in the house," she answered. "But is n't there a creek down in the valley ahead?" Oh yes, there was a creek; but had I anything to drink out of? I thanked her. Yes, I had a cup. "My husband will be at home by the time you come back," she said, as I started on, and I promised to call.

The scene at the brook, halfway between the German's house and the top, would of itself have paid me for my morning's jaunt. I stood on a boulder in mid-current, in the shadow of overhanging trees, and drank it in. Such rhododendrons and laurel, now in the perfection of their beauty! One rhododendron bush was at least ten feet high, and loaded with blooms. Another lifted its crown of a dozen rose-purple clusters amid the dark foliage of a hemlock. A magnolia-tree stood near; but though it

was much taller than the laurel or the rhododendron, and had much larger flowers, it made little show beside them. Birds were singing on all hands, and numbers of gay-colored butterflies flitted about, sipping here and there at a blossom. I remember especially a fine tiger swallow-tail; the only one I saw in Tennessee, I believe. I remember, too, how well the rhododendron became him. Here, as in many other places, the laurel was nearly white; a happy circumstance, as it and the rhododendron went the more harmoniously together. Even in this high company, some tufts of cinnamon fern were not to be overlooked; the fertile cinnamon-brown fronds were now at their loveliest, and showed as bravely here, I thought, as in the barest of Massachusetts swamp-lands.

A few rods more, up a moderate slope, and I was at the top of the mountain, — a wall of outcropping rocks, falling off abruptly on the further side, and looking almost like an artificial rampart. Beyond me, to my surprise, I heard the hum of cicadas, — seventeen-year locusts, — a sound of which the lower country had for some time been full, but of which, till this moment, I had heard nothing on the Ridge.

As for the prospect, it was far reaching, but only in one direction, and through openings among the trees. Directly before me, some hundreds of feet below, was a piece of road, with a single cabin and a barn; and much farther away were other cabins, each with its private clearing. Elsewhere the foreground was an unbroken forest. For some time I could not distinguish the Ridge itself from the outlying world. Mountains and hills crowded the hazy horizon, range beyond range. Moving along the rocks, I found a vista through which Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain were visible. Another change, and a stretch of the Tennessee River came into sight, and, beyond it, Missionary Ridge with its settlements and its two observatories. Evidently I was considerably above the level of the Brow; but whether this was really the top of the mountain — reached, in some mysterious way, without going uphill — was more than I could say.

Nor did it matter. I was glad to be there. It was a pleasant place and a pleasant hour, with an oak root for a seat, and never an insect to trouble me. That, by the way, was true of all those Tennessee forests, — when I was there, I mean; from what I heard, the ticks and jiggers must be bad enough later in the season. As men do at such times, — for human nature is of noble origin, and feels no surprise at being well treated, — I took my immunity as a matter of course, and only realized how I had been favored when I got back to Massachusetts, where, on my first visit to the woods, I was fairly driven out by swarms of mosquitoes.

The shoemaker was at home when I reached his house on my return, and at the urgent invitation of himself and his wife I joined them on the piazza for a bit of neighborly chat. I found him a smallish man, not German in appearance, but looking, I thought, like Thoreau, only grown a little older. He had been on Walden's Ridge for fifteen years. Before that he was in South Carolina, but the yellow fever came along and made him feel like getting out. Yes, this was a healthy country. He had nothing to complain of; he was sixty-two years old and his doctors' bills had never amounted to "five dollar." "Do *you* like living here?" I asked his wife. "No," she answered promptly; "I never did. But then," she added, "we can't help it. If you own something, you know, you have to stay." The author of Walden would have appreciated that remark. There was no shoemaking to be done here, the man said, his nearest neighbor being half a mile distant through the woods; and there was no clover, so that his bees did not do very well; and the frost had just killed all his peach-trees; but when I

asked if he never felt homesick for Germany, the answer came like a pistol shot, — "No."

I inquired about a cave, of which I had heard reports. Yes, it was a good cave, they said; I could easily find it. But their directions conveyed no very clear idea to my mind, and by and by the woman began talking to her husband in German. "She is telling him he ought to go with me and show me the way," I said to myself; and the next moment she came back to English. "He will go with you," she said. I demurred, but he protested that he could do it as well as not. "Take up a stick; you might see a snake," his wife called after him, as we left the house. He smiled, but did not follow her advice, though I fancied he would have done so had she gone along with us. A half-mile or so through the pathless woods brought us to the cave, which might hold a hundred persons, I thought. The dribbling "creek" fell over it in front. Then the man took me to my path, pointed my way homeward, and, with a handshake (the silver lining of which was not refused, though I had been troubled with a scruple), bade me good-by. First, however, he told me that if I found any one in Boston who wanted to buy a place on Walden's Ridge, he would sell a part of his, or the whole of it. I remember him most kindly, and would gladly do him a service. If any reader, having a landed investment in view, should desire my intervention in the premises, I am freely at his command; only let him bear in mind the terms of the deed: "If you own something, you know, you have to stay."

Bradford Torrey.

A FAITHFUL FAILURE.

The journey from New York to Hamilton, N. H., can be made in seven hours, a period of time which may or may not be long to the passengers, according to circumstances. To Maurice Wentworth, a man of nearly forty, who was traveling over the road for the first time in many years, the journey seemed interminable, for he occupied himself in reviewing the events that had taken place since he and his brother were boys in Hamilton, and this exercise of mind was not conducive to cheerful thoughts. How often, as a lad, he had watched the train steam away from the Hamilton station into an unknown world, with the determination strong within him to win a distinguished place in that world! And now it was bringing him back as poor and unknown as he had been when it had taken him away! "I am nothing but 'a faithful failure,'" he said to himself bitterly, borrowing a phrase from Stevenson.

His brother, on the other hand, was unusually prosperous, and Maurice asked himself if Robert's apparent selfishness had not been justified by results. If he had pushed his fortunes with little regard to the rights of others, he was now in a position to hold out a helping hand to the less favored, for he was rich, influential, and happily married; while he, the elder brother, was alone in the world, and coming, at Robert's invitation, to spend the summer with him in the old homestead, while waiting for some opening by which he could earn his living.

"East Hamilton!" called the conductor, breaking in upon his reflections.

Hamilton was the next station, and Wentworth looked out of the open window at the familiar scenery, and saw that here, at least, nothing had changed while

the fortunes of men were being made or marred. As he glanced at the half-wooded hills that encircled the horizon, and at the river rushing tumultuously over its rocky channel, now half hidden in the woods, only to flash into life again when there was a gap in the forest, it seemed but yesterday since he had gone over this same road, an eager, hopeful boy.

Meanwhile, Robert Wentworth and his wife, who were driving down to the station to meet their relative, reviewed his career after their own fashion.

"Maurice is such a good fellow that it is a pity he has n't a little more push," said Mrs. Wentworth.

"A little more?" her husband returned. "I should be devoutly grateful if he had any."

"Robert, I can't bear to have you say such things about your brother, for he is so nice to the children."

"Yes, taking care of children is his forte. If he were a woman, he could earn his living as a nursery-maid."

"How unkind of you! He is a very bright man, and would have made a brilliant lawyer, I have no doubt, if it had n't been for the trouble with his eyes."

"Charlotte, a man who is bound to succeed will succeed, even if the Lord and the devil are both against him, and a man who is bound to fail will fail. I believe in predestination to that extent. The trouble with Maurice's eyes need n't have made his ranch life a failure. Do you suppose I should make a failure of ranch life if I were obliged to try it?"

"No, dear," his wife said soothingly. "I don't think you could fail at anything."

They reached the Hamilton station, as she spoke, and the next moment the brother who owned that he had failed was in the presence of the brother who owned that he had succeeded.

Robert saw a tall man come forward to meet him, with an air of gentlemanly shabbiness, and a face full of careworn lines, which, together with his gray hair, made him look ten years older than his actual age. It irritated him to find that Maurice showed so plainly the marks of having passed a cheerless and unprosperous life, and his vexation was increased by the fact that he bore a strong family likeness to himself. Maurice, on the other hand, was struck by the fact that his brother had scarcely changed in the last ten years. He was as handsome as ever, and showed unmistakably that the world had lavished its best gifts upon him. Maurice saw, too, a vivacious little woman, with sparkling black eyes, sparkling diamond earrings, a wealth of red roses on her leghorn hat, a rainbow of colors in her gown, and a cascade of fluttering ribbons.

"I am so glad to see you, Maurice," she said, with a cordiality that was very grateful to the lonely man. "The children have talked of nothing but your coming for days. They enjoyed your visit in New York so much. It was a pity that Robert lost it! And to think that you boys have n't seen each other for ten years!"

Their way led through the town of Hamilton, with its long, elm-lined main street and its straggling group of shops and wooden churches, and then uphill for two miles until they reached the Wentworth farm. Here Maurice and his brother had lived when they were boys, and here Robert spent his summers, having remodeled the old homestead, and turned it into a comfortable modern dwelling. As they approached the red house under the elm-trees, a bevy of small girls, headed by a little boy, ran down the road and presently surrounded the carriage.

"Uncle Maurice! How perfectly splendid that you have come!" exclaimed Beatrice, the eldest of the children.

"Guess what we have got in a barrel, uncle Maurice!" said Eleanor. "There

are three of them, and their eyes have n't opened yet."

"They must be chickens," he observed solemnly.

"Chickens in a barrel! How funny you are, uncle Maurice!"

By this time their uncle had descended from the wagon and was going along the gravel path toward the porch, his left hand seized by Eleanor, and his valise borne away in a determined manner by Beatrice and Bobby, while three little girls struggled to get possession of his disengaged hand.

"Don't quarrel so; leave your uncle in peace," their father said sternly.

The children, however, who had inherited their parent's determination, paid no heed to this remark, but dragged their guest into the house and out on the piazza. Here they deposited him in a cane-seated rocking-chair with broad arms; and the next moment he was buried beneath an avalanche of white gowns and streaming yellow hair. Marion, Carlotta, and Eleanor, the three youngest children, contrived to climb into his lap, while Beatrice and Bobby perched on the arms of his chair, and the demure little Hester was forced to content herself with a chair drawn as close to her uncle as possible.

"Where is aunt Ellen? Go and find her, Hester," Beatrice commanded.

Hester, the only obedient child in this domineering and strong-willed family, slipped down from her chair and went in search of her aunt.

"It is so funny that you and aunt Ellen are n't any relation, when you are our uncle Maurice, and she is our aunt Ellen," mused Carlotta.

"Goosie, uncle Maurice can't be brother to papa and mamma both!" explained the superior Beatrice. "Aunt Ellen is awfully nice. Did you ever see her, uncle Maurice?"

"Not since she was about your size, Beatrice."

"She is grown up now."

"Not so awfully grown up," added Bobby. "Not so grown up as mamma."

"I am sorry she is grown up," Maurice owned with a sigh. He could always count upon the affection of children, but he was not so sure of the approval of their elders.

"She is taller than mamma," Marion stated, "but I don't think she is so grown up in her mind, for she likes to make mud-pies."

He heard a pleasant, gentle laugh as his niece made this remark, and upon looking up he saw Ellen standing before him. He had a vivid impression of a personality that was altogether charming. He was sensitive to atmosphere, and he felt at once that this girl was uncritical, even shy and humble.

"I believe I don't mind so very much to find that you are grown up, Ellen," he said as he shook hands with her.

In the days that followed, Maurice sometimes wished again that Ellen were a child, as in that case he could have had more chances to see her; for his time was spent chiefly with his nieces and nephew. In the minds of their parents the world was divided into two classes, — those persons who were fond of children and those who were not. They did not recognize any subtler distinctions, and realize that there were people who were fond of children for six hours, but not for sixteen, out of the twenty-four.

Maurice was sorry to find that Ellen had grown more reserved with her added years. He was especially struck with her shyness one evening when the Allens, a rich family in the neighborhood, were bidden to tea. The guests were taken out on the piazza until supper should be ready, for the day had been sultry. Mrs. Allen, fat, pompous, and dull, plied a palm-leaf fan, and listened to Mrs. Wentworth's vivacious chatter; her husband, fatter, more pompous, and duller, talked of farming with Robert; while their son, a slender blasé youth of twenty, adjusted

his eyeglasses and patronized Ellen and the sunset. The poor girl devoutly hoped that she would be placed next to Maurice Wentworth at the tea-table, for he was the only one of the men with whom she felt she had anything in common. No such happy fate was hers, however. She was seated, as befitted her youth, next to Frank Allen, while her position as sister in the household gave her his father for her other neighbor. The old gentleman ignored her, and concentrated his attention upon his entertaining hostess. The younger man, pleased at first by her charming face, vouchsafed a few remarks, but soon made up his mind that she was as dull as her narrow life, in spite of her beautiful eyes. He presently relapsed into silence, which was broken only when Ellen, catching a disapproving glance from her brother-in-law, gathered courage to ask her neighbor some trivial question, which he answered by a monosyllable.

When the long-drawn agony was at last over, and the guests had adjourned to the parlor, Robert captured Ellen as she was leaving the dining-room.

"Why did n't you talk to young Allen, instead of holding your tongue like a silly schoolgirl?" he demanded.

"I tried to talk to Mr. Allen," she answered humbly, "but he did not care for what I had to say," and she cast a hurried glance after Maurice, and wondered, in her self-abasement, if he had heard his brother's question.

"How can you expect any man to be interested in what you have to say when you are so doubtful about it yourself?" Robert inquired. "Dash in, Ellen. Say whatever comes into your head, as Charlotte does. That 's the way to do it. Say it as if it were important, and every one will think it is important; but above all, never look bored. Draw out the bores, Ellen, — that 's the way to get on. You are pretty enough to succeed, if you will only take the trouble. I shall expect to hear you talking all the evening, whether you have anything to say or not."

When Robert left her, Ellen took refuge on the piazza to dry her eyes under shelter of the friendly darkness. She sat dejectedly in a corner, her depression extending itself even to the lines of her limp pink mull gown. Presently she heard a step, and before she could escape she saw Maurice at her elbow.

"Suppose we take a turn out here before we go into the parlor," he suggested. "We shall never be missed."

Ellen hastily tucked her handkerchief into her belt, and tried to steady her voice as she said, "It does n't matter about me, but you will be missed. You ought to go in."

"I missed!" He gave a short laugh. "Ellen," he asked, as they began to walk up and down the piazza, "what has my brother been saying to you? You look as forlorn as a rose that has been trodden underfoot."

"He wants me to be more like Charlotte. I wish I could be."

"It must be a comfort to be an average, conventional person," he assented, "ready at a moment's notice to adjust one's self to fashion and circumstance. That is what it means to be successful."

"I should like to be successful," she admitted, "but I never can be, because I cannot talk. I am a great disappointment to Robert. He likes lively, bright people. I wish I could please him, for he has been so good to me. You know my home has been with him ever since aunt Martha went to live with aunt Ellen, when her husband died?"

"You were with your aunt Ellen the last time I saw you. What a quaint little girl you were! You could talk fast enough then."

"We really ought to go in," said the conscientious Ellen. "Robert will be displeased if we stay away."

"If you say so, we will; but we must sit together, Ellen, and then we need

not talk unless we have something to say."

"Robert won't like it if I don't talk."

"Very well; then I will say to you at intervals, 'It is a pleasant evening,' — a great deal pleasanter out here, by the way, than in the house. Look at the mist on the mountains, and at that little crescent moon so clear-cut against the sky. It is a shame to go into the hot parlor when you and I could have such a nice time out here by ourselves. Society seems to be a device for making people uncomfortable."

"But we owe something to society, and we must go in," Ellen said firmly.

"We will go in, and whenever Robert's eye is upon us I will reiterate that it is a pleasant evening. He will be satisfied if he sees us talking, and you will merely have to say, 'Yes, it is a pleasant evening. I always did like hot drawing-rooms in summer weather.'"

Before the evening was over Ellen and Maurice had confided a number of things to each other, and they were soon laughing merrily; for whenever Robert looked that way, Maurice, true to his promise, no matter what subject they chanced to be discussing, broke off abruptly, and said with an excess of gravity to Ellen, "It is a pleasant evening."

That evening was the precursor of many that were equally delightful. The weeks slipped away, and Maurice ceased to think of his unhappy past and his precarious future, but gave himself up to the joys of a satisfying present. He had never known before the pleasure of easy and familiar intercourse with a young girl. It did not occur to him that he, middle-aged and penniless, might fall in love with Ellen; still less that she, beautiful and young, might grow to care for him; but he felt an unreasonable envy when he saw the comforts with which his brother had surrounded himself, and material things assumed the exaggerated value in his eyes which they often have for those of few possessions, who, because of their poverty, are erroneously supposed to despise comforts and luxuries. Had he been successful, he reasoned, he too might have had a happy home; a wife, not unlike Ellen, older, less charming, plainer, but a sympathetic companion who would understand him and love him. He too might have had naughty, willful, but very dear and engaging children.

At last an evening came which was pleasanter than all the others. It chanced one morning that Mrs. Wentworth proposed to her brother-in-law that he and Ellen and some of the children should have an early lunch, and then drive over to Annersley, a large town ten miles away, where she wanted some important errands done. Mrs. Allen and several New York friends were to come to lunch, and it would be a comfort to be freed from some of the turbulent and omnipresent children. So it happened that a wagonful of happy people drove "over the hills and far away," that August afternoon. Ellen was on the back seat with Marion and Carlotta, while Beatrice and Bobby proudly shared the front seat with their uncle Maurice. Unhappily, the carriage was not sufficiently elastic to hold all the children, and poor Hester had the doubtful reward of the good, and was left behind because she was no trouble to her mother, while Eleanor was compelled to stay at home because she was so very young.

They drove through patches of dense woods and up long stretches of dusty road, with a tangle of blackberry bushes and early goldenrod on either side of the rough stone walls. Sometimes they passed deserted farmhouses with their blinds forlornly closed, and again they went by prosperous farms that had been reclaimed by summer visitors; and all the way was brightened by a summer sun, except when the sun was obscured by summer clouds. Once they came suddenly, after a bend in the road, upon an old farmhouse, unpainted, and turned by stress of weather

to a picturesque gray. Over its walls gay morning-glories were climbing, and in its straggling, unkempt garden was a profusion of hollyhocks; while on the very upper edge of the hillside, silhouetted against the sky, was a flock of white geese.

"That is like one of Vedder's pictures," said Maurice.

"What! those ugly geese, craning their necks in that stupid way?" asked Beatrice.

"You are a true child of your father," he rejoined.

"Does n't papa like geese, uncle Maurice?"

"No, my dear, he does not."

But if his niece was unsympathetic, no shade of the picturesque landscape was lost upon Ellen. On this enchanting afternoon, even prosaic errands in ugly Annersley caught a little of the glamour that enveloped everything. Ellen lingered unnecessarily in the shops from a willful determination to make this happy day last a brief hour longer. She hailed with pleasure Beatrice's proposition that they should get soda water at the corner drug store, where their uncle Maurice treated them all, from Beatrice, who with difficulty could be dissuaded from having sarsaparilla, vanilla, and chocolate mixed, down to the small Carlotta. Ellen lavishly provided them with crackers, peppermint drops, and gum drops. When they started to drive home at last, and saw that the summer clouds were fast getting the better of the summer sun, Ellen recklessly hoped that they might be caught in a drenching rain, and have to take refuge in the weather-beaten farmhouse. It was such a humble wish that it was granted her by fate. The shower was upon them almost before they knew it, and Maurice had just time to get the open wagon under shelter of the barn that was near the farmhouse, when the clouds descended in a blinding sheet of rain. It was five o'clock already, and there were eight miles still before them to travel.

"Uncle Maurice," said Beatrice, as she climbed up into the hayloft, "would n't it be jolly fun if we had to stay here all night?"

"I wish it would rain, and rain, and rain, for forty days and forty nights, and that we could have this barn for our ark," added the more imaginative Carlotta.

As the minutes passed, it became evident that a fraction of this wish was to be fulfilled, and Maurice presently proposed that they should adjourn to the farmhouse, and seek shelter there for the night. They were greeted at the kitchen door by the farmer's wife, a cheery, elderly woman.

"Come right in and make yourselves to home," she said hospitably, before Maurice had finished accounting for their sudden appearance.

"I am Maurice Wentworth, from the Wentworth farm," he said, raising his voice, for the woman was deaf.

"Du tell! I want ter know! I 've often seen the farm as I 've drove by. And so these are your children?" (she included Ellen in the number) — "four girls and a boy; quite a little family. I guess the boy is a prime favorite with his pa?"

"He is n't our father; he is our uncle Maurice," Bobby and Beatrice explained. But the woman did not hear them, and proceeded to open the parlor door with a flourish.

"Walk right in, girls; don't be bashful. You and your sisters can have the spare room upstairs," she said, addressing Ellen, "and I have a nice little corner room for your father and brother."

"He is n't her father, and she is n't my sister. She 's our aunt Ellen, and he 's our uncle Maurice," said Bobby.

"I 'll get tea for you directly," the woman continued, "for I know little folks is always hungry, and maybe your father" —

"He is *not* our father; he is our uncle Maurice!" shouted the children.

"I want ter know! Well, your uncle, maybe, will like a bit of steak."

Before Maurice would have his supper, he insisted upon driving back to Annersley to let Charlotte and Robert know by telephone the whereabouts of their children.

"It 's no use going out again in this dreadful storm," said Beatrice, "for papa and mamma never worry about us. They 'll know we are safe somewhere."

Maurice, however, was not to be dissuaded from his purpose, but took the solitary drive in the teeth of the storm.

When he returned, Ellen met him in the entry. "How wet you are!" she said. "I am very sorry! The children were so hungry that I let them have their supper, but I have waited for you. I hope Robert was properly grateful!"

"Grateful!" exclaimed Maurice, with a little laugh. "When I told him that you and the children were safe at Farmer Brown's, and that we were going to spend the night there, he said, 'Hang it, Maurice, did you drive all the way back to Annersley to tell me that? I did n't suppose you were picnicking in the middle of the road.' And then I heard him say to some one near at hand, presumably Charlotte, 'What a fool my brother Maurice is!'" He suppressed the epithet which had accompanied the words.

"How unkind of him!" exclaimed Ellen indignantly.

"Oh no," Maurice returned dispassionately, as he divested himself of his dripping overcoat. "After an acquaintance of nearly forty years with his brother Maurice, I have come to the conclusion that Robert is about right."

To take supper in the old-fashioned kitchen, with Ellen at the other end of the table pouring out tea for him, and a little boy and three small girls for his butler and maids, was a new experience for Maurice, but one that was still more delightful was in store for him. When Ellen started to go upstairs to put the children to bed, she was uncertain as to whether she ought to come down again. Anything so charming as a whole evening alone with Mr. Wentworth her New England conscience viewed with doubt. Mrs. Brown helped to dissipate her scruples when she opened the door into the parlor and said, "I hope you and your father — Lord! I forget that he is your uncle — well, I hope you and your uncle will make yourselves entirely to home."

"I shall see you again, Ellen?" Maurice said, as he bade the children goodnight.

"I was just wondering whether it was worth while to come down again," she replied, with hesitation.

"Worth while?" His face clouded with disappointment. "That is for you to judge. But I will promise not to make you talk, if you wish to be silent," he went on, wholly misunderstanding her. "I will read to you whatever you like."

When she came downstairs, half an hour later, Maurice was obliged to retract this statement. "I made a rash promise," he remarked. "I can't read whatever you like, Ellen, for Mrs. Brown's library consists of but three volumes. Which shall it be? A chapter from the Bible, extracts from Pilgrim's Progress, or a play of Shakespeare's?" He held the bulky Shakespeare in his hand as he spoke.

"I won't disappoint you by insisting on The Pilgrim's Progress," she answered, with a smile. "Let it be one of Shakespeare's plays."

"Which one? You shall choose your favorite."

"If it is to be my favorite play, it will be Romeo and Juliet."

"Good heavens, child! not that ghastly tragedy! Ellen, you show how young you are by making such a choice. Let me read As You Like It."

"The tragedies are so much more romantic," observed Ellen.

"And you really prefer tragedy to mirth-provoking humor?"

"Yes. Humor is so commonplace. Besides, I can't help going on with the plays, and thinking of the matter-of-fact lives that the heroes and heroines lived afterwards. I am sure Orlando scolded Rosalind when his beefsteak was not cooked to a turn, and that he held her responsible for all the faults of their children. I shall never forget the wild state your brother was in when my sister was making up her mind whether she would marry him. And look how comfortably prosaic they are now; how he criticises her gowns, and how he finds fault every morning with the coffee!"

"And how he loves her!" added Maurice. "I can hardly imagine his life apart from hers."

"But the romance is gone," persisted Ellen. "Now with Romeo and Juliet everything is so complete!"

"I suppose you will despise me, Ellen, as an old fellow without any sentiment, when I tell you that my ideal of happiness is a handsome house with all the modern improvements, and a wife, who may be plain and unamiable, but who must know how to make me comfortable!"

"Mr. Wentworth!"

"I have not knocked about the world for fifteen years without having gained a realizing sense of the importance of good, matter-of-fact, unromantic prose. Give me a creature not too bright and good to *cook* human nature's daily food!"

"Mr. Wentworth, I know you are not in earnest. I have always supposed you were too" — she hesitated — "I have always supposed you were indifferent to such things."

"Then you have supposed wrong. It is not the men who have had poor coffee all their lives who are indifferent to good coffee."

Ellen laughed.

"It is not the men who have been unprosperous all their lives who are indifferent to prosperity," he went on more seriously.

"Why have you been unprosperous?" she asked impulsively.

"Ah! 'That is another story,' as Kipling would say. It is not a tragedy, exactly, after Shakespeare's manner, and yet it is not a comedy."

"Tell me all about your life, from beginning to end," she entreated.

"It is not an interesting story, Ellen; and you, with your love of romance, will be disturbed because it is not more complete. To finish it off neatly, I ought to have died half a dozen years ago."

"Oh no," she said, with a little shiver. "Please go on," she added, after a moment of silence.

"It is a story briefly told. I have failed at everything, and when I had the typhoid fever, six years ago, I even failed to die."

"Were you very ill?"

"Yes. I had as narrow a squeak as any man ever has who lives. Forgive me, Ellen; 'squeak,' I realize, is not the language of Shakespeare."

"Were you on the ranch when you were ill?" she inquired in a subdued voice.

"Yes. I was alone for days, until a neighbor happened to drive over and found me half unconscious. But here I am, you see," he added cheerfully, "all ready to read aloud Romeo and Juliet."

"I want to hear everything about yourself first, from the very beginning. Why was it that Robert went to college before you, when you were the older brother?"

"Because he was stronger and brighter and more determined than I. Father could afford to send but one of us: so Robert went, and I stayed at home and earned the money to go later."

"It was selfish of Robert to let you do it!" she cried indignantly.

"No, it was weak of me. If I were to live my life over again, I should fight for my rights at every point."

"You would not be half so nice if you did."

"Thank you, — perhaps not; but I should be a great deal happier."

"Are n't you happy now?" asked Ellen, with a great concern in her brown eyes.

"Just at this moment I am very happy."

"You know I did n't mean that. You ought to be happier than Robert," she proceeded thoughtfully, "for you make everybody happy."

"Well, I am not so happy as Robert, all the same. I would change places with him in a minute, if I had the chance. At least, I would if I could go back a dozen years."

"You would n't change places with him if you could. You would want to keep your individuality."

"Think what he has accomplished," said Maurice, with enthusiasm. "He is not only happy himself, but he has made a great many other people happy."

"Yes. I certainly ought to be grateful to him, for he has supported me ever since I was twelve years old. Only — perhaps I can't explain myself — it sometimes seems to me as if it were better to fail than to succeed. Prosperous people are apt to lose their sympathy for the forlorn and unsuccessful, but those who have not succeeded are in touch with all sorrow and failure and misery; and the unsuccessful class is such a large one that to belong to it implies a freemasonry with nine tenths of the world."

"Ellen, you almost make me determine to go on failing to the end of the chapter."

He saw by the quick change in her responsive face that she was pained because he treated her words lightly. In reality he was not unappreciative. On the contrary, it was because he was afraid of expressing too much that he expressed nothing. He looked at the young girl in her inharmonious surroundings, and the stiff haircloth chair in which she sat and the ugly yellow-and-green sprigged paper on the walls instantly became dear and homelike. Even the scarlet worsted mat under the kerosene lamp was faithfully photographed upon his mental retina. These things were part of an enchanting present which would all too soon be only an enchanting past. Ellen wore the summer uniform of her sex, a plain dark blue serge skirt and a blue silk shirt waist dotted with white, but it seemed to him that she wore them with a grace and distinction that were all her own. He was glad that she was looking away from him, as he could rest his eyes upon her with greater confidence. He would not have altered a detail of her face. The soft brown hair coiled in the knot that Robert thought too simple, the complexion which Robert thought too pale, the large dark eyes with the long lashes, the sweet mouth which Robert thought too grave, were all a part of Ellen, and to change a single detail, even to its advantage, would be to make her less completely Ellen. Suppose she were really his daughter, as their hostess had fancied? In this case his life and hers would be inextricably joined. But no, some lover would ruthlessly claim her, — he felt a righteous indignation toward the intruder, — and the next moment his wayward imagination was picturing how it would seem to be Ellen's lover.

"Hear the rain beat against the window!" she said. "It is a fearful night. When I was a little girl, I used to be afraid of the wind when it shrieked like that."

"Suppose I read King Lear, since you like tragedy? That play is in harmony with the storm."

"I wish you had your essays here, and then you could read those."

"They are as unsuccessful as the rest of my career. Sometimes the magazines and newspapers take them, but oftener they refuse them. They are not essays, by the way, but merely articles about the woods and fields and the Western country."

"Please give me a little sketch of one."

"Ellen, you are an apt pupil of my brother. Don't start me on that subject, or I shall feel sure that you are taking his advice and trying to draw out a bore."

Whatever her motive might have been, it is certain that she succeeded in making him talk more freely about himself than he had ever done, and the hours sped by only too quickly.

"What time is it?" she asked at last, reluctantly.

He took out his watch. "I would rather not tell you," he owned.

Ellen glanced over his shoulder. "Eleven o'clock!" she exclaimed in horrified accents. "And I thought it was n't more than half past nine!"

"Good-night, Ellen."

He clasped her slender hand in his, and wished again that he were her father, that he might claim a father's privilege. In the watches of the night he admitted that he had been dishonest with himself: he did not wish that he were Ellen's father.

That night, as Ellen lay awake, she felt that she had said all she ought not to have said, and left unsaid all that she ought to have said. Why had her tongue refused to translate the message of her heart, and to tell Mr. Wentworth the stimulus that his friendship was to her? Why had she not said: —

"When I was a little girl, you showed me all the treasures of the woods and the fields. You taught me to love nature, and to feel as if nothing really mattered so long as one had God's blue sky overhead and a world of beauty at one's feet. You taught me to care for books, and to feel that one never could be dull or friendless with these good comrades at hand. Robert has given me an outwardly prosperous life, but he would have left my mind cramped. And so, I believe that to fail so far as the world is concerned, but to succeed in making one human being independent of the world, is better than to succeed, as the world calls it, but to fail in regard to spiritual things. 'For is not the life more than meat?'"

Why had she not said this? It was because of her miserable shyness and self-consciousness. Instead of this (oh, mortifying thought! her cheeks burned at the recollection), she had told him that to fail was better than to succeed, thereby implying that his life had been a failure. Why had she not urged him to try for mere material, worldly success, since he craved it? It was because no one had ever really cared for him or believed in his powers that he, with his humble estimate of himself, had failed. A part of this she would get courage to tell him in the morning, for Ellen was still young enough to believe in "to-morrow."

Yet alas! when to-morrow came it brought altered conditions. Poor Ellen could not determine what subtle change had come over Maurice Wentworth, and she was too sensitive and shrinking to force her mood upon him. It was a glorious morning, and there was no excuse for lingering at the Browns' farm after breakfast; and indeed, she no longer cared to linger, for the charm had departed.

When they reached home, and Ellen saw Charlotte standing in the doorway, she felt a premonition that some bad news was in store for her.

"Dear Ellen," her sister said, "I want to prepare you for something very sad."

Ellen's heart sank still lower as a sudden memory of awful sorrow years ago swept over her; then it gave a bound again when she saw Robert, Hester, and Eleanor.

Charlotte held a telegram in her hand. "Aunt Martha has died," she announced. "The funeral is to-morrow. Robert thinks that all three of us had better go down to it, as Maurice can stay with

the children. I am so sorry for poor aunt Ellen. How lonely she will be!"

"Yes," said Ellen the younger, "poor, poor aunt Ellen!"

Her mind, however, refused to feel a realizing sense of her aunt's sorrow. She was conscious instead of a passionate regret that this journey was to come now, and lessen her time, already too short, under the same roof with Maurice Wentworth. She was ashamed of her lack of sympathy, and would fain have cried because she had no tears to shed.

Maurice drove them to the station the next day, in the same wagon that had so recently gone on a happier errand, and he watched the train wistfully as it moved out of sight.

When the travelers came home, four days later, they found a great fire of fir cones and pine-balsam burning in the parlor fireplace, while the room was decorated with cardinal flowers and golden-rod, in honor of their return.

Bobby flew to greet his papa, while the younger children clung joyfully to their mamma, and Beatrice and Hester put their arms around their aunt.

"It is awfully good to get you back," said Beatrice.

"Did you have a good time?" asked Hester timidly.

"Hester," Beatrice remarked severely, "people don't have a good time at funerals."

Poor Hester, who had meant to say something quite different, and was more sympathetic in her heart than any of the children, retired, crushed and humiliated, to the other end of the room, where she was joined by her uncle.

"Hester," he began, "I believe you and I are really fonder of your aunt than the other children are, but for that very reason we often fail to say the right thing. Suppose we go now and tell her how sorry we are that she has had this long, sad journey."

He took Hester's hand, alike unconscious of the passionate love and gratitude in the child's heart and of the strong influence he was already exerting over her life, and they crossed the room to where Ellen sat in the window-seat, with Beatrice and Carlotta in their white gowns making a sharp contrast against the sombre folds of her black dress.

"We have come to tell you how glad we are to get you back, and how sorry we are for your sorrow," said Maurice.

Ellen raised her clear eyes to his. It seemed dishonest to let him think that she had suffered.

"I never knew aunt Martha well enough to love her," she explained, "and so I did not grieve for myself, but merely kept thinking in a vague, outside way, 'How hard it must be to lose the sister with whom one has lived so many years!' Yet the thought did not touch me. It only saddened me, as one is saddened by sad music, or by the first bleak, gray days of winter. It was a mood, not a reality: yet now I have come away, the mood still stays, and it seems as if I could never be glad any more."

"How funny!" said Beatrice. "I should think the time to be sad was at the funeral, and that you 'd be awfully glad now to think it was over. Mamma and papa are n't sad. They are laughing. Goodness! Bobby has put on my shade hat. What a scamp that boy is!" and she slid down from her aunt's lap and proceeded to chastise the erring Bobby.

"Robert was so kind and sympathetic through everything," Ellen said to Maurice. "He is the best fellow in the world when one has a real sorrow. No son could have been kinder than he was to aunt Ellen. He felt her grief much more keenly than I did."

"Perhaps so; yet you will feel it longer."

"I shall have a chance to feel it for a long, long time," said Ellen in a low voice, "for I am going to live with my aunt Ellen."

"Robert," Charlotte asked that night after they had gone upstairs, "has it ever occurred to you that Maurice is in love with Ellen?"

"Great Scott! What put that absurd idea into your head?"

"I have suspected it for some time, but I was sure of it to-night by the way he took the news of her going to live with aunt Ellen. Do you suppose, if you get that position for him at Torrey and Brown's, that he will offer himself to her?"

"Charlotte, the men of our family may be fools, but they are not knaves. We don't marry when we have n't money enough to eke out a decent living."

"But Maurice has always supported himself, after a fashion."

"He has contrived to starve with philosophy, but he is not the man to drag a woman into starvation."

"It seems a pity, Robert, that such a good fellow should be so weak in some ways."

"It is a pity. There is hope for the drunkard, the gambler, or the libertine, for the very qualities that dragged him down may raise him up, if turned to good account; but there is no reforming your conscientious, self-distrustful, and consequently inefficient man. Lord! what a conscience that fellow has! I can't think of any place that he could fill with entire satisfaction to himself, unless it were matron of an Orphans' Home. He never could get rich in any line. He is the kind of fellow who always puts the largest strawberries in the bottom of the box. He won't make a good salesman if he gets in at Torrey and Brown's, for he will point out to his customers every flaw in each article. By the way, he told me, characteristically, to be sure to tell Torrey and Brown that he had had no experience as a salesman."

"If his eyes were only stronger, he could be editor of some newspaper," Charlotte suggested, "for he is clever with his pen."

"My dear child, he would not stay on the staff of a paper a week, for he would insist upon telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is pleasant to look forward to a future world for such men. Maurice is very well fitted for the kingdom of heaven; only he would want to change places with some fellow who was writhing in the other kingdom before he could be quite easy in his mind."

"Robert, what troubles me more than the fact that Maurice is in love with Ellen is the fear that she cares for him. If she had a suspicion of his feelings, I am afraid that she would be only too glad to 'starve' with him 'with philosophy.' As she can't go to aunt Ellen for a month, I wish we could send Maurice away now. Could n't Torrey and Brown make room for him at once?"

"I will write to them this moment and find out. But, my dear, I can't believe that your sister would be such an idiot as to marry a man who could earn perhaps six hundred dollars a year."

"She is a child about money matters, and she will reason that the five thousand dollars aunt Martha left her will give her" —

"Two hundred and fifty dollars a year," said Robert promptly. "At aunt Ellen's she will have comforts and luxuries, and be the cherished daughter of the house, a much more important person than she could ever be in our large family. She will make a good match in time, when she has learned her own value, for she is a pretty girl and a sweet-tempered girl, and I suppose, if she lives with your aunt Ellen, she will eventually have all her money. Great Scott! Fancy a girl's throwing away all these chances to live with Maurice Wentworth in an attic!"

"She is young and romantic," said Charlotte, "and she has no conception of the wear and tear of poverty. If we can only get Maurice away at once, however, no great harm will have been done."

"He shall go this week, if I have to drag him away by main force."

Robert, who had never failed in any undertaking, did not fail now, and consequently Maurice found himself, at the end of the week, about to start for New York, to be a clerk in the wholesale firm of Torrey and Brown, at a salary of fifty dollars a month. Small as the sum was, he was afraid it was more than his services were worth. He knew that he ought to be grateful to Robert, instead of feeling a smouldering anger at the irritating way in which the chance was offered him, as if Robert were his master, and he a faithful hound, who was expected to take a cuff without a murmur, because it was accompanied by a bone; he knew that he was in no position to rebel at the distastefulness of the work, and that he ought to be glad it was to begin at once; but every other feeling was merged in blank, dumb despair at the prospect of the immediate parting from Ellen.

Maurice spent his last afternoon out on the piazza, with a book in his hand; but his eyes frequently wandered toward the court where Ellen was playing tennis with Frank Allen. The mellow sunlight filtered through the green leaves of the oak-tree and fell on her slender figure in the accustomed blue skirt and silk waist that seemed so much more a part of her than her black dress. As he saw her swiftly sending the balls over the net, with apparently no thought in her mind beyond the game, he felt that she had entered a young world, full of gayety and sunshine, in which he had no part. Only the other day there had seemed so close an affinity between them that he had forgotten the barriers of poverty and age; but now her youth and beauty assumed their old position in his thoughts. At the end of the game the two young people sat down on the bench under the oak-tree, and Maurice saw that Ellen had learned her lesson well, for there was the same expression of attentive gravity on her face which only the other night she had given to himself. A blind feeling of jealousy seized him, as, in fancy, he saw her, in the days to come, surrounded by a throng of young fellows, and won at last by some fortunate man with good looks and wealth for his allies. He had been a fool to think that this friendship was without danger for him. He knew now that he loved her with his whole strength; that in fact he had loved her throughout this brief, bright summer. Perhaps some day he might be grateful for this taste of happiness, but at the moment his heart was full of bitterness against society in general, and the miserable limitations of his own nature in particular. Why was he doomed to loneliness and failure, when others were blessed with love and with success? Was not his heart overflowing with affection? And could he not make a woman happy?

When Ellen and Frank Allen came up the piazza steps, on their way into the house, Maurice fixed his eyes aggressively on his book. Ellen opened the door into the hall.

"Mr. Allen, you will find my sister inside," she said. "She will amuse you while I go to make myself presentable for tea."

Nevertheless she did not follow him into the house. She came over to the corner where Maurice was sitting. He did not raise his eyes from his book.

"I have come to say my own especial good-by to you now," she began in a low tone, "because when you go away to-night it will be a general good-by."

"What difference does it make when the good-by is said?" he responded, almost roughly.

She turned quickly to hide her tears. She had hoped for something different, for some farewell words of regret that their happy summer was over, perhaps for a request that she would write to him sometimes. In that moment, her past, present, and future came before

her with panoramic clearness, and Maurice was everywhere the central figure. She remembered a day of hopeless misery after he had gone away when she was a little girl, and the nights which followed, when she had cried herself to sleep. She recollected how she had waited and watched for a letter, which came at last, for he never disappointed children, although he could be cruel to older people, it seemed. Now her whole life was full of him, when he was present and when he was absent; and he was to be absent again, and perhaps absent always! Well, be it so! And since she was nothing to him, her pride would save her from ever letting him know how weak she had been. He should not claim a fraction of her regard whenever he saw fit to ask for it. She would bid him a final good-by. As she turned towards him he was struck by something in her expression.

"Ellen, you expect to be happy with your aunt Ellen, do you not?" he questioned.

"Yes, but just now I am feeling unhappy at the idea of leaving my sister and the children."

"That is perfectly natural; but you will enjoy life as soon as you get there. They tell me that you are to have more freedom, and that you will know a great many young people: that will be pleasant for you. It is a life much more suited to a girl of your age. You are sure to like it."

Ellen turned her head away again abruptly. "Oh, of course I shall like it," she said quickly. "Children are always pleased with a new toy." And she went into the house without another word.

"After all, I was mistaken about Ellen," Charlotte said to Robert that night. "It is evident that she is not in love with Maurice, for she was so friendly when she bade him good-by. If she cared for him, she would have been colder, or else less at her ease. I am so glad that you sent him away in time."

"Of course she is n't in love with him," her husband returned. "I told you so all along. He is n't the kind of man that girls fancy. Poor fellow! He is destined to be a failure in everything."

Eliza Orne White.

THE POLITICAL DEPRAVITY OF THE FATHERS.

In times like the present, when the boss is everywhere, and when the high places of many state and municipal governments are filled by men who have secured them by methods greatly to be condemned, it may afford the honest citizen some consolation to know that these evils have always existed. Whoever reads the magazines and newspapers, whoever listens to the oratory of the pulpit and the after-dinner speeches of political reformers, is well aware of the existence of a widespread belief that politicians and legislators and public men are more corrupt to-day than they were in the time of our ancestors three generations ago, and that the cause of our political debasement is a free and unrestricted ballot. This, most happily, is a pure delusion. A very little study of long-forgotten politics will suffice to show that in filibustering and gerrymandering, in stealing governorships and legislatures, in using force at the polls, in colonizing and in distributing patronage to whom patronage is due, in all the frauds and tricks that go to make up the worst form of practical politics, the men who founded

our state and national governments were always our equals, and often our masters. Yet they lived in times when universal suffrage did not exist, and when the franchise was everywhere guarded by property and religious qualifications of the strictest kind. In New England, ninety years ago, a voter must have an annual income of three pounds, or a freehold estate worth sixty pounds. In New York he must be possessed of an estate worth twenty pounds York money, or rent a house for which he paid forty shillings annually. In New Jersey the qualification was real estate to the value of fifty pounds, in Maryland and South Carolina fifty acres of land, and in Georgia ten pounds of taxable property. But many a man who could vote was hopelessly debarred from ever holding office. No citizen could be a Governor in Massachusetts who did not own a thousand pounds of real estate, nor be a Senator unless he had a freehold worth three hundred. In North Carolina Senators must own three hundred acres of land, and a Governor lands and tenements to the value of a thousand pounds. Here the qualification for a Representative was one hundred pounds of real property; there it was one hundred acres of land; elsewhere it was two hundred and fifty acres of land, and open profession of the Protestant religion.

Religious restrictions were almost universal. In New Hampshire, in New Jersey, in North Carolina, in South Carolina and Georgia, the Governors, the members of legislatures, and the chief officers of state must all be Protestants. In Massachusetts and Maryland they must be Christians. In North Carolina and Pennsylvania they must believe in the inspiration of the Old and New Testaments, in South Carolina in a future state of rewards and punishments, and in Delaware in the doctrine of the Trinity.

From the standpoint of those who, in our day, disapprove of universal suffrage, this ought to have been a time of great political purity. The voters were taxpayers, Christians, and owners of property. The office-holders were men of substance, while the qualifications for holding office increased with the dignity of the place. Yet it was, in truth, a period of great political depravity. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether, in all our annals, there can be found a finer example of filibustering than that afforded by the Assembly of Pennsylvania in 1787.

The legislature of that State then consisted of one house, which met at Philadelphia, and at the session in the autumn of 1787 had resolved to adjourn, *sine die*, on the 29th of September. As the question of the day was the ratification of the Federal Constitution, just framed, a member of the Assembly, on the morning of the 28th, moved that a convention be called to consider the Constitution, and that a time be fixed for the choice of delegates. The enemies of the Constitution opposed the motion, and, in the midst of the debate which followed, the Assembly adjourned for dinner. The opponents of the call were in the minority; but without the presence of at least three of them there would be no quorum. All resolved, therefore, to stay away, and when the Assembly met again, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the clerk called the roll, no quorum was present. The sergeant-at-arms was thereupon sent to summon the absentees; but not one would obey, and the Assembly was forced to adjourn till the following morning. One of the reasons given for objecting to a call for a convention was that Congress, to which the Constitution had been transmitted by the framers, had not submitted it to the States, and that to act before it was sent out by Congress was indecent and disrespectful. It so happened, however, that Congress, then in session at New York, had submitted the Constitution to the States, and that an express, riding post haste, brought the resolution to a member of the Assembly early on the morning of the 29th.

When the Assembly met on that morning, the factious members being still absent and no quorum present, the sergeant and the clerk were again sent to bid them attend, and were ordered to show the resolution of Congress, in hope of removing their objections. But every one the sergeant summoned replied, "I will not attend." Meantime a report of their conduct had spread abroad, and the people, hearing that there was no quorum, went to the tavern, seized two of the absentees, dragged them to the State House, thrust them into the Assembly Chamber, and blocked the doors. This completed a quorum, and the convention was called.

But it must not be supposed that all that was good was confined to one party, and all that was bad to the other. The convention then called met in the State House late in November, 1787, and took the Constitution into consideration. As the members would not bear the expense of employing an official stenographer, the labor of reporting the debate from day to day was undertaken by two young men. One, Alexander James Dallas, attended in behalf of the Pennsylvania Herald. The other, Thomas Lloyd, announced that he would take down the proceedings "accurately in shorthand," and when the convention had adjourned would publish them in one small octavo volume. But the debate had not gone on very long before the reports of Dallas in the Herald attracted attention, were copied far and wide, and furnished such material for opposition in States yet to consider the Constitution that the Federalists became alarmed and suppressed them. To do this it was necessary to buy the Pennsylvania Herald, which was done, and the report of the debate stops abruptly with November 30. The convention sat till December 15, but not another word of its proceedings nor a line of explanation appears in the Herald. It was necessary, in the next place, to dispose of Mr. Lloyd, who, though he had published nothing as yet, had promised to do so, and had secured subscriptions. But he too succumbed, and when, to satisfy his subscribers, he issued his book, in place of the debate accurately taken in shorthand, as he had promised, there appeared but two speeches, one by Thomas McKean and one by James Wilson, both ardent supporters of the Constitution. As a consequence, there does not exist to-day anything more than a fragment of the proceedings of the Pennsylvania convention which ratified the Constitution.

When ten other States had followed the example of Pennsylvania, the Continental Congress, sitting at New York, selected the first Wednesday in January, 1789, as the day when the electors of President should be chosen in the eleven ratifying States.

In most instances the business of choosing them was easily and rapidly transacted. But the legislature of New York was the scene of a bitter contest. The Assembly had passed a bill defining the manner of electing Senators and presidential electors, according to which each house was to nominate two men to be United States Senators, and then the houses were to meet in joint session and compare lists. If there was either complete or partial disagreement, a joint ballot was to be held on the names of the unsuccessful candidates. Now, in the Assembly, the Anti-Federalists had a great majority, while in the Senate the Federalists had a small majority. Had the bill passed the Senate and become a law, the nominees of each house would have been different, a joint session would have been necessary, and at that joint session the Anti-Federalists of the Assembly, greatly outnumbering the Federalists of the Senate, would have elected both Senators.

For this reason the Senate disliked the bill, and so amended it that, in case the nominees of the House were not those of the Senate, the House should choose one

from the two offered by the Senate, and the Senate one from the two proposed by the House. To this the House refused to agree, and a conference followed ; but as neither would yield, New York had no Senators during the first session of the first Congress.

By another section of the same bill, provision was made for the choice of presidential electors in a manner similar to that for the election of Senators. Each house was to prepare a list of eight names, a joint session was to follow, the lists were to be compared, and men whose names were on both were to be declared elected. If the two lists were utterly different, — and they were absolutely certain to be so, — eight of the sixteen nominees were to be chosen by joint ballot, in which event the eight proposed by the Assembly would have been elected. The Senate, of course, refused to hear of such a plan ; and as the Assembly would not yield, no electors were chosen, and New York cast no vote for President in 1789.

This stubborn contest between the two houses over the choice of electors and Senators was followed, three years later, by the theft of the governorship. The candidates were, John Jay for the Federalists, and George Clinton for the Republicans. Each had been long in public life ; each had rendered many and distinguished services to the State ; and, as a consequence, the election was close, — so close, indeed, that the loss of a few votes would decide it either way.

In those days, when men were without the telegraph, the railroad, or the steamboat, and when the centre of New York State was the frontier, the counting and canvassing of a state vote was a slow and tedious matter. The law required that as soon as the vote of a town was counted the inspectors should send the ballots to the sheriff of the county, who should put them in a box, and, when every town in the county had been heard from, should carry the box to Albany and deliver it to the Secretary of State. As the votes in the eastern and southern counties were announced one by one, the majority for Clinton dwindled till it stood at one hundred and eight, with two strong Jay counties to be heard from. If Clinton was not to be defeated, it was clear that an excuse must be found for throwing out the returns of some Federalist county, and, happily for the Republicans, an opportunity to do so existed. The box from Tioga County, which contained a good majority for Jay, had been given by the sheriff to his deputy to carry to Albany. But the deputy fell sick by the way, and sent the box on by a sub-deputy of his own appointment. This the Clintonians decided was illegal, and insisted that the vote of Tioga should not be counted. But even with Tioga left out, Jay would have a majority if Otsego was counted.

Now, in Otsego, the sheriff had been appointed in February, 1791, to serve one year, and just before the close of his first term had written to the Council of Appointment declining a second. One month after the end of his year a successor was appointed, but had not qualified nor acted when the election took place. In this state of things the old sheriff continued to act, and, gathering up the ballots cast in the towns of his county, sent them by his deputy to Albany. Scarcely had he done this when he found that the ballots of one town had been left out, and these he sent wrapped up in paper. The Clintonians, availing themselves of these irregularities, insisted that the returns of Otsego should not be counted. There was, in the first place, no sheriff. In the second place, the law required that the vote of *every* town should go in the box ; but as one had not gone into it, all the others must be lost. To this the Federalists made an elaborate answer, and supported their reasoning by the published opinion of eight of the most distinguished lawyers then practicing in New York city.

The votes, after being received by the Secretary of State, were to be canvassed by a joint committee of six members of the Senate and six members of the Assembly. As some were Federalists and some Republicans, they very naturally differed as to receiving and canvassing the votes of Otsego and Tioga, and, after many stormy sessions, agreed to refer the whole matter to a commission consisting of the United State Senators from New York, Rufus King and Aaron Burr. Colonel Burr, knowing that the Clintonians had a majority of the canvassing board, proposed to give no opinion. But when King declared that he should advise the canvassers to count the votes of Tioga and Otsego, Burr immediately advised them not to do so. Thus left to themselves, the majority rejected the returns from the two counties as irregular, and declared Clinton governor.

A storm of indignation swept over the State. The Federalists, in their fury, held public meetings, denounced the Governor as a usurper, declared the board of canvassers was corrupt, and described the policy of the Republicans as Machiavellian. But when the next election gave them the House and Senate, they showed very quickly that they too could be Machiavellian when it was expedient. By the Constitution of New York as it then was, every office not expressly elective was filled by appointments made by a board of five men, known as the Council of Appointment. These five men were the Governor and four Senators chosen by the Assembly, one from each group of six Senators from the four senatorial districts into which New York was divided. As the elective offices were confined to the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor, State Treasurer, members of the legislature, and Congressmen, the list of appointments was a long one, and included the Secretary of State, the comptroller, the judges, the attorney-general, the clerks of the courts, the sheriffs of the counties, the coroners, the mayors of the cities, the county court judges, and the justices of the peace. In making these appointments the Governor had merely the casting vote; but as the law said he must "with the advice and consent of the said Council appoint all the said officers," the Governor had always held that he alone could nominate. While the Governor and the Council were of the same political stripe this claim was freely allowed. But in 1794 the revolt against Clinton made the Council a Federalist body, which naturally declined to put into office Republicans named by the Governor, and for the first time in its history the members asserted an equal right to nominate. Clinton protested, and the matter was dropped, to come up again during the administration of John Jay. In 1795, while Mr. Jay was in London, where he had just concluded the treaty that still bears his name, he was triumphantly elected Governor, without his consent, and almost without his knowledge, and was reëlected in 1798. But the Federalist success of this latter year was followed by the sweeping Democratic victory of 1800, and in 1801 Jay found himself in a condition similar to that of Clinton in 1794: a majority of his Council of Appointment were Democratic.

This was no trifling matter, for in February, 1801, the civil commissions of the office-holders in eleven counties and of the mayors of four cities expired, and it may well be believed that the workers in the victorious party became clamorous for their rewards.

The Assembly having elected the Council, the Governor convened it in February to fill the vacancies, and, according to custom, asserted his sole right to nominate. But at the board sat De Witt Clinton, and, led on by him, the Republicans rejected in rapid succession eleven of the Governor's nominations, refused to vote on several more, and then began to make nominations of their own. This was too much for Jay, who ad-

journed the Council, and, as it could not meet unless summoned by him, the places went unfilled. Jay then appealed to the legislature, which called a convention, that amended the Constitution and gave to each member a right to nominate. Thus was the spoils system introduced into New York, and from that day a change in the political complexion of the Council of Appointment was sure to be followed by a proscription of office-holders.

But it is to Massachusetts that we owe the introduction of the most infamous piece of party machinery this century has produced. In 1812 the Jeffersonian Republicans of that State elected not only a Governor and a majority of the House, but, after years of persistent effort, secured control of the Senate. By the Constitution of Massachusetts it was decreed that the Senate should consist of forty men, chosen annually from such districts as the General Court should mark out, and that until such districts were created the Senators should be chosen from the counties. But the General Court had never used this power, and the temporary provision that each county should be a senatorial district became in time an established usage, with all the force of law. This usage, however, the Republicans now laid violent hands on, rearranged the districts without regard to county lines, overcame Federalist strongholds by connecting them to Republican strongholds, cut Worcester County in two, joined Bristol and Norfolk, attached some of the towns of Suffolk to those of Essex, and in the next General Court had twenty-nine Senators out of forty.

The story is told that a map of the Essex senatorial district was hanging on the office wall of the editor of the Columbian Centinel, when the artist Stuart entered. Struck by the peculiar outline of the towns forming the district, he added a head, wings, and claws with his pencil, and, turning to the editor, said, "There, that will do for a salamander." "Better say a Gerrymander," returned the editor, alluding to Elbridge Gerry, the Republican Governor who had signed the districting act. However this may be, it is certain that the name "gerrymander" was first applied to the odious law in the columns of the Centinel, that it came rapidly into use, and has remained in our political nomenclature ever since. Indeed, a huge cut of the monster was prepared, and the next year was scattered as a broadside over the Commonwealth, and so aroused the people that in the spring of 1813, despite the gerrymander, the Federalists recovered control of the Senate and repealed the law; but not before the progeny of the monster had sprung up in New Jersey.

At the October elections in 1812, the Federalists, with the aid of the peace party, elected a majority of both branches of the legislature. This success was quite unexpected, and, greatly elated over their victory, they proceeded to gather its fruits when the legislature met, a few weeks later. As the law then stood, it would become the duty of the people of New Jersey, early in November, to choose eight presidential electors by a general ticket, a manner of election which would surely end in a Republican triumph, for the party majority on a state vote was twenty-five hundred. But the Federalists were determined that their opponents should not triumph, and six days before the election was to take place they repealed the old law, deprived the people of a vote, gave the choice of presidential electors to the legislature, and, when the time came, chose eight Federalist electors.

Their next act was to gerrymander the congressional districts. The custom so familiar to us, the custom of having in each State as many districts as the State has members of the House of Representatives, was not then in general use, and the six Representatives from New Jersey were elected by a general ticket.

Here again the Republican majority in the State insured a Republican delegation; but it was overcome on the eve of election by a bill which established three congressional districts, with boundaries so carefully marked out that four of the six Representatives were secured by the Federalists.

In New York the district system had long been in use. But the apportionment of representation, under the census of 1810, made a redistricting act necessary, and the Republicans gladly seized the opportunity to apply the gerrymander. Two wards of New York city were joined to Long Island. The towns of Red Hook, Rhinebeck, and Clinton were taken out of Dutchess County, and attached to the county of Columbia, and a number of long, rambling, irregular districts were laid out.

The bad example set by Massachusetts, New York, and New Jersey was soon imitated by Maryland. The opportunities for the use of the gerrymander were very limited, for the House of Delegates was composed of four men from each county and two from Annapolis and Baltimore, while the Senate was elected, not by the people, but by a body of electors chosen in each county for that particular purpose. Presidential electors, however, were chosen in districts, and to these, in order to get a Republican elector, the gerrymander was most shamefully applied. Montgomery County, which lay on the Potomac River and touched the District of Columbia, was cut in twain, and the piece which was strongly Federalist was joined to the city of Baltimore, which was strongly Republican, by a long and narrow strip of territory running the whole length of the county of Anne Arundel.

We have said that Maryland could not then have been gerrymandered for the purpose of securing state Senators; but the Federalists now proved that they might be elected by a judicious planting of colonies. Once in every five years, the voters of each county met and elected two men to be electors of the Senate. The inhabitants of Baltimore and Annapolis chose one for each city. The men so selected then assembled, and proceeded to elect by ballot, either from their own body or from the people at large, fifteen Senators. Now, it so happened that in 1816 the Federalists needed but one elector in order to control the college, and so secure a Federalist state Senate. As Annapolis sent one elector, and was Republican by about thirty majority, they decided to colonize the city, and for this purpose, during the last days of February and the first weeks of March, 1816, they hurried in bands of laborers and mechanics, till forty men in all had arrived, and put up at the lodging-houses and the tavern. The new-comers said they were in search of work. But when it was observed that, although no work was to be had, they still lingered, paying their bills and showing little concern that none were busy, the party leaders of the Republicans began to suspect that it was politics, and not work, that had caused this singular migration, and soon unearthed the plot. Indeed, they proved that the pretended laborers were hired, for twenty dollars a month and their board, to go to Annapolis, acquire residence, and vote the Federalist ticket. Such an outburst of indignation followed this discovery that the men were discharged, and the attempt was abandoned.

In New York, meantime, the Republicans had stolen the Assembly. There were, in 1815, one hundred and twenty-six members of the Assembly; but so close had the election been that each party secured sixty-three. Before the meeting of the Assembly, one Republican died, another went abroad for his health, and as one Federalist was too sick to attend, the numbers of the two parties became, Federalists sixty-two, Republicans sixty-one. It happened, however, that Mr. Henry Fellows, a Federalist of Ontario County, who had received seven votes more than Mr. Allen, had been refused a

certificate of election by the county clerk, because in the town of Pennington forty-nine ballots were cast for "Hen. Fellows" when they should have been cast for "Henry Fellows." This gave the Republicans a majority of one, and they openly declared that, when the Assembly met, they would elect a Speaker and Council of Appointment, and secure the patronage of the State; an announcement which so incensed the Federalists that on the first day of the session they refused to attend, stayed out in a body, and prevented a quorum. On the second day, fearing their constituents would not approve such conduct, all were present; but, despite every effort and argument they could make, the certificate of Allen was recognized, and a Republican Speaker and clerk were elected. It was then moved to expel Mr. Allen instanter. But the Republicans defeated the motion, and, with the aid of Mr. Allen's vote and the casting vote of the Speaker, chose a Republican Council of Appointment. Having thus secured the patronage of the State, they consented to examine into Mr. Allen's right to a seat, and in time, by a unanimous vote, unseated him and gave his place to Mr. Fellows. The Federalist members of the Assembly now addressed the voters, and called on them to drive from power the party which had been guilty of so gross a fraud. The voters, unhappily, were as depraved as their representatives, and in 1816 the Republicans carried the Assembly by a large majority.

John Bach McMaster.

DR. RUSH AND GENERAL WASHINGTON.

NOTHING, perhaps, better proves the position of Washington in the estimation of mankind than the almost absolute suppression of everything in the nature of attack and criticism on him. A public man for forty-five years, he was the target for the abuse and criticism that such a life implies. Yet not merely have these been forgotten, but the very descendants of the men who were bitterest in the attacks upon him have most carefully avoided reviving the facts, and have actually taken every means in their power to suppress and destroy all proof of such antagonism. As an instance of this, the biographies of Samuel and John Adams, of Elbridge Gerry, of Jonathan and John Trumbull, and of Richard Henry Lee, as well as such materials as exist concerning James Lovell, William Williams, Daniel Roberdeau, and Francis Lightfoot Lee, either are silent, or absolutely deny that these several men were concerned in the attempt to remove Washington from the command of the continental army at one of the most critical moments of the Revolution. As a consequence, the story of the so-called "Conway cabal" remains shrouded in such mystery as to lose much of its interest. The student of history stands, like the seconds in one form of the Corsican duel, in the doorway of a darkened room, in which the two contestants carry on their contest, — knowing nothing of what occurs except by the observable results when the contest is concluded. That we shall ever learn the true ins and outs of the attempt for which so large a number of the members of the Continental Congress and so many officers in the army worked is probably now hopeless. But it may be possible to obtain here and there a glint of light, which will serve to make the truth more evident.

In a series of letters from Benjamin Rush, who had but just left the Continental Congress to take a medical posi-

tion in the army, to John Adams, still a member of the Congress, we can trace much of the spirit and animus which lay back of the whole movement. That Rush was concerned in this cabal has often been denied, despite the fact that Washington ascribed to his pen the famous anonymous letter of the 12th of January, 1778, to Patrick Henry. But these denials cease to be of the slightest value in the face of this correspondence, which shows not merely that Rush was attempting to undermine his commander in chief at least three months before the anonymous letter was written, but even that he began his attacks before the convention of Saratoga, which, by its popularizing of Gates, gave such vitality to the conspiracy. The letters are so self-explanatory that they practically speak for themselves.

TRENTON, *Octobr.* 1*st*, 1777.

DEAR SIR, — It would have given me great pleasure to have spent an hour with you in this place after my return from Genl. Howe's camp. I could have told you but little of the loss of the enemy on the heights of Brandywine for I confined my questions to subjects more interesting to my country, and which were solved without difficulty or restraint. Let us leave to common soldiers the joy that arises from hearing of fields being covered with dead bodies. The Statesman and the General should esteem even victory a loss unless *glory*, or *decisive good consequences* have arisen from it. I was struck upon approaching Genl. Howe's lines with the *vigilance* of his sentries & picket. They spoke, they stood — they looked like the safeguards of the whole army. After being examined by 9 or 10 inferior Officers I was not permitted to enter their camp 'till an officer of distinction was sent for, who after asking a few questions ordered a guard to conduct me to Head Quarters.

I was next struck with their attention to *secresy* in all their operations. I was confined upon parole to the district where our wounded lay, and when the whole army marched by my lodgings I was confined by an officer to a back room. They lock up the houses of every family that is suspected of being in the least unfriendly to them in their marches thro' the country, & if they are discovered by a countryman whom they suspect, they force him to accompany their army 'till their rout[e] or disposition are so far changed that no mischief can arise from the intelligence he is able to convey.

They pay a supreme regard to the cleanliness and health of their men. After the battle on the 11th of last month the soldiers were strictly forbidden to touch any of the blankets belonging to the dead or wounded of our army least they should contract the "rebel distempers." One of their officers, a subaltern, observed to me that his soldiers were infants that required constant attendance, and said as a proof of it that altho' they all had blankets tied to their backs, yet such was their laziness that they would sleep in the dew and cold without them rather than have the trouble of untying and opening them. He said his business every night before he slept was to see that no soldier in his company laid down without a blanket.

Great pains were taken to procure vegetables for the army, & I observed everywhere a great quantity of them about the soldiers tents. The deputy quarter masters & deputy commissaries in Howe's army are composed chiefly of old & respectable officers, and not of the vagrants and bankrupts of the country.

Their [*sic*] is the utmost order & contentment in their hospitals. The wounded whom we brought off from the field were not half so well treated as those whom we left in Gen'l Howe's hands. Our Officers and Soldiers spoke with gratitude and affection of their Surgeons. An orderly man was allotted to every ten of our wounded, and British Officers

called every morning upon our officers to know whether their Surgeons did their duty. You must not attribute this to their humanity. They hate us in every shape we appear to them. Their care of our wounded was entirely the effect of the perfection of their medical establishment which mechanically forced happiness & satisfaction upon our countrymen perhaps without a single wish in the Officers of the hospital to make their situation comfortable.

It would take a volume to tell you of the many things I saw & heard which tend to show the extreme regard that our enemies pay to discipline — order — economy & cleanliness among their Soldiers.

In my way to this place I passed thro' Genl. Washington's army. To my great mortification I arrived at the Head Quarters of a General on an Outpost without being challenged by a Single Sentry. I saw Soldiers straggling from our lines in every Quarter without an officer, exposed every moment to be picked up by the enemy's light horse. I heard of 2,000 who sneaked off with the baggage of the army to Bethlehem. I was told by a Captain in our army that they would not be missed in the returns, for as these were made out *only* by *Sargeants* they would be returned on parade, and that from the *proper* officers neglecting to make out, or examine returns Genl. Washington never knew within 3,000 men what his real numbers were. I saw nothing but *confidence* about Head Quarters, and languor in all the branches & extremities of the army. Our hospital opened a continuation of the confused scenes I had beheld in the army. The waste — the peculations — the unnecessary officers &c (all the effect of *our* medical establishment) are eno' to sink our country without the weights which oppress it from other quarters. It is now universally said that the system was formed for the Director General & not for the benefit of the sick & wounded. Such unlimited powers and no checks would have suited an angel. The sick suffer, but no redress can be had for them. Upwards of 100 of them were drunk last night. We have no guards to prevent this evil. In Howe's army a Captain's guard mounts over every 200 sick. Besides keeping their men from contracting & prolonging distempers by rambling, drinking, & . . . guards keep up at all times in the minds of the sick a sense of military subordination. A Soldier should never forget for a single hour that he has a master. One month in our hospitals would undo all the discipline of a year, provided our soldiers brought it with them from the army.

I know it is common to blame our subalterns for all these vices. But we must investigate their source in the higher departments of the army. A general should see everything with his own eyes, & hear everything with his own ears. He should understand & even practice at times all the duties of the soldier — the officer — the Quarter Master — the Commissary — & the Adjutant General. He should be modest sober & temperate, free from prejudice — he should despise ease, and like Charles XII should always *sleep in his boots* — that is, he should always be *ready* for a flight or a pursuit.

The present management of our army would depopulate America if men grew among us as speedily & spontaneously as blades of grass. The " wealth of worlds " could not support the expense of the medical department above two or three years.

We are waiting impatiently to hear that our army has defeated General Howe's. Would not such an event be a misfortune to us in the end ? & would it not stamp a value upon ignorance & negligence which would greatly retard military knowledge & exertions among us? God I hope will save us only through the instrumentality of human wisdom & human virtue. If these are wanting the sooner we are enslaved the better.

My dear friend we are on the brink of ruin. I am distressed to see the minions of a tyrant more devoted to his will, than we are to a cause in which the whole world is interested. New measures and new men alone can save us. The American mind cannot long support the present complexion of affairs. Let our army be reformed. Let our general officers be chosen annually. The breaking of 40 regiments, and the dismission of one field officer from every regiment & of one subaltern from every company will save many millions to the continent. Your army by these means may be made respectable & useful. But you must not expect to fill it with soldiers for 3 years, or during the war. The genius of America rebels against the scheme. Good General Officers would make an army of six months men an army of heroes. Wolfe's army that conquered Canada was only 3 months old. Stark's militia who have cast a shade on everything that has been done by regulars since the beginning of the war shew us what wonderful qualities are to be called forth from our countrymen by an active & enterprising commander. The militia began, & I sincerely hope the militia will end the present war. I should despair of our cause if our country contained 60,000 men abandoned eno' to enlist for 3 years or during the war.

Adieu — my dear friend. May you never sleep sound 'till you project and execute something to extricate and save your country. My love to Mr. Saml Adams, Mr. Geary [Gerry], Mr. Lowell, Dr. Bronson & my Br. if at Lancaster.

Yours &c. B. Rush.

Hospital at Limerick,
26 miles from Philada. on the Reading road, *Octobr.* 13, 1777.

Dear Sir, — I have little to add to the long letter I wrote to you a few days ago, but that the event of the battle at Germantown on the 4th instant was full of proofs of the truths I formerly communicated to you. We lost a city, a victory, a campaign by that want of discipline & system which pervades every part of the army. General Conway wept for joy when he saw the ardor with which our troops pushed the enemy from hill to hill, and pronounced our country free from that auspicious sight. But when he saw an officer low in command give counter orders to the Commander in chief, and the comr. in chief passive under that circumstance, his distress and resentment exceeded all bounds. For God's sake do not suffer him to resign. He seems to possess Lee's knowledge & experience without any of his oddities or vices. He is moreover the idol of the whole army. Make him a Major-General if nothing else will detain him in your service. He is entitled to most of the glory our arms acquired in the late battle. But his bravery and skill in war are not his only military qualifications. He is exact in his discipline, and understands every part of the detail of an army. Besides this, he is an enthusiast in our cause. Some people blame him for calling some of *our generals* fools, cowards & drunkards in public company. But these things are proof of his integrity, and should raise him in the opinion of every friend of America. Be not deceived my dear friend. Our army is no better than it was two years ago. The spirit of our men is good. Our officers are equal, nay, superior to Howe's. A few able Major Generals would make them a terror to the whole power of Britain.

Adieu. Yours sincerely,

B. Rush.

P. S. I am afraid we shall soon loose a most gallant officer in Col. Stone. Congress must take notice of him living or dead.

An Anecdote. An officer in Howe's army told me they executed *only* two men in the last year. *Their* discipline prevents crimes. *Our want* of it creates them. *We* have had 20 executions in

the last year, & our army is not a bit the better for them. If Howe should lie still, desertions, sickness, accidental deaths & executions would waste our whole army in one year.

READING, *Octobr.* 21, 1777.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I fear you will class me with the weeping philosophers of antiquity, but I cannot help it. He who can be happy while his country is wasting her blood, and treasure to no purpose must be more or less than a man. General Gates' unparalleled success gave me great pleasure, but it has not obliterated the remembrance of the disorders I have seen in the army in this department. On the contrary I am more convinced than ever of the necessity of discipline and system in the management of our affairs. I have heard several officers who have served under General Gates compare his army to a well regulated family. The same gentlemen have compared Gen'l Washington's imitation of an army to an unformed mob. Look at the characters of both! The one on the pinnacle of military glory — exulting in the success of schemes planned with wisdom, & executed with vigor and bravery — and above all see a country saved by their exertions. See the other outgeneraled and twice beated — obliged to witness the march of a body of men only half their number thro' 140 miles of a thick settled country — forced to give up a city the capitol of a state & after all outwitted by the same army in a retreat. If our congress can witness these things with composure, and suffer them to pass without an enquiry, I shall think we have not shook off monarchial prejudices, and that like the Israelites of old we worship the work of our hands.

In the British army Pickets are relieved once or twice every day, and guards every two hours. In Gen'l. Washington's army it is not an uncommon thing for pickets to remain *five* days & guards 24 hours without a relief, and destitute at the same time of provisions except such as they plunder or buy with their own money. This negligence is a fruitful source of diseases in our army.

In the British army hospitals are never without guards. In G. W's army guards which might save the lives of hundreds are used to parade before the doors of our Major Generals. One of them having no less than a Sergeant & 18 men to guard himself and his baggage thro' this town.

There are nearly as many officers as men in our army. Every Regiment has a Surgeon with one or two mates. Each of these (officers — Surgeons & mates) has a Servant drawn from the ranks to attend them who is always exempted on this acct. from camp & field duty. I have been told the Genl. has forbidden it a hundred times in *General Orders*. But the evil continues, & no wonder, for Officers ride up to his quarters with soldiers behind them in the capacity of servants. Some of the martinets in my department have trod in their footsteps. But I believe I have at the expense of the friendship of many of them put a stop to the evil. Who ever heard of an army being disciplined by *orderly books?* You might as well think of conquering an enemy by writing letters *at* him.

Don't tell me that our army has drawn Howe out of Phila. Gates has saved Pennsylvania in the State of New York just as much as Pitt conquered America in Germany. I have no objection to our country's being delivered by a miracle provided we could secure a perpetuity of them. I have never heard of but one city whose walls fell down at the blowing of a ram's horn. — military skill — industry & bravery are the ordinary weapons made use of for that purpose. God alone I know must save us at last, but I wish for the future honor and safety of our country he may do it thro' the *instrumentality* of human wisdom & human virtue. A peace just now would leave us without gener-

als — officers or soldiers in *the middle & Southern* States, and if our deliverance is now accomplished, it has been effected thro' the instrumentality of ignorance, idleness, and blunders.

"A great & good God (says Genl Conway in a letter to a friend) has decreed that America shall be free, or —— and weak counsellors would have ruined her long ago."

Our hospital affairs grow worse & worse. There are several hundred wounded soldiers in this place who would have perished had they not been supported by the voluntary & benevolent contributions of some pious whigs. The fault is both in the establishment & in the Director General. He is both *ignorant* and *negligent* of his duty. There is but *one* right system for a military hospital, & that is the one made use of by the British Army. It was once introduced by Dr. Church at Cambridge, and Dr. McKnight informs me that he never has seen order, economy, or happiness in a hospital since it was banished by Dr. Morgan & his successor. My heart is almost broken at seeing the distresses of my countrymen without a power to remedy them. Dr. S—— never sets his foot in a hospital. Tell me, are there any hopes of our plan being mended. Dr. Brown & every medical officer in the hospital execrate it. If it cannot be altered & that soon I shall trouble you with my resignation & my reasons shall be afterwards given to the public for it. The British system would save half a million a year to the Continent & what is more, would produce perfect satisfaction & happiness.

A Surgeon General is wanted in the Northern Department. Give me leave to recommend Dr. McKnight a Senior Surgeon, in the flying hospital for that office. He has skill, industry, & humanity & has served with unequalled reputation since the beginning of the war. My love to Mess. Lovell, Dr. Brownson & my Br. add Col Walton to the number if he is still in Congress. I should have written often to him, but had reason to think he was gone to Georgia. You may show him such parts of this letter as you think proper.

Adieu! The good Christians & true Whigs expect a recommendation from Congress for a day of public thanksgiving for our victories in the North. Let it be *the same* day for the whole continent.

What do you think of sending home Johnny Burgoyne upon his parole? Poor boy! he has no consolation left him but that he turns a period better than Major General Gates.

Should not General Washington immediately demand the enlargement of Genl Lee's person upon parole within Howe's lines.

What honors, or marks of gratitude will you confer on Gates, Lincoln, &c? Suppose you introduce a constellation to be worn on the breast containing 13 stars as a reward for military exploits? But nothing but heaven can ever repay them for the services they have rendered their country.

God bless you!

Yours sincerely

B. Rush.

P. S. Direct for me at Princeton, New Jersey, when you have leisure to drop me a line.

Genl. Mifflin must not be suffered to resign his command in the army. If he is, you will soon receive a hundred others.

Bethlehem, *Octobr.* 31, 1777.

Dear Sir, — The disorders of our army do not proceed from any *natural* faults in our men. On the contrary I believe the people of America (especially the natives) are the most *tractable* creatures in the world. I can say with great certainty that I have never yet been disobeyed in a single instance by a Virginian or a New England man in my connection with them in the hospital. I

speak therefore from observation as well as reason when I may say that our country affords the finest materials for making good soldiers of any upon the face of the globe. The same may be said of our officers. They are greatly superior in education & principle to the officers in the British army, most of whom are whipped from schools or rusticated from colleges. The fashion of blaming our soldiers & officers for all the disorders of our army was introduced in order to shelter the ignorance, the cowardice, the idleness and the drunkenness of our major generals. The spirit of our men is good. They possess a firmness of mind peculiar to themselves, or they must have sunk long ago under the numberless retreats, defeats, and camp distresses to which they have been exposed. Half the number of either of them would have broken up Howe's army long ago, and reduced him to a single life-guard. The courage of our men is great, in so much that there is scarcely a single instance of their giving way where they have not first been deserted by their general officer.

There is but one way of producing such a change in your army as will rectify all the disorders which prevail in it. It is by electing your general officers annually, in no other way will you ever purge the army. There are a hundred things true which cannot be proved. A general may play the coward both in the cabinet & the field, or he may raise the price of whiskey by getting drunk every day of his life, and yet it may be impossible to prove either of these things against him in a Court of Enquiry. The Romans never trusted to any man but to the "Felicissimus Dux." An unsuccessful practitioner of physic is always ignorant or negligent of his business. In like manner I believe the always unfortunate general is always a culpable one. You have Brigadiers in your army who would do honor to the rank of major general in any service in Europe. Conway and Woodward are at the head of them. You have likewise Colonels and other field officers who would shine at the head of Brigades. Stone — Hendricks — and Brown have not their superiors for activity, industry & military capacity in the army. I have the pleasure of informing you that the first of them Col. Stone is in a fair way of recovering from the wound he received at the battle of Germantown.

But a change in your General Officers cannot be made. If the blood and treasure of America must be spent to no purpose; if the war must be protracted thro' their means for two or three generations; and if the morals & principles of our young men must be ruined thro' their examples, pray acquit *yourself* in the eyes of your country & of posterity by recording the two following resolutions upon your Journals:

1. Resolved that if any Major or Brigadier General shall drink more than one quart of whiskey, or get drunk more than once in 24 hours he shall be publickly reprimanded at the head of his division or brigade.

2. Resolved that in all battles and skirmishes the Major & Brigadier Generals shall not be more than 500 yards in the rear of their respective divisions or brigades upon pain of being tryed & punished at the discretion of a court martial.

From military subjects I proceed to medical, and here was I disposed to complain I could fill a volume. We shall never do well 'till you adopt the system made use of in the British hospitals. The industry & humanity of the physicians & surgeons are lost from the want of it. While I am writing these few lines there are several brave fellows expiring within fifty yards of me from being confined in a hospital whose air has been rendered putrid by the sick & wounded being crowded together. The business of the physicians, and of the Directors or Surveyors ought to be wholly independent of each other, and in no case

should the latter dictate to the former — We see, we feel the distresses of the sick, and therefore are better capable of directing everything necessary for their convenience than men who never go into a hospital but who govern them by proxy as Genl. Schuyler commanded Ticonderoga at Albany. The following resolutions would remedy many abuses and prove the means of saving the lives of hundreds before the campaign is over.

1. Resolved, that the Director & Ass. Director furnish the Physician & Surgeons Generals & Senior Surgeons with such medicines, stores & accommodations as they shall require. The requisition to be made in writing & to be used afterwards as a voucher for the expenditures of the D. General.

2. That all the Accts. of the D. General for medicines, wines, stores &c. be certified by the Phy: or Surgeons General before they are passed.

This resolution is of the utmost importance, and I have *good reason* to say will save thousands to the continent.

3. That all returns of sick, wounded, & of officers of the hospital be delivered to the Medical Committee by the Phy: or Surgeons General. The reason of this is plain. They can have no interest in making out *false* returns and the re turns from them will always be a check upon the expenditures of the Director General.

Adieu — my dear friend — Best compts. to Dr. Geary, Mr. Saml Adams, Mr. Lovell, and all such of our old friends as prefer poverty with republican liberty to wealth with monarchial infamy & slavery.

Should you think it worth while to read any parts of this letter to any of them it will perhaps give some weight to them if you conceal the name of your friend & humble sert. B. Rush.

The intense feeling displayed in these communications, as well as in the already alluded to anonymous one, implies some deeper motive in Rush than the pseudo-patriotism so conspicuous in the letters. Fortunately, an explanation can be supplied, which may be taken for what it is worth. It was written by John Armstrong, — the author of the "Newburg letters" of 1783 (calling on the continental army to seize the government of the United States), and later Secretary of War in Madison's administration, — in whose writings more historical revelations concerning that period are to be found than in those of almost any other man; the writer was an aid-de-camp of General Gates, too, and a minor star in the cabal. Yet despite this reason for justifying all concerned in the attempt to calumniate and remove Washington, in 1819 Armstrong wrote R. Gilmor: —

Le Grange, Monday.

Dear Sir, — I am much obliged by your note of Wednesday. Morgan was the ostensible — Rush the real prosecutor of Shippen — the former acting from revenge, (having been ejected from the office to make room for Shippen) the latter from a desire to obtain the directorship. In approving the sentence of the court, Washington stigmatized the prosecution as one originating in bad motives, which made Rush his enemy and defamer as long as he lived. . . .

With great respect
Your obedient servant,
John Armstrong.

Mr. R. Gilmore.

In closing, it may be of interest to add that there exists to-day in Philadelphia a biography of Dr. Rush in his own handwriting, in which frequent comparisons are drawn between himself and Washington, usually to the latter's disadvantage. Unfortunately, the publication or sight of it is prohibited, or still further light on this matter might be possible.

Paul Leicester Ford.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

XII.

It was night, and it was Angel Alley. One of the caprices of New England spring had taken the weather, and it had suddenly turned cold. The wind blew straight from the sea. It was going to rain. The inner harbor was full; in the dark, thick air bowsprits nodded and swung sleepily, — black outlines against little glimmering swathes of grayish-yellow cut by the head-lights of anchored vessels. Dories put out now and then from the schooners, and rowed lustily to the docks: these boats were packed with sailors or fishermen, who leaped up the sides of the wharves like cats, tied the painter to invisible rings in black, slimy places, and scrambled off, leaving the dory to bob and hit the piers; or they cast the painter to the solitary oarsman, who rowed back silently to the vessel, while his gayer shipmates reeled, singing, over the wharves and disappeared in the direction of the town.

The sky was heavily clouded, and fog was stealing stealthily off the Point.

Angel Alley was full, that night. Half a dozen large fishermen were just in from Georges': these had made their trip to Boston to sell their cargoes of halibut, haddock, or cod, and had run home quickly on a stiff sou'easter, or were unloading direct at their native wharves. The town overflowed with men of unmistakably nautical callings, red of face, strong of hand, unsteady of step; men with the homeless eye and the roving heart of the sea; Americans, Scotch, Swedes, Portuguese, Italians, Irish, and Finns swung up together from the wharves and swarmed over the alley, ready for a song, a laugh, or a blow, as the case might be; equally prepared to smoke, to love, to quarrel, or to drink; liable to drift into a prayer-room or a bar-room, just as it happened, and there was small space to doubt which would happen; men whose highest aspiration was to find the barber and the bootblack; men who steered steadily home, thinking of their baby's laugh and the wife's kiss; and men who turned neither to the right nor to the left, who lingered for neither men nor gods nor women, but pushed, with head thrust out like a dog's on the scent, straight on to the first saloon that gaped at them.

Open and secret, lawful and unlawful, these places were of an incredible number, if one should estimate the size of the short street. Angel Alley overflowed with abomination, as the tides, befouled by the town, overflowed the reeking piers of the docks. In sailors' boarding-houses, in open bars, in hidden cellars, in billiard-rooms, in shooting-galleries, in dance-halls, and in worse, whiskey ran in rivers. At the banks of those black streams men and some women crawled and drank, flaunting or hiding their fiery thirst as the mood took them, and preying upon one another, each according to his power or his choice, as the chance of an evil hour decreed.

Girls with hard eyes and coarse mouths strutted up and down the alley in piteous numbers. Sights whose description cannot blot this page might have been detected in the shadows of the wharves and of the winding street. Men went into open doors with their full trip's earnings in their pockets, and staggered out without a penny to their shameful names. Fifty, seventy, a hundred dollars vanished in the carouse of a single hour. One man, a foreigner, of a nationality unknown, ran up and down, wildly calling for the police. He had been robbed of two hundred dollars in a drunken bout, last night; he had but just come to such senses as nature may have given him, and to the discovery of his loss. His wife, he said,

lived over in West Windover; she warn't well when he shipped; there was another baby, — seven young ones already, — and she could n't get trust at the stores, the bills had run up so long.

"Lord!" he said stupidly; "s'pose I find 'em layin' round starved?"

He stoutly refused to go home. He swore he 'd rather go to jail than face her. He sat down on the steps of old Trawl's, sobbing openly, like a child. A little crowd gathered, one or two voices jeered at him, and some one scolded him smartly, for no one moralizes more glibly than the sot in his intervals of sobriety.

"Oh, shut up there!" cried the girl Lena. "Ain't he miser'ble enough already? Ain't all of us that much? — Go home, Jean," she urged kindly; "go home to Marie. She won't cuss you."

"She never cussed me *yet*," answered Jean doubtfully.

He got up and reeled away, wringing his stubbed hands. Lena walked up the alley, alone: her eyes were on the ground; she did not answer when one of the girls called her; she strolled on aimlessly, and, one might almost say, thoughtfully.

"Better come in, Lena," said a voice above her. She looked up. The beautiful new transparency, which was still the wonder and admiration of the fishermen coming home from Georges' or the Banks, flashed out in strong white and scarlet lights the strange words, now grown familiar to Angel Alley: —

"The Church of the Love of Christ."

Beneath, in the broken, moving color stood the minister; his foot was on the topmost step of the long flight; he looked pale and tired.

"Is n't it better for you in here than out there?" he asked gently.

Lena gave one glance at his pitying eyes; then she followed that brilliance like a moth.

He stepped back and allowed her to precede him, as if she had been any other woman, the only difference being one which the girl was not likely to notice: the minister did not lift his hat to Lena. She hung her head and went in.

"They are singing to-night — practicing for their concert," he said. "Perhaps they might like the help of your voice."

She made no answer, and the preacher and the street girl entered the bright hall together.

It was nearly filled with well-behaved and decently dressed groups of men and women; these were informally scattered about the main room and the anterooms, for no service was in progress: the whole bore the appearance of a people's club, or social entertainment, whose members read or chatted, played games or sang, as the mood took them.

A bowling-alley and a smoking-room adjoined; these last were often quite full and busy with fishermen and sailors, but that night the most of the people were listening to the singing. Music, Bayard had already learned, would lead them anywhere. At the first sound of the poor and pathetic melodeon, they had begun to collect around the net of harmony like mackerel round a weir. When Lena came into the room, the little choir were singing the old-fashioned, beautiful Ave Sanctissima which even Angel Alley knew. Lena dropped into an obscure seat, and remained silent for a time. Suddenly her fine contralto rang in: —

"'T is midnight on the sea.
Ora pro nobis,
We lift our souls to thee."

The minister, distant and pale, blurred before her eyes while she sang. He looked like a figure resting on a cloud in a sacred picture. He moved about among his people, tall, smiling, and shining. They looked at him with wistful, wondering tenderness. He passed in and out of the halls on errands whose nature no one asked. Occasionally he returned, bringing some huddling figure with him from the street: a homesick boy, a homeless man, a half-sodden fel-

low found hesitating outside of Trawl's den, midway between madness and sanity, ready for hell or heaven, and following Bayard like a cur.

. . . . . .

Down the dark throat of Angel Alley, a man, that night, was doing a singular thing. He was a fisherman, plainly one of the recent arrivals of the anchored fleet; he was a sturdily built fellow with a well-shaped head; he had the naturally open face and attractive bearing often to be found among drinking men. At his best, he must have been a handsome, graceful fellow, lovable perhaps, and loving. At his worst, he was a cringing sot. He wore, over his faded dark red flannel shirt, the gingham jumper favored by his class; and it seemed he had lost his hat. This man was monotonously moving to and fro, covering a given portion of Angel Alley over and again, retracing his unsteady footsteps from point to point, and repeating his course with mysterious regularity. His beat included the space between the saloon of old Trawl (which stood about midway of the alley) and the scarlet and white transparency, whose strange and sacred heraldry blazed, held straight out, an arm of fire, across the mouth of the street. Angel Alley, as we have explained, had, at the first, inclined to call the mission Christ's Rest, for reasons of its own; but even that half-godless reminder of a history better forgotten was growing out of date. The people's name for Emanuel Bayard's house of worship and of welcome was fast settling into one beautiful word, — Christlove.

The fisherman in the jumper wavered to and fro between Christlove and the ancient grogshop. In the dark weather the figure of the man appeared to swing from this to that like a pendulum; at moments he seemed to have no more sense or sentience. He was hurled as if he were forced by invisible machinery; he recoiled as if wound by unseen springs; now his steps quickened into a run, as he wrenched himself away from the saloon and faced the prayer-room; then they lagged, and he crawled like a crab to the rumshop door. His hands were clenched together. Long before it began to rain his hatless forehead was wet.

His eyes stared straight before him. He seemed to see nothing but the two open doors between which he was vibrating. No one had happened to notice him, or, if so, his movements were taken for the vagaries of intoxication. A nerve of God knows what in his diseased will began to throb, and he made a leap away from the saloon, and ran heavily toward the white and scarlet lights of the transparency; at the steps he fell, and lay groveling; he could hear the singing overhead:

"Ora pro nobis,
We lift our souls to thee."

He tried to climb up; but something — call it his muscle, call it his will, call it his soul; it does not signify — something refused him, and he did not get beyond the second stair. Slowly, reluctantly, mysteriously, his feet seemed to be dragged back. He put out his hands, as if to push at an invisible foe; he leaned over backwards, planting his great oiled boots firmly in the ground, as if resisting unseen force; but slowly, reluctantly, mysteriously, he was pulled back. At the steps of the saloon, in a blot of darkness, on the shadowed side, he sank; he got to his hands and knees, and there, like an animal, he crawled. If any one had been listening, the man might have been heard to sob, "It 's me and the rum — God and the devil — Now we 'll see!"

He rose more feebly this time, and struggled over towards the prayer-room; he wavered, and turned before he had got there, and made weakly back. Panting heavily, he crawled up the steps of the saloon, and then lurched over, and fell down into the blot whence he had come. There he lay, crying, with his arm in the brown gingham jumper before his eyes.

"Look up, Job!" said a low voice in the shadow at his side.

Job Slip lifted his sodden face, swollen, red, and stained with tears. Instinctively he stretched up his hands.

"Oh, sir!" was all he said.

Bayard stood towering above him; he had his grand St. Michael look, half of scorn and half of pity.

Job had not seen his face before, since the night when it suddenly rose on a great wave, like that of another drowning man, making towards him in the undertow off Ragged Rock. Job put up his hands, now, before his own face. He told Mari, long afterwards, that the minister blinded him.

"Get up!" cried Bayard, much in the tone in which he had said it the day he knocked Job down.

Job crawled up.

"Come here!" commanded the preacher sternly. He held out his white hand; Job put his wet and fishy palm into it; Bayard drew it through his own arm, and led him away without another word. Old Trawl came muttering to the door, and stood with his hand over his eyes, shutting out the glare of the bar-room within, to watch them. Ben looked over his shoulder, scowling. Father and son muttered unpleasantly together, as the minister and the drunkard moved off, and melted into the fine, dark rain.

Bayard led his man down towards the wharves. It was dark there, and still; there was a secluded spot, which he knew of, under a salt-house at the head of a long pier but seldom used at night. The fine rain was uncertain, and took moods. As the two came down the larynx of the alley, the drizzle had dripped off into a soft mist. Bayard heard Captain Hap across the street giving utterance to his favorite phrase: —

"It 's comin' on thick — so thick it has stems to it."

The captain looked after the minister and the drunkard with disapproval in his keen, dark eyes.

"Better look out, Mr. Bayard!" he called, with the freedom of a nurse too recently dismissed not to feel responsible for his patient. "It ain't no night for you to be settin' round on the docks. You cough, sir! Him you 've got in tow ain't worth it — no, nor twenty like him!"

"That 's a fact," said Job humbly, stopping short.

"Come on, Job," Bayard answered decidedly.

So they came under the salt-house. Both were silent at first. Job wiped off an old fish-keg with the sleeve of his jumper, and offered this piece of furniture to the minister; the fisherman perched himself on the edge of a big broken pile which reared its gray head above the wharf; the rising tide flapped with a sinister sound under his feet, which hung over, recklessly swinging. Job looked down into the black water. He was man enough still to estimate what he had done, and miserable enough to quench the shame and fire in him together by a leap. Men do such things, in crises such as Job had reached, far oftener than we may suppose. Job said nothing. Bayard watched him closely.

"Well, Job?" he said at last; not sternly, as he had spoken at Trawl's door.

"I have n't touched it before, sir, not a drop till last night," answered Job, with sullen dreariness. "I was countin' on it how I should see you the fust time since — I thought of it all the way home from Georges'. I was so set to see you, I could n't wait to get ashore to see you. I took a clean jump from the dory to the landin'. I upsot the dory and two men. . . . Mr. Bayard, sir, the cap'n 's right. I ain't wuth it. You 'd better let me drownded off the Clara Em."

"Tell me how it happened," said Bayard gently.

Job shook his head. "You know 's well 's I, sir. We come ashore, and Trawl, he had one of his —— runners to the wharf. Ben was there, bossin' the —— job."

The minister listened to this profanity without proffering a rebuke. His teeth

were set; he looked as if he would have liked to say as much, himself.

"There was a fellar there had made two hundred dollars to his trip. He treated. So I said I did n't want any. But I hankered for it till it seemed I 'd die there on the spot before 'em. Ben, he sent a bar-boy after me, come to say I need n't drink unless I pleased, but not to be onsocial, and to come along with the crowd. So I said, No, I was a-goin' home to my wife and kid. When the fellar was gone, I see he 'd slipped a bottle into my coat pocket. It was a pint bottle XXX. The cork was loose and it leaked. So I put it back, for I swore I would n't touch it, and I got a little on my fingers. I put 'em in my mouth to lick 'em off — and, sir, before God, that 's all I know — till I come to, to-day. The hanker got me, and that 's all I know. I must ha' ben at it all night. Seems to me I went home an' licked my wife and come away ag'in, but I ain't sure. I must ha' ben on a reg'lar toot. I 'm a —— drunken fool, and the quicker you let me go to —— the better."

Job leaned over and gazed at the water quietly. There was a look about his jaw which Bayard did not like. He came out from under the salt-house and moved the keg close beside the broken pile.

"What were you doing when I found you? I 've been looking for you everywhere — last night, and all day."

"I was havin' it out," said Job doggedly.

"Having" —

"It lays between me and the rum, God and the devil. I was set to see which would beat."

"Why did n't you come straight over to see me?"

"I could n't."

"*Could* n't put your feet up those steps and walk in?"

"No, sir. I could n't do it. I come over twenty times. I could n't get no further. I *had* to come back to Trawl's. I HAD TO DO IT!"

Job brought his clenched hand down heavily on his knee. "You can't onderstand, sir," he went on drearily. "You ain't a drinkin' man."

"I sometimes wish I had been," said the minister unexpectedly. "I must understand these things."

"God forbid!" said Job solemnly. He stretched his shaking arm out with a beautiful gesture, and put it around Bayard, as if he were shielding from taint a woman or some pure being from an unknown world.

Tears sprang to the minister's eyes. He took the drunkard's dirty hand, and clasped it warmly. The two men sat in silence. Job looked at the water. Bayard looked steadily at Job.

"Come," he said at last, in his usual tone. "It is beginning to rain in earnest. I 'm not *quite* strong yet. I suppose I must not sit here. Take my arm, and come home to Mari and Joey."

Job acquiesced hopelessly. He knew that it would happen all over again. They walked on mutely; their steps fell with a hollow sound upon the deserted pier; the water sighed as they passed, like the involuntary witness of irreclaimable tragedy.

Suddenly Bayard dropped Job's hand, and spoke in a ringing voice: —

"Job Slip, get down upon your knees — just where you stand!"

Job hesitated.

"Down!" cried Bayard.

Job obeyed, as if he had been a dog.

"Now lift up your hands — so — to the sky."

As if the minister had been a cutthroat, Job obeyed again.

"Now pray," commanded Bayard.

"I don't know — how to," stammered Job.

"Pray! Pray!" repeated Bayard.

"I 've forgot the way you do it, sir!"

"No matter how other people do it! This is your affair. Pray your own way. Pray anyhow. But *pray!*"

"I have n't done such a thing since I

was — since I used to say, 'Eenty Deenty Donty' — no, that ain't it, neither. 'Now I lay me'? That's more like it. But that don't seem appropriate to the circumstances, sir."

"Try again, Job."

"'T ain't no use, Mr. Bayard. I'm a goner. If I could n't keep sober for you, I ain't ergointer for no Creetur I never see nor spoke to — nor no man ever see nor spoke to — a thousand fathoms up overhead."

Job lifted his trembling arms high and higher towards the dark sky.

"Pray!" reiterated Bayard.

"I can't do it, sir!"

"*Pray!*" commanded Bayard.

"Oh — God!" gasped Job.

Bayard took off his hat. Job's arms fell; his face dropped into them; he shook from head to foot.

"There!" he cried. "I done it. . . . I'll do it again. God! God! *God!*"

Bayard bowed his head. Moments passed before he said solemnly, —

"Job Slip, I saved your life, did n't I?"

"You committed that mistake, sir."

"It belongs to me, then. *You* belong to me. I take you. I give you to God."

He dropped upon his knees beside the drunkard in the rain.

"Lord," he said, in a tone of infinite sweetness, "here is a poor perishing man. Save him! He has given himself to Thee."

"The parson did that, Lord," sobbed Job. "Don't give me no credit for it!"

"Save him!" continued Bayard, who seemed hardly to have heard the drunkard's interruption. "Save me this one man! I have tried, and failed, and I am discouraged to the bottom of my heart. But I cannot give him up. I will never give him up till he is dead, or I am. If I cannot do any other thing in Windover, for Christ's sake, save me this one drunken man!"

Bayard lifted his face in a noble agony. Job hid his own before that Gethsemane.

"Does the parson care so much — as *that?*" thought the fisherman.

The rain dashed on Bayard's white face. He rose from his knees.

"Job Slip," he said, "you have signed a contract which you can never break. Your vow lies between God and you. I am the witness. I have bound you over to a clean life. Go and sin no more. I 'll risk you now," added Bayard quietly. "I shall not even walk home with you. You have fifteen rumshops to meet before you get back to your wife and child. Pass them! They all stand with open doors, and the men you know are around these doors. You will not enter one of them. You will go straight home; and to-morrow you will send me written testimony from Mari, your wife, — I want her to write it, Job, — that you did as I bade you, and came home sober. Now go, and God go with you."

As Bayard turned to give the drunkard his hand, he stumbled a little over something on the dark pier. Job had not risen from his knees, but had stooped, and put his lips to the minister's patched shoe.

. . . . . .

"This is to sertify that my Husband come home last nite sober and haint ben on a Bat sence, god bless you ennyhow.

MARIA SLIP."

This legend, written in a laborious chirography on a leaf torn from a grocer's pass-book, was put into Bayard's hand at noon of the next day. Joey brought it. He had counted upon a nap on the study lounge, and was rather disappointed to find it occupied. Mrs. Granite said she had sent for Cap'n Hap; she said the minister's temperature had gone up to a hundred and twenty, and she should think it would.

XIII.

Jane Granite came out of the kitchen door, and sat down in the back yard, underneath the clothes-lines. She sat on the overturned salt-fish box that she kept

to stand on to reach the clothes-pins, — Jane was such a little body. She looked smaller than usual that Monday afternoon, and shrunken, somehow; her eyes were red, as if she had been crying. She cried a good deal on Mondays, after Ben Trawl had come and gone on Sunday evenings.

The minister was quite himself again, and about his business. This fact should have given Jane the keenest gratification; whereas, in proportion as their lodger had grown well and cheerful, Jane had turned pale and sober. When he was really ill, her plain face wore a rapt look. For Captain Hap had remained on duty only a day or two; Mr. Bayard had not been sick enough to need professional nursing, this time, and it had since devolved wholly upon the women of the household to minister to his convalescent needs.

Happy Jane! She ran up and down, she flitted to and fro, she cooked, she ironed, she mended, she sewed, she read aloud, she ran errands, she watched for the faintest flicker in the changes of expression on his face: its dignity, its beauty, and its dearness for that one precious page out of her poor story were hers. All the rest of her life he belonged to other people and to other things: to the drunkards and the fishermen and the services; to his books and his lonely walks and his unapproachable thoughts; to his dreams of the future, in which Jane had no more part than the paper Cupid on the screen, forever tasting, and never eating, impossible fruit; to his memories of a past of which Jane knew that she knew no more than she did of the etiquette at the palace of Kubla Khan in Xanadu.

Jane understood about Kubla Khan (or she thought she did, which answers the same purpose), for she had read the poem aloud to him one day while her mother sat sewing in the wooden rocking-chair. Jane was "educated," like most respectable Windover girls; she had been through the high school of her native town; she read not at all badly; Mr. Bayard had told her something to this effect, and Jane sang about the house all the rest of the day. Yes, Jane understood Kubla Khan.

She watched the luminous patience in the sick man's eyes,

> "Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man."

She repeated the lines mechanically, with the bitter consciousness of the half educated of being moved by something which it was beyond her power and her province to reconcile with the facts of her life. She sighed when the brilliant eagerness and restlessness of returning health replaced that large and gentle light. Bayard had asked her mother to let Jane keep his copy of that volume; he said he had two sets of Coleridge. He had written her name in it; how could he guess that Jane would lock the book away in her bureau drawer by day, and sleep with it under her pillow at night? He tossed her a rose of common human gratitude; it fell into a girl's heart — a burning coal of ravenous longing — and ate its way.

It was summer in Windover; and Jane's one beautiful leaf of life had turned. Mr. Bayard had long since been able to take care of himself; coughing still, and delicate enough, but throwing off impatiently, as the gentlest man does in health, the little feminine restraints and devotions which he found necessary, and even agreeable, in illness. It would not be too much to say that Jane loved him as unselfishly as any woman ever had, or ever would; but in proportion as his spirits rose, hers sank. She reproached herself, poor child, that it did not make her perfectly happy to have the minister get well. Suffering and helpless, he had needed *her*. Busy and well, he thought of her no more. For that one time, that cruelly little time, she, Jane Granite, of all the women in the world, had known that precious right. To her, only to her, it had been given to serve his daily, common wants: she had carried up his tray, she

had read or written tireless hours as his mood decreed, or she had sat in silent study of his musing face, not one lineament of which did muse of her.

But it was summer in Windover, and the minister was Jane's no more.

It was one of the last of the days of a celestial June. Bayard had lived the month of blossoms out eagerly and restlessly. His work had grown enormously upon his hands, and required an attention which told on every nerve. He had gone headlong into the depths of one of those dedications which do not give a man time to come up for air. His eye wore an elate, rapt look. His cheeks burned with a fine fever. His personal beauty that summer was something at which the very "dock-rats" on the wharves turned back to look. No woman easily forgot it, and how many secretly dreamed of it, fortunately the young man never knew. The best of men may work his share of heartbreak, and the better he is the less he will suspect it.

Bayard was far too busy to think of women. For he did not exactly think of Helen Carruth; he felt her. She did not occupy his mind so far that he experienced the need of communication with her; he had never written her so much as a note of ceremony. After her brief scintillation before him on Windover Point that April afternoon, she had melted from his horizon. Nevertheless she had changed the tint of it. Now and then, in the stress of his prosaic, thankless, yet singularly enthusiastic work, there came to the young preacher that sense of something agreeable about to happen which makes one wake up singing in the morning of one's hardest day's labor, or sends one to rest dreaming quietly in the face of the cruelest anxiety. The devotee, in the midst of his orisons, was aware of the footstep of possible pleasure falling lightly, distant, doubtful, towards his cell. Some good men pray the louder for this sweet and perilous prescience. Bayard worked the harder.

And it was summer in Windover. The scanty green carpet of the downs had unrolled to its full, making as much as possible of its meagre proportions, atoning in depth of color for what it lacked in breadth and length: if the cliffs and boulders were grayer for the green, the grass looked greener for the gray. The saxifrage had faded, but among the red-cupped moss the checkerberry shot up tender, reddish leaves, the white violets scented the swamps, and the famous wild roses of the Cape dashed the bayberry thickets with pink. The late apple-blossoms had blushed and gone, but the leaf and the hidden fruit responded to the anxious attention of the unenthusiastic farmer who wrenched his living out of the reluctant, granite soil. In front of the hotels the inevitable geraniums blazed scarlet in mathematical flower-beds; and the boarding-houses convalesced from house-cleaning in striped white scrim curtains and freshly painted blue wooden pumps. The lemonade and candy stores of "the season" sprouted with the white clovers by the wayside; and the express cart of the summer boarder's luggage blossomed with the lonely and uncomfortable hydrangea, bearing its lot in yellow jars on piazza steps. Windover Point wore a coquettish air of expectation, like a girl in her best dress who waits in a lane for an invisible admirer.

Windover Harbor was alive and alert. The summer fleets were out; the spring fleets were in. Bayard could hear the drop of anchors now, in the night, through his open windows; and the soft, pleasant splash, the home-coming and home-yearning sound which wakened the summer people, only to lull them to sleep again with a sense of poetic pleasure in a picturesque and alien life, gave to the lonely preacher of the winter Windover the little start of anxiety and responsibility which assassinates rest. He thought: —

"Another crew in! Is it Job? Or

Bob? Or Jean? Will they go to Trawl's, or get home straight? I must be off at dawn to see to this."

On the little beach opposite Mrs. Granite's cottage the sea sighed in the night to answer him; ebbing, it lapped the pebbles gently, as if it felt sorry for the preacher, who had not known Windover as long as it had; it inhaled and exhaled long, soft breaths, in rhythm with which his own began to grow deep and quiet; and the start from a dream of drowning in the undertow off Ragged Rock would tell him that he had slept. More often, of late, the rising tide had replied nervously; it was fitful and noisy; it panted, and seemed to struggle for articulation: for the June sea was restless, and the spring gales had died hard. The tints of the harbor were still a little cool, but the woodland on the opposite shore held out an arm of rich, ripe leaf; and the careening sails warmed to the sunrise and the sunset in rose and ochre, violet and pearl, opening buds of the blossom of midsummer color that was close at hand.

Bayard was in his rooms, resting after one of these unresting nights. He had set forth at daybreak to meet an incoming schooner at the docks. It had become his habit, whenever he could, to see that the fishermen were personally conducted past the dens of Angel Alley, and taken home sober to waking wife and sleeping child. In this laborious task Job Slip's help had been of incredible value. Job was quite sober now; and in the intervals between trips this converted Saul delighted to play the Paul to Bayard's little group of apostles. Yet Job did not pose. He was more sincere than most better men. He took to decency as if it had been a new trade; and the novel dignity of missionary zeal sat upon him like a liberal education. The Windover word for what had happened to Job was "re-formation." Job Slip, one says, is a reformed man. The best way to save a rascal is to give him another one to save; and Job, who was no rascal, but the ruin of a very good fellow, brilliantly illustrated this eternal law.

Bayard had come back, unusually tired, about noon, and had not left the house since his return. He was reading, with his back to the light, and the sea in his ears. The portière of mosquito netting, which hung now at the door between his two rooms, was pushed aside, that he might see the photographed Leonardo as he liked to do. The scanty furniture of his sleeping-room had been moved about during his recent illness, so that now the picture was the only object visible from the study where he sat. The mosquito portière was white. Mrs. Granite having ineffectually urged a solferino pink, Bayard regarded this portière with the disproportionate gratitude of escape from evil.

A knock had struck the cottage door, and Jane Granite had run to answer it. She was in her tidy blue gingham dress, but a little wet and crumply, as was to be expected on a Monday. She had snatched up a white apron, and looked like an excellent parlor-maid. For such, perhaps, the caller took her, for practical tact was not his most obtrusive quality. He was an elderly man, a gentleman; his mouth was stern, and his eyes were kind. He carried a valuable cane, and spoke with a certain air of authority, as of a man well acquainted with this world, and the other too. He asked for Mr. Bayard, and would send up his card before intruding upon him, — a ceremony which quite upset little Jane, and she stood crimson with embarrassment. Her discomfort was not decreased by the bewildering presence of a carriage at the gate of her mother's garden. Beyond the rows of larkspur and feverfew, planted for the vase on Mr. Bayard's study-table, Mr. Salt's best carryall, splendid in spring varnish, loomed importantly. Pepper, with the misanthropy of a confirmed dyspeptic, drew the carryall, and

ladies sat within it. There were two. They were covered by certain strange, rich carriage robes undreamed of by Mr. Salt; dull, silk blankets, not of Windover designs. The ladies were both handsomely dressed. One was old; but one — ah! one was young.

"Mr. Bayard is in, my dear." The voice of the caller rose over the larkspur to the carryall. "Will you wait, or drive on?"

"We'll drive on," replied the younger lady.

"Helen, Helen!" complained the elder. "Don't you *know* that Pepper is afraid of the electric cars? I 've noticed horses are that live in the same town with them."

Helen did not laugh at this, but her eyes twinkled irreverently. She wrapped herself in her old-gold silk blanket, and turned to watch the sea. She did not look at Mrs. Granite's cottage.

The dignified accents of the Professor's voice were now wafted over the larkspur bed again: —

"Mr. Bayard asks if the ladies will not come up to his study, Statira? It is only one short flight. Will you do so?"

Simultaneously Bayard's eager face flashed out of the doorway; and before Helen could assent or dissent, her mother, on the young man's arm, was panting up between the larkspur and feverfew and into the cottage. Helen followed in meek amusement.

The stairs were scarcely more than a ship's gangway. Mrs. Carruth politely suppressed her sense of horrified inadequacy to the ascent, and she climbed up as bravely as possible. Helen's cast-down eyes observed the uncarpeted steps of old, stained pine wood. She was still silent when they entered the study. Bayard bustled about, offering Mrs. Carruth the bony rocking-chair with the Turkey-red cushion. The Professor had already ensconced himself in the revolving study-chair, a luxury which had been recently added to the room. There remained for Helen the lounge, and Bayard, perforce, seated himself beside her. He did not remark upon the deficiency of furniture. He was as much above an apology for the lack of upholstery as a martyr in prison. His face was radiant with a pleasure which no paltry thought could poison. The simple occasion seemed to him one of high festivity. It would have been impossible for any one of these comfortable people to understand what it meant to the poor fellow to entertain old friends in his lonely quarters.

Helen's eyes assumed a blank, polite look; she said as little as possible at first; she was adjusting herself to a shock. Mrs. Carruth warbled on about the opening of the season at the Mainsail, and the Professor inquired about the effects of the recent gales upon the fishing classes. He avoided all perilous personalities as adroitly as if he had been fencing with a German radical over the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel. It was Bayard himself who boldly approached the dangerous ground.

"You came on Saturday, I suppose? I did not know anything about it till this minute."

"We did not come till night," observed Helen hurriedly. "Mother was very tired. We did not go out anywhere yesterday."

"The Professor did, I 'll be bound," smiled Bayard. "Went to church, did n't you, Professor?"

"Ye—es," replied Professor Carruth, hesitating. "I never omit divine service if I am on my feet."

"Did you hear Fenton?" asked Bayard, with perfect ease of manner.

"Yes," more boldly from the Professor, "I attended the First Church. I like to recognize The Denomination wherever I may be traveling. I always look up my old boys, of course, too. It seems to be a prosperous parish."

"It *is* a prosperous parish," assented Bayard heartily. "Fenton is doing admirably with it. Did you hear him?"

"Why, yes," replied the Professor, breathing more freely. "I heard Fenton. He did well — quite well. He has not that scope of intellect which — I never considered him our *ablest* man; but his theology is perfectly satisfactory. He preached an excellent doctrinal sermon. The audience was not so large as I could have wished; but it seemed to be of a superior quality — some of your first citizens, I should say?"

"Oh yes, our first people all attend that church. You did n't find many of *my* crowd there, I presume?" Bayard laughed easily.

"I did not recognize it," said the Professor, "as a distinctly fishing community — from the audience; no, not from that audience."

"Not many of my drunkards, for instance, sir? Not a strong salt-fish perfume in the First Church? Nor a whiff of old New England rum anywhere?"

"The atmosphere was irreproachable," returned the Professor, with a keen look.

Bayard glanced at Helen, who had been sitting quietly on the sofa beside him. Her eyes returned his merriment.

"Father!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Bayard does not recant. He is proud of it. He glories in his heresy. He is laughing at his martyrdom — and at us. I think you'd better 'let up' on him awhile."

"'Let up,' Helen? 'Let up'?" complained her mother. "That is a very questionable expression. Ask your father, my dear, if it is good English. And I 'm sure Mr. Bayard will be a *gentlemanly* heretic, whatever he is."

Helen laughed outright now; Bayard joined her; and the four drew breath and found themselves at their ease.

"For my part," said Helen unexpectedly, "I should like to see Mr. Bayard's church — if he would stoop to invite us. . . . I suppose," she added thoughtfully, "one reason saints don't stoop is for fear the halo should tumble off. It must be so inconvenient! Don't you ever have a stiff neck, Mr. Bayard?"

"Why, *Helen!*" cried Mrs. Carruth in genuine horror. She hastened to atone for her daughter's rudeness to a young man who already had enough to bear. "I will come and bring Helen myself, Mr. Bayard, to hear you preach — that is, if you would like to have us."

"Pray don't!" protested Bayard. "The Professor's hair would turn black again in a single night. It won't do for you to recognize an outlaw like me, you know. Why, Fenton and I have n't met since he came here, unless at the post-office. I understand my position. Don't feel any delicacy about it. *I* don't. I can't stop for that. I am too busy."

The Professor of Theology colored a little.

"The ladies of my family are quite free to visit any of the places of worship — around us," he observed, with some dignity. "They are not bound by the same species of ecclesiastical etiquette" —

"We must be going, Mother," said Helen abruptly. Her cheeks were blazing; her eyes met Bayard's with a ray of indignant sympathy which went to his head like wine. He felt the light, quick motion of her breath; the folds of her summer dress — he could not have told what she wore — fell over the carpet lounge; the hem of the dress touched his boot, and just covered the patch on it from sight. He had but glanced at her before. He looked at her now: her heightened color became her richly; her hand — she wore a driving-glove — lay upon the cretonne sofa pillow; she had picked a single flower as she came up Mrs. Granite's garden walk. Bayard was amused to see that she had instinctively taken a deep purple pansy with a heart of gold.

A little embarrassed, Helen held out the pansy.

"I like them," she said. "They make faces at me."

"This one is a royal creature," answered Bayard. "It has the face of a queen."

"Mr. Bayard," asked Mrs. Carruth, with the air of starting a subject of depth and force, "do you find any time to analyze flowers?"

"So far — hardly," replied Bayard, looking Helen straight in the face.

"I used to study botany when I was a young lady, in New York," continued Mrs. Carruth placidly; "it seems to me a very wholesome and refining" —

"Papa!" cried Helen, "Pepper is eating a tomato can — No, it 's a piece of — It is an apron, a gingham apron! The *menu* of that horse, Mr. Bayard, surpasses anything" —

"It is plainly some article belonging to the ladies of the house," said Bayard, laughing.

He had started to rescue the apron, when Jane Granite was seen to run out and wrench that portion of her wardrobe from Pepper's voracity.

"That," suggested Mrs. Carruth, "is the maid, I presume?"

"It is Miss Granite, my landlady's daughter," replied Bayard, with some unnecessary dignity.

Poor little Jane, red in the face and raging at the heart, stood, with the eyes of the visitors upon her, contending with Pepper, who insisted on retaining the apron-strings, and had already swallowed one halfway.

Quick to respond to the discomfort of any woman, Bayard ran down to Jane's relief.

"It blew over from the lines," said Jane. She lifted to him her sad, grateful eyes. She would have cried, if she had ventured to speak. Helen, from the window, looked down silently.

When Bayard came upstairs again, his visitors had risen to leave, in earnest. Helen avoided his eyes. He felt that hers had taken in every detail of his poor place: the iron angel on the ugly stove; the Cupid and the grapes upon the paper screen; the dreary, darned, brown carpet; the barren shades; the mosquito-net portière; the whole homeless, rude, poverty-smitten thing.

"You have a fine engraving of Guido's St. Michael here," observed Professor Carruth, taking out his glasses.

"And I notice — don't I see another good picture through the gauze portière?" asked Mrs. Carruth modestly.

"That is Leonardo's Christ," said the Professor promptly, at a look. "It really makes a singular, I may say a beautiful impression behind that white stuff. I never happened to see it before with such an effect. Look, Helen! It seems like a transparency, or a cloud."

A devout expression touched Helen's face, which had grown quite grave. She did not answer, and went downstairs behind her mother, very quietly.

Jane Granite had disappeared. Pepper was engaged in a private conflict with such fragments of the gingham apron as he had succeeded in swallowing; Mrs. Carruth mounted heavily into the carryall, and Helen sprang after her. Then it appeared that the Professor had forgotten his cane, and Bayard ran back for it. As he came down, he caught a glimpse of Jane Granite in the sitting-room. She was crying.

"That is my Charter Oak cane," remarked the Professor anxiously; "the one with the handle made from the old ship Constitution. I would n't have mislaid it on any account."

"Father would rather have mislaid me," said Helen, with an air of conviction. Her mother was inviting Mr. Bayard to call on them at the Flying Jib. Helen said nothing on this point. She smiled and nodded girlishly, and Pepper bore them away.

Bayard came back upstairs three steps at a time. The sitting-room door was shut, and it did not occur to him to open it. He had quite forgotten Jane. He closed his study-door softly, and went and sat down on the carpet lounge; the

pansy that she had dropped was there. He looked for it, and looked at it; then laid it gently on his study-table. He took up the cretonne pillow where her hand had lain; then put it softly down.

"I must keep my head," thought the young man. He passed his hand over his too brilliant eyes, and went back, with compressed lips, to his study-table.

Jane Granite went out into the back yard, and sat down under the clothes-lines, on the salt-fish box. The chewed apron was in her hand. The clothes flapped above her head in the rising wind. She could not be seen from the house. Here she could cry in peace.

But she was surprised to find that she did not want to cry. Her eyes, her throat, her lips, her head, seemed burning to ashes. Hot, hard, wicked wishes came for the first time in her gentle life to Jane. That purple-and-gold woman swam giddily between herself and the summer sky.

Jane had known her at the first look. Her soul winced when she recognized the stranger of the electric car. Mr. Bayard had thought Jane did not notice that lady that April day. Jane had by heart every line and tint and detail of her, from the gold dagger on her bonnet to the dark purple cloth gaiter of her boots; from her pleased brown eyes, with the well-bred motion of their lids, to the pretty gestures that she made with her narrow, gloved hand. Jane looked at her own wash-day dress and parboiled fingers. The indefinable, undeniable fact of the stranger's personal elegance crushed the girl with the sense of helpless bitterness which only women who have been poor and gone shabby can understand. The language of dress, which is to the half educated the symbol of superiority, conveyed to Jane, in advance of any finer or truer vocabulary, the full force of the situation.

"She is different," thought Jane.

These three words said it all. Jane dropped her face in her soaked and wrinkled fingers. The damp clothes flapped persistently about her neat, brown head, as if trying to arouse her with the useless diversion of things that one is quite used to. Jane thought of Ben Trawl, it is true, but without any distinct sense of disloyalty or remorse. She experienced the ancient and always inexplicable emotion not peculiar to Jane: she might have lived on in relative content, not in the least disturbed by any consciousness of her own ties, as long as the calm eyes she worshiped reflected the image of no other woman. Now something in Jane's heart seemed to snap and let lava through.

Oh, purple and gold, gall and wormwood, beauty and daintiness, heartache and fear! Had the Queen come to the palace of Kubla Khan? Let Alph, the sacred river, run! Who was she, Jane Granite, that she should stem the sweeping current?

"Crying *again?* This is a nice way to greet a fellar," said roughly a sudden voice in Jane's dulled ear.

Ben Trawl lifted the damp clothes, strode through between the poles, and stood beside his promised wife. His face was ominously dark.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

NEW FIGURES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

II. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

If one may take sequence of publication as indicative of sequence of production, Mr. Davis began his career as a story-teller before he set out on his travels; but both stories and sketches of travel thus far intimate that his dominant interest is in seeing the world and taking a *coup d'œil* of people rather than in penetrating the mystery of the human mind. The order of his travel appears to have been, the Eastern city, the Western prairie and outpost, the shores of the Mediterranean, and England. He has shown himself a first-rate reporter, with a swift instinct for selection of points, and something more than a knack of hitting off telling incidents. That his first reports should have been of his friends and neighbors in an Eastern city is both a testimony to his artistic sense, and something of a prophecy of the final form of his art.

In summing up his record of a scamper in the West, Mr. Davis writes: "The West is a very wonderful, large, unfinished, and out-of-doors portion of our country, and a most delightful place to visit. I would advise every one in the East to visit it, and I hope to revisit it myself. Some of those who go will not only visit it, but will make their homes there, and the course of empire will eventually Westward take its way. But when it does, it will leave one individual behind it clinging closely to the Atlantic seaboard. Little old New York is good enough for him." This is the impulsive word of a man coming home, and fresh in the recollection of that sensation which witnesses to his strongest instinct, which is, after all, not for mere wandering, but for being at the centre of energy; and there is more than one passage in the same book which betrays the writer's half-unconscious comparison of life anywhere else with life in a great city which is native, if not accidentally the city of his birth.

But the two volumes of stories which introduced Mr. Davis to his readers are a more positive and a more interesting testimony to the nature of his regard of the world in which he found himself when he had served his apprenticeship. The neighborhood which is familiar to a story-teller is not that which he describes when he tells his stories; he assumes a knowledge of it; it exists as a background, and it is only when he comes back to it after a long absence, or desires to use it in connection with historic imagination, that he sets about a deliberate appraisal of its contents. The scene of the story which first brought Mr. Davis into marked notice — Gallegher — was laid, it is true, in Philadelphia, and he may be supposed to know best the city of his birth; but it is as true of New York as of Philadelphia that when Mr. Davis began to write, the novelty of mere externals could scarcely be reckoned as an element in his art, and he was free to occupy himself with modes of life, and not with scenery.

It is noticeable that Mr. Davis does not trouble himself to use the two cities, which stand to him for the East, as opportunities for the contrast of life. The adventure of Gallegher scarcely takes on any hue from locality; with change of names it might as well have been a New York adventure, and the stories which fill the two volumes, Gallegher and Other Stories, and Van Bibber and Others, though identified almost wholly with New York, belong there not so much by virtue of their close portraiture of the distinctive life of New York as because what depth

of soil they spring from is New York soil. All this is to say that it is chiefly in his capacity as a traveler in his own city that Mr. Davis makes himself known in his early stories, and the kind of interest which he discloses in them intimates the kind of interest he takes in life.

Perhaps an experimental acquaintance with journalism accounts for the happy choice of Gallegher as a subject, but the stories generally in these two volumes hint at a sympathy with spectacular life, the existence which is on exhibition at clubs, in polite society, at races, among adventurers, at the theatre, at the police station, in the newspaper office, at Delmonico's or Sherry's; and the figures who make the most impression on his pages are either those who are lookers-on at the show, or those who contribute to the entertainment something which has a spice of deviltry about it. It is a young man's world into which we are invited, but it is an open world. The healthy ebullience of youth is in the stories, and also that delicious gravity of youth which is a world away from the vulgar element of knowingness, that air of the man of the world whose capacity for enjoyment is almost past the power of spice to revive. Mr. Davis recurs with a special fondness to an invention bearing the name Van Bibber, a most delightful creature, rich, addicted to club life, a cavalier in sentiment, with a happy-go-lucky mind that astounds him occasionally by its apparent astuteness, and a coolness of courage which the modern stage has accustomed us to associate with otherwise fatuous young club men. This innocent but perfectly well-informed youngster, this man who moves with calm assurance amongst the fragile specimens of humankind who constitute his ordinary companions, and never loses his self-possession when casually encountering burglars or reprobate men of the world, is the nearest to a type that can be found in Mr. Davis's pages. It is rather a variation than a distinct species. The modern drama has put a good many Van Bibbers on the stage, though Mr. Davis's gentleman has an ingenuity in his ingenuousness which is amusing and novel. Now and then an element is introduced which disturbs a little the consistency of the character, but on the whole Mr. Davis has brought away from his excursions into New York society a figure which unconsciously reflects a good deal of credit on his creator.

Alongside of Van Bibber, in these early stories, may be placed the paragon of the other extreme in the social scale, the Hefty Burke, for example, who is equally intrepid, and, according to his lights, equally ingenuous. The gusto with which Mr. Davis enters into the adventures of the men whose club is the saloon gives an air of lifelikeness to the scenes, even when one is inclined to think that the principle of selection has been carried so far as to exclude tolerably natural accompaniments of the life of the tough. But the fun which rules in How Hefty Burke Got Even leaves one very indulgent toward a writer who can make high life below stairs so entertaining and so clean. Indeed, the restraint which is so marked an element in a writer possessed of such high spirits is one of the surest signs of true art, and a prophecy of growth.

One brings away from these two volumes of stories which stand for Mr. Davis's report of his incursions into the life about him an impression of spirited youth, ready for a lark, but really most interested in the behavior of the men and women who represent "good society;" the young men and the young women, that is, for there are very few persons in these stories over thirty, and the old gentlemen, so called, appear to be about fifty. The saving quality is to be found in the kind of interest taken, for it is always something more than mere superficiality which arrests the writer's attention. He explores motives now and then, and shows a desire to get, if he can, at the bottom of some perplexed human

heart, but for the most part his stories are anecdotes, bright, often very amusing, and always indicative of an honest curiosity. The reader is likely to care least for those stories which have an air of subtlety about them. It is not subtlety, but frankness, which underlies the best of this writer's work.

We have said that these earlier stories are not so much inventions as reports of a young man's journey into the world about him, and they hint at a kind of faculty which is sometimes found in a first-rate journalistic reporter. When he takes up reporting in earnest, Mr. Davis shows that he has this faculty in a high degree, but the work done displays a rapid increase in artistic power, and frequent suggestion that the story-telling gift is not an idle plaything, but likely to reassert itself finally as the dominant impulse. Perhaps this increase is due to the change of material. The first book of travel, The West from a Car Window, is professedly nothing but a series of newspaper articles thrown off after a hasty run in Texas and Colorado, visits to mining-camps, to an Indian reservation, and at army posts. The sketches are drawn with a free hand; there is a slap-dash manner about them which gives them an ephemeral character, and occasionally the reader is disposed to resent a certain cocksureness in the author; but the most interesting notes are the personal ones, the vivid characterizations of typical lives, and now and then a report of specific adventures. Moreover, there is a wise forbearance in the matter of hearsay; the honesty of the reporter is seen in his determination to confine himself to the results of first-hand information. The dash and freedom of frontier life interest, but do not altogether fascinate him; courage, endurance, the fortitude of the soldier, the patient wisdom of an army officer, these arrest his attention; and though he comes back, as we have shown, to Eastern life with a sigh of relief, he impresses the reader as having excuted a commission with fidelity and with considerable skill.

It is, however, in his second book of travel that Mr. Davis is seen at his best on this side. There could scarcely be a greater contrast in material than that which lies between the Western frontier of the United States and the shores of the Mediterranean. In traveling over the great reaches of the West, Mr. Davis sought for a few characteristic scenes, and sketched them with directness, with some vividness even, but the selective art was shown chiefly in the simple choice of subject. In visiting Gibraltar, Tangier, Cairo, Athens, and Constantinople, he had a more difficult task of selection; he had to choose out of a prodigal range of new and striking scenes those which were best worth painting, and this calls for something more than the reporter's knack. What is observable in this book is the sense of color and form in the picturesque, the shrewd comment on contemporaneous affairs, and the quick perception of the artistic values in the several scenes which present themselves to the traveler. The advance over the art which depicted Western life is considerable, and it is chiefly seen in the compactness and solidity of the entire impression produced. A surer touch is everywhere evident. As in the earlier book, so here, the interest in persons is never very absent; yet it seems as if the scene, the setting, had a stronger power over the writer, and as if he were not quite ready to speak in confident tones of other nationalities than his own. Be this as it may, the book is clearly more given over to the record of impressions on the eye than to anything else, and the graphic force of Mr. Davis's mind is conspicuous.

If the reader readily pardons the absence of historic allusion in a narrative of travel among historic places, remembering how often he has been bored by travelers who are oppressed with their responsibility in such case, he is likely, all the same, to reflect that a writer al-

most inevitably discloses the furnishing of his mind when he falls to talking about historic cities, and he can scarcely escape the conclusion that Mr. Davis is very distinctly a contemporary, an observer rather than a student, a recorder and artist rather than a historian or a philosopher. He will feel this even more keenly upon looking to see what this writer has to say on so full a topic as Our English Cousins. Every man after his kind. There was a young American, of about Mr. Davis's age, who went to England two generations ago and took a survey of the people and the island. He too was a college-bred man, and he visited the universities of English make, and took some account of Englishmen as he found them. We do not wish to chide Mr. Davis for not being Mr. Emerson, but we do not wish to forget that one may be a young man, and still direct his attention, when he is traveling in a historic country, to other aspects of learning and politics than the social.

It is perhaps more to the point that in leaving the Mediterranean and taking up with England Mr. Davis returns more to the point of view where he took his first stand. That is to say, he assumes his background as in his New York stories, and engages directly in sketching the people whom he meets. It is the story-teller's mind that is at work, even though the form is not that of fiction. Here too the people who interest him are mainly the same sort that occupy his attention in his earlier stories, but of the English, and not the New York variety. Again the upper and the lower end of society entertain him, and persons, not problems, present themselves to him.

We said at the outset that Mr. Davis's writings so far intimate his dominant interest to be in seeing the world and taking a coup d'œil of people, and we may reckon his travels as only an extension of the curiosity which first vented itself on New York. His latest collection, The Exiles and Other Stories, gives an agreeable indication that the more exclusively dramatic faculty, certainly the story-telling faculty, is likely to assert itself more emphatically. These stories show how well he can use his experience of travel as a background from which to project his modeling of human figures in interesting relations. The title story is especially suggestive. Here is a character, fast bound apparently in the swathes of convention, set free by being cast unexpectedly upon a society which has tacitly agreed to ignore conventions. Mr. Holcombe preserves his integrity in the midst of the loose fragments of Tangier life, but is impelled to strip himself of his clothes, as it were, and meet his antagonist as man to man. Despite a little forcing of the situation, the story is capitally conceived and executed. A similar motive is discoverable in the less successful, indeed rather artificial tale of His Bad Angel; but both stories show that Mr. Davis is not likely to be content with the merely dexterous arrangement of characters and scenes brightly taken from a limited and somewhat superficial survey of the nearest society. Yet the most entertaining, and we are inclined to think the most effective piece of work in the book is The Right of Way, which has all the air of being but a slightly heightened narrative of actual experience. The aplomb of this tale, the humor of it, the nice reserves as well as the hearty abandon, make it almost seem as if Mr. Davis could never expect to show what he might do unless the European nations would be so obliging as to go to war that he might take the field as special correspondent.

It would be a pity, however, if his capacity for narrating adventure had such exceptional opportunities for expression as to arrest him midway in his development as a novelist. It is too soon to predict what he may do in this direction. His construction in The Exiles and in The Princess Aline rests on too slender a basis to make one wholly

confident that he has at present the power to hold long a sustained motive in story-telling. At any rate, his earliest, splendid achievement, Gallegher, owed its charm to the swiftness with which a first-rate scheme was carried to a dramatic culmination, and his latest printed tale, The Princess Aline, is an amusing involution of a whim, the *dénouement* of which has been anticipated by the reader, who yet follows the turns with enjoyment for the humor of the successive situations. What confidence we have arises from the fact that a reading of Mr. Davis's books in their chronological sequence leaves us with the impression that a wider survey of the world has given a wider horizon to his mind; that his facility in transferring impressions has been confirmed; and that, not content with reporting the modes of men's minds, he has taken to exploring the recesses of human nature. Out of such a study comes a greater sense of the complexity of life, and out of this sense is born that conception of the dramatic meaning of life which underlies the successful construction of wholes in fiction.

TRAMPS WITH AN ENTHUSIAST.

To a brain wearied by the din of the city, the clatter of wheels, the jingle of street cars, the discord of bells, the cries of venders, the ear-splitting whistles of factory and shop, how refreshing is the heavenly stillness of the country! To the soul tortured by the sight of ills it cannot cure, wrongs it cannot right, and sufferings it cannot relieve, how blessed to be alone with nature, with trees living free, unfettered lives, and flowers content each in its native spot, with brooks singing of joy and good cheer, with mountains preaching divine peace and rest!

Thus musing one evening, soon after my arrival at a lone farmhouse in the heart of the Green Mountains, I seated myself at the window to make acquaintance with my neighbors. Not the human; I wished for a time to turn away from the world of people, to find rest and recreation in the world outside the walls of houses.

My room was a wing lately added to the side of the cottage farthest from the life that went on in it, from the kitchen and dairy, from the sight of barns and henhouses. It was, consequently, as solitary as it could be, and yet retain a slight hold upon humanity. It was connected with the family and farm life by two doors, which I could shut at will, and be alone with nature, and especially with the beloved birds.

From my window I looked upon a wide view over the road and the green fields, and across the river to a lovely range of the Green Mountains, with one of the highest peaks in the State as a crown. Close at hand was a bank, the beginning of a mountain spur. It was covered from the road up with clumps of fresh green ferns and a few young trees, — a maple or two, half a dozen graceful young hemlocks, and others.

The top of the bank, about as high as my window, was thick with daisy buds, which I had caught that day beginning to open their eyes, sleepily, one lash at a time; and on looking closely I saw ranks of them still asleep, each yellow eye carefully covered with its snow-white fringes. When the blossoms were fully opened, a few days later, my point of view — on a level — made even

> "The daisy's frill a wondrous newness wear;"

for I saw only the edges of the flower

faces turned to the sky, while the stems were visible down to the ground, and formed a Lilliputian forest in which it were easy to imagine tiny creatures spending days as secluded and as happy as I enjoyed in my forest of beech and birch and maple, which came down to the very back steps of the house.

On the evening when my story begins, early in June, I was sitting, as I said, at my window, listening to the good-night songs of the earlier birds, enjoying the view of woods and mountains, and waiting till tea should be over before taking my usual evening walk. I had fallen into a reverie, when I was aroused by the sound of wheels, and in a moment a horse appeared, trotting rapidly up the little hill. In his wake was a face. There was of course a body also, and some sort of a vehicle, but neither of them did I see; only a pair of eager, questioning eyes, and an intelligent countenance framed in snow-white curls which streamed back upon the wind, — a picture, a vision, I shall never forget.

I recognized at once my Enthusiast, a dear friend and fellow bird-lover, who I knew was coming to spend some weeks in the village. I rushed to the door to greet her.

"I'm delighted to see you!" she cried, as we clasped hands across the wheels. "I arrived an hour or two ago, and now I want to go where I can hear a hermit thrush. I 've come all the way from Chicago to hear that bird."

She dismounted, declined the invitation to tea given by my hostess, who stood speechless with amazement at the erratic taste that would forego tea for the sake of a bird song, and we started at once up the road, where I had seen the bird perched in a partially dead hemlock-tree, and heard

> "his ravishing carol ring
> From the topmost twig he made his throne."

Everything was perfectly still. Not a bird peeped. Even the tireless vireo, who peopled the woods as the English sparrow the city streets, was hushed. I began to be anxious; could it be too cool for song? or too late? We walked steadily on, up the beautiful winding road: on one side dense forest, on the other lovely changing views of the hills across the intervale, blue now with approaching night. Crows called as they hurried over; the little sandpiper's "ah weet! weet! weet!" came up from the river bank, but in the woods all was silent.

Still we went on, climbing the steep hills, loitering through the valleys, till suddenly a bird note broke the stillness, quite near us, a low, yearning "wee-o!"

"The veery!" I whispered.

"Is that the veery?" she exclaimed. (She had come from the home of the wood thrush, where hermit and veery were unknown.)

"Yes," I said; "listen."

Again it came, more plaintive than before; once more, in an almost agonized tone; and so it continued, ever growing higher in pitch and more mournful, till we could hardly endure to listen to it. Then arose the matchless song, the very breath of the woods, the solemn, mysterious, wonderful song of the bird, and two listeners, at least, lingered in ecstasy to hear, till it dropped to silence again.

Then, slowly and leisurely, we went on. The dead hemlock, the throne of the hermit, was vacant. On a bank not far off we sat down to wait, talking in hushed tones of the veery, of the oven bird whose rattling call was now just beginning, of the mysterious "see-here" bird whose plaintive call was sounding from the upper twig of another dead-topped tree, of the hermit himself, when, to our amazement, a small bird soared out of the woods, a few feet above our heads, flew around in a circle of perhaps fifteen feet in the air, and plunged again into the trees, singing all the time a rapturous, thrilling song, bewitching both in manner and in tone.

"The oven bird!" we exclaimed in a

breath. That made our walk noteworthy. We should not regret, even if the hermit refused to bless us.

Silently on up the road we passed, till the deepening shadows reminded us of the hour and the long drive before my friend, and we turned back. By this time the sun had set, and the sky was filled with gorgeous rosy clouds floating above the richest red-purple of the mountains. This surely crowned our walk.

We were sauntering homeward, lingering, waiting, we hardly knew for what, since we had given up the hermit, when a single bird note arrested me. Then, as his first rich clause fell upon the air, I turned to my companion, who was a few steps behind me. She stood motionless, both hands raised, but dumb.

"Glorious!" she whispered when she recovered her voice. "Wonderful!" she added, as he warmed into fuller song.

Quietly drawing as near as we dared, we dropped upon the bank and listened in spellbound silence to our unseen melodist. Slow, rapturous, entrancing, was his song, and when it ended we came reluctantly back to earth, stole in the growing darkness down to the farm, and my friend resumed her place in the carriage and drove away, saying with her good-by, "I am already paid for my long journey."

Yet after the first surprise and wonder were over, she swung loyally back to her first love, the wood thrush, of whose sublime voice she says, "The first solemn opening note transports you instantly into a holy cathedral."

For myself, I have never been able to choose permanently between these two glorious singers, and at that time I had been under the spell of the hermit song for days. Morning after morning I had spent in the woods, listening to the marvelous voice, and trying to discover its charm.

The bird began to sing his way down to us about ten o'clock in the morning. I heard him first afar off, then coming nearer and nearer, till he reached some favorite perch in the woods behind and very near the farmhouse, before noon, where he usually sang at intervals till eight o'clock in the evening. I studied his song carefully. It consisted of but one clause, composed of a single emphasized note followed by two triplets on a descending scale. But while retaining the relative position of these few notes he varied the effect almost infinitely, by changing both the key and the pitch constantly, with such skill that I was astonished to discover the remarkable simplicity of the song. A striking quality of it was an attempt which he frequently made to utter his clause higher on the scale than he could reach, so that the triplets became a sort of trill or tremolo, at the very extreme of his register. Sometimes he gave the triplets alone, without the introductory note, but never, in the weeks that I studied his song, did he sing other than this one clause.

It was only with an effort that I could force myself to analyze the performance. Far easier were it, and far more delightful, to sit enchanted, to be overwhelmed and intoxicated by his thrilling music. For me, the hermit voices the sublimity of the deep woods, while the veery expresses its mystery, its unfathomable remoteness. A wood warbler, on the contrary, always brings before me the rush and hurry of the world of people, and the wood pewee its undercurrent of eternal sadness. Into the mood induced by the melancholy pewee song breaks how completely and how happily the cheery optimism of the chickadee! Brooding thoughts are dissipated, all is not a hollow mockery, and life is still worth living.

Often, when listening to the hermit song, I wondered that at the first note of the king of singers all other birds were not mute. But evidently the birds have not enthroned this thrush. Possibly, even, they do not share human admiration for his song. The redstart goes on jerking out his monotonous ditty; chippy irreverently mounts a perch and trills out his

inane apology for a song; the vireo in yonder tree spares us not one of his never-ending platitudes. But the hermit thrush goes on with sublime indifference to the voices of common folk down below. Sometimes he is answered from afar by another of his kind, who arranges his notes a little differently. The two seem to wait for each other, as if not to mar their divine harmony by vulgar haste or confusion.

"We must find the 'see-here' bird," said my friend the next morning, when she appeared at the door of the farm-house, and I joined her for our second tramp. This was a bird whose long, deliberate notes, sounding like the above words, had tantalized me from the day of my arrival.

We resolved this time to go into the woods we had skirted the night before. A set of bars admitted us to a most enticing bit of forest, a paradise to city-weary eyes and nature-loving hearts. From the bars rose sharply a rough wood road, while a few steps to the right and a scramble up a rocky path changed the whole world in a moment. We were in a perfect nook, which I had discovered a few days before: with a carpet of dead leaves, a sky of waving branches, the fierce sun shut out by curtains of living green, the air cooled by a clear mountain stream, and the "priceless gift of delicious silence" — silence that had haunted my dreams for months — broken only by the voices of birds, whispers of leaves, and ripple of brook. In this spot,

> "where Nature dwells alone,
> Of man unknowing, and to man unknown,"

(as I tried to persuade myself) I had established my out-of-door study, and here I had spent perfect days, watching the residents of the vicinity, and saturating my whole being with the delights of sight and sound and scent till it was thrilling happiness just to be alive. Would that I could impart the freshness, the fragrance, the heavenly peace of those days to this chronicle, to comfort and strengthen my readers not so blessed as to share them!

The dwellers in this delectable spot, where I persuaded my friend to rest a moment, I had not found altogether what I should have chosen; for, unfortunately, the place most desirable for the student is not always the best for birds. They are quite apt to desert the cool, breezy heights charming to wood lovers, to build in some impenetrable tangle, where the ground is wet and full of treacherous quagmires, where mosquitoes abound and flies do greatly flourish, where close-growing branches and leaves keep out every breath of air, and there is no solid rest for the legs of a camp-stool. Such a difference does it make, as to a desirable situation, from which side you look at it.

The principal inhabitant presented himself before we were fairly seated, a chipmunk, who came out of his snug door under the roots of a maple-tree and sat up on his doorstep — one of the roots — to make his morning toilet, dress his sleek fur, scent the sweet fresh air, and enjoy himself generally. In due time he ran down to the little brook before the door, and then started out, evidently after something to eat; and he went nosing about on the ground with a thoroughness to make a bird-lover shudder, for what ground bird's nest could escape him!

I recognize the fact that, from his point of view, chipmunks must live, and why should they not have eggs for breakfast? Doubtless, in squirrel philosophy, it is a self-evident truth that birds were created to supply the tables of their betters in fur, and the pursuit of eggs and nestlings adds the true sportsman's zest to the enjoyment of them. So long, therefore, as the law that "might makes right" prevails in higher quarters, we are forced to acknowledge, however grudgingly, his "right" to his game; but for all that I should like exceedingly to protect it from him.

I could not long keep a bird-lover study-

ing a chipmunk. In a few minutes we started again on our way up the mountain. Each side of our primitive wood road was bordered with ferns in their first tender green, many of them still wearing their droll little hoods. Forward marched the Enthusiast; breathlessly I followed. Up one little hill, down another, over a third we hastened.

"See!" I said, hoping to arrest the tireless steps; "on that tree I saw yesterday a scarlet tanager."

"Oh, did you?" she said carelessly, pausing not an instant in her steady tramp.

Then rose the note we were listening for, far to the left of the road.

"He 's over there!" she cried eagerly, leaving the path, and pushing in the direction of the sound. "But I 'm afraid I shall tire you," she added. "You sit down here, and I 'll just go on a little."

"No, indeed!" I answered hastily, for I knew well what "just go on a little" meant, — I had tried it before: it meant pass out of sight in two minutes, and out of hearing in one more, so absorbed in following an elusive bird note that everything else would be forgotten. "No, indeed!" I repeated. "I shall not be left in these woods; where you go I follow."

"But I won't go out of sight," she urged, her conscience contending with her eager desire to proceed, for well she knew that I did not take my woods by storm in this way.

I said nothing in reply, but I had no intention of being left, for I did not know what dwellers the forest might contain, and I had a vivid remembrance of being greatly startled, only a day or two before, by unearthly cries in these very woods; of seeing a herd of young cattle rushing frantically away, turning apprehensive glances toward the sounds, and huddling in a frightened heap down by the bars, while the strange cries came nearer and nearer, till I should not have been surprised to see any sort of a horror emerge; of calling out to the farmer whom I met at the door, "Oh, there 's something dreadful up in the woods!" and his crushing reply, "Yes, I heard it. It 's a fox barking; we hear one now and then."

I cast no doubts on the veracity of that farmer, though I could not but remember the license men sometimes allow themselves when trying to quiet fears they consider foolish; nor did his solution seem to account satisfactorily for the evident terror of the cattle, which had lived in those woods all their lives, and had no reason to fear the "bark" of a fox. I preferred, therefore, not to encounter any such eccentric "fox" alone; hence I refused to listen to my friend's entreaties, but simply followed on, over fallen tree-trunks, under drooping branches, and through unyielding brush: now sinking ankle-deep in a pile of dead leaves, now catching my hair in a broken branch, and now nearly falling over a concealed root; wading through swamps, sliding down banks, cutting and tearing our shoes, and leaving bits of our garments everywhere. On we went recklessly, intent upon one thing only, — seeing the bird who, enthroned on his treetop, calmly and serenely uttered his musical "see-e he-e-re!" while we struggled, and scrambled, and fought our way down below.

We reached a steep bank, and paused a moment, breathless, disheveled, *my* interest in the beguiler long ago cooled.

"There 's a brook down there," I said hastily; "we can't cross it."

Could we not? But we did, at the expense of a little further rending, and the addition of wet feet to our other discomforts. But at last! at last! we came in sight of our bird, a mere black speck against the sky.

"It 's a flycatcher!" exclaimed my companion eagerly. "See his attitude! I must get around the other side!" and on we went again. A fence loomed before us, a fence of brush, impossible to get through, and almost as impossible to

get over. But what were any of man's devices to an eager bird-hunter! Over that fence she went — like a bird, I was going to say, but like a boy would perhaps be better. More leisurely and with difficulty I followed, for once on the other side I should be content. I knew the road could not be far off, and through the tangled way we had come I was resolved I would not pass again.

Well, we ran him down. He was obliging enough to stay in one spot, indifferent to our noisy presence on the earth below, while we studied him on all sides, and decided him to be the olive-sided flycatcher (*Contopus borealis*). We entered his name and his manners in our notebooks, and we were happy, or at least relieved.

The habit of this bird, as I learned by observation of him afterward, was to sit on the highest twig of a tree dead at the top, where he could command a view of the whole neighborhood, and sing or call by the hour, in a loud, drawling, and rather plaintive tone, somewhat resembling the wood pewee's, though more animated in delivery. I found that the two notes which syllabled themselves to my ear as "see-e he-e-re!" were prefaced by a low, staccato utterance like "quick!" and all were on the same note of the musical scale. Occasionally, but not often, he made a dash into the air, flycatcher fashion, and once I saw him attempt to drive away a golden-winged woodpecker who took the liberty of alighting on a neighboring dead tree-trunk. Down upon him like a small tornado came the flycatcher instantly, expecting, apparently, to annihilate him. But the big, clumsy woodpecker merely slid one side a little, to avoid the onslaught, and calmly went on dressing his feathers, as if no small flycatcher existed. This indifference did not please the olive-sided, but he alighted on a branch below and bided his time; it came soon, when the golden-wing took flight, and he came down upon him like a kingbird on a crow. I heard the snap of the woodpecker's beak as he passed into the thick woods, but nobody was hurt, and the flycatcher returned to his perch.

When we had rested a little after our mad rush through the woods, we found that the hours were slipping away, and we must go. Passing down the road at the edge of the woods, we were about to cross a tiny brook, when our eyes fell upon a distinguished personage at his bath. He was a rose-breasted grosbeak, and we instantly stopped to see him. He did not linger, but gave himself a thorough splashing, and flew at once to a tree, where he began dressing his plumage in frantic haste, as if he knew he was a "shining mark" for man and beast. He stayed half a minute on one branch, jerked a few feathers through his beak, then flew to another place and hurriedly dressed a few more; and so he kept on, evidently excited and nervous at being temporarily disabled by wet feathers, though I do not think he knew he had human observers, for we were at some distance and perfectly motionless. He was a beauty, even for his lovely family, and the rose color of his wing-linings was the most gorgeous I ever saw.

Moreover, I knew this bird, later, to be as useful as he was beautiful. He it was who took upon himself the care of the potato patch in the garden below, spending hours every day in clearing off the destructive potato beetle, singing as he went to and from his labors, and, when the toils of the day were over, treating us to a delicious evening song from the top of a tree close by.

In that way the grosbeak's time was spent till babies appeared in the hidden nest, when everything was changed, and he set to work like any hod-carrier; appearing silently, near the house, on the lowest board of the fence, looking earnestly for some special luxury for baby beaks. No more singing on the tree-tops, no more hunting of the beetle in stripes; food more delicate was needed

now, and he found it among the brakes that grew in clumps all about under my window. It was curious to see him searching, hopping upon a stalk which bent very much with his weight, peering eagerly inside ; then on another, picking off something ; then creeping between the stems, going into the bunch out of sight, and reappearing with his mouth full ; then flying off to his home. This bird was peculiarly marked, so that I knew him. The red of his breast was continued in a narrow streak down through the white, as if the color had been put on wet, and had dripped at the point.

The third tramp with my Enthusiast was after a warbler. To my fellow bird-students that tells a story. Who among them has not been bewitched by one of those woodland sprites, led a wild dance through bush and brier, satisfied and happy if he could catch an occasional glimpse of the flitting enchanter!

This morning we drove a mile or two out of the village, hitched our horse, — a piece of perfection, who feared nothing, never saw anything on the road, and would stand forever if desired, — and started into the pasture. The gate passed, we had first to pick our way through a bog, which had been cut by cows' hoofs into innumerable holes and pitfalls, and then so overgrown by weeds and moss that we could not always tell where it was safe to put a foot. We consoled ourselves for the inconvenience by reflecting that a bog on the side of a mountain must probably be a provision of Mother Nature's, an irrigating scheme for the benefit of the hillside vegetation. If all the water ran off at once, we argued, very little could grow there. So we who love to see our hills covered with trees should not complain, but patiently seek the stepping-stones sometimes to be found, or meekly resign ourselves to going in over boot-tops without a word.

Our first destination was the nest of a hermit thrush, discovered by my friend the day before, and we stumbled, and slipped, and picked our way a long distance over the dismal swamp, floundering on till we reached a clump of young hemlocks, on ground somewhat more solid, where we could sit down to rest. There was the nest right before us, a nicely made, compact bird home, exquisitely placed in one of the little trees, a foot from the ground.

While waiting for the owners to appear, I was struck with the beauty of the young hemlocks, so different from most evergreen trees. From the time a hemlock has two twigs above ground it is always picturesque in its method of growth. Its twigs, especially the topmost one, bend over gracefully like a plume. There is no rigid uniformity among the smaller branches, no two appear to be of the same length, but there is an artistic variety that makes of the little tree a thing of beauty. When it puts out new leaves in the early summer, and every twig is tipped with light green, it is particularly lovely, as if in bloom.

How different the mathematical precision of the spruce, which might indeed have been laid out upon geometrical lines! When a baby spruce has but three twigs, one will stand stiffly upright, as if it bore the responsibility of upholding the spruce traditions of the ages, while the other twigs will duly spread themselves at nearly right angles, leaving their brother to represent the aspirations of the family, and thus even in infancy reproduce in miniature the full-grown, formal tree.

When, after waiting some time in vain for the birds to appear, we examined the nest before us, we found that it held two thrush eggs and one of the cowbird. The impertinence of this disreputable bird in thrusting her plebeian offspring upon the divine songster, to rear at the expense of her own lovely brood, was not to be tolerated. The dirty speckled egg looked strangely out of place among the gems

that belonged to the nest, and I removed it, careful not to touch nest or eggs. So pertinacious is this parasite upon bird society that my friend says that in Illinois, where the wood thrush represents the charming family, almost every wood-thrush nest, in the early summer, contains a cowbird's egg; and not until they have reared one of the intruders can the birds hope to have a brood of their own. Fortunately they nest twice in the season, and the cowbird does not disturb the second family.

While we sat watching the hermit's nest, we were attracted by another resident of that cozy group of hemlocks and maples. He appeared upon a low shrub within twenty feet of us, and began to sing. First came a long, deliberate note, of the clearest and sweetest tone, then two similar notes, a third higher, followed by three triplets on the same note. Though dressed in sparrow garb, his colors were bright, and he was distinguished and made really beautiful by two broad lines of buff-tinted white over his crown, and a snowy white throat. He was the white-throated sparrow, one of the largest and most interesting of his family. The charm of his song is its clearness of tone and deliberateness of utterance. It is calm as the morning, finished, complete, and almost the only bird song that can be perfectly imitated by a human whistle. I never shared the enthusiasm of some of my fellow bird-lovers for the sparrows till I knew the white-throat and learned to love the dear little song sparrow. It is unfortunate that the song of the former has been translated into a word so unworthy as "peabody," and that the name "peabody bird" has become fastened on him in New England. Far more appropriate the words applied by Elizabeth Akers Allen to an unknown singer, — possibly this very bird, — embodied in her beautiful poem The Sunset Thrush. For whatever bird it was intended, the syllables and arrangement correspond to the white-throat's utterance, and the words are, "Sweet! sweet! sweet! Sorrowful! sorrowful! sorrowful!"

A white-throat who haunted the neighborhood of my farmhouse did not confine himself to the family song; which, by the way, varies less with this species than with any other I know. At first, for some time, he entirely omitted the triplets, making his song consist of four long notes, the fourth being in place of the triplets. Then, later, he dropped the last note a half tone below the others, still omitting the triplets, which, in fact, in three or four weeks of listening and watching, I never once heard him utter. In July of that year, in passing over the Canadian Pacific Railway on my way West, I heard innumerable songs by this bird. Every time the train stopped, white-throat voices rang out on all sides, and with considerable variety. Many dropped half a tone at the end, and some uttered the triplets on that note, while others began the song on a higher note, and gave the rest a third below, instead of above, as usual.

But to return to the singer before us on that memorable day. After singing a long time, he suddenly began to utter the first two notes alone, and then apparently to listen. We also listened, and soon heard a reply of the same two notes on a different pitch. These responsive calls were kept up for some time, and seemed to be signals between the bird and his mate; for neither she nor her nest could be found, though the pair had been startled out of that very bush on the preceding day. We searched the clumps of shrubs carefully, but without success.

I long ago came to the conclusion that the ability to find nests easily is as truly a natural gift as the ability to become a musician, or the power to see a statue in a block of marble. That gift is not mine. I have an almost invincible repugnance to poking into bushes and thrusting aside branches to discover who has hidden there. Moreover, if a bird

seems anxious or alarmed, I never can bear to disturb her. Nor indeed do I care to find many nests. A long list of nests found in a season gives me no pleasure; how many birds belong to a certain district does not concern me in the least. But if I have really studied one or two nests, and made acquaintance with the tricks and manners of the small dwellers therein, I am satisfied and happy.

While we lingered in the little hemlock grove, enraptured with the white-throat, and feeling that

> "Here were the place to lie alone all day
> On shadowed grass, beneath the blessed trees,"

a distant note reached our ever-listening ears. It was the voice of a warbler, and a most alluring song. Such indeed we found it, for on the instant the Enthusiast sprang to her feet, alert to her finger-tips, crying, "That's the bird we're after!" adding as usual, as she started across the field, "You sit still! I won't go far," while as usual, also, I snatched my things and followed.

The song was in the tone of one of the most bewitching as well as the most elusive of warblers, the black-throated green; a bird not so big as one's thumb, with a provoking fondness for the tops of the tallest trees, where foliage is thickest, and for keeping in constant motion, flitting from twig to twig, and from tree to tree, throwing out as he goes

> "The sweetest sound that ever stirred
> A warbler's throat."

This one was tireless, as are all of his tribe, and led us a weary dance over big, steep-sided rocks, through more and more bogs, over a fence, and out of our open fields into deep woods.

Now, my companion in these tramps has a rooted opinion that she is easily fatigued, and must rest frequently; and I have no doubt it is true, when she has no strong interest to urge her on. So she used to burden herself with a clumsy waterproof, to throw on the ground to sit upon; and in compliance with this notion (which was most amusing to those whom she tired out in her tramps), whenever she thought of it — that is, when the bird voice was still for a moment — she would seek a sloping bank, or a place beside a tree where she could lean, and then throw herself down, determined to rest. But always in one minute or less the warbler would be sure to begin again, when away went good resolutions and fatigue, and she sprang up like a Jack-in-the-box, saying, of course, "You sit still; I'll just go on a little," and off we went over brake and brier.

While pursuing this vocal *ignis fatuus* I made a charming discovery. In one of the temporary pauses in our wild career, I was startled by the flight of a bird from the ground very near us, and, searching about, I soon found a veery's nest with one egg. It was daintily placed in a clump of brakes or big ferns, resting on a fallen stick, over and around which the brakes had grown.

The bird was not so pleased with my discovery as I was. She perched on a tree over our heads, and uttered the mournful veery cry; and though I did not so much as lay a finger on that nest, I believe she deserted it at that moment, for several days afterward it was found exactly as on that day, with its one egg cold and abandoned.

If I had not, through two summers' close study, made myself very familiar with the various calls and cries of the veery, I think I should be driven wild by them; for no bird that I know can impart such distance to his notes, and few can get around so silently and unobserved as he. A great charm in his song is that it rarely bursts upon your notice; it appears to steal into your consciousness, and in a moment the air seems full of his breezy, woodsy music, his "quivering, silvery song," as Cheney calls it.

Not long were we allowed to meditate upon the charms of the veery, for again the luring song began, the other side of

the belt of woods, and off we started anew. This time we secured the bird, or his name, which was all we desired. The sweet beguiler turned out to be the warbler mentioned above, the black-throated green, but with a more than usually exquisite arrangement of his notes. Indeed, my friend, who was what I call warbler-mad, — a state of infatuation I have with care and difficulty guarded myself against, — heard in the woods of the neighborhood, during that summer's visit, no less than four different songs from the same species of warbler.

While slowly and weariedly dragging myself back to where our patient horse stood waiting, I fell into meditation on this way of making the study of nature hard work instead of rest and refreshment, and the comparative merits of chasing up one's birds and waiting for them to come about one. Without doubt the choice of method is due largely to temperament, but I think it will be found that most of our nature-seers have followed the latter course.

June was now drawing to an end, and the day of my friend's departure had nearly arrived. One more tramp remained to us. It was a walk up a long, lonely road to a solitary thorn-tree, where I was studying a shrike's nest.

Just as we left the village a robin burst into song, and this bird, because of certain associations, was the Enthusiast's favorite singer. We paused to listen. When bird music begins to wane, when thrushes have taken their broods afar, and orioles and catbirds are heard no more, one appreciates the hearty philosophy, the cheerful and pleasing song, of the robin. It is truly delightful then to hear his noisy challenge, his gleeful "laugh," his jolly song. We may indeed rhapsodize over our rare, fine singers, but after all we could better spare one and all of them than our two most common songsters, our faithful stand-bys, upon whom we can always count to preach to us the gospel of contentment, cheerfulness, and patience, — the dear common robin and the blessed little song sparrow. No weather is so hot that they will not pour out their evangel to us; no rain so wet, no wind so strong, that these two will not let their sweet voices be heard. Blessed, I say, be the common birds, living beside our dwellings, bringing up their young under our very eyes, accepting our advances in a spirit of friendliness, coming earliest, staying latest, and keeping up their song even through the season of feeding, when many become silent. These two are indispensable to us; these two should be dearest to us; these, above all others, should our children be taught to respect and love.

The robin ceased, and we passed on. One more voice saluted us from the last house of the village: a wren, whose nest was placed in a bracket under the roof, sang his gushing little ditty, and then in a moment we were in a different bird world. From one side came the bobolink's voice,

> "Preaching boldly to the sad the folly of despair,
> And telling whom it may concern that all the world is fair;"

from the other, the plaintive notes of the meadow lark.

Lovely indeed the lark looked among the buttercups in the pasture, stretching himself up from the ground, tall and slim, and almost as yellow as they; and very droll his sputtering cry, as he flew over the road to the deep grass of the meadow, to attend to the wants of his family, for the meadow was full of mysterious sounds under the grass, and seemed to give both bobolink and lark much concern.

The call I name the "sputter," because it sounds like nothing else on earth, is a sort of "retching" note followed by several sputtering utterances, hard to describe, but not unpleasant to hear, perhaps because it suggests the meadow under the warm sun of June, with bobo-

links soaring and singing, and a populous colony beneath the long grass. Now night was coming on, and the larks were passing from the pasture, where they seemed to spend most of the day, some with song and some with sputter, over the road, to drop into the grass and be seen no more ;

> "While through the blue of the sky the swallows, flitting and flinging,
> Sent their slender twitterings down from a thousand throats."

Sometimes, on that lonely road, which I passed over several times a day, I was treated to a fairy-like sight. It was when a recent shower had left little puddles in the clay road, and the eaves swallows from a house across the meadow came down to procure material for their adobe structures. Most daintily they alighted on their tiny feet around the edge, holding up their tails like wrens lest they should soil a feather of their plumage, and raising both wings over their backs like butterflies, fluttering them all the time, as if to keep their balance and partly hold them up from the ground, — a lovely sight which I enjoyed several times.

Under the eaves of the distant house, where the nests of these birds were placed, and which I visited later, were evidences of tragedies. The whole length of the cornice on the back side of the house showed marks of many nests, and there were left at that time but four, two close together at each end of the line. I cannot say positively that the nests had fallen while in use, but in another place, a mile away, I know of a long row having fallen, with young in, every one of whom was killed. Where was the "instinct" of the birds whose hopes thus perished? And was the trouble with their material or with their situation? I noticed this: that the nests had absolutely nothing to rest on, not even a projecting board. They were plastered against a perfectly plain painted board.

Another bird whom I caught in a new rôle, apparently giving a lesson in food-hunting to a youngster, was a phœbe. Hearing a new and strange cry, mingled with tones of a voice familiar to me, I looked up, and discovered a young and an old phœbe. The elder kept up a running series of remarks in the tone peculiar to the species, while the infant answered, at every pause, by a querulous single note in a higher key. Every moment or two the instructor would fly out and capture something, talking all the while, as if to say, "See how easy it is!" but careful not to give the food to the begging and complaining pupil. No sooner did the parent alight than the youngster was after him, following him everywhere he went. After a while the old bird flew away, when that deceiving little rogue took upon himself the business of fly-catching. He flew out, snapped his beak, and, returning to his perch, wiped it carefully. Yet when the elder returned he at once resumed his begging and crying, as if starved and unable to help himself.

A friend and bird-student, whose home is in these mountains, assures me that the phœbes in this vicinity do not confine themselves to the traditional family cry, but have a really pleasing song, which she has heard several times. That, then, is another of the supposed songless birds added to the list of singers. I know both the kingbird and the wood pewee sing, not, to be sure, in a way to be compared to the thrushes, though far excelling the utterances of the warblers. But why are they so shy of exhibiting their talent? Why do they make such a secret of it? Can it be that they are just developing their musical abilities?

When we reached the thorn-tree, on that last evening, we seated ourselves on a bank beside the road, to enjoy the music of the meadow, and to see the shrike family. At the nest all was still, probably settled for the night, but the "lord and master" of that snug home-

stead stood on a tall maple-tree close by, in dignified silence, watching our movements, no doubt. We waited some time, but he refused either to go or to relax his vigilance in the least, till the hour grew late, and we were obliged to turn homeward.

The sun had set, and the sky was filled, as on that first evening, with soft, rosy sunset clouds, and the distant mountains, with Jay Peak for a crown, were clothed in gorgeous purple again. With all this beauty before us, we slowly walked back to the village, and I felt it a fitting close to my delightful, if exhausting tramps with an Enthusiast.

Olive Thorne Miller.

A TALK OVER AUTOGRAPHS.

SECOND PAPER.

THE following letter I received from the late Astronomer Royal, Sir G. B. Airy, when I was writing the Life of my uncle, Sir Rowland Hill. A few years ago, an American gentleman, to whom I was showing Oxford, spoke of Sir Rowland Hill as if he had not only reformed the postal system of the world, but had also, by way of Sabbath day rest, cracked a good many jokes in the pulpit. When I pointed out to him the strange confusion he was making, he replied, "Down in Illinois we always think the postal reformer and the great pulpit humorist one and the same man." The index-maker of the Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle has fallen into the same blunder. Carlyle, writing of the Rev. Edward Irving, says, "Unless he looks to it, he bids fair for becoming a kind of theological braggadocio, an enlarged edition of the Rev. Rowland Hill." In the index this passage is referred to under "Hill, Sir Rowland." Some of the passages in Sir G. B. Airy's letter are on a subject too deep both for my understanding and for the columns of a magazine. These I omit. Lord Macaulay's "astounding blunder" is to be found in his History of England (vol. v. p. 96 of the original edition), where he says, "In America the Spanish territories spread from the equator northward and southward through all the signs of the Zodiac far into the temperate zone." The "lady" was Mrs. Oliphant, "whose admirable stories," wrote Sir Rowland Hill, "I never miss reading." She in Whiteladies represents "a new moon making her way upwards in the pale sky."

ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH,
LONDON S. E., 1879, *November* 2.

DEAR SIR, — I have spent a Sunday morning on the paper containing the Astronomical parts of Sir Rowland Hill's Biography. And I have been much interested in it. . . . I remember the 1811 Comet well. I am surprised that R. H. does not mention the 1807 Comet; I (then in my 7th year) saw it; my father tied a telescope into some pales to show it to me. . . .

Lord Macaulay's blunder is astounding. But you must pardon the lady. Until there is an Academy for Lunarian appearances, ladies, painters, and poets will claim the privilege "quidlibet audendi." Perhaps I may mention the following. A real astronomer had made a picture containing the moon, without any leading stars. On looking at it I said, "This drawing must have been made about the middle of August, between 3^{h} and 4^{h} in the morning." And this proved strictly true. My friend was

much surprised at my relying on[1] the accuracy of his lunar picture. . . .

I am, dear Sir,
Faithfully yours,
G. B. Airy.

The great comet of 1811 Harriet Martineau, "then," as she tells us, "nine years old, and with remarkably good eyes," could not see, apparently from a strange kind of nervous excitement. "Night after night," she records, "the whole family of us went up to the long windows at the top of my father's warehouse; and the exclamations on all hands about the comet perfectly exasperated me, — because I could not see it! 'Why, there it is!' 'It is as big as a saucer.' 'It is as big as a cheese-plate.' 'Nonsense; you might as well pretend not to see the moon.' Such were the mortifying comments on my grudging admission that I could not see the comet. And I never did see it."

My Life of Sir Rowland Hill, with which was incorporated his History of Penny Postage, — a posthumous publication, — I dedicated to Mr. Gladstone, a statesman for whom he had always entertained a feeling of great respect and strong affection. I received the following letter in acknowledgment: —

10 Downing Street, Whitehall,
Dec. 11, 1880.

My dear Sir, — Upon receiving your kind gift, which I highly value, I was sanguine enough to begin the perusal of the Life, in the hope of associating with my thanks some evidence that your work had not been unappreciated. I was very greatly interested in the account of the family. . . . But the urgent circumstances of the present winter have arrested my progress for the time. . . .

Your Uncle was unhappy in the original association of his measure with a state of chronic deficiency for which he was in no ways responsible; but on the other hand happy beyond almost all other great projectors in the rapidity with which his plans informed and spread throughout the world, under his eyes.

I remain, my dear Sir,
Faithfully yours,
W. E. Gladstone.

G. B. Hill, Esq.

Matthew Arnold, as all who are acquainted with his prose writings know to their cost, was as strong on the unlawfulness of a widower's marriage with his deceased wife's sister as Dr. Primrose was on the monogamy of priests. While the worthy vicar never wearies us by insistence on his great doctrine, Mr. Arnold sometimes bores even those who are of his own way of thinking by his iteration, and now and then, by his want of taste, offends those whose opinions he attacks. In the following correspondence, however, he is seen in that pleasant, gentle light which he so well knew how to diffuse around him: —

To Matthew Arnold, Esq.:

My dear Sir, — I hope you will excuse this letter's liberty and abruptness. Weak sight makes writing painful, but a sense of duty compels the effort. You are a powerful public teacher, and must feel how important it is that your teaching should be sound. On one point on which I have a strong personal feeling I deem it otherwise. Again and again you have thrown ridicule on those who seek to remove the prohibition on marrying a deceased wife's sister. Now that prohibition has kept me a widower nearly forty years, the alternative having been to act unjustly to my sister-in-law and to my children, mutually and strongly attached. In effect, out of the eighty years of my life I have passed but eight in the married state, and I cannot but thank and honour those who would have released me and many more from a very painful and most unprofitable dilemma.

[1] Sir G. B. Airy had first written "at my recognition of."

Pray forgive me for thus writing, and believe me,

Ever yours sincerely,

* * * * *

To —— —— Esq.:

Wesleyan Training College,
Westminster S. W., *December 19th*, 1878.

My dear Sir, — I have to thank you for your letter, and I assure you I was both interested and touched in reading it. I need not remind you that a rule may operate severely in individual cases, and yet may be for the general advantage. For instance, I can conceive a case in which the prohibition to marry one's niece (a marriage permitted in Protestant Germany) may be felt to press hardly; yet I have no doubt at all that such a prohibition is for the general advantage. Still, though I may continue to differ from you on the main point in question, I am not the less grieved to have said anything to give pain to one for whom I feel — if you will allow me to say so — such sincere esteem and regard as yourself.

Believe me, dear Mr. ——

Most truly yours,

Matthew Arnold.

My readers must not infer from the address of this letter that Matthew Arnold, who was never weary of scoffing at the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant Religion, lived in the Wesleyan Training College. It was, no doubt, as an inspector of schools that he was visiting it. While the students were writing their answers to the questions he had set them, he would fill up the time by his private correspondence. Against his confident belief on this marriage question it is interesting to set the no less confident belief on the same question of a brother poet, a man of vast learning and a strong Churchman. "Has it never occurred to you," wrote Robert Southey, "that this law is an abominable relic of ecclesiastical tyranny? Of all second marriages, I have no hesitation in saying that these are the most natural and the most suitable."

Few among my autographs do I value more highly than the following letter from Sir Thomas Browne to the antiquary Dugdale, the author of the Monasticon. Browne, Johnson, and Blackstone are the great boasts of Pembroke College, Oxford, in which I passed nearly four years of my student life. By the side of these three great luminaries, her other sons, such as Shenstone and Whitefield, are stars of small magnitude. "Sir Thomas Browne," writes Johnson, "was the first man of eminence graduated from the new college, to which the zeal or gratitude of those that love it most can wish little better than that it may long proceed as it began." De Quincey, in his Essay on Rhetoric, speaks of him as "deep, tranquil and majestic as Milton." Johnson, however, described his style as "indeed a tissue of many languages." Nevertheless he sometimes imitated it. When he tells how Frederick the Great "commanded one of his Titanian retinue to marry a tall woman that they might propagate procerity," Boswell accuses him of "indulging his *Brownism*." The "defect of faith" with which Browne had been charged, Johnson victoriously repels. "Nor," he writes, "can contempt of the positive and ritual parts of religion be imputed to him who doubts whether a good man would refuse a poisoned eucharist, and 'who would violate his own arm rather than a church.'" In his Dictionary, the great lexicographer, quoting this passage, defines "violate" "to injure by irreverence." In the year in which Browne wrote his letter to Dugdale he took unto himself a wife. The marriage was a happy one, even though he had lately declared in his Religio Medici that "the whole world was made for man, but only the twelfth part of man for woman," and that "man is the whole world, but woman only the rib or crooked part of man." With such doctrines as these, he is not likely to

be held in high esteem in Radcliffe College.

Honord Sir, — Though somewhat late I returne you most heartie thancks for your excellent booke; For wh the whole nation oweth you soe many acknowlegdments. I thinck myself exceeding happy to have the libertie of communication with a person of so approoued worth ingenuitie knowledge & integritie as yourself. I should bee restlesse to do you service if it were possibly in my power, & I beseech you to retaine a sensible apprehension of my earnest desires & true affection unto you. I would not omitt to enclose this wh somewhat concerneth the discourse of the fennes of wh I am very glad to learne the world shall not long languish in expectation. worthy Sir I am

Your most affectionat friend
servant & honorer
Tho. Browne.

Sept xi,
Norwich.

To my worthy & truly
honord friend Mr Dugdale
to bee left at the
Heralds office
London.

[Endorsed, probably by Dugdale.]

"*Dr Browne* of Norwich his Letter upon receipt of the second volume of the *Monasticon* *Sept xi*th 1661."

Among Browne's posthumous pieces is included Answers to Sir William Dugdale's Enquiries about the Fens.

On July 11, 1853, Macaulay recorded in his Diary: "Read Haydon's Memoirs. Haydon was exactly the vulgar idea of a man of genius. He had all the morbid peculiarities which are supposed by fools to belong to intellectual superiority, — eccentricity, jealousy, caprice, infinite disdain for other men; and yet he was as poor, commonplace a creature as any in the world. He painted signs, and gave himself more airs than if he had painted the Cartoons. Whether you struck him or stroked him, starved him or fed him, he snapped at your hand in just the same way. He would beg you in piteous accents to buy an acre and a half of canvas that he had spoiled. Some good-natured Lord asks the price. Haydon demands a hundred guineas. His Lordship gives the money out of mere charity, and is rewarded by some such entry as this in Haydon's journal: 'A hundred guineas, and for such a work! I expected that for very shame he would have made it a thousand. But he is a mean, sordid wretch.' In the mean time the purchaser is looking out for the most retired spot in his house to hide the huge daub which he has bought for ten times its value out of mere compassion." There is somewhere in America, unless the flames have claimed their own, Haydon's "great picture" of Christ's entry into Jerusalem. It was exhibited in London in 1820; if we can trust the painter's account, more than fifteen hundred pounds were taken in shillings at the door. It is said that he estimated that his genius deserved three thousand pounds a year, and that at the rate of three thousand pounds a year he had a right to live, whatever income he made. The base tradesmen with whom he dealt, indifferent to genius and its rights, not getting their accounts settled, twice threw him into a debtors' prison. That he would condescend to receive small payments is shown by the following letter, addressed to my mother's cousin, Mr. Tilt, a London publisher, for whom he seems to have been engraving some plates: —

Dear Sir, — Cash & activity are the sinews of War — if you proceed as you began — You are the man.

I send you 12
To 12 Num. — £2. 5

The rest as soon as dry; the bearer is trustworthy Yours &c
B R Haydon

Ju. 7, 1835.
Mr Tilt Fleet St.

The following letter from Professor Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol College, was written when I was working at my edition of Boswell. It was by the Clarendon Press — the press and publishing house of the University of Oxford — that the book was brought out. This great establishment was founded with the money made by the sale of Clarendon's History of the Great Rebellion. Soon after the middle of last century it had sunk into the neglect that overwhelmed learning in the university. In a curious manuscript volume in the possession of the Delegates of the Press it is stated that in 1764 "the under-servants and pressmen were a set of idle, drunken men, and the house appeared more like an ale-house than a printing-room." Of the men who did most to give it fresh life, Sir William Blackstone stands among the first. It has long been famous for the beauty and excellence of its printing. Americans who come to Oxford commonly pay a visit, I am told, to the little shop in the High Street where its publications are sold, so that they may carry away a memorial of the place. A family Bible, I learn, is what they almost always select, — an admirable choice, no doubt, in itself, but not one which brings any satisfaction to authors. They should procure also a specimen of that great division of the Clarendon Press which has always been known as the Learned Side; the wing of the printing-house, that is to say, in which everything is printed which is not a Bible, a prayer-book, or a hymn-book. The general excellence of the workmanship was attested by the Grand Prix which was awarded to the Press at the last great Exhibition in Paris. Nay, even with this distinction the stream of honors did not cease to flow, as is shown by the following invitation: —

"Le Président de la République et Madame Carnot prient Monsieur Clarendon Press Grand Prix (Cl. 9) de leur faire l'honneur de venir passer la Soirée au Palais de l'Elysée le Jeudi, 17 Octobre, à 9 heures et ½.

"On Dansera.

"*Carte personelle à remettre en entrant.*

"Monsieur Clarendon Press,
à Oxford, Angleterre."

The Press is governed by a board of university men, professors, tutors, and fellows of colleges, known as the Delegates, — a close corporation; for every vacancy is filled by the votes of the survivors. The vice-chancellor of the university, during his four years of office, is chairman of the board. It was fortunate for me that so sound and ardent a Johnsonian as the Master of Balliol College held this post when I sent in my proposal for a new edition of Boswell. His letter was addressed to Professor Price, at that time secretary of the Press, now Master of Pembroke College.

Dear Professor Price, — Will you tell D^r^ Birkbeck Hill that I shall be very happy to read his notes to the life of Boswell, if he thinks I can be of any use to him.

My impression of Boswell is that he was a great genius, which is the most natural explanation of his having written a great book, but weak and vainglorious like Goldsmith, and also a rake and a sot unlike Goldsmith, and always sinning and always repenting, which has a most comical effect. The letters to the Rev^d^ M^r^ Temple, the Bishop of Exeter's Grandfather, though they are chiefly a chronicle of rather low amours, are as well and graphically written as the life of Johnson. Macaulay's paradox "that he wrote a good book because he was a great fool," and Carlyle's correction "that he wrote a good book in spite of being a great fool," almost equally miss the mark: the real truth is that he wrote a good book because he was an extraordinary genius of a peculiar kind, gifted with the greatest love of truth and the

skill to express it where it would have been impossible to others; also with the strongest power of attaching himself to others, and drawing them out by sympathy; and he was the most social of human beings, and the greatest lover of human life in every variety of form.

I have been reading lately a book which no doubt Dr. Hill knows well: Hawkins' Life of Johnson, well worth reading though prolix. Mrs. Piozzi's diary throws an entirely new light on the family of Thrale. There is also a book about Johnson published by a Dr. Campbell, or rather professing to be written by him and published about 30 years ago in N. S. Wales. It contains accounts of Conversations with Johnson — which I believe to be forgeries, though I remember Lord Macaulay reproving me for doubting them. The book was reviewed in the Edinburgh about 28 or 30 years ago, and would be worth looking up for a new life of Boswell. My reason for thinking it a forgery is that it agrees too much with Boswell.

I remain,

Yours ever,

B. Jowett.

Oxford, *Dec.* 3rd [1882].

The Master had undertaken a much heavier task than he had dreamed of when he offered to read my notes. In those years he was the busiest man in the university, vice-chancellor, master, professor, and author all rolled into one. After he had seen a few of the proof-sheets he confessed that he was satisfied. To him I dedicated my edition of the Life of Johnson. I had to some extent anticipated his view of Boswell's character in a work published a few years earlier under the title, Dr. Johnson: His Friends and his Critics. How hard I labored at that little book, for it was my first, and what high hopes I formed! A year passed away, when one morning I received from my publishers, not a check, but a bill for the few copies I had given away to my friends. My ardor for giving away copies of my various works has ever since remained damped, if not indeed quenched. I still think I was ill used by the world, for who with a calm mind can see his first-born slighted? Let no one suspect me of any greater sin than vanity in thus mentioning my book. It is out of print, and can be found only at second-hand stalls. I do not know that a much better fate befell Boswell's Letters to the Rev. Mr. Temple. They have been published nearly forty years, and though they deserve all the praise the Master of Balliol bestowed on them, they have seen no second edition. The "accounts of conversation," which he believed to be forgeries, are, I think, genuine. It is indeed a suspicious circumstance that the author puts a profane expression into Johnson's mouth. Beyond all manner of doubt it was never uttered. Campbell, though a doctor of divinity and a parson, was also an Irishman, and therefore likely enough to have been so free in the use of oaths himself as, without any sense of incongruity or impropriety, to intersperse them wherever a due regard to emphasis seemed to require it. The late Dr. Findlater, the learned editor of Chambers's Encyclopædia, gave me an instance of this kind of reporting. One day, in company with a most respectable clergyman of the Church of England, a man as highly starched as his own white tie, he went fishing on a loch near Edinburgh. They had two men to row their boat. One of them, a profane fellow, could not open his mouth without letting fly an oath. The clergyman, greatly shocked, rebuked him more than once. On their return to the inn, the second boatman, without any sense of humor, but with a certain touch of Herodotus's manner of reporting a conversation, told the landlord that his mate had sworn so much that at last the English minister had cried out that he would be d— to h— if he would stand it any longer.

I received a second communication from the Master of Balliol a year later, from which I extract the following acute piece of criticism. The original letter I have had the pleasure to add to the great Johnsonian collection of my friend Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo.

"It is a curious question whether Boswell has unconsciously misrepresented Johnson in any respect. I think, judging from the materials which are supplied chiefly by himself, that in one respect he has — he has represented him more as a sage and philosopher in his conduct as well as his conversation than he really was, and less as a rollicking 'King of Society.' The gravity of Johnson's own writings tends to confirm this, as I suspect, erroneous impression. His religion was fitful and intermittent, and when once the ice was broken he enjoyed Jack Wilkes, though he refused to shake hands with Hume. I was much struck by a remark of Sir John Hawkins (excuse me if I have mentioned this to you before): 'He was the most humorous man I ever knew.' I shall be most happy to talk about the subject when you return to England; *ἐμοὶ περὶ Σωκράτους εἰπεῖν τε καὶ ἀκοῦσαι ἀεὶ ἥδιστον.*"[1]

The passage in Hawkins to which the Master referred is as follows: "In the talent of humour there hardly ever was Johnson's equal, except perhaps among the old comedians." I shall not, in this article, include the autograph which I possess of the great man, for I have already printed it among his Letters. I have in my collection the following curious cutting from a London newspaper, published a day or two after his body was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey: —

"There were present at the ill-performed service of yesterday not a single Bishop, and not six Curates. — Not one titled individual of our own country, or of the numerous foreigners amongst us. — No official deputations from our Universities or establishments of science. — Scarcely any of the learned professions. — Not even the Choir, and but four of the Chapter of the Cathedral which was honoured with his interment. — The Dean did not make one of those four.

"The only persons who understood themselves and their condition enough to attend as mourners on this sad solemnity were about thirty individuals, distinguished purely by science, sentiment and taste."

Among the mourners were Reynolds and Burke. What was the whole bench of bishops, or a dozen mourning-coaches full of "titled individuals," weighed against either of them?

Shenstone, to whom I will next introduce my readers, was one of "that nest of singing-birds" who last century gave renown to Pembroke College. He died a bachelor; yet he must have known what love was when he wrote so prettily: —

"She gazed as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return."

It was as a melancholy bachelor that he knew so well how to sing the praises of an inn: —

"Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

His letter, which bears no address, is as follows: —

Sunday 23*d Sept.* 1759.

My Comp^{ts} M^{r} Prattenton sent hither last night to request a Few Fish, of any sort, for his Father's Feast (who is Bailiff elect) on Thursday week — I am as unwilling to excuse myself as I am unable to oblige him, from any Pool of mine at the Leasowes — Could M^{r} Hylton or M^{r} Smith of Lapall contrive any means

[1] "For to me there is no greater pleasure than to have Socrates brought to my recollection; whether I speak myself, or hear another speak of him."

of procuring a good handsome dish, which I should be very glad to send him, at any reasonable expence? I am to let him know this afternoon.

I forgot to acquaint Mr Hylton yt his method of coloring my grove &c. is to finish everything yt requires *one* Color, *first;* then every thing of another, &c. By this means he will be able to compleat *five* while he does *one* ye other way — 'Tis ye grand arcanum in all manufactures. — Did I give Mr Hylton *all* my Kingfishers? For upon examining my Drawer I can find *none* — I should be glad of a middlin Dose of Rhubarb & Crem. Tartar by the Bearer.

Will: Shenstone.

Mr Hodgetts & his Sister here — For what various uses, in the Name of Wonder, is ye Implement intended, that came Last Night?

4 o'clock Afternoon — Admiral Smith & a Mr Wood in one Chaise, Mr Harris & Miss Milward in another — Left me about 3 — Lord Stanford's Servants &c. The Day exquisitely fine.

The Leasowes, — Shenstone's pretty place in Worcestershire, — though it covered but a few acres of ground, nevertheless, by the landscape-gardening with which he adorned it, swallowed up most of his fortune. No sooner did he come into possession of the property than "he began to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and such fancy as made his little domain the envy of the great, and the admiration of the skilful; a place to be visited by travellers and copied by designers." It long remained a show place. I have heard my father say that, in his boyhood, he and his schoolfellows, on a holiday, would walk over to see it all the way from a town many miles off. The bailiff-elect — the office corresponded to that of mayor — probably belonged to Hales-Owen, the neighboring market town. In its grammar school Shenstone was educated, and in its churchyard he found his last resting-place. The poet's equanimity must have been greatly disturbed by the request for fish. "His pleasure was all in his eye; he valued what he valued merely for its looks; nothing raised his indignation more than to ask if there were any fish in his water."

Some years ago, in the course of my reading I came across the following passage in Mrs. Piozzi's Journey through Italy: "I have no roses here [at Florence] equal to those at Lichfield, where on one tree I recollect counting eighty-four within your reach; it grew against the house of Dr. Darwin." It raised in my mind so pleasant a picture of the home of the poet who sang of the Loves of the Plants that I sent a copy to the great naturalist, Charles Darwin, who was, I knew, writing Erasmus Darwin's Life. He replied: —

Down, Beckenham, Kent,
July 1*st.*

Dear Sir, — I am much obliged to you for your kindness in writing to me. My notice of the life of my grandfather will be very short, and I doubt whether I shall go into such detail as to justify my using the little fact communicated by you.

Yours faithfully & obliged,

Ch. Darwin.

When we reflect on the place Darwin holds in the realm of science, — a place which no one has held since Newton died, — the two following entries have a certain air of strangeness about them. Macaulay recorded in his diary on July 17, 1856, "In the evening, Darwin, a geologist and traveller, came to dinner" (at Lord Stanhope's). Little did Macaulay suspect that one greater than Macaulay was there. There is this to be said by way of excuse for him, that The Origin of Species had not at that time been published. Of that work Carlyle

wrote, "Wonderful to me, as indicating the capricious stupidity of mankind; never could read a page of it, or waste the least thought upon it." A contemporary of Milton's described the immortal poet as "one Mr. Milton, a blind man." Carlyle, with all his learning and all his genius, here puts upon himself a scarcely less ridiculous mark.

From the gentle poet William Cowper I have a letter dated Olney, March 8, 1786, addressed to

Mr. Johnson, Bookseller
No. 72
St. Paul's Church Yard
London.

It is marked "Post pd 4^{d}." Had Cowper been writing to a man whom he considered his equal or superior in rank, he would not have prepaid his letter. To do so might have been looked upon as an insult, for it would have implied that his correspondent was too poor to afford the postage. Above the address there is the following strange endorsement: —

Capt. Parker
on board Sarah
Griffin's Warf [*sic*]
Cask of wine
Stone Bottlells [*sic*]
A Cradle &c.

As this letter is printed in full in the fifteenth volume of Southey's edition of Cowper's works, I shall quote no more than this extract: —

"I learn with pleasure from my friends in Town that the Subscrip^{t} prospers, and is likely to be brilliant and numerous. It is very little that in my situation I can contribute to it myself. I have however disposed of most of my papers, and some time about Easter, a friend of mine will attend you with 2 or 3 names and payments that have been pick'd up in this part of the world. The name of that friend is Bull. He is an Humourist and in some respects an oddity, but at the same time a man of excellent qualities and of much learning. Him I can see but seldom, for he lives at the distance of 5 miles from Olney, and he is the only neighbour of mine with whom I can converse at all."

It was a new version of the Iliad that Cowper was publishing by subscription. He had begun it almost by chance. Three months before the date of his letter he had written to John Newton: "For some weeks after I had finished the Task, and sent away the last sheet corrected, I was through necessity idle, and suffered not a little in my spirits for being so. One day, being in such distress of mind as was hardly supportable, I took up the Iliad; and merely to divert attention, and with no more perception of what I was then entering upon than I have at this moment of what I shall be doing this day twenty years hence, translated the twelve first lines of it. The same necessity pressing me again, I had recourse to the same expedient, and translated more." With the success of the subscription he was well pleased. "All the Scotch universities subscribed. Some friend who tried his influence at Oxford received for answer that they subscribed to nothing." To Cambridge he felt himself "much more obliged, and much disposed to admire the liberality of the spirit which had been shown there." Oxford had indeed sunk low in this indifference to literature, and had sunk rapidly. A quarter of a century earlier, when an edition of Swift's works, in seventeen volumes, octavo, was announced, fifty-two copies were subscribed for by the college libraries and residents in Oxford, while in addition fifty-four were ordered by the booksellers. In Cambridge, but thirty copies in all were taken. Pope's success was far greater than Cowper supposed, for he had five hundred and seventy-five subscribers at six guineas each. By the further payment which his bookseller undertook to make he received over five thousand pounds.

Mr. Bull, "the humourist," Cowper sometimes addressed in his letters as "Carissime Taurorum." He described him as "a dissenter, but a liberal one; a man of letters and of genius; a master of a fine imagination; or rather, not master of it, — an imagination which, when he finds himself in the company he loves and can confide in, runs away with him into such fields of speculation as amuse and enlighten every other imagination that has the happiness to be of the party; at other times he has a tender and delicate sort of melancholy in his disposition not less agreeable in its way. No men are better qualified for companions in such a world as this than men of such a temperament. . . . Such a man is Mr. Bull. But — he smokes tobacco. Nothing is perfect.

'Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.'"

From the recluse of Olney — as timid as his own pet hares — to that king of blusterers, Daniel O'Connell, is a long stride; the gulf between the two men can be bridged by verse. Whether the following lines, which are in the handwriting of the great agitator, were composed by him I do not know. Mr. John Dillon, to whom I repeated them, had never heard them before.

Still shalt thou be my waking theme,
Thy glories still my midnight dream,
And every thought and wish of mine,
Unconquered Erin! shall be thine!

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

29th April, 1837.

The first couplet recalls two lines in Pope's Sappho to Phaon: —

"'T is thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing and my dream by night."

A high place, indeed, did O'Connell hold in "the warm hearts and generous affections" of his countrymen. A year earlier than the date of this autograph Lord Brougham wrote: "Right or wrong, O'Connell has the Irish so attached to him that I see no other way of keeping that country quiet but through him." In 1826, Crabb Robinson chanced to be his fellow-traveler in crossing Ireland. "It was known on the road that 'the glorious Counsellor' was to be on the coach, and therefore at every village and wherever we changed horses there was a knot of people assembled to cheer him." Carlyle, who visited Dublin twenty years later, thus describes "this Demosthenes of blarney:" "I saw Conciliation Hall and the last glimpse of O'Connell, chief quack of the then world; first time I had ever heard the lying scoundrel speak. Every sentence seemed to me a lie, and even to know that it was a detected lie." Another twenty years passed by, when John Bright, in one of his great speeches, said of the old agitator, "I know of nothing that was favorable to freedom, whether in connection with Ireland or England, that O'Connell did not support with all his great powers." Cobden, however, had never trusted him, though they were so often found voting in the same lobby. "He always treated me with friendly attention," he wrote, "but I never shook hands with him or faced his smile without a feeling of insecurity."

In the following letter Miss Mitford is, I think, writing about a collection of autographs and letters which she was having bound. These words of hers, coming from no remote past, will be read with all the greater pleasure in Boston, recalling as they do so pleasantly and so truthfully the memory of Mr. Fields.

SWALLOWFIELD, Friday.

No parcel yet, my dear Mrs H——, and what is worse I have just received a packet from Boston, — autumn leaves from the American Forests, collected for me by Mrs Sparks, wife of the President of Harvard University, — which looks as if the steamer by which *our* parcel might have arrived had come in, so that for this week I have no hopes. Yet I have a letter to-day from Mrs [illegible], so it

is not sent there, and all I w^d ask of you is to contrive that room may be left to insert the contents when time permits of their coming, for of M^r Fields I am quite sure, — he never failed in an act requiring energy and kindness in his life, and would certainly not begin by failing towards me. What I asked of him was Portrait and Autograph of Longfellow and a drawing of Washington's House; Portrait and autograph of Whittier; D^o of Holmes, of Ticknor, and of Hawthorne, and I think I said Prescott. To this I added a sweeping clause that we should be glad of as many things bearing upon the book as he could pick up. I also expect from another quarter autographs of M^r Macaulay and Alfred Tennyson; I expect that the friend who has promised these is waiting to bring them to me and prevented by weather, — he lives nine miles off, — but they could go, I suppose, on the top or bottom of the page, pasted on. So probably could some that I expect of M^r [illegible] & Gerald Griffin. By the way, there is a portrait of the last prefixed to his brother's Life of him, a not uncommon book.

M^r Kingsley came to me on Monday all through the rain & sate with me three hours. He brought the promised autograph, but it turned out to be a sonnet to myself so full of gracious compliment as to be quite unfit to send to you — so the note, which is very characteristic and has a date, which the sonnet has not, must do instead. He tells me that the lithograph is a caricature, but that a good print of himself is coming out, if you think it worth keeping a place for. He is a charming person.

I have to-day a delightful letter from M^r Dillon, to whom I am about to write forthwith. Make my kindest compliments to M^r H——. If they have had similar rain in Holland Amsterdam must be under water. Our meadows are turned into lakes. Ever, dear M^rs H——, faithfully yours,

M. R. Mitford.

Crabb Robinson, who met Miss Mitford in 1824, describes her as having "pleasing looks, but no words." A very different account of her talk is given by Ticknor, who visited her eleven years later. "She seemed," he writes, "about fifty, short and fat, with very gray hair, perfectly visible under her cap, and nicely arranged in front. She has the kindest and simplest manners, and entertained us for two hours with the most animated conversation and a great variety of anecdote, without any of the pretensions of an author by profession, and without any of the stiffness that generally belongs to single ladies of her age and reputation. We liked her very much, and the time seemed to have been short when, at ten o'clock, we drove back to Reading."

The letter printed below, a mere nothing in itself, but nevertheless showing the natural gracefulness of the writer, was given me by a young Englishman, who by his great learning had won Renan's esteem: —

Perros-Guirec (Côtes du Nord),
11 *Août*, 1889.

Cher Monsieur ——: Nous serons ici jusqu'aux premiers jours d'octobre. Votre visite serait pour nous la plus vive des joies. Venez; nous n'avons que des rochers; mais ils sont de belle qualité. Nous vous les montrerons.

Croyez à ma meilleure amitié.

E. Renan.

Ecrivez-moi quand vous viendrez. Je vous donnerai l'itinéraire pour atteindre notre désert.

From Renan who escaped from the Church of Rome to Newman who escaped to it the transition is not difficult. The cardinal, some years ago, rewrote certain scenes in Terence's Eunuchus, so as to render it fit for boys to act. My father, an old schoolmaster, who in his younger days had often made his pupils perform Latin plays, expressed his pleasure in a

letter which Newman saw. He in his turn was pleased, as the following letter shows. I have been told by a friend who for many years lived with him in the closest intimacy that he was peculiarly sensitive to the opinion of others. He always wished to stand well with the world. A defense of himself he had long meditated, when Kingsley, by his onslaught, gave him an opportunity. He seized it with eagerness, caring next to nothing about his assailant, but very much about the esteem of his countrymen. He read with the greatest satisfaction all the favorable reviews of his Apologia which came before him. A laudatory article in the London Times, when a cardinal's hat was conferred on him, kept him in high spirits for some days.

REDNALL, *Septr* 21, 1870.

DEAR SIR, — Your uncle's letter has gratified me very much, and I thank you for showing it to me.

It is a bold thing to alter a Classic, and I only did it for our own boys. In receiving the commendation of strangers, I gain what I never aspired to, and what is a pleasant surprise to me.

When you write to Mr. Hill, I hope you will express my acknowledgements to him.

I am, dear Sir,
Very faithfully yours,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

From Cardinal Newman, the mender of plays, I pass easily to Mr. Henry Irving, with whom I corresponded last summer about a Johnsonian treasure in his possession. He wrote to me as follows:

LYCEUM THEATRE, 14 *July*, 1894.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have no doubt that it was from Thomas Osborne, as you suggest, Johnson received the Shakespeare folio ("The Second Impression") which I possess.

There are three inscriptions, which run thus: —

(1.) "Bot at Dr Johnson's Sale
Feb. 18. 1785. S. I."

(2.) "This book at ye death of Theobald the editor of Shakspear came into the hands of Osborn ye bookseller of Gray's Inn — who soon after presented it to the late Dr Johnson.
S. I. Feb. 25, 1785."

(3.) (This is a printed cutting pasted in.) "In the late sale of Dr Johnson's books there were several articles which sold wonderfully cheap, particularly the following — a folio edition of Shakespeare, the second, with a large number of notes, MS., in the margin, Johnson's own handwriting. The book had this further incidental circumstance enhancing its value, that it had been the property of Theobald and had many notes also written by him. The title and part of another leaf were wanting. These were the only articles on the *per contra* side; and the book, thus extremely curious, sold for only a guinea!"

I paid £100 for it!

I am, dear Sir,
Faithfully yours,
HENRY IRVING.

P. S. Who "S. I." was I have no idea.

"It has," writes Boswell, "been confidently related, with many embellishments, that Johnson one day knocked Osborne down in his shop with a folio, and put his foot upon his neck. The simple truth I had from Johnson himself. 'Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him. But it was not in his shop; it was in my own chamber.'" May it not be the case that Mr. Irving's treasure is this great historic folio? In the good old days, in our grammar schools, the unhappy culprit was often required to provide at his own cost the rods with which he was to be birched. Might not Osborne, in like manner, have provided the folio with which he was to be knocked down? Even his "impassive dulness which deadened the shafts of Pope's satires" would

scarcely have been proof against a beating with his own gift. Nichols, indeed, maintains that it was with a "Biblia Græca Septuaginta fol. 1594, Frankfort," that the deed was done. He had himself seen the book in the shop of one Thorpe at Cambridge, and read a note in it by the Rev. Mr. Mills which certified the fact. This folio is not mentioned, however, in the Auction Catalogue of Johnson's Library. A Greek Bible, I must admit, was left by him as a legacy to a friend. Nevertheless, it seems unlikely that so devout a man as the great moralist would have made so profane a use even of the Septuagint. He who took off his hat when he walked over the ground where a chapel had once stood was little likely to select a Bible wherewith to floor his adversary.

George Birkbeck Hill.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING AT ASSUÂN.

"Now, Ann, what would you like to do this afternoon?" I once heard an Englishwoman say to her young daughter, as they came slowly down the stairs of a Paris hotel. "Would you like to go to the Louvre, the Luxembourg, or the Salon?" To which the girl replied, with wistful candor, "If you don't really mind, mamma, I should *like* to go and shop."

That child's sentiments were my own when Christmas Eve found us at Assuân, within a stone's throw of the most interesting bazaars on the Nile. In vain our dragoman suggested a second trip to Philæ, and the really intelligent sightseers of the party reminded me severely that I had not examined half the inscriptions on my previous day's visit. In vain the conscientious members urged that we had never been to the island of Elephantine at all, the sacred island where the god of the cataracts dwelt in his hidden shrine. In vain a few adventurous spirits urged us to ride to a Nubian village amid the sandhills and see a sword-dance, — "the real thing this time, and no mistake." It was Christmas Eve. Shopping was the legitimate employment of the day. I thought of the English girl, and her fine rejection of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and the Salon, gathered a few unintelligent, unconscientious, and unadventurous idlers around me, and started for the bazaars.

Now, shopping on the Nile is a very different matter from shopping on Chestnut Street or Broadway. In the first place, it is not a question of buying what you want, but of buying what you see. In the second place, it is not a question of paying what is asked, but of paying what you please, — provided only that you can get the merchant to agree with you. He begins by asking five times, ten times, twenty times the worth of the article, in hopes that your bid will be correspondingly high. If you are an old and wary bargainer, this false start fails to daunt you; but as it is hard to discover the real market value of a thing, or rather as nothing has a market value, there is no estimate save that of your own desires. How much is it worth to you? I have known a first-class dealer in Cairo to demand forty pounds for an antique basin and ewer of Persian enameled copper, and to end by selling it for fifteen, and he was presumed to be a reliable merchant. The wary Egyptian who stands behind his tiny counter at Assuân is prepared for greater falls than this. One swarthy and excitable person, from whom I wished to purchase a small blue stone toad, fresh from the factory of Luxor, assured me its "last price"

was a sovereign. On my hinting as gently as I could that a shilling would be rather too dear, he flung out his arms with a noble dramatic gesture, and called Heaven to witness that he could get a sovereign for it any day he pleased; many people would be glad to pay that price for such a curious and beautiful antique. We said that he would do well to keep it for these generous customers, and were passing on, when he slipped out of his bazaar, and caught my gown with one hand, while he held up the little monster alluringly with the other. "A pound is cheap — cheap!" he protested. "What then does madame expect to give, if she desires to possess such a treasure?" Madame intimated her willingness to pay sixpence, and no more; whereupon, like Lady Clare's lover,

"He laughed a laugh of merry scorn,"

and swept the toad so swiftly up his sleeve that for one brief moment I was beguiled into believing the thing really had some mysterious value, and that I had betrayed my ignorance by the modesty of my bid. But five minutes later, as we were bargaining at another bazaar for a Soudanese battle-axe, I felt a hand laid persuasively on my arm, and there stood my friend with the toad, more reproachful and more dramatic than ever. The price had fallen now to fifteen shillings. He was downcast, but resigned. Since the rich American lady was unwilling to give more, the poor Egyptian must be content to lose. "Take it for fifteen shillings, and good-by." The rich American lady explained that sixpence was her final offer, and continued her negotiations for the axe. It took a long time for this weapon to fall, by slow degrees, from thirty shillings to eight, at which price it was finally purchased, and I had forgotten all about my toad in this new excitement, when a voice whispered mournfully in my ear, "What you like to give, then? Twelve shillings?" I shook my head. The Egyptian seemed pained. He looked at me as if I had gone back on my promised word. I moved away. He followed me from stall to stall, and the shillings dropped off at every step, like leaves from a tree in autumn. Nine — eight — seven — six — five — four — three — two — one — then a long, incredulous pause. "Madame will not give one shilling for a stone two thousand years old? Take it for sixpence!" The toad was thrust into my hand, and its former proprietor withdrew, no longer melancholy, but wreathed with smiles, and plainly well pleased with his bargain.

Imitation antiques, however, play but an insignificant part in the trade of an Assuân bazaar. Curious and beautiful things lie heaped up on these narrow shelves; and the dim light that filters down through the loosely timbered roof, in strong contrast to the yellow glare outside, conceals many a flaw and rent, and lends a deceptive charm to the gaudy tissues and barbaric ornaments around us. Here are the gold-embroidered veils of Assiut, so soft in texture that they may be drawn though a woman's bracelet, yet so indestructible that they are handed down as heirlooms from one generation to another. These veils are always dear. A good one, well covered with embroidery, costs from two to three pounds; but they represent long weeks of labor, and pass through many hands before reaching the European purchaser. The best are to be bought at Assiut, the only place in Egypt where they are made; but they find their way in small quantities to Assuân, and even to the bazaars of Cairo. At Assuân, too, is the famous red and black pottery of Assiut, displayed in tempting rows, and amazing us by the grace and delicacy of its designs. How can we resist this beautiful and brittle ware, though we know by sad experience the difficulty of carrying it unbroken? The most charming pieces, too, are invariably the most fragile. I can buy a crocodile paper-weight or a

little dish with some chance of security; but I do not want a dish, and an Assiut paper-weight is a violent accommodation of native pottery to the needs of a saddened civilization which fills me with abhorrence. What I really desire is an incense-box, an oval incense-box, with a tapering lid, and a slender stem at least seven inches high. Its color is a dark, smooth red, and a finely wrought arabesque runs three times around the bowl and the delicate stand which supports it. My companions look askance upon this exquisite and useless toy, the price of which is a paltry shilling, and remind me unkindly of somewhat similar pieces I bought at Assiut, and the fragments of which now lie buried at the bottom of the Nile. But the most wonderful thing about my incense-box is that it unscrews, actually unscrews into five parts, and may be packed and put together again whenever and wherever I please. This discovery makes it irresistible. I point out triumphantly how safely it can be carried, pay my shilling, and walk proudly away. Five minutes later, a small Arab boy, darting through the bazaars, jolts violently against me. My box shivers, unscrews itself with extraordinary facility, and, before I realize what has happened, the stem lies shattered on the ground, while a murmured chorus of "I told you so" rises distinctly, and, I think, joyously, around me. "Learn, my son," says the satirist, "to bear tranquilly the misfortunes of others."

Perhaps the most interesting things at Assuân are the weapons, fantastically arranged, and of a picturesquely ferocious appearance: long and heavy swords, sheathed in snakeskin; spears taller than the tallest man; battle-axes, with inlaid blades and snakeskin handles; rhinoceros shields; double-bladed daggers, curved and sinister; slender knives; slings for throwing stones, after the primitive fashion of David. All these warlike instruments are said to be of Soudanese workmanship. At least such is the claim of the merchants, though the dragomans are apt to deny it, and to declare that there is not a single real Soudanese weapon in the bazaars. Be this as it may, the Soudan is to the tradesmen of upper Egypt what Paris is to the milliners and dressmakers of America, — a sacred name used to enhance the value of their wares, and to conjure big prices from the credulous. Every string of beads, every silver anklet, every rusty knife and cracked little tom-tom, has the same legend connected with it, and repeated over and over again with serene and hardy assurance, — "Soudanese." After a time this undaunted mendacity wins its way into our estimation. We know, for instance, that these pretty necklaces are made on the spot: we have all of us seen men sitting at the street corners stringing the beads. We know, too, that the beads themselves are imported from England, — everybody knows this; and yet we acquiesce little by little in the pious fiction of the Soudan. We begin, probably, by exhibiting our purchases to one another as "Soudanese ornaments." This does not mean much, because nobody is deceived. It is a mere figure of speech. In a day or two, however, I find myself writing home, "I bought a string of yellow Soudanese beads for two shillings;" and only when it is down in uncompromising black and white do I recognize — yet without compunction — the robust nature of my falsehood. By the time I am back in America, I expect to believe implicitly that all my beads — yellow, and blue, and milky white, like old translucent Venetian glass — are really and truly what they claim to be, "necklaces from the Soudan."

As for the amber which hangs in festoons from many of the bazaars, it is wonderfully cheap, but dull in color and very clumsily cut. The big lumpy beads are sometimes the size of walnuts, and when small they look exactly like ker-

nels of corn strung together by a country child. Yet the native women, especially the jet-black wives of the jet-black Soudanese soldiers stationed at Assuân, value this amber very highly. One sees long strings of it hanging over their bosoms and around their children's necks, and almost always there are silver amulets attached, inscribed with texts from the Koran. I bought two of these amulets in the bazaars, after a great deal of troublesome bargaining. At Assuân, as at Cairo, all silver is sold by weight. English shillings and half-crowns are heaped into the measure until the scale turns, when a moderate additional charge is made for workmanship. It seems the most reasonable system in the world, and is in reality the most delusive. When the same articles differ strikingly in price at rival bazaars, and when each dealer demonstrates that he is asking the value of the silver, one's faith in weights and measures is cruelly shaken.

Indian merchants are wonderful adepts in this gentle art of over-charging; but they make valiant efforts to meet the supposed requirements of their customers. Tea-pots, pepper-pots, fat little cream-jugs, heavy umbrella-handles, salt-cellars, toilet-bottles, — an endless array of useful inutilities, — litter their stalls. The designs and decorations are always the same: a fine tracery of scrolls or arabesques; a succession of Hindu gods sitting on their heels; or a spirited representation of animals chasing each other in a circle, so that one cannot easily determine whether the dog is pursuing the hare, or the hare is capturing the lion, all being of equal size and activity.

The Egyptian goldsmith, however, indulges in none of these alien vagaries. He makes — as his great-grandfather made before him — bracelets, and anklets, and necklaces, and ravishing cups that will not stand, and beautiful clumsy boxes that will not shut, and amulets like those I purchased at Assuân. These cannot be compared for a moment with the exquisite Byzantine amulets that hang in the old silver-shops of Athens, richly chased, curiously bordered, inlaid with black enamel, and representing with vigorous simplicity the triumph of St. George over the dragon, or one of the six-winged angels of St. Sophia's, half smothered in her excess of plumage. The Byzantine amulet is a work of art. The Egyptian boasts of no such distinction, but it possesses one advantage over its Greek rival: it is still an object of recognized utility, not a mere curio dangling in a shop window for the allurement of unbelieving strangers. There is hardly a barefooted little girl on the Nile who does not wear one of these pious safeguards strung around her neck, and often enough she has a second, wrapped up in rags, and hidden away somewhere amid her scanty drapery. Even the donkeys, provided they are donkeys of substance, well fed and well cared for, are decorated and preserved from evil by a silver amulet, and sometimes by two or three, according to the wealth or piety of their proprietors. The amulets worn by the donkeys are triangular or cylindrical in shape, hung round with tiny balls, and hollow for the accommodation of strips of paper on which are written the sacred texts. They are made of the thinnest and poorest silver, are roughly wrought, and of no especial value, save when a European prices them in the bazaars. Then they rise instantly in native estimation, are handled reverently as if there were none others like them in all Egypt, and can be made to outweigh any number of shillings that the dealer thinks fit.

Much prettier than these are the flat disks or squares of silver, inscribed with texts, and worn, half as ornaments, half as charms, by Egyptian women and children. One of those I secured is engraved on both sides with Arabic characters, and our dragoman, who enjoys the reputation of being the best scholar on the Nile, read me their meaning thus:

"May Allah, the all-powerful and all-merciful, hold you in the wisdom of his ways." This seems a great deal to be conveyed by letters so few in number, but I am too well pleased with the translation to risk its loss by showing it to more reliable authorities.

By the time this last bargain was concluded, the afternoon light was waning fast, and the bazaars had grown dim with shadows. Reluctantly we turned our faces to the river, and started home, laden with Christmas spoils. As boxes, wrapping-paper, string, packages of any kind, are unknown luxuries on the Nile, everybody had a comfortable view of everybody's else purchases, save when a few were laboriously hidden away, to reappear as gifts on the morrow. We presented a curious spectacle as we strolled along the bank in the golden haze of an Egyptian sunset, and our friends on board, who impatiently awaited our return, greeted us with mingled derision and delight. Rows and rows of beads, amber and glass, were strung around our necks, as the least troublesome method of carrying them. Swords and spears were brandished in triumph, and absurd little drums of black clay were beaten joyously with narrow strips of leather. Enthusiastic members of the party had invested in "Madam Nubias," those brilliant fringes of leather and beads and shells which constitute the simple wardrobe of a Nubian girl until she reaches maturity. The leather is cut into thin strips, and well soaked in castor-oil to make it pliable. The bright-colored beads are woven into a sort of network, terminating in a row of shells which clatter cheerfully at every step she takes. I had seen children attired in this costume, eked out by a necklace or two and half a dozen bracelets, and presenting a very picturesque and comfortable appearance; but I had no ambition to emulate the traveler in A Scrap of Paper by carrying home such primitive fashions for the embarrassment of Western decorum. Silver ear-rings and nose-rings prettily fashioned, clumsy anklets hung round with bells, strips of embroidered silk and muslin, and yellow morocco slippers with pointed toes had all been deservedly popular; while those light-hearted travelers who never take into consideration the distance of Egypt from America, or the repressive force of trunks and custom-houses, had invested in copper drinking-vessels, earthenware bowls, and gayly decorated gourds. A few persevering natives followed us even to the water's edge with cheap turquoises or imitation scarabs; and one man held out to me a string of beads, yellow and black, precisely like those I already wore. "Soudanese," he murmured insinuatingly, "only eight shillings." For reply I showed him my own necklace. "Two shillings," I said, "in the bazaars." He nodded intelligently, examined my beads with a pleased smile, and then, shrugging his shoulders with the air of one defeated in argument, handed me the second string. "All right," he answered resignedly. "Take it for five." And he really seemed amazed that I refused.

Agnes Repplier.

A STANDARD THEATRE.

In this progressive age of ours, it seems, to a younger generation, hardly credible that the stage and all connected therewith lay very lately under a kind of social ban. Yet one need not be much declined into the vale of years to recall a time when, though the playhouse flourished precariously in large cities of the United States, many intelligent minds avoided it; while the players lived apart, and, in spite of Hamlet's plea, were far from well bestowed. We have reformed that altogether with us, to-day. Even Puritan New England now finds no more offense in a good play than in a good novel. The theatre is a recognized place of resort in every small community, and the old unreasonable prejudice against it has died a natural death.

The permanent foothold thus gained so swiftly throughout the land indicates a national taste for the sympathetic art of acting; and the taste is, in fact, a strong one. We have proved ourselves so sensitive to the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin that no great foreign player considers his career complete without a renewal of his triumphs here. Moreover, though hampered by adverse conditions, we have produced more than one player of the first rank, whose name and fame are spread abroad. But two or three fixed stars do not make a firmament; nor does admiration of their incomparable beauty imply a knowledge of astronomy, or even a consciousness of one's own ignorance. The fact remains that, while the popular taste has been demonstrated, its cultivation goes on but slowly. The fertile soil is unimproved. While, during the last twenty years, Music, Painting, and Sculpture have made a superb advance upon this side of the Atlantic, Acting, the youngest of the arts, still lags painfully behind her elder sisters.

The cause of this disproportionate growth is easily determined. Private enterprise, which in our republic nobly supplements the scanty allowance of government patronage, has bestowed upon us splendid museums, — treasure-houses constantly enriched by new bequests, with their attendant schools of instruction and traveling scholarships. The American art student, now made free of the best examples, has no one but himself to blame if he fails to profit by them; and that he improves these advantages was clearly shown at the Columbian Exhibition. In music our advantages are even greater, falling indeed little short of absolute perfection. New York has an opera house second to none, where the work of the great composers is interpreted with all possible completeness of detail by the best singers that the world affords; and, through the generosity of a single citizen, Boston is endowed with an orchestra, justly famous. The public has attested in the heartiest way its appreciation of these gifts. Their success is proved beyond dispute. With them all, art stands precisely where it should. The commercial element, when the thought of it exists, holds but a secondary place; a desire to attain supreme excellence for the public benefit is the noble ambition that controls and guides them.

This true artistic spirit it is which governs the stage in France, and makes its reputation world-wide. There, the state grants annually large subsidies to certain Parisian theatres, upon condition that the masterpieces of literature shall alternate in performance with the reigning successes of the day. The value of such a system is inestimable and manifold. Thereby the public taste is quickened and cultivated through acquaintance with the classics, which grow familiar as household words. The modern author,

writing for a trained audience capable of critical comparison, knows that his play will be judged upon its literary or dramatic merit; his spectators are by no means "barren," and to win their favor he must strive for vivid, truthful characterization, with accompanying graces of style. No cheap, theatrical device, no splendor of tinsel and lime-light, will serve his turn. Obeying Shakespeare's injunctions to the letter, he may "show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." The greater his accomplishment upon these simple lines, the stronger is his assurance of success. He submits his manuscript to a management freed from the necessity of mere money-getting, eager for good work and fully qualified to recognize it; one also having at its command a fine company, which, continually reinforced by prize-winners of the Conservatoire, is kept on the alert for new parts in comedy, tragedy, or poetic drama, as the case may be. A liberal treatment of the art, as an art, has resulted in those splendid organizations of the Théâtre Français and the Odéon, where even a *succès d'estime* is rare, and absolute failure an unheard-of thing. Every year the *répertoire* of these theatres is extended by new plays, worthy of the name, which hold the stage through all the changing seasons. The theatrical amateur, whatever his walk of life, becomes, in consequence, an enlightened being. Even the gallery gods grow keenly intelligent, and the public gain is incalculable.

Woefully different is the condition of things theatrical in the United States, where the stage is still a prey to private speculation. With us the successful manager is a shrewd business man, seeking personal profit, demanding from his author novelty, or the semblance of it, at any sacrifice. Too often he gives no evidence whatever of artistic impulse. But should such an impulse be his, he must smother it religiously, and adopt for his device the mournful text from Ovid: "Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor." Saddled with the fear of loss which may be his ruin, he can afford to run no risks, but, watching the foreign theatres closely, draws upon their resources for his experiments. If he ventures occasionally to revive an English masterpiece, this must be presented with an elaboration of detail which in itself shall prove a novelty, and so attract the town. The play is not the thing, but text and characters are slaughtered ruthlessly to suit his new setting or the limitations of his salary list. In short, he serves the time; he does not even pretend to influence it. With him the question is purely one of business, not of art. His first thought must be to protect himself, and one can scarcely blame him for the defensive attitude into which he is driven by force of circumstances. But from every point of view except his own the result is deplorable. The public, lured by false fires, with no standard to guide it, with its traditions unguarded and forgotten, condones one fault after another and fails in discrimination. The vicious "star system," hopelessly at variance with the principles of art, prevails, and is accepted meekly. The great French or Italian player comes before us with inadequate support which would not be tolerated in his own land. We study him at a disadvantage that is but imperfectly understood. With all its fondness for the theatre and its natural quickness of perception, the average American audience is certainly the least critical in the world.

The remedy for this defect and all the ills proceeding from it lies in the establishment of a standard theatre, on the broad basis of the Metropolitan Opera House or the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with sufficient capital to relieve it from the urgent necessity of money-making. So long as the theatre is liberally endowed and liberally managed, it matters not whether the capital be fur-

nished by a syndicate, as in the case of the Opera House, or by one man's gift, as the Boston Orchestra was founded; nor does it matter for the general good what city shall undertake its foundation. The organized company would soon make a name for itself, and by playing supplementary engagements in other cities would set the standard far and wide. Opinions may differ as to the precise sum needed for such an enterprise; but, surely, a theatre of the highest class might be carried on with a much smaller fund than that maintained by the New York Opera Syndicate for its famous singers, its important conductor, and its enormous corps of supernumeraries. The auxiliary course of instruction, which should be made a part of the system from the first, would undoubtedly pay its own way. Already New York has a dramatic school, directed by a man of strong artistic feeling, whose success proves that there would be no lack of recruits for a company devoted to the production of the best work in the best possible manner. With the endowed theatre once assured, the training-school must follow as the night the day.

Granting the possibility of such an endowment, the best method of employing it remains to be considered. The attempt made a few years ago to establish what was known as the Theatre of Arts and Letters is still fresh in all minds. Its capital was furnished by a number of small subscribers, and the management pledged itself to produce untried plays at stated intervals before the subscription audience, in a theatre hired for the occasion, with competent actors drawn from various well-known theatrical companies. Its general plan thus bore a close resemblance to that of M. Antoine's Théâtre Libre in Paris. The limits and deficiencies of such a scheme were soon apparent. It was a trial theatre of occasional existence, and its performances, interesting as they were to the special audience, made no more impression upon the public at large than those of its Parisian prototype. Literary merit was desired, and was discernible in all the work accepted, but some of the plays produced, dramatic only in form, gave the entertainment an air of eccentricity which did not commend itself to the average theatre-goer. The fitful experiment was discontinued after one season, with no suggestion of its renewal. Its lines were narrow, and its failure, though regrettable, cannot reasonably be viewed in the light of a discouragement to an enterprise of wider scope. It was an intermittent theatre, at best; and so far as the written work is concerned, the result rather goes to prove that the theatrical art, like any other, has laws and limitations not to be disregarded, which confront the man of letters who would succeed as a dramatist. When he has kept these principles in view and has mastered them, literary skill is certainly no barrier to his success in Paris, where, in spite of M. Antoine's withdrawal from the field, new plays of a very high order are brought forward every year at the subsidized theatres. Had we an endowed theatre which should compare with these in excellence, upholding the best work obtainable, whether new or old, it is safe to say that this would not languish for want of popular favor.

The one essential in the scheme of a standard theatre is that it should be broad enough to overcome any petty prejudice of the hour. No school of writers should govern it, but its list of modern authors should be as comprehensive as that of the Théâtre Français, where Dumas Fils and Catulle Mendès stand side by side with François Coppée and Victor Hugo. In these matters, as in those of practical working detail, the long experience of the French Theatre might well serve as guide. Above all, as that theatre is the House of Molière, ours should be the House of Shakespeare, — not in a modern, mutilated acting version, but played with a full text, as Molière is played in Paris.

There, the master's work is presented with scenery entirely adequate, yet involving no long waits, and resolutely subordinated to the necessary question of the play, which moves swiftly from the first word to the last without curtailment. Corneille and Racine, always in readiness, are similarly treated. With these conditions in force, we might hope for a performance of Hamlet which should preserve the leading part intact, and should even go so far as to include the character of Fortinbras, whose acquaintance the theatre-goer is never permitted to make. One can imagine the effect of the Norwegian conqueror's solemn entrance at the end, with "the soldier's music and the rites of war." But as things go now, the play is shorn of that, and other abridgments lead to positive obscurity in its representation. This immortal tragedy holds our stage through the favor of some successful actor who makes its title part the touchstone of his inventive powers, warping it to suit himself, distorting all the other parts at pleasure. Many plays of Shakespeare, lending themselves less readily to these barbarisms, are shelved altogether, with those of his great contemporaries; The Tempest, for instance, which has not been played these forty years. Marlowe's "mighty line" is never spoken; Jonson and Massinger have become dead letters. The dramatists of the last century fare little better. Even the memories of Goldsmith and Sheridan, so long kept green, are slowly fading. We store up the richest dramatic literature in the world for special students; the general public has no suspicion of its value.

The American painters, sculptors, and composers are rapidly coming to the front, stimulated to high endeavor by intelligent organized protection. Though the government is slow to extend its patronage, our rich men, fortunately, are anything but that, when their sympathies are once aroused; and their acceptance of duties unprescribed is a most hopeful sign of our civilization. Development in art is a slow matter compared with the building of a railroad, or even of a navy; its growth is gradual, like that of a tree; and, like a tree, it must be watched and tended before it will flourish. Those who are in a position to cultivate our unperfect garden have recognized the necessity in certain instances, and have risen to the occasion with glorious results. When the same care is applied to the theatre, the good work will tell in the same way. Our dramatists of reputation would eagerly contribute their support to an endowed management whose aim should be artistic excellence; and younger men, who, under the present discouragements, turn all their skill into other channels, would soon be tempted to strive seriously for success on such a stage. The dramatic field is one of the broadest and finest in all literature. Why should it be left a desert waste, with rare oases, in this one land?

It cannot be destined for all time to such neglect. The artistic spirit is stirred within us, and its influence widens, slowly but surely, among all sorts and conditions of men. Daily increasing attendance at our museums proves this; so does our hearty appreciation of the best, when the best is attainable. We may grant, if we please, that the general public is an ass, and will as tenderly be led by the nose as asses are. The one thing needful is to lead it in the right direction. Sooner or later our slumbering intelligence will awaken to the need, and, either through one man's bounty or through a combination of applied forces, the missing standard, without which we labor helplessly, will be set before us. We have the theatre sense, and, with that, the standard theatre is a thing inevitable. "If it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all."

T. R. Sullivan.

SOME NOTES ON THE ART OF JOHN LA FARGE.

It is always a delicate task to write an appreciation, for his own countrymen, of the work of any living artist past fifty. Introduction seems unnecessary, if not impertinent, criticism foolish, praise absurd. In the case of Mr. John La Farge, however, circumstances have conspired to render the temptation to write irresistible. While Mr. La Farge has received the signal honor of being the first foreigner who has been invited to make a "one man" exhibition in connection with the Salon of the Champ de Mars, comparative study has been made easy by the display, at Durand-Ruel's in New York, of the collection of water-colors and oils destined for Paris, and also of some of the artist's older flower-pieces. Thus it becomes at once interesting, if not imperative, and possible to inquire into the qualities of this art which eminent French painters wish to introduce to the notice of their countrymen.

As we know it, Mr. La Farge's art falls into several distinct groups, held together by consistent principles and the "personal note" pervading them all. There is the artist's easel work in oils, his work as a flower-painter in water-colors, his work in mural decoration and in glass, and last, but not least, his work as a traveler. It is as a traveler and an artist in glass that Mr. La Farge has been invited to exhibit in Paris. It is therefore mainly on these two lines that my comments on his work will be based.

What need is there for further comment on the work in glass of Mr. La Farge? The mastery of his material, the charm of his color, his rank as a colorist, his knowledge of the decorator's craft, his originality as an inventor, meet unquestioned recognition. What further remains to say? Only this, perhaps: that the recognition is often given in an offhand way, without any feeling for the real value of decorative art (which, when serious, is nothing less than monumental art; that is, the greatest of all art), or for the real importance of color in the life of to-day. It is here that sympathy with and observation of things outside the narrow domain of critical formulas applied in art galleries have, I think, proved themselves specially valuable to the student of art problems. There can be no doubt that the sense of color, so long starved and stultified from a variety of causes, social, artistic, industrial, and moral, is beginning to reassert itself. This is manifested in two ways. There is a growing tendency to handle color in decoration, if not with the unfailing knack and evident joy of the great coloristic epochs and nations, at least with some right understanding of principles and some feeling for the results to be obtained. Much of this is doubtless due to training; some of it to the conscious work of rehabilitation, begun half a century ago by Gottfried Semper and Owen Jones; more, perhaps, to the opportunities for study of the practice of the East, the rich color-symphonies of India and Persia and the unsurpassed poems in color of the Japanese, — sweet and peaceful, light and airy, gleefully symbolical or joyously brilliant, but always appealing, in their color combination alone, to something beyond the mere pleasure of the senses. It is interesting to speculate, in regarding this combination, upon what the probable or possible effects might have been if all this influx of new art forms and conceptions had taken place in a period of concentration instead of a period of expansion and sympathetic intellectual curiosity. As it is, it has taken place in a period not only of expansion, but of fermentation, of which the ultimate results are beyond our ken. No one can doubt the receptive attitude of mind,

however. A certain amount of training in such delicate matters as æsthetic perception and æsthetic demands has thus become possible. But training would have been of no avail, if the aptitude had not been lying dormant, and the craving ready to awaken. There is a real demand for color; crude, distorted, misunderstood, misdirected in many ways, listening to many false prophets, but unmistakably there. It goes with our love of nature, which, from the sentimental, is passing into the joyous, spontaneous, healthy stage; with the love of the external world for its own beautiful sake, that generally goes by the name of paganism, which is only the natural outcome of this century of great discoveries and increased knowledge of the inexhaustible beauties of nature. In this respect Mr. La Farge's work in glass is of peculiar significance. While it gives the deep, often grave sensuous joy craved by the quickened pulse of the time, by our growing conviction of the beauty of God's creation, it is itself largely inspired by and built on the discoveries of science within the domain of optics. These were not so easily accessible as they are now, in handbooks and treatises, when Mr. La Farge was first attracted by them; but some books there were, and some articles in periodicals, which helped him and his chosen friend along in their speculations. Most of the artist's wonderful effects are obtained by his study of the phenomena of polarization and of interference (especially as shown in opalescent media), and his thorough knowledge of the nature of complementary contrast. In glass this tells in two ways: contrast always serves to enhance color, giving both richer glow and deeper significance; the use of the complementary color instead of shading by means of shadows and modeling preserves, nay enriches, the quality of the glass, which would be dulled or impoverished by any attempt at modeling by painting on the glass. This knowledge, this scientific basis, would be of no avail, however, if the material were poor or the artist lacking in intuition. We all know that in Mr. La Farge's work scientific interest has only served, never chilled, the strong, warm, thrilling artistic joy of the artist in the handling of color for its own sake; that it has served, not as a basis for theory only, but as a basis for inventions, which have intensified this joy by the delight of finding, developing, perfecting one's own material. Mr. La Farge's work as an artist in glass cannot be ranked too high. It has that excellence, life, and charm which come of inspiration from the material; it is fresh, original, strong, coming as direct from the fountain head of the deep, mystic, and musical charm of translucent color as the early mediæval glass itself; it is a splendid instrument, perfectly fitted to express both the healthy joy of our open-air ideals and the yearning spirituality of our reaction against the crudeness of materialism. It is, to my mind, one of the great artistic utterances of the age, if not of all ages, combining as it does spiritual tendencies with the last word in material and mechanical progress, in a form to characterize which I must quote a Frenchman's quaint expression. The Frenchman was M. Tournel, himself an artist and an inventor of glass processes, crippled by poverty and obscurity, while a caustic critic of others, as pursuers of ideals are apt to be. We were speaking of Mr. La Farge's work, of which he had seen some solitary specimens. He expressed himself with a boundless enthusiasm, which he summed up, as it were, by saying with emphasis, "Enfin, c'est un *verrier!*"

We must not leave Mr. La Farge's work without a tribute to the beauty of his line. For reasons given above, and also because quality in line is more recondite than quality in color, it does not appeal to the general public as much as his color. But it is there, nevertheless; the hand of the master of the Pied Piper

of Hamelin has gained, not lost, in cunning, by attacking the intricate problems involved. For those who have not made a special study of Mr. La Farge's lead-lines, I will add that his problem has been threefold. The leading had to be elevated to the dignity of line, helping out the design, not criss-crossing it; in this respect Mr. La Farge goes back to the best traditions of the art of glass. To an artist of Mr. La Farge's temper this line had to be intrinsically good, as a pattern only, irrespective of anatomy, drawing, or handling of the subject; it had also to follow the forms of the pieces of glass, as made necessary by the modulation of color.

To proceed to Mr. La Farge's work as a traveler. His painting here falls into two distinct groups: his Japanese pictures, painted in 1886, and the sketches and water-colors which he brought home from his one year's sojourn in the South Seas. His Japanese work at once brings up for discussion some very interesting points. It is evident to all that this work is different in character, and perhaps in artistic aim, from the quick, direct renderings of atmosphere, water, color, motion, life, on the islands of Hawaii, Samoa, and Tahiti. To many it is less interesting. Nor does it all profess to be important. Much of it is of the kind which appeals only to those who care for notes of technical skill, and evidences of an inquisitive artistic temperament. Nearly all of it has, at first sight, a curious strangeness, which neither shocks nor fascinates, quiet and reserved, and without the piquant charm of exotic fairyland. This strangeness, which we all feel, though we may interpret it differently, is due to the fact, I believe, that the artist has looked at his subjects through the medium of his intelligence. In the South Sea Islands, perhaps especially in Hawaii, he has been the painter only; looking for color, line, motion, atmosphere; giving poetry and character incidentally, though in no unstinted measure. In his Japanese things he is a painter, but he has looked at nature, it would seem, in an entirely different way; very much in the same way, I fancy, as Theodore Rousseau looked at the forest of Fontainebleau, quietly, profoundly, with certain intellectual musings on the character of the scene that somehow get into the picture, and impress the chance and hurried spectator as strange, while the student finds more and more of these musings revealed to him the more he studies the picture. This is synthesis in painting, indeed, if it is still possible to use this much-abused word in a deep and comprehensive sense. This synthesis of the characteristics of a country would hardly be possible without study and assimilation of the artistic traditions of the country when they have found an utterance in art. Naturalistic representations of Holland, whether impressionist or otherwise, might be made without any reference to the artistic traditions of Holland; it is impossible to conceive a synthetic representation of Dutch landscape — a representation, that is, which aims at summing up the characteristics of the landscape and the artist's impressions of its peculiar poetry — that would not be deepened and strengthened by the study of Ruysdael, Holbein, and Cuyp. So Mr. La Farge has imitated, or rather assimilated Japanese art. In this direction goes one of his most ambitious and interesting efforts exhibited here, the large oil-painting of Kuwannon. Let us listen to Mr. La Farge himself, in his notes of travel appended to the New York catalogue, to hear how he has conceived the subject: —

"And here, again, the intense silence, broken by the rush of the waterfall, recalled the pictures of Kuwannon, whose meaning and whose images bring back to me the Buddhistic idea of Compassion. The god, or goddess, as more often depicted, seated in abstraction by the falling waters of life, represents, I sup-

pose, more especially an ideal of Contemplation, and the name used to be said to mean Dominus Contemplationis — I spare you the original Indian name."

It is here the poetic idea, not the means of expression, that has been assimilated. The execution is in our artistic idiom. There is no attempt at Japanesque treatment. The flow of line is absorbed in the color and tone of the oils; there is complete modeling of the body; the personality is Aryan. The whole thing is one of the most interesting attempts at translation that I have seen, full of passages of quality, of beauty in tone, of a kind of prismatic poetry of color. The goddess is robed in delicate pink against the rich tender green and white of the grass and waterfall. A halo plays round her head; light is diffused everywhere. As a translation, however, this picture is not successful; the deep poetry conceived by the artist fails somehow to reach us. It is one of the great might-have-beens, which we cannot call melancholy because they are so supremely interesting, as showing the intellectual curiosity, the desire for sympathetic assimilation of our time.

I have left myself but little space to speak of Mr. La Farge's South Sea Island sketches. Much might be said about the difference of treatment of the different localities, varying with the mood of the artist, the opportunities for study, the difference in salient characteristics as felt and seen by him, with his rare combination of penetrative insight and prompt artistic vision. Some notes must suffice to suggest my meaning. Thus he shows us in Hawaii the impressive mystery of nature as seen at dawn from mountain tops, or from the inner slopes of twilight craters with sulphurous vapors rising into the evening sky; in Samoa, the charm of rhythm in motion, of the expressiveness of hands, of a rhetoric of the human body as a means of expression which belongs to all the fine arts at once, allied to the "enchantment of the South Seas" shown in simple open-air life, in beauty of nature and kindliness of climate; in Tahiti, a perfect fairyland of ideal yet convincing loveliness, poetry, and grandeur of sea and sky, atmosphere and reflections, of weird moonlight and intense afterglow, of sunlit films of rain seen between palms and guava-trees, of mountain quietude in the suggestive tropical gloaming, — a whole gamut of impressions, varying from the most serious to the most exquisitely delicate, together composing a poem of all the deepest and choicest themes of nature, expressed in perfect pictorial language.

At the risk of being prosy, I must add here, to modify this word "perfect," that not all these sketches can lay claim to equal pictorial importance. Mr. La Farge is too much of an observer and a *chercheur* to be always making pictures. Some words of the preface to the New York catalogue may be quoted here: —

"According to my interest at the moment, I made these drawings and paintings with more or less attention to some special point; either tone or local color, or drawing of form or of motion. It would please me if my studies were looked at as they were by my good friends called savages. Very much as cultivated painters might, they looked at my pictures in the way best suited to help the illusion, — sometimes from near, sometimes from very far, in strong light or in shadow; in whatever way they thought the special case required."

In conclusion, I should like to say, in connection with what I have said above about Mr. La Farge's glass as an expression of the art feeling of our times, that if ours is an age of globe-trotters, idle gatherers of superficial impressions, it is also an age when travel has helped to strengthen and confirm one of our deepest tendencies, the intense intellectual sympathy and wakeful curiosity, cognizant of deeper issues, of our century. There are many globe-trotters among painters. There are not many La Farges.

Cecilia Waern.

LECONTE DE LISLE.

THE constellation of contemporary French poets has recently lost one of its most brilliant stars. Compared with the great luminaries of the Romantic time, this one can hardly be considered as of the first magnitude; and during the last few years, its light, though still constant and clear, had lost something of its glow in coming, as it seemed, from a region of vast spaces and lucid atmosphere, but too distant and too cold to keep up life in a human heart. Our generation, however, saw the fullness and steadiness of its earlier glory, and may well pause for a moment over the memory of what is now extinguished forever.

None of the current easy varieties of materialism help one much in an attempt to account for the very rare and peculiar qualities of the poetry of Leconte de Lisle, for, so far as can be seen, the ascertainable external facts of his life have here very little significance, if any. Some future biographer may perhaps discover in the ancestry of the poet or among the influences of his intellectual training causes, other than are now known, which may tend more fully to explain the singular discrepancy that appears to lie between his origin and his subsequent literary career. For Charles Marie René Leconte de Lisle was born in the Ile Bourbon, under the burning skies and in the midst of the tropical splendors which Bernardin de Saint-Pierre has forever associated in our minds with the group of French possessions in the Indian Ocean. After spending some years on his native island, he went to Paris at the time when the Romantic school, flushed with the elation of success, was in its heyday, the austerest critics scarcely venturing to whisper that such a triumph must some day come to an end. Surely, it might have been predicted, this was enough to fill a young artist's heart with all the exuberance of passion, and thus decide his career as a lyrical poet. But from the outset he broke with the reigning literary mode of the day. Standing somewhat haughtily aloof from the throng of poets and poetasters who worshiped at the feet of Hugo, he soon struck out into a narrow path of his own, followed in time by a small band, and insisted on restricting the scope of poetry in a manner strongly contrasting with the cloudy theories then in vogue among the lesser Romanticists, so admirably caricatured in the Lettres de Dupuis et Cotonet of Alfred de Musset. This, so far from being the youthful turbulence of a mere *frondeur* of letters, was the resolve of one who, even at that early age, had determined on the ideal to which, with steady purpose, he continued to cling during his whole life. Age modified his opinions only in such a way as to make them still more reactionary. When the time came, many years later, for clearly defining his position before the French Academy as the successor of Hugo, his address showed that he still combated some of the most important principles that had been the war-cry of the generation of 1830. For the Romanticists every pulse of human feeling or emotion had poetical value; passion, in their eyes, was sacred, its very fullness and spontaneity, wherever it might occur, making of it preëminently the subject of poetical expression. As with matter, so with form. Among the many metrical inventions of the time, some are no doubt known to the reader as masterpieces of ingenuity, — I had almost said of eccentric ingenuity. With Leconte de Lisle, passion, especially the commonplace passion of the ordinary mortal, is utterly irreconcilable with the mood of the poet who rightly understands his ideal function. The *Sturm und Drang* period of a man's life is not

the time of his best work. The true artist is impersonal, impassive; the wreck of a nation, a system, or a human heart may disturb the worldling, but the poet stands far above such accidents of place and time, contemplating them with immovable serenity as the phenomena of inevitable fate. In his "central calm" he practices the lesson taught him by the spectacle of inexorable nature.

"Pour qui sait pénétrer, Nature, dans tes voies,
L'illusion t'enserre et ta surface ment;
Au fond de tes fureurs, comme au fond de tes joies,
Ta force est sans ivresse et sans emportement.

"Tel parmi les sanglots, les rires et les haines,
Heureux qui porte en soi, d'indifférence empli,
Un impassible cœur sourd aux rumeurs humaines,
Un gouffre inviolé de silence et d'oubli!"
(La Ravine Saint-Gilles.)

Man must suffer, but let him, especially if he be a poet, bear his pain in silence. It is vulgar and immodest to drag one's heart, as a showman leads his chained beast, before the gaping crowd of the curious (Les Montreurs). And why weep when neither tears nor rage can avail us anything?

"La vie est ainsi faite, il nous la faut subir.
Le faible souffre et pleure, et l'insensé s'irrite;
Mais le plus sage en rit, sachant qu'il doit mourir.
Rentre au tombeau muet où l'homme enfin s'abrite,
Et là, sans nul souci de la terre et du ciel,
Repose, ô malheureux, pour le temps éternel!"
(Requies.)

There is, however, very little of the laughter of perfect wisdom in the poetry of Leconte de Lisle. These opinions quickened his contempt for Lamartine and Musset; for any poet, in short, in whose work the agony of the soul seeks relief through wailing or in gnashing of teeth. A still more paradoxical result of this æsthetic postulate is the exclusion from poetry of the passion of love, which comes under the general ban. The ordinary reader, with a very pardonable vicarious, if indiscreet interest in a poet's affections, must make up his mind to disappointment, if he expects to be thrilled with such heartrending cries as La Nuit de Mai or To Mary in Heaven. That is not the note of love on the relatively few occasions when Leconte de Lisle condescends to sing of so unpoetic a subject. He never tells us clearly what joy or despair it may have brought into his own life. Les Roses d'Ispahan, Le Colibri, Le Manchy, Le Frais Matin Dorait, in spite of all their beauty, are almost impersonal. We do not pass through them to the inner shrine of the poet's heart.[1] Such a singularity would certainly seem whimsical, if the practice of reserve had not been founded on a conviction which was subsequently formulated in a dogma. The address to the French Academy, above-mentioned, distinctly states the grounds on which the poet based this article of his *credo*. Here there is no need to follow him, for he is Athanasius against the world. "On peut ne pas aimer la lyre larmoyante, mais toute belle âme doit aimer la lyre d'amour." However, he is a faint-hearted poet who does not at times beg a question of first principles, boldly postulate his theory, and then carry it into application. In the vast majority of cases, the less he gives us of *Kunst-Theorie*, as the too prolific German calls it, the better for us. But the verification of a principle (which is a method not sacred to science alone) is what we demand in art; and if Leconte de Lisle has failed to satisfy one natural craving in his readers, he was, at all events, consistent in the practice of his art as he understood it. A great triumph it would be for the quidnuncs of literature should his manuscripts some day reveal that he too had unpacked his heart with the words of a love-lyric.

[1] As for the love-songs in Poèmes Antiques which go by the name of Etudes Latines, and the Chansons Ecossaises, these are but exquisitely finished metrical essays in imitation of classical or other models.

Many readers may feel still less inclined to overlook a further deliberate omission from poetry of themes which, since the time of Burns in Great Britain and Béranger in France, most of us have grown to look on as the essence of some of the best that the last hundred years have produced; I mean the humble domestic relations, and the sufferings of the poor and needy. But if, in accordance with the demands of a rigorous æsthetic, the art of poetry, strictly understood, must confine itself within a sort of aristocratic pale, reserving its energy for the high expression of the few ideas and feelings that literally deserve the name of *noble*, all that can in justice be exacted of the poet is that he be true to himself. Here again the discussion of ultimate principles must be waived. Leconte de Lisle is in this respect simply an anti-Wordsworthian; and they who on this account decline to read him expose their limitations no less clearly than he proclaimed his, — probably with less plausibility in argument. What Leconte de Lisle thought of Béranger may or may not matter. M. Brunetière, the most emphatic of contemporary critics, wonders that Béranger can be called a poet at all. But when an uncompromising theory forces us to include in our contempt the graceful and touching poetry of François Coppée, who got himself into the black books of the greater poet by writing much about humble folk and turning to the homely side of life for many of his subjects, we can assuredly feel justified in believing that what thousands of human hearts, both in France and out of it, have felt to be true and beautiful will always be poetry, whether Leconte de Lisle approved of it or not. And there are not wanting those who will say that this applies to Béranger as well.

This is the reason why Leconte de Lisle so rarely strikes one as being possessed by his subject with the divine madness described in Ion. His poems have often been compared to the motionless white figures of a sculpture gallery; and the pet phrase *splendeur marmoréenne* has become so hackneyed with his French critics that one almost shrinks from quoting it. To change slightly the figure used by Gautier, instead of being, as in the superb comparison of Hugo's Mazeppa, bound hand and foot on his Pegasus, he controls him firmly, and guides him to serene heights far above the murmur and wrangling of men. Whatever may be thought about these restrictions in so far as they affect poetry, there is much that is morally inspiring in the robustness and manly dignity they imply. It is refreshing to find that incontestably the greatest poet of France since the day of Hugo resolutely set his face against the prevailing ego-worship, which so easily degenerates into sensualism. Towards the *sensitif-impulsif* (in the trick phrase of our modern neuro-psychologists [1]), for whom even the law courts are beginning to show a flabby sort of pity, such a nature can feel nothing but lofty scorn. And though such reserve may seem, as has been freely admitted, to confine poetic energy within bounds where the great mass of men, and possibly a greater number of women, can never follow it with whole-heartedness; though it may in time noticeably chill the poet's feeling for struggling humanity; yet the manly resolution, free from the slightest taint of affectation, with which this purpose was carried out must command our respect, — nay, our veneration. Since his death we have learnt that there never was any dividing line between the artistic work and the most intimate private life of Leconte de Lisle. To him who will read the poetry itself and between its lines, it must be evident that he is in presence of a character which, through sturdy resisting of temptation, through courage and self-control, reached a moral level not too

[1] What this last word means it might be a puzzle to explain. It comes from a well-known scientific periodical.

often exemplified in the lives of great creative artists at any time, and, unfortunately, it must be added, not often among such men in France during the last two generations.

It is remarkable indeed that this philosophical attitude should be taken by a Creole brought up in the tropics. What the Creole nature is, we in America have been fully taught by Mr. Cable and Mr. Lafcadio Hearn. But in Leconte de Lisle there are no violent changes of mood from listless, voluptuous apathy to ungovernable passion. A recent writer in the Revue Bleue seems inclined to trace here the influence of the Norman origin of the poet's family, as well as of the Voltairean training of his father, to both of which something may be attributed without granting that they give an adequate explanation of a curious psychological puzzle. The gorgeousness of the southern climate and scenery, however, could hardly fail to leave its mark on even the most self-repressed poet, and one finds poem after poem glowing with warmth and color, such as the southern hemisphere alone can inspire. To quote with fairness from any of these (Midi, La Forêt Vierge, Les Eléphants, La Fontaine aux Lianes, etc.) would be difficult; besides, the best of them, Midi and Les Eléphants, have found their way into the anthologies, and have almost sunk to the level of drawing-room pieces. These two, with a study of night and cold above the mountain tops, called Le Sommeil du Condor, represent to many readers all the work of Leconte de Lisle. Of all these poems, an intimate knowledge of southern nature, minutely because lovingly observed, is the dominant mark. From the humming-bird to the elephant, from the frailest flower to the great tree of the jungle, everything between earth and sky bears its testimony to the loving devotion of the poet to the beauties of his native island. It is worth while to contrast with such work as this, which bears every sign of genuine interest and feeling, a short study in snow and ice (Le Paysage Polaire), of which the outlines are so vague and general that the material may easily have been obtained from a visit to the white bears' cave in the Jardin des Plantes, or out of the pages of M. Elisée Reclus. Still, with all his love for the beauty of nature, Leconte de Lisle does not allow it long to mollify his soul. Such stanzas as the following lovely ones from Le Bernica are extremely rare in his poems:

"Ce sont des chœurs soudains, des chansons infinies,
Un long gazouillement d'appels joyeux mêlé,
Ou des plaintes d'amour à des rires unies;
Et si douces, pourtant, flottent ces harmonies,
Que le repos de l'air n'en est jamais troublé.

"Mais l'âme s'en pénètre; elle se plonge entière,
Dans l'heureuse beauté de ce monde charmant;
Elle se sent oiseau, fleur, eau vive et lumière;
Elle revêt ta robe, ô pureté première,
Et se repose en Dieu silencieusement."

But the poet does not often fall into what Ruskin has called the pathetic fallacy, the fallacy that appeals to us of weaker mould when it is found in the perfect verses of Le Vallon, or in the star-song of Musset. "La nature est là, qui t'invite et qui t'aime," says Lamartine. No, a thousand times no, is the stern answer. Science has taken the soul out of Nature. She is blind, deaf, dumb. Everything, from the atom to the great cyclic changes of the heavens, is the slave of inexorable and inexplicable law. And as tears and rage are equally useless and puerile, so the thought of Nature as the great consoler is the supreme illusion, inherited by us from the ages of anthropomorphic faith. Her sole boon to self-torturing man is the veil she draws over the eyes that close in death.

"Oui! le mal éternel est dans sa plénitude!
L'air du siècle est mauvais aux esprits ulcérés,
Salut, oubli du monde et de la multitude!
Reprends-nous, ô Nature, entre tes bras sacrés!
. . . . . .

"Soupirs majestueux des ondes apaisées,
Murmurez plus profonds en nos cœurs soucieux!
Répandez, ô forêts, vos urnes de rosées!
Ruisselle en nous, silence étincelant des cieux!

"Consolez-nous enfin des espérances vaines:
La route infructueuse a blessé nos pieds nuds.
Du sommet des grands caps, loin des rumeurs humaines,
O vents! emportez-nous vers les Dieux inconnus.

"*Mais si rien ne répond dans l'immense étendue,*
Que le stérile écho de l'éternel désir,
Adieu, déserts, où l'âme ouvre une aile éperdue,
Adieu, songe sublime, impossible à saisir!

"Et toi, divine Mort, où tout rentre et s'efface,
Accueille tes enfants dans ton sein étoilé,
Affranchis-nous du temps, du nombre et de l'espace,
Et rends-nous le repos que la vie a troublé!"
(Dies Iræ.)

With these, from one point of view, rather vital omissions, the range of poetical sympathy and of subjects admissible for poetic treatment still remains comprehensive enough. In these Poèmes — for only a few of them go by the lighter name of *poésies* — we find a great variety of topics: mythology, religion, history, legends, tales, philosophy, beauty abstract and concrete, nature, man. The compression of so much material into the three dainty volumes of a Lemerre edition is in itself a sign of consummate literary skill. Each of these subjects is grasped and unfolded with the easy strength of the master who does not shrink from the toil of learning to control both his themes and himself. There is no groping about in the vagueness of incoherent thought that has not been given time to clear itself of mist. The definite influence of Leconte de Lisle on the poets of his time may still be a matter of discussion; but in this respect he remains free from the formidable charge which Mr. William Watson — with some justice, be it said — recently brought against Shelley. No nebulous poet shall say that his own style was formed on the model of so lucid a master. And nothing, except perhaps a natural turn for clear thinking, contributes so much to this result as study and mature reflection. The subjects in which these characteristics are most pronounced are mythology and classical story. In the former, the reader is made to pass, with apparently the same facility, from the tangled legends of India to the runes of the north, and even to subjects still further outside the range of ordinary knowledge. It must be said that the most patient of readers has some ground for finding a good many of these compositions just a trifle heavy, notwithstanding the perfection of their form. Such familiarity as the poet possesses with the details of Vedic lore and the sagas is seldom met with except among specialists; and one forms the unfortunate suspicion that these poems were not written at white heat. Besides, the bizarre appearance of such names as Çunacépa, Kenwarc'h, Baghavat, and so forth, is far from reassuring. Whether these things are in themselves unsuited to French or to any poetry, it is hardly worth while to inquire here; but one can, at all events, take comfort in a quotation from Gautier: "Through some rift or other, the serene thought of the poet always appears, commanding his work like a white Himalayan peak whose eternal and spotless snow can never be thawed by any sun, not even by that of India."

It is different when one turns to the superb succession, in Poèmes Antiques, of odes and other verses on the mythology, history, and legends of Greece and Rome. This is, for the majority of competent readers, at least, much firmer and less debatable ground. Here too, interpreting the poet's feelings through one's own, one becomes convinced that Leconte de Lisle was all a-quiver with emotion at the very thought of the glory of ancient Greece. Where in any of his poems on such uncongenial subjects as Çurya or

Viswamitra, does one come upon verses of such ample movement and faultless rhythm as in Klytie, Le Dernier Dieu, or the following stanzas from Hypatie?

"O vierge, qui, d'un pan de ta robe pieuse,
Couvris la tombe auguste où s'endormaient tes Dieux,
De leur culte éclipsé prêtresse harmonieuse,
Chaste et dernier rayon détaché de leurs cieux!

"Je t'aime et te salue, ô vierge magnanime!
Quand l'orage ébranla le monde paternel,
Tu suivis dans l'exil cet Œdipe sublime,
Et tu l'enveloppas d'un amour éternel.

"Debout, dans ta pâleur, sous les sacrés portiques
Que des peuples ingrats abandonnait l'essaim,
Pythonisse enchaînée aux trépieds prophétiques,
Les Immortels trahis palpitaient dans ton sein.

"Tu les voyais passer dans la nue enflammée!
De science et d'amour ils t'abreuvaient encor;
Et la terre écoutait, de ton rêve charmée,
Chanter l'abeille attique entre tes lèvres d'or."

Yes, when it comes to the final test, there is none better than this. If the reader's pulses thrill and his voice grows husky, depend upon it the words have fallen throbbing from the poet's pen. A Frenchman trained in the great literary traditions of his race finds it incomprehensible that such verses as those just quoted should ever pass for anything less than the most magnificent poetry. By some English critics, they, or others very like them, have been considered as dangerously near to that eloquence which is the bane of poetry.[1] A still greater difficulty is that certain of our latter-day judges, not altogether ignorant in these matters, who sincerely believe that "the back of the Alexandrine has been broken" once for all, remain quite unresponsive, or even hostile, declaring that the fault lies with the poet, and not in themselves. The fallacy is too obvious to need refutation. Above all, let us, in such disputable questions, keep our words of contempt for the incompetent and insincere; there are enough of these, at any rate, to give occupation to all the critics in the world, and that is saying a great deal. A brilliant writer, whose sympathies in literature have too strongly biased his opinions, exclaims, "Oh, the vile old professor of rhetoric!" Poor professor of rhetoric! his is too often a hard lot, but in this case, fortunately, the shot is nowhere near the mark. It is regrettable indeed that such words should ever make their way out of a *brasserie d'étudiants*.

The reason of the poet's love for Greece and her mythology is not far to seek. He found there, like so many of his kind, the types of ideal beauty, his one undying passion. His interest in the thousand and one strange gods of the East, the mystical speculations of Brahminism and Buddhism, and the bold legends of the north was possibly acquired; but the disappearance of truth, and hence of beauty, from the religious fables of Greece leaves him, because of his want of faith in our own time, in inconsolable despair (Le Dernier Dieu). Philosophy and science have traveled a long way since Schiller comforted his soul after having written Die Götter Griechenlands; and Leconte de Lisle was not the man to dupe himself with the empty words of Musset's L'Espoir en Dieu. The wounds of reason, we have been told by a high authority,[2] can be healed only by reason. Well, in the Babel of metaphysical system-building, who can say, as one who knows, that reason

[1] In such cases, one of the most important conditions for the enjoyment of poetry in a foreign tongue is too often overlooked, namely, the value of words merely as *sounds*. Ever since hearing Matthew Arnold quote a few words from Sainte-Beuve, I have not wondered that a critic with a hopelessly English accent and intonation was never so carried away by the music of Hugo's verse as, for a moment at least, to forget what looked like "charlatanism" in his poetry. Naturally, such limitations are rarely perceived in one's self, and still more rarely acknowledged, however readily they are detected in others.

[2] Edward Caird, The Philosophy of Kant.

is doing its work? No wonder that the Middle Ages found no favor in this poet's eyes. To the heart of the Romanticist they appealed by the evident sincerity of their simple faith; to his artistic sense, by their pageantry. Leconte de Lisle saw only their dark side, and in a poem entitled Les Siècles Maudits,

"Hideux siècles de foi, de lèpre et de famine,"

he leaves no doubt whatever as to his feelings. It would have been interesting to hear him discourse on the Inferno.

Far too much has been made of his detachment from the civilization of his time, and the interests bound up with it. It is perfectly true that, for the most part, he lived in the past, keeping his ideals behind rather than in front of him, and looking on all ages since the golden days of Greece as times of barbarism or of decadence. Still, the two splendid poems of L'Italie and Le Sacre de Paris bring out all his French patriotism, and vindicate him from the common charge of indifference. Well may he say to Hypatia, —

"Dors! l'impure laideur est la reine du monde,
Et nous avons perdu le chemin de Paros!"

and yet the fortunes of his own country, as well as of the neighbor who ought to be her natural ally, can stir a responsive chord in him.

To us, accustomed as we are to see new fads change the spelling and pronunciation of classical words about once in ten years, the quaint inventions of the Poèmes Antiques (Khiron, Klytie, etc.) come with less of a shock than to the readers of thirty years ago. These touches of pedantry, or something very near akin to it, provoked a good deal of discussion in those days. Gustave Planche undertook to teach Leconte de Lisle the correct French equivalent for κνημίς, but for once in his life, at least, met his match. It must have been no small triumph to wring even a grumbling apology from so ungracious a critic. One can understand why Sainte-Beuve could actually so far forget his caution as to call Planche a *cuistre*.

The various attempts of the great world-religions to explain the relations of the Maker to the universe find, as was said, their place in these poems. In most cases, especially with the religions of the far East, the treatment is generous, or, as Mr. Dowden says, cosmopolitan; for there is not much in these beliefs to rouse the spirit of opposition always latent in a man of early Voltairean training. Oriental creeds have hitherto had too little direct influence on Europe to be either hated or dreaded. With the God of the Old Testament and the message of Christianity it fares much worse; these two subjects lie outside the boundaries of the poet's toleration. And yet the former inspired the poet's masterpiece. Different moods or temperaments may find their enjoyment in this poem or in that. Midi, for instance, fills the soul with restfulness through its assurances of ultimate peace. Hypatie echoes our loving regret for the loss of ideal beauty in the world. Dies Iræ, the poem of disillusion, represents the hopelessness of all things, — *le mal du siècle*, in short. But still deeper lie the questions, the eternally insoluble problems, of the existence of evil and the hardness of fate, taken up in a new reading of the story of Cain, — the poem of Qaïn, first of the Poèmes Barbares.[1] Thogorma, a seer of the Israelites during the Assyrian captivity, has the following vision: Beyond the mountains, in the far-off red of sunset, he beholds the iron walls of the

[1] An admirable discourse by Mr. Stopford Brooke on Byron's Cain, heard by the present writer some years ago, suggested a good many parallels that might be drawn between these two poems. The attractive but difficult subject of possible indebtedness on the part of Leconte de Lisle is, however, too wide to be taken up here. It is significant that the theme of Cain has inspired three of the greatest poets of the century, — Byron, Hugo, Leconte de Lisle. Hugo, of course, treats it from a less heterodox point of view than the other two.

city of Hénokhia, built by Cain's mighty brood. While its teeming life is asleep, a mysterious horseman is seen, in the stillness of the night, coming out of the darkness to hurl the curse of Javeh against the city of rebellion and pride, the dwelling of the accursed, and against Cain himself. Then the old Titan, who has slumbered for a thousand years on the topmost point of its battlements, raises himself slowly to answer the accuser in the presence of all his descendants, who are gathered around. Defeated, though undismayed, he gives back defiance for curses, charging the Maker with the sin of Eden and the first bloodshed. Not on man, not on Cain, rests the burden of wrong: it falls on the unjust origin of all.

"Ai-je dit à l'argile inerte: Souffre et pleure!
Auprès de la défense ai-je mis le désir,
L'ardent attrait d'un bien impossible à saisir,
Et le songe immortel dans le néant de l'heure?
Ai-je dit de vouloir et puni d'obéir?

"O misère! Ai-je dit à l'implacable Maître,
Au Jaloux, tourmenteur du monde et des vivants,
Qui gronde dans la foudre et chevauche les vents,
La vie assurément est bonne, je veux naître!
Que m'importait la vie au prix où tu la vends?"

Cain will not bow the knee in submission to Him who made Abel gentle, and the first murderer violent. In his Promethean anger he becomes the avenger of mankind by insisting on the eternal *why*. The answer will come with the consummation of all things, and then will be asserted the dignity of man.

"Et ce sera mon jour! Et, d'étoile en étoile,
Le bienheureux Eden longuement regretté
Verra renaître Abel sur mon cœur abrité;
Et toi, mort et cousu sous la funèbre toile,
Tu t'anéantiras dans ta stérilité."

Then comes the Flood. Through its mists Thogorma the Seer, pale with affright, sees the great form of Cain advancing slowly, amidst the death that lies around, towards the ark looming big in the darkness. Leconte de Lisle could not, like Shelley, end his poem with the fairy vision of the statelier Eden come back to men; nor could his Cain echo the last verse of Omar Khayyám's well-known stanza: —

"O Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake,
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd — Man's forgiveness give — and take!"

Blasphemy? Yes, a good deal of the finest poetry in the world is blasphemous. Some have been known to maintain that all rebellion against the established order of things, human or divine, implies blasphemy. How much one can stand of it is generally a question of the direction it takes; and in any direction, largely a question of degree. It needs no great penetration to infer from this that Le Nazaréen, in the same volume, was not written with a view to the Sunday school.

Obviously, therefore, the conclusion lies in proud pessimism, for the poet is too self-respecting to follow in the cynic's way. Austere, uncompromising, he has dared to look on the work of creation, and he finds that it is not good. He is far too consistent a philosopher to buoy himself up with vague hopes, and still less disposed to console his readers with promises of such a vulgar and earthly sort as Sully Prudhomme gives to his hero, Faustus, in the very unequal poem of Le Bonheur. Though one may admit, in deference to Mr. Dowden, that Leconte de Lisle here and there (as in Qaïn, for example) seems to see dimly, "for the race of men . . . a far-off life towards which it advances," there is nothing in this that is fundamentally irreconcilable with the assertion that, in the main, despair is his philosophical note. It seems juster to take such exceptional passages as momentary concessions to the sentiment of mysticism, born of faint desire and hope, which never quite dies out in the hardiest doubter, especially if he

be a poet. For one such expression, a score — complete poems, indeed — are to be found in the strain of these stanzas from La Dernière Vision: —

"Et d'heure en heure aussi, vous vous engloutirez,
O tourbillonnements d'étoiles éperdues,
Dans l'incommensurable effroi des étendues,
Dans les gouffres muets et noirs des cieux sacrés!

"Et ce sera la Nuit aveugle, la grande Ombre,
Informe, dans son vide et sa stérilité,
L'abîme pacifique où gît la vanité
De ce qui fut le temps et l'espace et le nombre."

A word or two must finally be added concerning the more strictly literary qualities of the poet, whose thought has hitherto been mainly discussed in this paper. His learning and scholarship must be apparent enough already. No one has ever ventured a whisper against their thoroughness, as has been more than once the case with the "phenomenal erudition" of Hugo. Indeed, the display of mere book-learning in the first division of L'Ane, for instance, is appalling to any one who does not stop to ask himself the question, how could one small head carry all that this man knew? Hugo once privately admitted to Leconte de Lisle that in mature life he never read; his time was too fully occupied with writing. The latter, on the contrary, like Milton, with whom he has, by the bye, several points of affinity, was a prodigious reader, with that rarest of gifts, an orderly mind; the honor of being the most learned of the French poets of our time he divides with his distinguished contemporary, M. Sully Prudhomme. The exactness of scholarship which seems to tinge the Poèmes Antiques with affectation finds its right place in admirable translations of Æschylus and Lucretius, among the very first of their kind. It would require a separate study to do anything like justice to the Miltonic stateliness of diction, the fidelity and vigor in natural description, and the finished metrical beauty of the poems of Leconte de Lisle. I will not attempt to guess what share of those qualities he owed to the laboriousness for which all great French artists are remarkable, what share to natural genius. Not every country possesses poets who undertake the translation of De Rerum Naturâ *pour se former la main*, or, like Gautier, read daily a page of the dictionary, in order to learn the resources of the language in which they write. This poet not only respected, but reasserted the traditions of the high caste to which he felt himself to belong. In its eyes it *was* a caste, and the first duty of its members was to fulfill the task imposed on them by its exclusive mistress.

"Fuis toujours l'œil impur, et la main du profane
Lumière de l'âme, ô Beauté!"

Hence the restrictions he laid on his own verse, which preserves a purity of form much despised by the Décadents. At the same time he freely admitted the best metrical changes introduced under the Romantic movement. Most of his poems being short, the charge of monotony falls to the ground, for no one feels constrained to read them all at one sitting. When taken in the right spirit, from time to time, they impress a serious reader with their solemn and sustained splendor.

Leconte de Lisle never was, and cannot become a popular poet, in the usual sense of the term. His aspirations are too high, his method is too perfect, to find favor in the daily market-place of literature. They who believe that poetry is not a matter of momentary sentiment, still less a dilettante or finicking pursuit, but a serious art, will continue to revere the memory of one who, after working his solitary way through suffering to sublime peace, lived constantly in the serene radiance of his ideals, and left his thoughts in some of the noblest poems of our time.

Paul T. Lafleur.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE.

In his memorable study of American civilization Mr. Bryce called especial attention to the ardor and industry of our college instructors, and ventured to affirm that, "of all the institutions of the country, the colleges are those which seem to be at this moment making the swiftest progress, and to have the brightest promise for the future. They are supplying exactly those things which European critics have hitherto found lacking in America, and they are contributing to her political as well as to her contemplative life elements of inestimable worth." To one who overlooks the whole field the facts are indeed impressive and significant. The zeal for learning on the part of the people, the enthusiasm for research on the part of the scholars, remind one of the brilliant days of the Italian renaissance. Our colleges are increasing in size with astonishing rapidity, and, though they constantly plead poverty, some of them have princely endowments. New institutions appear in the twinkling of an eye; universities spring forth fully equipped; boys of the humblest origin and the slightest means struggle for an education and gain it; grown men devote to the abstract loyalties of the intellect the time, the strength, and the ambition which one would not expect to find given over, in a country where money-making is supposed to be the chief object, to anything but the pursuit of wealth. Not only is the American classical college increasing in strength, but its young rival is growing apace, — that curious mongrel creation of ours, the collegiate scientific school, an institution by which raw boys are supposed to obtain a technical education directly, without the time-wasting diversions of a college training. That such schools should arise in America is not to be wondered at. The natural trend of the national genius is in that direction. We are eager to prepare for that life of action which competition and environment force early on most of us, anxious to learn clever and successful ways of handling tangible objects, and impatient of all that delays professional advancement and worldly progress. So strong is the popular tendency towards a rapid "scientific" education, so noble appears the ideal thus evoked, that, with a really large endowment, it would not be hard to build up among us an institution that would surpass in numbers, and perhaps eventually in influence, our largest and strongest colleges. Unless severe measures are taken to preserve the dignity of some of the technical professions, indeed, we may soon see them largely filled with men narrowly and slightly trained for their work. Irrespective, however, of the real value of our recent movement toward popular scientific education, it is evident that, under present conditions, a so-called higher course of study is practically open to all able-bodied and able-minded youth. An American who cannot, if he chooses, go through a college or a scientific school is either lazy or weak, for any bright boy, unless he has others dependent upon him, can undoubtedly earn money enough for his three or four years of study without extraordinary loss of time or opportunity. Nor are interest and ambition confined to the young student. It is astonishing to notice the increasing ardor with which the great body of teachers discuss theories and principles of education. Indeed, there lies our safety from the dangers to which almost absolute freedom in such matters lays us open. Every college and almost every school can give the amount and kind of instruction which it chooses. But colleges and schools are voluntarily coöperating; school-teachers and school superintendents flock to conventions and

conferences; chairs of pedagogy are established, educational magazines are founded, and the younger generation is being experimented on by its instructors in a fashion that ought eventually to lead to sound current ideas in regard to the principles and practice of the art of teaching.

Meanwhile, the reputation of our colleges at home and abroad is steadily growing. Harvard, for instance, has just been honored by having a book written about her by an accomplished and distinguished Englishman who recently spent a few weeks in Cambridge.[1] Such a publication is significant. The parent element in all our older systems of college education was the English university ideal of culture. It was for that the impressionable Yankee boy yearned, thrilling as he read of Matthew Arnold's Oxford, "steeped in sentiment," "spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages," "calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection, — to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side." With us college has never been widely conceived of as a resort merely of learning. Education taught how to live, aroused the sluggish taste, tempered the rough character, revealed new and keen enjoyments, forced men to know men, built up a lasting interest in things of the spirit and the intellect, encouraged fine ideals, and laid the foundation of abiding friendships. To be a Harvard man or a Yale man was something more than to have mastered certain arts and sciences: in the one case, it was to have attained a flexible, intelligent, and gracious culture; in the other, to have learned how to live with dignity and success under fierce competition and rigorous training among a host of one's peers. Dr. Hill's book will encourage the old tradition. The Oxonian has scarcely grasped the wider significance of what he heard and saw in Cambridge on the Charles; at least he has made no attempt to distinguish the elements that Harvard has contributed to American civilization, or to measure the progress of our oldest and largest college toward its double goal of wisdom and culture. But he has done us the new honor of writing about Harvard as he would have written of the university at Prague, at Bologna, or at Oxford, as an interesting institution around which for centuries historic associations have gathered fast, and will still gather. The old Harvard was a power in Massachusetts, in New England, and finally in the United States. We can see now, and rejoice in seeing, that she, and others like her, may be a power in the whole world of scholarship and culture, — a monument of the past, a record of the present, a foundation stone of the future.

But another ideal has been for a generation troubling the minds of American students. It is not enough that we should strive for English culture; we must attain, after the German fashion, supremacy in learning. "To develop youth into men of independence, of independence in thought and purpose, and fully conscious of their own responsibility," — that, according to Professor Paulsen, is the real purpose of the German university. This, perhaps, might be recognized as the aim of higher education in any country, if we were to interpret the words loosely, but the German ideal of university instruction does not apparently allow a great principle to be loosely interpreted. From the beginning to the end of Professor Paulsen's admirable historical and theoretical account of higher education in Germany,[2] for

[1] *Harvard College by an Oxonian.* By George Birkbeck Hill, D. C. L., Honorary Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

[2] *The German Universities.* Their Character and Historical Development. By Friedrich Paulsen. Authorized Translation by Edward Delavan Perry. With an Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

instance, we are kept face to face with the ideal that the young man, on completing his university course, should have not only the equipment of a sound general education, but that of a sound special training in a certain field of knowledge. He must, furthermore, not only have mastered the known facts of that field, but have shown himself capable of advancing one step beyond his predecessors, and adding new facts to the mass of knowledge previously existing in his department. Once admitted to the university, the youth may study what he pleases, — *Lernfreiheit;* once authorized as an instructor, a man may teach what dogmas or doctrines he pleases, — *Lehrfreiheit;* but teacher and pupil have alike the same aim in view, — not personal culture or the spreading abroad of culture through the acquisition of learning, but the extending of the bounds of human knowledge. It needs only a glance at the facts of the last twenty years to appreciate how strong has been our ambition to walk in the German path. It is with such aims that universities have been founded at Chicago and at Worcester, and that Harvard and Columbia, to mention only prominent examples, have been reconstructed. Learning for learning's sake is the university motto of the hour.

Judging by appearances alone, we have been making extraordinary headway. Judging, on the other hand, by Professor Butler's calm and shrewd estimate of the situation, much of our progress has been imaginary. If from the thousands of students which the university catalogues proudly chronicle we subtract, first, the members of the college pure and simple; second, the men or boys learning how to get a livelihood by the various money-making professions, we shall not in any case have more than a few hundreds — or perhaps scores — of men who are supposed to be giving up their time to the acquisition of abstract knowledge and to the furtherance of research. We shall get a clearer idea of the elements of which our university work really consists if we analyze the residuum still further. Subtract, third, those members of the schools of philosophy (which Professor Butler rightly calls the core of the university) who are merely prolonging slightly their college course of culture-giving studies in candidacy for an A. M.; subtract, fourth, those who are living near by, and take a course or two during a year or two for reasons rather of propinquity than of passion; subtract, fifth, students who are attracted by fellowships and scholarships, — the old device of the theological seminaries for filling their thinned ranks; subtract, sixth, the men who did n't get a fellowship this year, but are keeping themselves *en évidence* for the next competition: how many institutions in the land are there in which the remainder is worth seriously considering? The plain truth of the matter is that our colleges are still colleges, and none too good ones at that, with numerous and prominent technological attachments. But it is easy to see why we are so anxious to call ourselves universities. First, we were submerged by a great wave of influence from Germany. Young men and maidens flocked thither, and returned, after a becoming interval, with wise faces, and generally with an impression that they had previously not sufficiently appreciated the value of home products. The elect, a few rare spirits, came back transformed, after years of absence, into such scholars as the Continent knows how to breed, — keen investigators, sturdy thinkers, men really wise, but prone to think that the multitude of Americans must be fed only with German loaves and fishes. Then began the second period of foreign influence, under which we are now trying to work, — that of adopted systems and remodeled institutions. We are informed that our colleges are in reality merely gymnasia, and boys are taught that glory begins only with a Ph. D. and the right to wrap one's self in a parti-colored academic gown. Through the tangles

of native growth and imitative acquisition it is sometimes hard to see the light ahead, but it will be strange if our period of foreign subjugation continues long unbroken. We are slowly coming to see that real character and actual attainment cannot always be expressed in terms of degrees. There is no need, after all, of such elaborate systems of nomenclature for the slight amount of higher work we are doing. The college is the institution native to us, and most valuable to us. The better we make it, the more we keep our professional schools decently in the background, the better we shall be serving our country and our times. What research-work we do can be properly called by shorter names, done with less blowing of trumpets, and less extensively advertised.

Dr. Hill looks with interest and approbation on one of our colleges. Professor Paulsen scarcely gives them all a chance reference. Our opinion of our own institutions, however, is not dependent upon adventitious praise or blame, but on experience and judgment. American ideas in regard to American colleges are singularly divergent, depending largely upon the class of the community to which the critic belongs. The business man sometimes asserts that college graduates are spoiled for life, so far as the actual conduct of affairs goes, sometimes admits in them a certain superiority of training. Almost always, on the whole, he regards their youthful folly or their comradeship of later years with something like envy, and regrets in his heart that he could not have ordered otherwise his life. The artists and their kin grudge the colleges their prominence, and insist that such education is likely to warp the taste and spoil the senses: how could it be otherwise, they ask, when art is taught either as history or as dogma? Of those actually within the college borders, the undergraduate is perhaps too closely bound by the ideals imposed upon him by tradition or instruction to express an unbiased judgment. When, nevertheless, he speaks his mind out frankly, it is oftenest the mind of a young barbarian at play, as possibly it should be. He studies with more docility, on the whole, than he gets credit for; he is good humored and usually well bred, but, as a rule, much excited over matters not of the spirit, and honestly convinced that an instructor who conditions a "man" on the crew should be instantly called before a committee of investigation. The college teacher — let us do him the honor of taking him at his best — is a harmless, hard-working, scantily paid person, a little afraid of being unpopular with his students, and not fond of imagining himself unapproved of by those higher than himself in power or influence; too busy for more than dreaming of original research; giving freely to his pupils of his best time and strength, and squandering the residue in endless committees and consultations. He is grieved when his classes are inattentive; honestly proud at some rare word of praise or appreciation; glad, domestic and conservative creature that he is, when lecture-making and lecture-giving are over for the day, of a quiet hour with his wife and babies.

To all college men, however, old or young, the college tradition is more or less sacred, the college ideal one that compels loyalty. Something of this simple faith and affection is evident in a little collection of essays on Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia, to which the publishers have given the somewhat grandiose title of Four American Universities.[1] For though the authors lay some stress on university apparatus, all of them have instinctively shown that it is of the colleges proper that they speak most willingly. Each essay has its characteristic manner: Harvard is

[1] *Four American Universities.* Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia. By Charles Eliot Norton, Arthur T. Hadley, William M. Sloane, and Brander Matthews. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1895.

politely oblivious of any institution save "the oldest and chief seat of learning" in America; Yale, like a younger sister at her elder's wedding, explains with somewhat unnecessary elaboration why she is what she is; Princeton is proud of her ancestry and her isolation; Columbia exhibits her fresh and beautiful organization. And each college has its chosen ideal, sacred by tradition: to Harvard belongs manifold scholarship and cosmopolitan culture; to Yale, well-earned success over all competitors in physical, social, and commercial honors, — an ideal so powerful, so human, so democratic, so American, that even the alien heart warms with it; to Princeton, the strength and self-control of men rigorously trained in seclusion, and strong for the battle of life; to Columbia, brilliant facility and tact, the art of planning, organizing, and administering all things, be they spiritual or temporal, scientific or literary, political or commercial. Each ideal is a force scarcely to be estimated, and only to be expressed, if at all, in terms of the enthusiastic devotion of large bodies of graduates,— men who, not bewildered professors or immature students, see what part in their training their college work and life have had, and value it accordingly. The German universities feed the learned professions and lead the van of research. Inseparable from our colleges, on the contrary, is the glory of a closer connection with the manifold and active life of the country to which they belong, and of which they are the loyal servants. Famous schools of higher learning we shall doubtless have in the end, places of pilgrimage for the searcher after minute and remote truth. We should rather, however, now hold fast to that which we have than rashly stretch out hands for that for which we are not yet ripe. In what we have there is still a wide field for ambition; for our colleges, freshly conscious of their task and its dignity, are in many ways sorely tempted to forsake the paths that made them famous. They yearn, like shopkeepers, for a large patronage; they advertise themselves incessantly, and with little modesty or discrimination; they accept gladly bureaucratic methods of government and instruction, forgetting the older and nobler ideals, which cared little, perhaps, for the "higher" learning, but much for the dignity of the institution, the power of the teacher, and the quiet growth of the student in individuality, in culture, and in real knowledge.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature and Criticism. The Macmillans have begun the issue of a series of what may be called forgotten English novels, — books which have a historic interest and some intrinsic value, but have not been kept steadily before the eye of the public. The series opens with Maria Edgeworth's Castle Rackrent and The Absentee. Mrs. Ritchie furnishes an acceptable introduction which is a *résumé* of Miss Edgeworth's career, and there are twoscore illustrations printed with the text, — illustrations in which the interest depends mainly on the composition, since delicacy of detail is forbidden by the conditions of paper and printing. The effect, however, is often very good, even in the matter of expression, and there is a freedom from over-refinement which is most agreeable. — Another number in the same series is Captain Marryat's Japhet in Search of a Father, with an Introduction by David Hannay, and illustrations scarcely so good as those in the earlier volume. — McClurg & Co. (Chicago) have added to their Laurel Crowned Tales a translation of Paul and Virginia, with introduction, by Melville B. Anderson. Mr. Anderson adds distinctly to the interest of the book by his biograph-

ical and critical introduction. — Macmillan & Co. continue their issue of Dickens by the publication of Little Dorrit, with a preface by Charles Dickens's son of the same name. The publication in a single book, on thin paper, forbids a very satisfactory reproduction of the illustrations; otherwise the volume is an attractive one. — Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., London, have begun the issue of an edition of De Foe's Romances and Narratives in sixteen volumes, of which three have reached us through Macmillan & Co., New York. These three comprise the whole of Robinson Crusoe, including the Serious Reflections and A Vision of the Angelic World. Mr. George A. Aitken, so well known by his life of Steele, edits the series, and furnishes an introduction which really introduces, providing also special introductions to the separate pieces. Mr. J. B. Yeats's etched illustrations add but little to the distinction of the edition, but the paper, print, and binding are so good that one asks nothing further in the way of book-making. — Letters Addressed to a College Friend during the Years 1840–1845, by John Ruskin. (George Allen, London; Macmillan, New York.) The Ruskin of the early forties talking unconstrainedly on paper to an intimate friend is the very Ruskin of later and ostensibly more formal occasions. His enthusiasm for Turner, for example, was never more vigorously expressed: "He is the epitome of all art, the concentration of all power; there is nothing that ever artist was celebrated for that he cannot do better than the most celebrated." And again, see another bending of the twig: "I have not answered your conversation about the Church, because I sympathize completely in all you say, and I don't see the use of answering unless you have to contradict something or somebody. What a stupid thing conversation would be without contradiction!" These are but two instances of the characteristic flavor of the letters, which must appeal to all the worshipers at Ruskin's shrine. — The Book-Bills of Narcissus, an Account Rendered, by Richard Le Gallienne. (Putnams.) This third edition of a book which, upon accepted principles, could not have been thought likely to prove popular, is enlarged by a chapter relating one of the schoolgirl love-passages in the career of Narcissus. It cannot contribute so much to one's liking for the whole as a few of the original chapters, notably The Children of Apollo, a delightful analysis of the poetic temper, and That Thirteenth Maid, which shows Narcissus himself not so thoroughly a child of impulse as to fail of being a man. What is said in the last chapter of all about "the new journalism" might be amusingly connected with current remarks about Mr. Le Gallienne and "the new log-rolling;" yet would the book remain an uncommonplace and pleasurable work. — In Bohn's Novelist's Library (George Bell & Sons, London; Macmillan, New York), Smollett's Peregrine Pickle in two volumes and Roderick Random in one are reprinted with Cruikshank's illustrations. It takes a pretty strong stomach to stand some of Smollett, but one brings away certain stout English characters, like Commodore Trunnion, for example, which are not willingly forgotten. — The pretty little series of The Lyric Poets (J. M. Dent & Co., London; Macmillan, New York) is further enriched by a selection of the lyric poems of Robert Burns, edited, with an introduction, by Ernest Rhys. The introduction, which quotes liberally from Burns's own account of himself, is pitched in a good key, and will please a lover of Burns. The brief notes accompanying the poems are to the point, and a glossary adds to the convenience of this choice book. — Gulliver's Travels, with a Preface by Henry Craik, and one hundred illustrations by Charles E. Brock. (Macmillan.) A very dainty little edition, in which the artist has struggled successfully with the problem of how to make little and big help each other in proportion. — The Amateur Emigrant, from the Clyde to Sandy Hook, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Stone & Kimball, Chicago.) This well-tempered volume, coming almost as a posthumous work, gives one an admirable notion of Stevenson at his quietest. It is a delightful piece of English, and, with its skillful touches in portraiture and clever use of what to most would have been ordinary material, it shows the hand of a master who could play on his instrument, when his theme was a simple variation of a familiar air, in such a way as to deepen the significance of the familiar.

Fiction. The People of the Mist, by H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.) A "record of barefaced and flagrant adventure," the

author calls his tale, which follows the fortunes of a young Englishman who has lost, by his father's misdeeds, ancestral home and worldly goods, and goes to Africa in quest of gold. How he, with the aid of a native dwarf and an old woman, rescues a beautiful girl from the clutches of the Yellow Devil, a notorious slave-trader, destroying the ruffian's "nest" and slaying his fellow-demons, is told with abundant vividness and force. To paint in too strong colors the horrors of slave-driving is beyond even Mr. Haggard's power. But these stirring scenes are only the mild prelude to the journey in quest of the wondrous rubies and sapphires to be found in the city of the People of the Mist, and the so to speak breathless narrative of the strange and fearful haps and mishaps which befell the hero and his friends there. It can be confidently stated that no falling-off is discernible in the writer's power of invention or skill as a *raconteur*. — Marsena, and Other Stories of the Wartime, by Harold Frederic. (Scribners.) Mr. Frederic's "specialty," aside from newspaper correspondence, seems to have become the writing of stories of the war, especially with relation to the men and women who stayed at home. His scene, in this book as in others, is laid in the Lemprière region of New York State, and a vivid memory of persons and sentiments that impressed his boyish mind gives a strong flavor of reality to what he writes. The resources of humor and pathos, moreover, are not beyond his reach. The exception to his rule of keeping the characters at home is found in the last portion of Marsena, the principal story of the book ; and there is a true element of the tragic, even if the situation is a trifle forced, in the picture of the foolish woman who has sent two brave admirers to the front, ignoring them both, in her capacity of sanitary nurse in a field hospital, that she may pay fatuous attentions to a picturesque officer far less seriously wounded than either of her former lovers. — Men Born Equal, by Harry Perry Robinson. (Harpers.) A showy piece of work with superficial excellences. The author has taken advantage of the attention drawn to strikes, especially as connected with politics, and has aimed to draw the character of a young enthusiast who represents the better element of the Democratic party, and makes great speeches in a fusion with the Populists. His course, misinterpreted, estranges for a time the affections of the heroine, whose father is a capitalist, and president of steel works and an electric-car company. A strike leads to violence ; troops are called out ; the hero, seeing how the baser elements of his party have been in collusion with the strikers, loses faith in it and swings off. Mr. Robinson has tried to do two things : tell a story, and show the folly of much of what is called the labor movement. Unfortunately, he fails to penetrate the difficult situation, and gives his treatment a partisan air. He does not convince, and makes the reader impatient at his inadequate handling of the subject ; his story, meanwhile, is a transparent one, with conventionally conceived characters. — Books in paper covers : A Traveller from Altruria, by W. D. Howells (Harpers) ; Martin Hewitt, Investigator, by Arthur Morrison (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago) ; Uncle Sam's Cabins, a Story of American Life Looking Forward a Century, by Benjamin Rush Davenport (Mascot Publishing Co., New York) ; Some Every-Day Folks, by Eden Phillpotts (Harpers) ; A Woman of Impulse, by Justin Huntly McCarthy (Putnams).

Books for the Young. Tales of the Punjab Told by the People, by Flora Annie Steel. With Illustrations by J. Lockwood Kipling, C. I. E., and Notes by R. C. Temple. (Macmillan.) These folk-tales have been collected by Mrs. Steel with infinite patience and care after many recitals of the same from various village story-tellers, the hearer meantime rejecting feeble, imperfect, or ill-remembered versions, and comparing and piecing together till she has obtained a coherent whole. Her object has been to secure "a good story in what appears to be its best form ; but the tales have not been doctored in any way, not even in the language." Of course variants of some old friends are to be found here, but in their present shape they are distinctly of India in tone and atmosphere. As a collection of fairy-tales the volume should please the most exacting little critic, while Major Temple's admirable notes and appendices make it valuable to the folk-lorist. — To Greenland and the Pole, a Story of Adventure in the Arctic Regions, by Gordon Stables, M. D., R. N. (Scribners.) It is pleasant to meet with a story of adventure

for boys that can be so heartily commended as this. Though there is no lack of exciting incidents, they are never of so improbable a sort as to verge on the impossible; and indeed many of the Arctic experiences are drawn from the author's own journals. The youthful heroes do not imperil their own lives, and others as well, by willfulness or insubordination, as is too much the habit of their contemporaries in similar American fiction, and the tone of the book throughout is wholesome and manly. It is a volume of generous dimensions, the scene shifting from Scotland and Norway to Greenland, and finally to the North Pole, — Nansen, "the bravest of Arctic explorers," to whom the tale is dedicated, being the prototype of the Captain Reynolds of the story. — Sea Yarns for Boys Spun by an Old Salt, by W. J. Henderson. (Harpers.) Yarns of the old-fashioned order, which do credit to the inventive power and lively imagination of their narrator. They are amusing after their kind, and not without cleverness. — The Spanish Pioneers, by Charles F. Lummis. (McClurg.) A lively, sometimes dogmatic narrative, in which Mr. Lummis tries to repair some damages inflicted on the Spanish character, and to set right our general conception as to the persons on both sides most concerned in the Spanish conquest of America. — The Story of Babette, a Little Creole Girl, by Ruth McEnery Stuart. (Harpers.) A juvenile romance, as stories of youthful life in New Orleans generally prove to be. The little heroine is a stolen child, who, however, soon falls into the hands of kind protectors, and at the age of eighteen is restored to her own people. It is, on the whole, a pleasantly written and interesting tale, and though it ends with a wedding, the preliminary love-making is wisely omitted. It should be said, too, that broken English and dialect are used with commendable moderation.

Gossip and Curiosities. Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs, by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. (Harpers.) From the time when the young daughter of a great novelist wrote The Story of Elizabeth and retold the old fairy-tales in modern fashion, her faithful readers have never missed from her work a peculiar charm which is nowhere more pervasive than in these delightful reminiscences. We find the graceful, leisurely style, sympathetic feeling, kindliness of tone, and gentle humor, which we know, on every page of the recollections of her childhood and early girlhood, here set down by the author. The story is divided between Paris — the Paris of Louis Philippe and the second Republic — and London, with sketches of travel interspersed, giving everywhere most agreeable glimpses of personages often very distinguished, occasionally quite undistinguished, — the latter sometimes as admirable bits of portraiture as are to be found in the book. Personally, Thackeray has never been more pleasantly presented to the reading public than as the generous friend and ever-indulgent father of these records, — over-indulgent, the austere Miss Brontë apparently found him. The description of an evening reception where this lady, as the guest of honor, by her shyness froze into silence the clever company assembled; the account of the household life in Young Street, of Weimar revisited, of the first delivery of the opening lecture on the English Humorists, — these passages, and others like them, will also serve as fragments of a memoir which is, to our loss, to remain unwritten. — Half a Century with Judges and Lawyers, by Joseph A. Willard. (Houghton.) The autobiographic sketch with which Mr. Willard introduces his volume is a piece of racy writing which will give the reader a pleasurable anticipation of the reminiscences which follow. The official relation which Mr. Willard holds does not seem to have impaired his independence in the least, and it is refreshing to observe the frankness with which he deals with public characters. Any one who knows the authoritative nature of Mr. Willard's notebook will not question the accuracy of his memory. So abundant a collection of anecdotes may be expected to be uneven, but the judicious reader will do himself a service by taking the book as a dessert, and not as a full meal. Nuts and raisins are first rate, but they do not constitute a dinner. A minute index adds to the value of the collection. — In Old New York, by Thomas A. Janvier. (Harpers.) Even to one not remembering the first appearance of the papers that are comprised in this book, they would proclaim themselves unmistakably as magazine articles. They are written with the special design of interesting New York readers, and are provided with the aid

of illustrations which as truly serve the same end. This is not to say that the articles, in the book, are incapable of interesting others than metropolitans. On the contrary, any one who knows New York at all must appreciate the charm of studies such as Mr. Janvier has made. As scratching the skin of a Russian shows what he is within, so these articles have a close enough relation to the New York of to-day to make more vivid the impressions of all the stages through which the city's municipal and social growth has passed. — Wimples and Crisping Pins, Being Studies in the Coiffure and Ornaments of Women, by Theodore Child. (Harpers.) A handsomely bound and printed volume, liberally supplied with illustrations, mostly from the works of famous sculptors and painters, indicating some of the fashions of hair-dressing which prevailed from the days of ancient Egypt to the France of 1830. It is a rather desultory history, and the wimple is but slightly represented in comparison with the work of the crisping pin, which is curious, considering the long spaces of time when caps or headdresses, graceful, fantastic, or grotesque, nearly concealed the hair of most women. Although the letterpress is plainly written for the pictures, the author shows considerable enthusiasm for his subject, believing that "coiffure is an art, — the chiefest of the decorative arts, inasmuch as its function is to adorn the most perfect of nature's works, the beauty of woman." It may be so ; but even in the not very comprehensive and usually favorable examples given here, the art in its most elaborate forms occasionally does its best to disfigure rather than adorn this beauty. — Early London Theatres [In the Fields], by T. Fairman Ordish, F. S. A. The Camden Library. (Macmillan, New York ; Elliot Stock, London.) An admirably arranged and also exceedingly readable summary of what is known (often very indefinitely and imperfectly) of the foundation and history of the first London playhouses. Priority belongs to The Theatre, built in the Fields north of the city in 1576, and followed closely, both in time and in situation, by The Curtain, while rival houses soon appeared on the Surrey side, probably one at Newington Butts, destined to be the scene of those successes of the young Shakespeare that roused the ire of Greene, The Rose, with which the poet had a brief connection, and others of less fame. A fresh and interesting contribution to dramatic history given in this book is the account of the constant warfare waged against the players by the London Corporation. Few of its readers, we imagine, will have realized how intense was the Puritan feeling among the citizens, even in the time of Elizabeth. The Queen and her Privy Council were on the side of the playhouses, but the victory by no means always rested with them. Though this is a theatrical, and not a literary history, it throws much light on the conditions under which were produced the plays of the great age of the English Drama, a subject none too well understood by the general reader. The story of the Globe and of the Blackfriars Theatre is reserved for another volume. — Colonial Days and Dames, by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. With Illustrations by E. S. Holloway. (Lippincott.) Miss Wharton follows her pretty book Through Colonial Doorways with another, in which she takes a somewhat wider range from New England to the Southern colonies, though, naturally, she is most at home in Pennsylvania. The book does not profess to draw from unpublished sources, and is the rather light gleanings of an explorer who is looking chiefly for the footprints of women in our history. — Side Glimpses from the Colonial Meeting-House, by William Root Bliss. (Houghton.) Mr. Bliss has a somewhat similar air of gleaning, but his book is more distinctly a contribution to our historical knowledge ; for he has the instinct which takes him to the less familiar sources, and the sense of proportion which enables him to bring together the parts of his general subject duly. The study of this side of the New England character is intelligent, and often entertaining. — Roman Gossip, by Frances Elliot. (Murray, London.) Mrs. Minto Elliot's recollections run back to the middle of the century, but apparently she does not rely on the advantages which her social position gave her to draw much at first hand. There is little, it is to be said, of her own reminiscences, but a potpourri of anecdote and narrative about such characters as the two Popes, Antonelli, Rossini, Garibaldi, Torlonia, the Buonapartes, as with true English obstinacy she calls them, Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, and others. There is not much *esprit* in the book, but much of good-

natured comment, which sounds better in conversation than in literature.

History and Biography. The fourth and final volume of the new illustrated edition of J. R. Green's A Short History of the English People (Harpers) covers the period from 1679 to 1815, with an epilogue summarizing the later part of the century. The scheme of the edition by which illustrations are drawn from actual objects, portraits, and the like is consistently carried out, though we question whether the general reader will greatly care for the large number of medals, and think he would gladly have seen other facsimiles, such as a page of The Spectator or the handwriting of Wellington. The illustrations, especially the portraits, serve in many instances to supplement the text: thus there are portraits of Pope and Addison, when their names do not appear in the text, if we may trust a cursory examination and the index, though the index is too meagre for a book of such extent. — The Crusades, the Story of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, by T. A. Archer and Charles L. Kingsford. The Story of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) Not often does a history told in outline present so many excellent qualities as are to be found in this work. Despite the necessarily severe condensation, the story is neither bald nor colorless ; for the authors, having a thorough mastery of their subject, do not fail to distinguish between events of greater and less importance, so that the narrative, comprehensive as it is, never degenerates into a mere enumeration of facts, but is continuously interesting. From history and romance the general story of the Crusades is tolerably familiar, but that forms only a portion of this work, which also gives due consideration to the causes and effects of those great movements, subjects imperfectly understood even by well-informed readers, while its clear summary of the annals of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem will prove especially enlightening. The illustrations are numerous, and so very well selected that the descriptive list of them prefixed to the volume is welcome. — Cicero and the Fall of the Roman Republic, by J. L. Strachan-Davidson, M. A. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) It is a subject for congratulation that the Life of Cicero, in a popular series, should have fallen into such peculiarly competent hands. The book is as readable as it is scholarly, and, the latter fact being self-evident, the writer has wisely economized the space at his disposal by refraining from controversy, and rarely straying from narration to criticism. Not that he leaves us in any uncertainty as to his feeling regarding Cæsarism, or his sympathy with the last struggles of the defenders of the republic. The materials for the biography are, of course, largely drawn from Cicero's own writings, especially from that confidential correspondence which has made him the most intimately known of all the ancients, and, while it has unveiled his weaknesses to his detractors, has raised for him friends and lovers in every succeeding generation. The illustrations do not add greatly to the value of the work, and are not always particularly relevant. — The Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala, Written by Himself. In two volumes. (Scribners.) Mr. Sala has been entertaining the public so long with his comment on contemporaneous affairs, with the *sauce piquante* of his own personality, that it is at first a little difficult to see how he can make out two stout octavos afresh ; but the matter is explained when one notes that the point of view is shifted. It is now Mr. Sala who is the principal, and events and other personages the incidental. There is much that is amusing in this narrative, much more that is trivial, but the whole is not a bad portrait by himself of the modern personal journalist. A great many other persons besides Mr. Sala are mentioned in the work, and a few are hit off with something like characterization, but no portrait is drawn with so many touches as his own. — Josiah Wedgwood, F. R. S., his Personal History, by Samuel Smiles. (Harpers.) Mr. Smiles had in Wedgwood a most sympathetic subject. Here was an Englishman who struggled against all sorts of odds, held bravely to his purpose, and achieved most significant success. Moreover, he was connected with a group of interesting people, and beauty was made useful in his art. Then we have the narrative told in a succession of short sentences which march in an orderly, cheerful manner to the end of the book. — The Buccaneers of America. A True Account of the most Remarkable Assaults committed of late Years upon the Coasts of the West Indies by the Buccaneers of Jamaica and Tortuga (both English and French), wherein are contained more

especially the Unparalleled Exploits of Sir Henry Morgan, our English Jamaican Hero, who sacked Porto Bello, burnt Panama, etc. By John Esquemeling, one of the Buccaneers who was Present at those Tragedies. (Imported by Scribners.) The original narrative in Dutch was rendered into English in 1684, and is here reprinted, with an introduction by Henry Powell, and accompanied by contemporary maps and engravings. We are not likely to miss the adventures of the West Indian piratical folk, and it would seem somewhat discouraging to modern story-tellers who affect this period to find the original narratives so racy as they are. — Newton Booth of California, his Speeches and Addresses. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Lauren E. Crane. (Putnams.) A singular compound of biography and writings and speeches: first a chapter of Mr. Booth's orations and addresses; then a chapter of his political life, especially as Governor of California and United States Senator; then a chapter of lectures; and finally a group of his contributions to magazines and newspapers. The career is one worth analyzing. — Christopher Columbus and the Participation of the Jews in the Spanish and Portuguese Discoveries, by Dr. M. Kayserling. Translated by Charles Gross. (Longmans.) — Mr. Fish and the Alabama Claims, a Chapter in Diplomatic History, by J. C. Bancroft Davis. (Houghton.)

Religion, Ethics, and Theology. As Others Saw Him. A Retrospect. A. D. 54. (Houghton.) A narrative, clearly conceived, supposed to be written by one of the ruling Jews, who had something of the spirit of Nicodemus, but who stopped short of Nicodemus's faith, and ruminated sadly afterward over the way things went. The writer, who conceals his name, is clearly a man of literary power, a sincere man also, and so far in sympathy with modern Judaism that he may be taken as honestly wishing to know how an ancient Jew with the disposition of a modern one might have looked on Jesus, when he was neither an arrogant and obstinate Pharisee, nor a disciple, nor an indifferent Sadducee. The result is a fresh contribution to a great subject. — Faith-Healing, Christian Science, and Kindred Phenomena, by J. M. Buckley, LL. D. (Century Co.) The writer has less sympathy for the logic of Christian Science than for the other themes with which he deals, such as Somnambulism and Presentiments. The history and philosophy of the various influences from the unseen world are, however, set forth in a manner bespeaking no superficial study of the subjects. — A more recent book which may be mentioned here is Annie Payson Call's As a Matter of Course. (Roberts.) Without using the terminology of any school of "healers," it calls upon men and women, especially when subject to nervous strains, to follow the paths of simplicity and nature, to do the things which should be done by normal persons "as a matter of course." There is much truth in the book, if not quite all the freshness of the writer's Power Through Repose. — The Government of God in Relation to the Evolution of Man, by William Woods Smyth. (Elliot Stock, London.) A new edition of a work published a dozen years ago, in which the author seeks to array what may be called the Bible as interpreted by an Evangelical against the prevalent doctrines of the evolutionists. — The Johannine Theology, a Study of the Doctrinal Contents of the Gospel and Epistles of the Apostle John, by George B. Stevens. (Scribners.) A companion volume to the author's treatise on the Pauline Theology, with which indeed he compares this briefly in a closing chapter. Professor Stevens represents an interesting order of theologians, a man well versed in the literature of the subject, yet using independently a method of his own, — a method which may be characterized as direct and free from subtlety, an honest, face-to-face view. — Bible, Science, and Faith, by J. A. Zahm. (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.) An interesting examination of the relation of science to faith, by a man of science who is also a devout adherent to the Roman Catholic faith. The book will have special interest from the free use which Dr. Zahm makes of patristic literature, a contribution not generally made by Protestant apologists. — The Life and Teachings of Jesus, a Critical Analysis of the Sources of the Gospels, together with a Study of the Sayings of Jesus, by Arthur Kenyon Rogers. (Putnams.) A book with an irritating tone of reasonableness about it, a calm assumption of individual judgment as to what is real and what legendary in the Biblical narrative; yet the writer succeeds often in making suggestions of value. —

The Gospel of Paul, by Charles Carroll Everett. (Houghton.) Dr. Everett, with a frankness which is most agreeable, introduces himself to the reader as one who has found a new interpretation of Paul's doctrine of the atonement, and has found it, moreover, not in a logical conception into which the apostle's words fit, but in an induction from the words themselves. He makes an interesting point when he shows that the writings of Paul are not strictly systematic, since they were addressed to persons who already accepted the doctrine which he held ; and thus Dr. Everett seeks to reconstruct the gospel of Paul by putting himself in the position of a hearer of it, and inquiring into Paul's historical relation to Judaism and to Christianity. — The Witness to Immortality in Literature, Philosophy, and Life, by George A. Gordon. (Houghton.) A study of the doctrine of immortality as discoverable in Hebrew writings, the poetry and philosophy of the world, the argument of Paul, and the life and doctrine of the Christ. The plan is fresh, the cumulative argument is well managed, the writer has earnestness and a somewhat prolix eloquence. The treatment is so varied that the force of the presentation is greatly increased, since one looks at the subject now in this light, now in that. — The Monism of Man, or The Unity of the Divine and Human, by David Allyn Gorton. (Putnams.) — The sixth volume of A Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church contains the Letters and Select Works of St. Jerome, translated by Canon Fremantle, with the aid of the Rev. G. Lewis and the Rev. W. G. Martley. (The Christian Literature Co., New York.)

Sociology. Wealth against Commonwealth, by Henry Demarest Lloyd. (Harpers.) A spirited recital of what the author believes to be the story of the concentration of industrial power in the hands of a few men and corporations. He fortifies his narrative with many citations from government documents and authoritative statements. Perhaps the tone of a zealous special pleader which characterizes the volume from the start is necessary to arouse attention, but the reader who is desirous of studying carefully the great questions which cause the book will hardly be satisfied with so entirely *ex parte* a judgment. It is something to be thankful for that Mr. Lloyd, after telling this story of gigantic oppression, does not lose one whit his confidence in the final victory of the commonwealth.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Modernity Hospital.

In this heyday of charitable endeavor, it has always seemed to me strange that two classes of suffering mortals have been overlooked, the New Women and the Yellow Men. Their need of a "retreat" of some sort is beyond question. Why should we delay longer the establishment of a Modernity Hospital ?

It is understood that measures have already been taken towards this end. Indeed, I may say, in the confidence of the Club, that they are well under way, and, in order that a full understanding of the enterprise may be spread, I am allowed to state a few of the proposed rules of the institution.

Applicants of each sex must be quite incapable of seeing any happiness in life.

For the New Women's Ward, each applicant must show herself a believer in sex as a purely modern discovery. For the Yellow Men's Ward, a digestion ordered with special reference to dead-sea fruit — which shall be to it not as lead, but as gold, morning, noon, and night — must be an assured appurtenance of every patient.

Since alleviation rather than complete cure is the aim of the hospital, sufferers from both wards are encouraged to meet as often as possible. (It will probably appear at first that the women's contempt for the men, and the men's admiring distrust of the women, will render these meetings infrequent ; but protestations of such feelings from the patients must be ignored. After a few weeks of treatment, it may be expected that afternoon tea for groups from both wards will become a necessary part of each sufferer's routine.)

With the same principle of alleviation in view, the New Women are urged to write as many papers on vexed questions, and the Yellow Men as many "minor poems," as they can. Aside from private readings, which are always encouraged for the prompt relief they have been known to give in many cases, a periodical public reading in the assembly room of the hospital shall take place. It cannot be said exactly how often this reading will occur, but it shall be the duty of the wardens to keep themselves informed as to the quantity of manuscript produced from day to day; and when it shall equal in amount the copy necessary for a monthly magazine, the public reading shall be held. With the hospital in good running order, it may be expected that this will happen about once a fortnight.

The world's notions of conventionality may be ignored so far as the municipal authorities will permit. New Women with a special tendency towards a "common standard" shall suffer no restrictions in the use of tobacco, even if, beginning with cigarettes, the patient becomes addicted in the end to cigars and pipes. Yellow Men with the same desire for equality shall be allowed as much knitting and fancy-work as their strength will permit.

These are but a few of the regulations, but perhaps they are enough to show how thoroughly in sympathy with the methods of contemporary science the founders of the institution are. Is it too much to hope that the public, once informed of the purpose of the Modernity Hospital, will come generously forward to its support? Any person desiring to endow a bed, either for New Women or for Yellow Men, may (or may not) receive further information by applying to the Steward of the Club for which I write.

A Negro Witch Story. — It is quite impossible to determine whether the sleeping negro dreams the remarkable things which he sometimes, with great reluctance, relates, or whether his actual experiences are, by the assistance of an erratic memory, a vivid imagination, and a superstitious trend of thought, translated into fantasies and invested with supernatural accessories. There is reason to believe that the latter is the true solution, for it is certain that the negro regards his superstitions with profound respect and religious veneration.

The following story is simply a specimen of the tales which the negroes habitually relate to one another, and, at rare intervals, to a particularly favored white auditor. No liberties have been taken with it except those of transforming it into English which would be unintelligible to the original narrator, and perhaps of treating his experiences with a lightness which would certainly be repugnant to his tastes and horrifying to his superstitious notions.

About four o'clock, one afternoon, Levin Williams, the hero of this series of adventures, concluded to visit a friend who lived at the distance of ten miles, and, in default of means of more rapid progression, he walked. During the first mile of the journey he noticed the ominous fact that the trees by the roadside were full of jay birds. Only those intimately acquainted with the fancies of the negroes will recognize the full significance of this manifestation. These bewildered people firmly believe that the jay is a bird of evil omen and possessed of Satanic power. The tradition upon which this superstition is based is that, each Friday night, every jay bird in the world visits the beach of the ocean nine successive times, and on each journey brings away one grain of sand, which is carried directly to the abode of his Satanic Majesty. The birds have been doing this since the creation, and will continue in the performance of the task until the end of the world, which event will be determined by the disappearance of the last grain of sand. In return for this service the devil has conferred on the jay bird extraordinary privileges in the line of tormenting humanity, and has empowered witches, wizards, and ghosts to transform themselves into jay birds whenever necessary to further their malicious purposes. It will be understood, then, why the sight of these birds filled the traveler with dismay, and thronged his soul with forebodings of evil; but he bravely determined to pursue his journey in face of the threatening powers that were gathering to the attack.

About six miles from home, his road lying through the forest, Levin became conscious that he had lost his way, and for three or four hours he wandered about in the pine woods in a fruitless effort to regain the devious path. It was nearly midnight when he arrived at a cabin, the appearance of which was unfamiliar, though he

was intimately acquainted with the location of every hut and house in the whole countryside. Approaching the rickety door, he knocked, and a shrill voice bade him enter. Within he found two ancient and weazened black women crouching over a dying fire, and muttering to each other in a language he could not understand. He explained his bewilderment, and one of the old women pointed to a blanket in the corner of the cabin. Accepting this as an invitation to remain until morning, he lay down to repose. But something mysterious in the aspect or conduct of the women aroused his suspicions, and sleep refused to visit his eyelids; yet, with the cunning of his race, he pretended slumber, and his snores loudly testified to the depth of his unconsciousness. The crones continued to mumble their unintelligible jargon, and now and then a sharp eye was directed to the corner where our hero was simulating slumber. It being determined at last that he was really asleep, one of the old women arose, and, from a hiding-place beneath the low eaves, produced a small, round box, which she placed on the floor, between herself and her companion. Unrestrained by the waking presence of the intruder, they now, for the first time, addressed each other in words he could understand.

"Are you ready?" asked the one.

"I am," replied the other.

"Then rub!"

Each of the witches — for by this time their character was patent to the observer — dipped the first finger of each hand into the box, and began to rub, first the palms of her hands, then her elbows, and finally her shoulders; and during the process they muttered to themselves an incantation which sounded like, "Grow feathers! Grow wings! Grow feathers! Grow wings!"

Presently the first witch asked, "Are you ready?"

"I am."

"Then follow me."

Approaching the open fireplace, the first said, "Out I go." And out she went, directly up the chimney. A moment later, the second witch hobbled to the fireplace, and said, "I follow." And follow she did, to the excessive amazement and consternation of the solitary witness of these uncanny proceedings.

Springing from his couch, Levin ran to the fireplace, but his entertainers had completely disappeared. Glancing at the floor, however, he noticed that they had forgotten the little box and left it behind, in their flight. Picking it up, he examined it with careful scrutiny, and saw that it was half full of a dark compound, which he afterward described as resembling axle grease. As he meditatively held it in his hand, he became unmindful of the warning of the jay birds, and allowed the characteristic curiosity of his race to overcome him. Dipping his fingers in the box, as he had seen the witches do, he rubbed the palms of his hands, his elbows, and his shoulders with the mysterious and potent contents; all the while, in imitation of the witches, repeating the words, "Grow feathers! Grow wings! Grow feathers! Grow wings!"

The incantation had not lost its virtue, for as he uttered it he became conscious that wings were really growing from his shoulders, though these pinions were invisible to the sense of sight. Frightened, but not daunted, he stepped to the fireplace, and said, "Out I go!"

The next moment he found himself soaring among the treetops that embowered the cabin, but, by the aid of his newly acquired wings, he descended and perched safely upon the chimney-top. When he had recovered his breath after this aerial excursion, he observed that the two witches were seated snugly upon the comb of the roof, — for all the world, as he expressed it, like two old turkey buzzards. Realizing his audacity, they grew terribly excited, and one of them repeated some words which he did not understand, but which made the cabin tremble in every beam and rafter. Much chattering and grumbling ensued, but at last, after a whispered consultation, they agreed not to injure him, provided he would promise implicitly to obey their directions, — a condition to which he gladly assented, in the unconsciousness that they were simply giving him a respite in order to prepare for him a more certain and dreadful doom.

"Say what I say!" was the first direction, delivered in a voice like the croak of a crow when he is driven out of a cornfield.

"Away I go!" said the first witch.

"Away I go!" repeated the other.

"Away I go!" quavered Levin.

The words launched them upon a flight which lasted two hours, and carried them

over miles of territory. At last, when directly above a small town, the houses and streets of which were enshrouded in darkness, the commander of the expedition cried, "I pitch!"

"I pitch!" croaked the second.

"I pitch!" said Levin.

This was the signal for immediate descent, and, on reaching the ground, they found themselves in a narrow street fronted on either side by stores. Before the door of the largest of these the trio halted, and the witch who took the precedence said, "Through I go!"

Her attendants repeated the words, and the little company, without further ado, passed through the keyhole into the interior of the shop, which proved to be a grocery. The witches, with great freedom, began to appropriate the goods temptingly displayed on shelves and counters; but not until one of them had conducted Levin to the rear of the store, and there indicated to him a certain barrel, from which a seductive odor seemed to proceed.

When the negro, shaking off the influence of the liquor which the barrel was found to contain, struggled back to consciousness, it was broad daylight, the witches had disappeared, the store was full of men, and an officer appeared who hurried him off to jail.

Now the malicious design of the witches was developed. When, after an interval of several days, Levin was taken to the court-room, the indictment laid against him was, not for burglary, but for murder. A man had been done to death on the highway, and several witnesses appeared who identified Levin as a strange negro who had been lurking about that particular locality. Blood-stains were found on his clothes, and other incriminating evidence was not lacking. It was in vain that he protested his innocence. The story of his midnight adventure only served to deepen the suspicions of his judges, and in the slow process of law he was finally found guilty and condemned to death.

He lingered in jail for several months, but the fatal morning at last arrived, and, in solemn procession, he was taken to the place of execution. Then, just as the sheriff was advancing to adjust the noose about his neck, an old woman scrambled upon the scaffold and begged the privilege of a word with the prisoner. The request was granted, and the woman, who was no less a personage than the first witch, whispered something in the negro's ear. It was, "Do what I do! Say what I say!"

Stepping to the edge of the platform, she said aloud, "Up I go!" And up she went, to the intense astonishment of the officers and spectators. The rope dropped from the sheriff's hand, and, taking advantage of the opportunity, Levin took a step forward, and cried, "Up I go!" And up he went. The witch-wings were still on his shoulders, though until this moment it had never occurred to him that they might be made available as means of escape. Now, imitating his rescuer, he sailed in three great circles above the heads of the gaping crowd below, and then, having taken their bearings, witch and negro left the ill-omened town and ghastly scaffold behind them at a speed which rendered pursuit impracticable, and the flight terminated only at the door of the negro's own cabin.

At the time when, with many digressions and repetitions, Levin narrated to us this story, his faith in jay birds was profound, and he emphatically declared that those invisible and impalpable wings were even then attached to his shoulders.

Boz and Don. — Boz was the doctor's dog; Don was the rector's. The one, a little, yellow, shaggy, short-legged terrier, was an imp of mischief. The other, a full-blooded Newfoundland, was sedate, dignified, and well bred. Though in character so diverse, in friendship they were one. I have never seen between men a companionship more close or an attachment more sincere than that which existed between these four-footed friends.

Both had passed the years of puppyhood before they met. The acquaintance began on the day the rector came to the little village of M——, to reside next door to the doctor, who lived in the shadow of the elms of the village rectory. Up to that hour, the reserved and handsome Don had looked upon the smaller individuals of his kind with the half-contemptuous, half-pitying, and wholly careless feeling which dignity so often experiences in the presence of triviality. By what subtle law the opposing natures of Don and Boz were reconciled let philosophers decide. From the first meeting of inquiring muzzles friendship was de-

monstrated by a violent wagging of tails; and until death parted them, each was the sworn bondsman of the other.

I shall never forget the scene of the introduction of Don by Boz into the doctor's family circle, — the rapture expressed by the marvelous contortions of the little yellow body, the violent leaps, the short, sharp barks with which he showed his delight when his really noble companion was approved with friendly pats by the elders, and fond embraces by the children. It was a display of frantic joy of which only a small dog is capable. After that introduction, Don became, by virtue of his intimacy with Boz, more truly an inmate of the doctor's house than of the rector's.

I am quite sure that the worthy rector looked with displeasure on the intimacy of the two dogs. Nor was it surprising that he did. A childless man, to him the grave and gentle Don — and let not this be thought a reflection upon the good man — stood in some sort in the place of that which Heaven had denied to him. He had bestowed more care upon the animal than many a parent gives to his son. His careful training had met its reward. The intelligence of Don was such that it was necessary only to point out a fault in a tone of reproof to insure its future avoidance. With him, actually, to hear was to obey, and a dog of habits more in harmony with the peace and virtuous quiet of a village rectory than those of Don never existed. Was it strange, then, that the man of God should look with apprehension upon the boon companionship of the subject of so many pious labors with a little ragamuffin of a terrier, whose reputation for peace and sobriety was none too good in the neighborhood? Alas, his fears had ample grounds. Evil communications will corrupt the good manners of dogs as well as of men. Not that Boz was evil, — I will not let that reflection lie upon the memory of the little loyal "heart of oak," — but in his diminutive body there was a restless and ambitious spirit which led him into adventures not always to his credit; and in these not quite respectable demonstrations of spirit Don came in time to share, to the grief of the good rector. It is best to pass by these indiscretions. Suffice it to say that no enemy of Boz, on four feet or two, counting upon superior size to gain an advantage, was permitted by Don to do so. Nor was the devoted Don particular to inquire with whom the right in the quarrel lay. Even the rector, in his regret over Don's lapses from virtue, was compelled to admit that there was a spirit of chivalry in the Newfoundland which apologized for his conduct.

The companionship of the dogs would have been unbroken had it not been for a sense of duty which compelled Boz to accompany the doctor on his professional rides into the country. I imagine, from the sequel of their long intimacy, that Boz must have impressed upon Don the importance of these rides, by way, perhaps, of excuse for his occasional desertions. Don used to watch his friend's departure at such times with an approving wave of his bushy tail, but he never sought to go with him.

It was a tragedy which parted Boz and Don. One night the former accompanied a member of the doctor's family to the railway station to meet a late train. Curiosity, proverbially fatal, especially to cats, led the terrier on an exploring trip under the cars. The little fellow was rescued alive, but cruelly mangled, — so cruelly that it became necessary to end his agonies with a bullet. The children, who had loved him and whom he had loved, sorrowfully placed his body in a box, and buried it in a little court at the rear of their home. A mound was heaped over the grave, and a stone placed at its head.

Of all this Don was ignorant. How he became aware of what had happened never will be known. The next morning he was found lying by the small grave, his handsome head resting upon his outstretched paws. Evidently he had found the spot in the night-time. All that day he lay near the mound, refusing to leave it even under the influence of hunger. Grief was never more pathetically expressed. Let philosophy say what it will about the difference between "animal instinct" and the operations of the human mind, I never did and I never will believe there is any difference except one of degree. I am convinced that, during that melancholy vigil, Don recalled the virtues of his dead friend just as men do under similar circumstances. I think he must have dwelt upon the pride which the terrier took in accompanying his master on his drives, and the sense of importance which he attached to the duty, so

that he himself formed the resolve to do the one thing by which he could testify most clearly of the love he bore the dead. For when at last Don left the grave of Boz it was to take the place of his friend by the doctor's carriage, and to go with the master of Boz for the first time into the country. Thenceforth, as long as the rector remained in charge of the parish, Don religiously performed the duty which Boz had laid down.

Once or twice the rector tried to break up the practice, but love was stronger than duty. As a result of these attempts, Don gave evidence for the first and only time of a spirit of deceit. Being one day in the doctor's barn, ready to start upon a journey, Don heard the rector's summoning whistle. Bounding over the fence, he ran to his master. The rector reproved him for leaving his home to follow the doctor, and, forbidding him to do so again, threatened to punish him if the command should be disobeyed. The next day, the rector, injunction, duty, — all were forgotten. Again, as he was about to start with the doctor, Don heard the rector's whistle. All animation a moment before, he now hung his head and crept silently from the barn. Instead of leaping over the fence into the rector's yard, as he had done the day before, he crawled through the doctor's yard to the rear of the rectory barn, and, entering it by a back door, came bounding out to the rector, uttering falsehoods with every wave of his tail.

Poor lovable and loving Don! He fell a victim, in after years and in another village, to the insensate fear of hydrophobia, and a dose of poison secretly administered by a coward. If there be a heaven for dogs, as I, with every lover of dogs, hope, I am sure that the broken intimacy with Boz was there renewed, to the everlasting joy of both.

A Descendant of Clovis. — A genealogical tree with its known roots in the fifth century of our era, and its branches still green in the nineteenth, is assuredly of more than family interest. To clear away the obscuring detritus and undergrowth of the ages from one such historic trunk was almost the last work of the regretted Lucien Faucou, who died in late November of 1894, when he was scarcely thirty-three years old. He was already director of the most curious of Paris museums, — and the one least known to tourists, — installed in the Hôtel Carnavalet, which stands as it came from the hands of the Renaissance architects and decorators in the service of a noble Breton family. Here Madame de Sévigné lived and wrote immortal letters for the twenty years preceding her death; and here, amid the relics of the history of Paris, to which the museum is devoted, the young director ferreted out the secrets of the past for his periodical, Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et des Curieux.

The favored descendant of so many known ancestors (for all of us go back through the unknown in generations without number) is Count Albert de Mun. To the political world he is known as the most eloquent of French parliamentary orators since Gambetta. He was the first of the born Royalists to "rally" to the republic at the Pope's bidding, and he has long been giving all his eloquence and labor to the formation of a Catholic workingmen's party. He is personally acceptable even to the Socialists, toward whose doctrines he inclines in more ways than one. They will not take offense at his doubly royal descent, of which, I suspect, he himself had but a vague tradition until the recent publication. The literary world is sure to look on him with sympathetic interest because of his mother, Charlotte Ferron de la Ferronays, sister of the Olga whom the third sister, Pauline (the late Mrs. Augustus Craven), has enshrined in all hearts by her Récit d'une Sœur.

It is with the Muns that our genealogy of fourteen hundred years has to do. There is no difficulty in following them back through the eighteenth-century marquis and the governor of Toulouse, who was married in 1606, to the time of America's discovery, when the head of the house was still in his *seigneurie* of Mun, close to Bigorre and its summer resorts in the Pyrenees. Here, in 1488, Omer de Mun married Florette, of the blood of the Montlezuns, whose backward fortunes we must now follow. Her ancestor, five generations back in 1309, was Bernard, a younger son of one of the Comtes de Pardiac, who themselves reach up, in the year 1025, to the third son of that Comte d'Astarac who had his portion of territory as son of the Count of Gascony. All these are good Gascon names, from that border-

land into which the Moors had more than once driven the remnant of the Goths and Basques of Spain.

Before the year 1000, the Counts of Gascony, lording it over a good part of what is now France, from the Bay of Biscay to Languedoc, numbered many a Garcia and Sanchez and Lupus. Charlemagne was of opinion that Loup II. was a veritable wolf, and so, in 778, ordered him to be hanged to a tree, — which, if it proves anything, goes to show the truth of the old saying, that all family lines can be traced back to the hangman's knot.

It is more than probable, however, that the mighty Emperor of the West was on this occasion no better than an interested judge in his own cause. The Duke of Gascony, as he was then called, was in fact the last of the Merovingians, whose family had been dethroned by Pepin the Short, Charlemagne's grandfather; and it was Loup II.'s grandfather, Waiffre, who lost all Aquitaine by fighting against Pepin and the French Revolution of his day. It is a curious though somewhat far-away revenge brought in by the whirligig of time that just as Leo III. then sanctioned the *fait accompli* and the new *régime* by crowning Charlemagne (on Christmas Day, 800) to the prejudice of the Gascon chiefs, so now, nearly eleven hundred years later, Leo XIII. sanctions the overthrow of the legal heirs of Charlemagne by encouraging the adherence to the republic of Adela of Gascony's latest descendant.

Waiffre, Adela's husband, was the great-great-grandson of Caribert, king of Aquitaine, and second son of Clotaire II., who was king of all France, and brother of the good King Dagobert himself. But he was also son of the wicked queen Fredegonde, who had his father Chilperic assassinated after setting him against his brothers Gontran and Sigebert, the latter the husband of her famous rival, Brunehaut. It is, perhaps, an additional virtue of the latter-day republic that although woman's rights may in the end prevail in it, yet the single-handed energies of evil women can no longer upset the whole land, as they did from this first race of the French monarchs down to the latest Bourbons and Bonapartes.

The three brothers were the grandsons of the great Clovis, with whom this genealogy of a Christian gentleman of France might properly and gloriously end. Clovis, as he was the first Christian, was also the first of the Frankish chiefs to reign in that France to which they left its lasting name. It was in 794 that he drove the last Romans from Gaul; they too had by this time received a barbarian for their emperor in the person of the Goth Theodoric. Clovis's own pagan grandfather, Merovæus, after whom this whole line of kings was called, headed his savage tribes in the Belgian marshes round Tournay, whence they made their raids on the Saxons and Germans of the lower Rhine. These rivalries and enmities of race have remained through all the centuries until now.

This truly royal and French ancestry of the Count de Mun, which surpasses that of the Bourbons, who do not go back even to Charlemagne, is strengthened by his being also, like them, a lineal descendant of King Louis XII. This is through his paternal grandmother, by the historic families of Ursel and Salm, by the Guises, and by Tasso's protectors, the Estes of Ferrara. Renée of France, who married Hercules d'Este, was supposed to have carried Calvinism into Italy. The Russian Orthodox ancestry of her Catholic descendant is known from Mrs. Craven's story. In a very literal sense, there can be few to an equal degree "heir of all the ages."

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A SINGULAR LIFE.

XIV.

It is not so hard to endure suffering as to resist ease. The passion for martyrdom sweeps everything before it, as long as it is challenged by no stronger force. Emanuel Bayard had lived for a year upon the elixir of a spiritual exaltation such as has carried men to a glowing death or through a tortured life without a throb of weakness. He had yet to adjust his nature to the antidote of common human comfort.

Like most of the subtler experiences of life, this came so naturally that, at first, he scarcely knew it by sight or name.

It was not a noteworthy matter to show the courtesies of civilized life to the family of his old Professor. Bayard reminded himself of this as he walked down the Point.

It was quite a week before he found leisure to attend to this simple social obligation. His duties in Angel Alley had been many and laborious; it did not occur to him to shorten a service or an entertainment, to omit a visit to the wharves when the crew came in, or to put by the emergency of a drunkard's wife to a more convenient season, because he had in view that which had grown so rare to the young man now, the experience of a personal luxury. Like a much older and more ascetic man than he was, he counted the beads on his rosary of labors conscientiously through. Then he hurried to her.

Now, to women of leisure nothing is so incomprehensible as the preoccupation of a seriously busy man. Bayard had not counted upon this feminine fact: indeed, he lived in a world where feminine whim was an element as much outside his calculation as the spring fashions of the planet Uranus. He was quite at a loss when Miss Carruth received him distantly.

The Flying Jib was, as to its exterior, an ugly little cottage run out on the neck of the jutting reef that formed the chief attraction of the Mainsail Hotel. The interior of the Flying Jib varied from a dreary lodge to a summer home, according to the nature of the occupants. It seemed to Bayard, that season, absurdly charming. He had lived so long out of his natural world that the photographs and rugs, the draperies, the flowers, the embroidery, the work-baskets, the bric-à-brac, the mere presence of taste and of ladies, appeared to him at first essential luxury. He looked about him with a sigh of delight, while Mrs. Carruth went to call her daughter, who had gone over to the fish-house study with the Professor, and who could be seen idling along home over the meadow, a stately figure in a pale yellow summer dress, with a shade hat, and pansies on it.

As we say, that young lady at first received Bayard coolly. She sauntered into the little parlor with her hands full of sweet-brier, nodded to him politely, and excused herself at once to arrange her flowers. This took her some time. Mrs. Carruth entertained him placidly. Helen's eyes saw, but did not seem to see,

the slightest motion of his nervous hand, each tone of expression that ran over his sensitive face. He had looked so eager and happy when she came; almost boyishly thirsting for that little pleasure! She had that terrible inability to understand the facts of his life or feeling which is responsible for most of the friction between two half-attracted or half-separating human beings. But when she saw the light die from his eyes, when she saw that hurt look, which she knew quite well, settle about the lower part of his face, Helen was ashamed of herself. Mrs. Carruth was mildly introducing the subject of mosquito bars: theirs, she said, were all on the second story; the supply did n't go round, and the Professor objected to them; so the hornets —

"Mother," said Helen, "I wonder if Mr. Bayard would n't like to have us show him the clam study?"

"Your father said he should be at work on the State of the Unforgiven after Death," replied Mrs. Carruth. "I don't know that we ought to disturb him; do you think we ought, Helen?"

"He was whittling a piece of mahogany for the head of a cane, when I left him," said Helen irreverently; "he stole it out of the cabin of that old wreck in the inner harbor. Do you think a Professor of Theology could be forgiven after death for sneak-thieving, Mr. Bayard?"

She abandoned the idea of visiting the clam study, however, and seated herself with frank graciousness by their visitor. Mrs. Carruth having strolled away presently to keep some elderly tryst among the piazza ladies of the hotel, the young people were left alone.

They sat for a moment in sudden, rather awkward silence. Helen looked like a tall June lily, in her summer gown. She had taken her hat off; her hair was a little tumbled and curly; the wind blew in strong from the sea, tossing the lace curtains of the Flying Jib like sails on a toy boat. The scent of the sweet-brier was delicately defined in the room. Bayard looked at her without any attempt to speak. She answered his silent question by saying abruptly, —

"You know you 'll *have* to forgive me, whether you want to or not."

"Forgive you?"

"Why, for being vexed. I *was* a little, at first. But I need n't have been such a schoolgirl as to show it."

"If you would be so kind as to tell me what I can possibly have done to — deserve your displeasure" — began Bayard helplessly.

"If a man does n't understand without being told, I 've noticed he *can't* understand when he is told. . . . Why did n't you wait till next fall before you came to see us, Mr. Bayard?"

"Oh!" said Bayard. The happy look came back to his tired face, as if a magic-lantern had shifted a beautiful slide. "Is *that* it?" He laughed delightedly. "Why, I suppose I must have seemed rude — neglectful, at any rate. But I 've noticed that if a woman does n't understand without being told, she makes up for it by her readiness of comprehension when she is told."

"What a nice red coal!" smiled Helen. "The top of my head feels quite warm. Dear me! is n't there a spot burned bald?" She felt anxiously of her pretty hair.

"Come over and see my work," he said, "and you 'll never ask me again why I did n't do anything I — would so much rather do."

"I never asked you before!" flashed Helen.

"You did me an honor that I shall remember," said Bayard gravely.

"Oh, please don't! Pray forget it as soon as you can!" cried Helen, with red cheeks.

"You can't know, you see you *can't* know, how a man situated as I am prizes the signs of the simplest human friendship that is sincere and womanly."

So said Bayard quietly. Helen drew a little quick breath. She seemed re-

conciled now, to herself and to him. They began to talk at once, quite fast and freely. Afterwards he tried to remember what it had all been about, but he found it not easy. The evening passed on wings; he felt the atmosphere of this little pleasure with a delight impossible to be understood by a man who had not known and graced society, and left it. Now and then he spoke of his work, but Helen did not exhibit a marked interest in the subject.

Bayard drew the modest inference that he had obtruded his own affairs with the obtuseness common to missionaries and other zealots; he roused himself to disused conversation, and to the forgotten topics of the world. It did not occur to him that this was precisely what she intended. The young lady drew him out, and drew him on. They chatted about Cesarea and Beacon Street, about art, clubs, magazine literature, and the Symphony Concerts, like ordinary social human beings.

"You see I have been out of it so long!" pleaded Bayard.

"Not yet a year," corrected Helen.

"It seems to me twenty," he mused.

"You don't go to see your uncle yet?"

"I met him once or twice down town. I have not been home yet. But that would make no difference. I have no leisure for — all these little things."

He said the words with such an utter absence of affectation that it was impossible either to smile or to take offense at them. Helen regarded him gravely.

"There were two or three superb concerts this winter. I thought of you. I wished you had come in" —

"Did you take that trouble?" he asked eagerly.

"I don't think I ever heard Schubert played better in my life," she went on, without noticing the interruption. "Schoeffelowski does do The Serenade divinely."

"I used to care for that more than for any other music in the world, I think," he answered slowly.

"I play poorly," said Helen, "and I sing worse, and the piano is rented of a Windover schoolgirl. But I have got some of his renderings by heart — if you would care for it."

"It is plain," replied Bayard, flushing, "that I no longer move in good society. It did not even occur to me to ask you. I should enjoy it; it would rest me more than anything I can think of. Not that that matters, of course — but I should be more grateful than it is possible for you to understand."

Helen went to the piano without ado, and began to sing the great serenade. She played with feeling, and had a sweet, not a strong voice; it had the usual amateur culture, no more, but it had a quality not so usual. She sang with a certain sumptuous delicacy (if the words may be conjoined) by which Bayard found himself unexpectedly moved. He sat with his hand over his eyes, and she sang the familiar classic quite through.

"Komm beglücke mich?
Komm beglücke mich!"

Her voice sank, and ceased. What tenderness! What strength! What vigor and hope and joy, and — forbid the thought! — what power of loving the woman had!

"Some lucky fellow will know, some day," thought the devotee. Aloud, he said nothing at all.

Helen's hands lay on the keys; she, too, sat silent. It was beginning to grow dark in the cottage parlor. The long, lace curtain blew straight in and towards her: as it dropped, it fell about her head and shoulders, and caught there; it hung like a veil; in the dim light it looked like —

She started to her feet and tossed it away.

"Oh!" he breathed, "why not let it stay? Just for a minute! It did nobody any harm."

"I am not so sure of that," thought

Helen. But what she said was, "I will light the candles."

He sprang to help her; the sleeve of her muslin dress fell away from her arm as she lifted the little flicker of the match to the tall brass candlestick on the mantel. He took the match from her, and touched the candle. In the dusk they looked at each other with a kind of fear. Bayard was very pale. Helen had her rich, warm look. She appeared taller than usual, and seemed to stand more steadily on her feet than other women.

"Do you want me to thank you?" asked Bayard in a low voice.

"No," said Helen.

"I must go," he said abruptly.

"Mother will be back," observed Helen, not at her ease. "And Father will be getting on with the Unforgiven, and come home any minute."

"Very well," replied Bayard, seating himself.

"Not that I would keep you!" suggested Helen suddenly.

He smiled a little sadly, and this time unexpectedly rose again.

"I don't ask you to understand, of course. But I really ought to go. And I am going."

"Very well," said Helen stiffly, in her turn.

"I have a — something to write, you see," explained Bayard.

"You don't call it a sermon any more, do you? Heresy writes a 'something.' How delicious! Do go and write it, by all means. I hope the Unforgiven will appreciate it."

"You are not a dull woman," observed Bayard uncomfortably. "You don't for an instant suppose I *want* to go?"

Helen raised her thick white eyelids slowly; a narrow, guarded light shone underneath them. She only answered that she supposed nothing about it.

"If I stay," murmured Bayard, with a wavering look, "will you sing The Serenade to me — all over again?"

"Not one bar of it!" replied Helen promptly.

"You are the wiser of us two," said Bayard, after a pause.

The tide was coming in, and gained upon the reef just outside the cottage windows, with a soft, inexorable sound.

"I am not a free man," he added.

"Return to your chains and your cell," suggested Helen. "It is — as you say — the better way."

"I said nothing of the kind! Pardon me."

"Did n't you? It does not signify. It does n't often signify what people *say* — do you think?"

"Are you coming to see my people — the work? You said you would, you know. Shall I call and take you, some day?"

"Do you think it matters — to the drunkards?"

"Oh well," said Bayard, looking disappointed, "never mind."

"But I do mind," returned Helen in her full, boylike voice. "I want to come. And I 'm coming. I had rather come, though, than be taken. I 'll turn up some day in the anxious-seat, when you don't expect me. I 'll wear a veil, and an old poke bonnet — yes, and a blanket shawl — and confess. I defy you to find me out!"

"Miss Carruth," said the young preacher with imperiousness, "my work is not a parlor charade."

Helen looked at him. Defiance and deference battled in her brown eyes; for that instant, possibly, she could have hated or loved him with equal ease; she felt his spiritual superiority to herself as something between an antagonism and an attraction, but exasperating whichever way she looked at it. She struggled with herself, but made no reply.

"If I am honored with your presence," continued Bayard, still with some decision of manner, "I shall count upon your sympathy. . . . God knows I need it!" he added in a different tone.

"And you shall have it," said Helen softly.

It was too dark to see the melting of her face; but he knew it was there. They stood on the piazza of the cottage, in the strong, salt wind. Her muslin dress blew back. The dim light of the candle within scarcely defined her figure. They seemed to stand like creatures of the dusk, uncertain of each other or of themselves. He held out his hand; she placed her own within it cordially. How warm and womanly, how strong and fine a touch she had! He bade her good-night, and hurried away.

That "something" which is to supersede the sermon was not written that night. Bayard found himself unable to work. He sat doggedly at his desk for an hour; then gave it up, put out his light, and seized his hat. He went down to the beach, and skirted the shore, taking the spray in his face. His brain was on fire; not with intellectual labor. His heart throbbed; not with anxiety for the fishing population. He reached a reef whence he could see the Mainsail Hotel, and there sat down to collect himself. The cottage was lighted now; the parlor windows glimmered softly; the long, lace curtains were blowing in and out. Shadows of figures passed and repassed. The Professor had settled the state of the Unforgiven, and had come back from the clam study; he paced to and fro across the parlor of the Flying Jib; a graceful figure clung to his theologic arm, and kept step with him as he strode.

Presently she came to the low window, and pushed back the lace curtain, which had blown in, half across the little parlor. She lifted her arms, and shut the window.

The waves beat the foot of the cliff monotonously, like the bars of a rude, large music which no man had been able to read. Bayard listened to them, with his head thrown back on the hard rock, and his hat over his eyes. Even the gaze of the stars seemed intrusive, curious, one might say impertinent, to him. He desired the shell of the mollusk that burrowed in the cleft of the cliff.

The tide was rising steadily. The harbor wore its full look; it seemed about to overflow, like a surcharged heart. The waves rose on; they took definite rhythm. All the oldest, sweetest meanings of music, the maddest and the tenderest cries of human longing, were in the strain: —

"Komm beglücke mich?
— Beglücke mich!"

Those mighty lovers, the sea and the shore, urged and answered, resisted and yielded, protested and pleaded, retreated and met, loved and clasped, and slept. When the tide came to the full, the wind went down.

XV.

Dear Mr. Bayard, — I have been thinking since I saw you. I have health, and a summer. What can I do to help your work? I have n't a particle of experience, and not much enthusiasm. But I am ready to try, if you are willing to try me. I don't think I 'm adapted to drunkards. I don't know which of us would be more scared. He would probably run for the nearest grogshop to get rid of me. Are n't there some old ladies who bother you to death, whom you could turn over to me?

Yours sincerely,
Helen Carruth.

This characteristic note, the first that he had ever received from her, reached Bayard by mail, a few days after his call at the cottage of the Flying Jib.

He sat down and wrote at once: —

My dear Miss Carruth, — There *is* an old lady. She does n't bother me at all, but I am at my wits' end with her. She runs away from the institution where she belongs, and there 's no

other place for her. At present she is inflicting herself on Mrs. Job Slip, No. 143 Thoroughfare Street, opposite the head of Angel Alley. Her mind is thought to be slightly disordered by the loss of her son, drowned last winter in the wreck of the Clara Em. Mrs. Slip will explain the circumstances to you more fully. Inquire for Johnny's mother. If the old woman ever had any other name, people have forgotten it now. I write in great haste and stress of care. It will not be necessary to traverse Angel Alley to reach this address, which is quite in the heart of the town, and perfectly safe and suitable for you. I thank you very much.

Yours sincerely,
EMANUEL BAYARD.

Helen frowned a little when she read this. No bishop of a diocese, dictating the career of a deaconess, no village rector, guiding some anxious and aimless visiting young lady through the mild dissipations of parish benevolence, could have returned a more businesslike, calm, even curt reply.

The position of a man who may not love a woman and must not invite her to marry him — or, to put it a little differently, who must not love and cannot marry — is one which it seems to be asking too much of women to understand. At all events, they seldom or never do. The withdrawals, the feints, the veils and chills and silences, by which a woman in a similar position protects herself may be as transparent as golden mist to him whom she evades; but the sturdy retreat of a masculine conscience from a too tender or too tempting situation is as opaque as a gravestone to the feminine perception.

Accustomed to be eagerly wooed, Helen did not know what to make of this devotee who did not urge himself even upon her friendship. She had never given any man that treasure before. Like all high-minded women who have not spent themselves in experiments of the sensibilities, Helen regarded her own friendship as valuable. She would have preferred him to show, at least, that he appreciated his privilege. She would have liked him to make friendship as devotedly as those other men had made love to her.

His reserve, his distance, his apparent moodiness, and undoubted ability to live without seeing her except when he got ready to do so, gave her a perplexed trouble more important than pique.

Without ado or delay, she took the next electric car for Mrs. Slip's.

Bayard received that afternoon, by the familiar hand of Joey Slip, this brief rejoinder: —

DEAR MR. BAYARD, — This experienced boy seems to be on intimate terms with you, and offers to take my report, which stands thus: Johnny's mother is in the Widows' Home. Shall I write you details?

Truly yours, H. C.

"Run on down to the Mainsail Hotel, Joey," remarked the minister, writing rapidly. "Find the lady — there will be a good many ladies — and hand her this."

"Pooh!" retorted this nautical child, with a superior air. "Vat ain't nuffin'! She's good-lookin' 'nuff to find off Zheorges' in a fog-bank."

Thus ran the note: —

DEAR MISS CARRUTH, — I will call for the report to-morrow. Thank you.

Yours, E. B.

When Bayard reached her mother's piazza the next evening, Helen was in the middle of the harbor.

"My daughter is considered a good oarswoman, I believe," said the Professor, with a troubled look. "I know nothing about these matters myself. I confess I wish I did. I have not felt

easy about her; she has propelled the craft so far into the stream. I am delighted to see you, Mr. Bayard! I will put another boat at your service — that is — I suppose you understand the use of oars?"

"Better than I do Verbal Inspiration, Professor!" replied Bayard, laughing. "She *is* rather far out, and the tide has turned."

He ran down the pier, and leaped into the first boat that he could secure. It happened to be a dory.

"Can you overtake her?" asked her father.

"I can try," replied the young man, smiling.

The Professor heaved a sigh, whether of relief or of anxiety it would not be easy to say, and stood upon the pier watching Bayard's fine stroke. Mrs. Carruth came down, clucking anxiously, and put her hand upon her husband's arm. Bayard looked at the two elderly people with a strange affectionateness which he did not analyze; feeling, but not acknowledging, a sudden heartache for ties which he had never known.

The sun was sinking, and the harbor was a sea of fire. A sea of glass it was not, for there was some wind and more tide. Really, she should not have ventured out so far. He looked over his shoulder as he gained upon her. She had not seen him, and was drifting out. Her oars lay crossed upon her lap. Her eyes were on the sky, which flung out gold and violet, crimson and pale green flame, in bars like the colors of a mighty banner. The harbor took the magnificence, and lifted it upon the hands of the short, uneasy waves.

The two little boats, the pursuing and the pursued, floated in one of those rare and unreal splendors which make this world, for the moment, seem a glorious, painless star, and the chance to live in it an ecstasy.

By the island, half a mile back, perhaps, Jane Granite, in a dory rowed by the younger Trawl, silently watched the minister moving with strong strokes across the blazing harbor. Drifting out, with beautiful pose and crossed hands, was the absorbed, unconscious woman whom his racing oars chased down.

Between the glory of the water and the glory of the sky, he gained upon her, overtook her, headed her off, and brought up with a spurt beside her. The minister laid his hand imperiously upon the gunwale of the lady's boat; and, it seemed, without waiting for her consent, or even lingering to ask for it, he leaped into the cockle-shell and fastened the painter of his dory to the stern. Now, between the color of the sky and the color of the sea, the two were seen to float for a melting moment

"Where Alph, the sacred river, ran."

"Ben," said Jane, "let us put about, will you? I'm a little chilly."

"Ben," said Jane again, as they rowed under the dark shadow of the island, — "Ben," with a little loyal effort to make conversation such as lovers know, "did you ever read a poem called Kubla Khan?"

"I hain't had time to read sence I left the grammar school," said Ben.

"What's up with you, anyhow?" he added, after a moment's sullen reflection.

He looked darkly over Jane's head towards the harbor's mouth. At that moment Bayard was tying the painter of the dory to the stern of the shell. Jane did not look back. A slight grayness settled about her mouth; she had the protruding mouth and evident cheek-bones of the consumptive woman of the coast.

"D—— him!" said Ben Trawl.

Bayard had indeed leaped into Helen's boat without so much as saying, By your leave. Her eyes had a dangerous expression, to which he paid no sort of attention.

"Did n't you know better than to take this shell — so far — with the tide setting out?" he demanded. "Give me those oars!"

"I understand how to manage a boat," replied the young lady coldly. She did not move.

"*Give me those oars!*" thundered Bayard.

She looked at him, and gave them.

"Don't try to move," he said in a softer voice. "It 's the easiest thing in the world to upset these toys. If you had taken a respectable ocean dory — I can't see why they don't provide them at the floats," he complained, with the nervousness of an uneasy man. "I can manage perfectly where I am. Sit still, Miss Carruth!"

She did not look at him this time, but she sat still. He put about, and rowed steadily. For a few moments they did not exchange a word. Helen had an offended expression. She trailed her hand in the water with something like petulance. Bayard did not watch her.

Captain Hap crossed their course, rowing home in an old green dory full of small bait, — pollock and tinkers. He eyed Bayard's Harvard stroke with surprised admiration. He had seldom seen a person row like that. But he was too old a sailor to say so. As the minister swerved dexterously to starboard to free the painter of his tender from collision with the fisherman, Captain Hap gave utterance to but two words. These were, "Short chops!"

"Quite a sea, yes!" called Bayard cheerily.

Captain Hap scanned the keel boat, the passenger, and the dory in tow, with discrimination.

"Lady shipwrecked?" he yelled, after some reflection.

"No, sir," answered Helen, smiling in spite of herself; "captured by pirates."

"Teach ye bet-ter!" howled Captain Hap. "Had n't oughter set out in short cho-ops! Had n't oughter set out in a craft like that nohow! They palm off them eggshells on boarders for bo-o-oats!"

Helen laughed outright; her eyes met Bayard's merrily, and, if he had dared to think so, rather humbly.

"I was very angry with you," she said.

"I can't help that," replied Bayard. "Your father and mother were very anxious about you."

"Really?"

"Naturally. I was a chartered pirate, at any rate."

"But I was in no sort of danger, you know. You 've made a great fuss over nothing."

"Take these oars," observed Bayard. "Just let me see you row back to the float."

Helen took the oars, and pulled a few strokes strongly enough. The veins stood out on her soft forehead, and her breath came hard.

"I had no idea the tide was so strong to-night. The wind seems to be the wrong way, too," she panted.

"It was blowing you straight out to sea," remarked Bayard quietly. "Shall I take the oars?"

She pulled on doggedly for a few moments. Suddenly she flung them down.

"Why, we are not making any headway at all! We are twisting about, and — going out again."

"Certainly."

"It is that heavy dory! You can't expect me to row two boats at once."

"The dory does make some difference, but very little. See, she does n't draw a teaspoonful of water. Shall I take the oars?"

"If you please," said Helen meekly.

She gave them up without looking at him, and she was a trifle pale from her exertion. Her hat was off, and the wind made rich havoc of her bright hair. She was splashed with spray, and her boating-dress was quite wet. Bayard watched her. The sun dropped, and the color on the harbor began to fade.

"I suppose you came for the report?"

she asked abruptly. "I stayed in all the afternoon. I could n't be expected to wait indefinitely, you know!"

"I could not possibly set the hour. I am much overworked. I should beg your pardon," said Bayard in his gentlest way.

"You *are* overworked," answered Helen in her candid voice. "And I am an idle, useless woman. It would n't have hurt me a bit to wait your leisure. But I 'm not — you see . . . I 'm not used to it."

"I must remind you again that I no longer move in good society," said Bayard, looking straight at her. "You must extend to me as much tolerance as you do to other workingmen."

"Yes," returned Helen; "we always wait a week for a carpenter, and ten days for the plumbers. Anyhow, Johnny's mother is in the Widows' Home. She 's as snug as a clam in a shell. She says she won't run away again till I 've been to see her."

"How in the world did you manage?" asked Bayard admiringly.

"Oh, I don't just know," replied Helen, clasping her hands behind her head. "I made myself lovely — that 's all."

"That might be enough, I should fancy," ventured the young man under his breath.

"I took her shopping," said Helen.

"Took her *shopping!*"

"Why, yes. She wanted to buy some mourning. She said Johnny's father had been dead so long, her black was all worn out. She wanted fresh crape. So I took her round the stores and got her some."

"Bought her crape?"

"Yes. I got her a crape veil — oh, and a bonnet. She 's the happiest mourner you ever saw. She went back to the Widows' Home like a spring lamb. She wore a chocolate calico dress with red spots on it, and this crape veil. You can't think how she looked! But she 's perfectly contented. She 'll stay awhile now. She says they would n't give her any mourning at the Home. She said that was all she had 'ag'in' 'em.'"

"Oh, these widows!" groaned Bayard. "We got two starving women in there by the hardest work, last spring, and one left in a week. She said it was too lonesome; she wanted to live with folks. The other one said it 'depressed' her. A Windover widow is a problem in sociology."

"Johnny's mother is the other kind of woman; I can see that," replied Helen. "She sits by herself, and puts her face in her hands. She does n't even cry. But she takes it out in crape. You can't think how happy she is in that veil."

"Your political economy is horrible," laughed Bayard, "but your heart is as warm as" —

"I saw Mari and Joey," interrupted Helen, "and Job Slip. I stayed two hours. Job was as sober as you are. They invited me to dinner. I suppose they were thankful to be rid of that poor old lady."

"Did you stay?"

"Of course I did. We had pork gravy, and potatoes — oh, and fried cunners. I sat beside Joey. I believe that child is as old as She. He 's a reincarnation of some drowned ancestor who went fishing ages ago, and never came back. Did you ever notice his resemblance to a mackerel?"

"I had n't thought of it in that light. I see now what it was. It takes you to discover it!"

"Johnny's mother looks like a cod, poor thing!" continued Helen. "I don't wonder. I should think she would. I 'm sure I should, in her place."

"You are incorrigible!" said Bayard, laughing in spite of himself. "And yet — you 've done a better morning's work than anybody in Windover has done here for a month!"

"I 'm going to take tea with Johnny's

mother next week," observed Helen — "at the Widows' Home, you know. But I've promised to take Joey to the circus first."

"You are perfectly refreshing!" sighed Bayard delightedly.

"Mr. Bayard," said Helen, with a change of manner as marked yet as subtle as the motion of the wave that fell, to make way for the next, against the bobbing bows of the empty dory, "I had a long talk with Job Slip."

"You say you found him sober?"

"As sober as a Cesarea trustee. But the way that man feels to you is something you have n't an idea of. I thought of that verse, you know, about love 'passing the love of women.' It is infatuation. It is worship. It is enough to choke you. Why, I cried when I heard him talk! And I don't cry, you know, very often. And I 'm not ashamed to own it, either. It made me feel ashamed to be alive — in such a world — why, Mr. Bayard!" — Helen unclasped her hands from the back of her head, and thrust them out towards him, as if they were an argument — "why, I thought this earth was a pleasant place! I thought life was a delightful thing! . . . If the rest of it is like this town — Windover is a world of woe, and you are one of the sons of God to these unhappy people!"

She said this solemnly, more solemnly than he had ever heard her say anything before. He laid down his oars, and took off his hat. He could not answer, and he did not try.

She saw how much moved he was, and she made a little gesture, as if she tossed away something that weighed heavily.

"You see," she interposed, "I've never done this kind of thing. I 'm not a good Professor's daughter. I did n't like it. I went through an attack of the missionary spirit when I was fifteen, and had a Sunday-school class — ten big boys: all red, and eight of them freckled. We were naming classes one Sunday, and my boys whistled Yankee Doodle when the superintendent prayed, and then asked if they might be called the lilies of the valley. I told them they were n't fit to be called red sorrel. So after that I gave them up. I've never tried it since. I 'm of no more use in the world — in this *awful* world — than the artificial pansies on my hat."

Helen picked up her straw hat from the bottom of the boat, and tied it on her head, with a little sound that was neither a laugh nor a sigh.

It was growing dark fast. They were nearly at the float now. Bayard laid down his oars. The head-lights were leaping out all over the harbor. The wind had gone down with the sun. Boats crept in like tired people, through the sudden calm, to anchor for the night. The evening steamer came in from the city, and the long waves of her wake rolled up on the beach and tossed the little boats. The sea drew a few long, deep breaths.

"The trouble with me, you see," said Helen, "is just what I told you. I am not spiritual."

"You are something better — you are altogether womanly!" said the young preacher quickly.

He seized his oars, and rowed in, as if they were shipwrecked. The old clam-digger was hauling his lobster-pots straight across their course. As Bayard veered to avoid him, the man could be heard singing: —

"The woman 's ashore,
The child 's at the door,
The man 's at the wheel.

"Storm on the track,
Fog at the back,
Death at the keel.

"You, mate, or me,
Which shall it be?"

He stopped when he saw the lady in the boat. It was now quite dark. Bayard and Helen were the last people to

land at the float. He gave her his hand in silence. She stood by, while he helped the keeper of the float up with the two boats. He coughed a little as he did so, and she said, rather sharply, "Tim! you should keep two men here, to do that work."

Tim apologized, grumbling, and the two walked on up the pier together, still alone. At the door of the cottage, she asked him, somewhat timidly, if he would come in. But he excused himself, and hurried away.

When he found himself far from the hotel, and well on the way to his lodgings, Bayard drew the long breath of a man who is escaping danger. He experienced a kind of ecstatic terror. He thought of her — he thought of her till he could think no more, but fell into an ocean of feeling, tossing and deep. It seemed to have no soundings. He drowned himself in it with a perilous delight.

What would a lonely fate be, if a woman capable of understanding the highest and serving it, capacious for tenderness and yielding it, a woman warm, human, sweet, and as true as one's belief in her, should pour the precious current of her love into a long life's work? Why, a man would be a god! He would climb the inaccessible. He would achieve the undreamed and the unknown. He would not know where consecration ended, and where heaven began.

"He would be a freer man than I am," thought Bayard, as he passed, between the larkspurs and the feverfew, up Mrs. Granite's garden.

Mrs. Granite met him at the door: she held a kerosene lamp high in one hand; with the other she handed him a soiled and crumpled bit of paper.

"A boy left it here, sir, not ten minutes ago, and he said you was to read it as soon as you came home. I don't know the boy. I never saw him before, but it seemed to be something quite partikkelar."

Bayard held the message to the lamp, and read: —

A pore man in distres would take it kindly of the minester to mete him as sune as possibel to-nite to Ragged Rock. i am a miserbul Drunkhard and i want to Knock Off. i heer when folks talk with you they stop Drinkin. i wish youde talk to me so I would stop

Yours JACK HADDOCK.

XVI.

Bayard re-read this message thoughtfully. He could hardly have told why it perplexed him. Up and down the shores and streets of Windover no cry of misery or of guilt had ever yet lifted itself to him in vain. Such appeals were common enough. Often it would happen that a stranger would stop him in the street, and use much the same naïve language: "I hear when you talk to folks they stop drinking. I wish you 'd talk to me." Contrary to his custom in such matters, he showed this slip of paper to Mrs. Granite.

"Mr. Bayard, sir," she said, with that prompt feminine fear which sometimes takes the place of reliable good sense, "don't you go a step!"

Bayard did not reply. He turned away musing, and paced up and down between the garden flowers. True, the place was lonely, and the hour late. But the vagaries of disgraced men are many, and nothing was more possible than that some fisherman, not wholly sober and not half drunk, should take it into his befuddled brain that an interview with the minister, located at a safe distance from nagging wife, crying child, or jeering messmate, or, let us say, far removed from the jaws of Trawl's door, could work the magic or the miracle for which the morally defective are always waiting.

"I see no reason why I should not

comply with this request," he said decidedly.

"Mr. Bayard, sir," urged Mrs. Granite, "it 's a thing I don't like to be her who tells you, but it 's time somebody did. There 's them in this town would n't stop at nothing, they have that feeling to you."

"To *me?*" cried Bayard, opening his hazel eyes as wide as a child's.

"Rum done it," stammered Mrs. Granite, instinctively using the three familiar words which most concisely covered the ground. "It 's your temperance principles. They ain't pop'lar. They affect your standing in this community."

This was the accepted phrase in Windover for all such cases made and provided. It was understood to contain the acme of personal peril or disgrace. To talk to a man about "your standing in this community" was equivalent to an insult or a scandal. Poor Mrs. Granite, an affectionate and helpless parrot, reëchoed this terrible language, and trembled. She felt as if she had said to the minister, Your social ruin is complete for all time, throughout the civilized world.

"Not that it makes any difference to *us*," sobbed Mrs. Granite; "we set just as much by you. But your standing is affected in this community. There 's them that hates you, sir, more shame to 'em, more 'n the Old Boy himself. Mr. Bayard, Mr. Bayard, don't you go to Ragged Rock alone, sir, this time o' night, to meet no tom-fool of a drunkard anxious about his soul. He don't own such a thing to his name! All he 's got is a rum-soaked sponge he 's mopped up whiskey with all his born days!"

"Your drinks, if not your metaphors, are getting a little mixed, dear Mrs. Granite," laughed Bayard.

"*Sir?*" said Mrs. Granite.

"But still, I must say, there is some sense in your view of the case — Ah, here 's Jane, and Ben with her. We 'll put the case to — No. I have it. Mrs. Granite, to please you, I will take Ben Trawl along with me. Will that set you at rest? — Here, Trawl. Just read this message, will you? Something about it looks a little queer, and Mrs. Granite is so kind as to worry about me. What do you make of it?"

"Oh, you 've got home so soon, have you?" said Trawl rather sullenly.

In the evening his eyebrows met more heavily than ever across his forehead; they looked as if they had been corked for some ugly masquerade. He glanced from under them, coldly, at the minister, read the note, and was about to tear it into strips.

"I 'll take it, thank you," interposed Bayard quietly, holding out his hand.

"Mr. Bayard," said Jane, who had not spoken before, "I hope you will pay no attention to this message."

She spoke in a voice so low as to be almost inarticulate.

"Oh, I 'll go with him, if he 's afraid," said Trawl, with that accent which falls just so far short of a sneer that a man may not decently notice it.

"I incline to think it is wise to take a witness to this adventure," replied Bayard serenely. "But I need not trouble you, Mr. Trawl. Pray don't exert yourself to oblige me."

"It 's no exertion," said Ben, with a change of tone. "Come along!"

He strode out into the street, and Bayard, after a moment's hesitation, did the same, shutting the garden gate behind him. Jane Granite opened it, and followed them for a little way: she seemed perplexed and distressed; she did not speak, but trotted silently, like a dog, in the dark.

"Go back!" said Trawl, stopping short.

The girl slunk against a fence, and stopped.

"Go back, I say!" cried Trawl.

"It is natural that she should want to come. She feels anxious about you," observed Bayard kindly.

"Go back to your mother, and stay there!" commanded Trawl, stamping his foot.

Jane turned and obeyed, and vanished.

The two men walked on in silence. They came quickly through the village and down the Point, turning thence to cross the downs that raised their round shoulders, an irregular gray outline against the sky. Bayard glanced back. It looked black and desolate enough ahead of him. Below and behind him the life of the summer-seekers stirred softly, like the figures in a gay game or an old-fashioned walking-dance. The hotels blazed cheerfully; the piazzas were full and merry; in the parlors people were playing and singing. He could not see the lights of the Flying Jib from where he stood; this disappointed him, and he walked on. The music from the Mainsail piano followed him. There was a parlor concert — a woman's voice — a soprano solo — ah! the great serenade!

"Komm, beglücke mich!"

The strain seemed to chase him, like a cry, like an entreaty, almost like a sob. Bayard's heart leaped, as if soft arms had been thrown around him. He stopped and listened, till the song had ceased.

"That is good music," he said aloud, not knowing what he said, but oppressed by the dogged silence which his escort maintained.

"Good enough," replied Ben roughly.

The two walked on, and neither said anything more. It was now quite dark and still around them. The rough, broken surface of the rocky downs made traveling difficult; but both men were familiar with the way, and lost no time upon it. The sky was cloudy, and the sea was dark. The ebbing tide met the deserted beach with a sigh. The head-lights in the harbor looked far off, and of the town not a glimmer could be seen. Ben strode on in sullen silence. Bayard watched him with some discomfort, but nothing like a sensation of fear had yet reached his nerves.

"This fellow chose a lonely place for a pastoral visit," he observed at last, as they approached the little beach made memorable by the wreck of the Clara Em.

"Wanted to stump you," said Ben, with an unpleasant laugh. "Wanted to dare you, you know — to see if you 'd show game. It 's a way they have, these toughs who meddle with parsons. They like to make out a big story, and tell it round the saloons. Probably the whole thing 's a put-up job."

"That is more than possible, of course. But I 'd rather investigate three put-up jobs than neglect one real need of one miserable man. That is my business, you see, Ben. Yours is to ruin people. Mine is to save them. We each attend to our own affairs — that 's all."

"D—— you!" cried Ben, suddenly facing about. "That 's just it! You don't attend to your own affairs! You meddle with mine, and that 's what 's the matter! I 'll teach you to mind your own business!"

Before Bayard could cry out or move, he felt the other's hands at his throat.

XVII.

Bayard stood so still — with the composure of a man not without athletic training, determined to waste no strength in useless struggle — that Trawl instinctively loosened his clutch. Was the minister strangling? This was not Ben's immediate purpose. His fingers relaxed.

"Ah," said Bayard quietly, "so you are Jack Haddock."

"I wrote that note. You might have known it if you had n't been a —— fool."

"I might have known it — yes; I see. But I took you for a decent fellow. I could n't be expected to suspect you were — what you are. Well, Mr. Trawl, perhaps you will explain your

business with me in some less uncomfortable manner."

He shook Ben off with a strong thrust, and folded his arms.

"Come," he said. "Out with it!"

"My game 's up," replied Ben between his teeth. "I can't do what I set out to, now. There 's too many witnesses in the case."

"You meant to push me off Ragged Rock, perhaps?" asked Bayard quietly. "I had n't thought of that. But I see — it would not have been difficult. A man can be taken unawares in the dark, and, as you say, there would have been no witnesses."

"You come home too soon," growled Ben. "I counted on getting away and bein' here to welcome you, and nobody the wiser; d—— them two women! I supposed you 'd stay awhile with your girl. A man would, in our kind of folks. Lord! you don't seem to belong to *any* kind of folks that I can see. I don't know what to make of you. ——you! ——you! ——you! I 'd like to see you go yellin' and bub-ble-in' down to your drownin'! I 'm heavier 'n you be, come to the tug. I could do it now, inside of ten minutes."

"And hang for it in ten months," observed Bayard, smiling.

"I could get a dozen men to swear to an alibi!" cried Trawl. "You ain't so popular in this town as to make that a hard job. You 've got the whole liquor interest ag'in' you. Lord! the churches would back 'em, too — that 's the joke of it!" He laughed savagely.

Bayard made no reply. He had winced in the dark at the words. They were worse than the grip at his throat.

"When you get ready, Ben, suppose you explain what you have against me?" he suggested, after an uncomfortable pause.

"You 've took my girl!" roared Ben.

"Your girl? *Your* girl?"

Bayard gasped, from the sheer intellectual shock of the idea.

"You 've made love to her, behind my back! You 've turned her head! She ain't no eyes left in her for anybody but you, —— you! And I 've be'n keepin' company with her for four years. You 've got my girl away from me, and you 'd oughter drown for it. Drownin' 's too good for you!"

"Look here, Ben, are you drunk?"

"We don't drink — me nor my father. And you know it. We ain't such —— fools!"

"It is a waste of the English language to add," remarked the preacher, with an accession of his natural dignity, which was not without its effect upon Ben Trawl, "that I have never regarded Miss Granite — for a moment — in the extraordinary light which you suggest. It seems to me unnecessary to point out to you the unnaturalness — I may be frank, and say the impossibility — of such a supposition."

"—— you!" raved Ben, "ain't she good enough for you, then?"

"Ben Trawl," said the minister imperiously, "this nonsense has gone far enough. If you have nothing more reasonable to say to me, we may as well stop talking, for I 'm going home. If you have, I 'll stay and hear it out."

Bayard calmly seated himself upon the base of Ragged Rock, and took off his hat.

"What a warm, pleasant night it is!" he said, in a tone so changed that Ben Trawl stared.

"Plucky, anyhow," thought Ben; but he said, "I ain't got half through yet. I 've got another score ag'in' you. You 've took the girl, and now you 're takin' the business."

"Ah," returned the preacher, "that 's another matter."

"You own up to it, do you? —— you!"

"Assuredly," answered Bayard. "I am doing my best to ruin your business. It is a pleasure to hear you admit it. It has gone further than I supposed."

"It *has* gone further 'n you suppose," echoed Ben malignantly, "and it *will* go further 'n you suppose! Me and Father have stood it long enough. There 's them that backs us that you never give one of your —— holy thoughts to. I give you warning on the spot, Mr. Bayard. You stop just where you be. Meddle with our business one inch further, and you 'll hear from the whole liquor interest of Windover. We 'll blow you into eternity if you don't let us alone."

"I should count that," replied Bayard gently, "the greatest honor of my life."

"Anyhow," said Ben in a calmer tone, "if you don't let our business be, we 'll ruin yourn."

"That is quite possible; but it won't be without a big tussle."

"You don't believe me," sneered Ben; "you think we ain't up to it."

"Do you suppose, Ben," asked the preacher quietly, "that an educated man would deliberately choose the course that I have chosen to pursue in this town without informing himself on all branches of the subject that he is handling? Do you suppose I don't know what the liquor interest is capable of when attacked by Christian temperance? There has n't been an outrage, a persecution, a crime — no, not a murder committed in the name of rum and the devil against the cause of decency and sobriety in this country for years, that I have n't traced its history out and kept the record of it. Come up to my study and see the correspondence and clippings I have collected on this matter. There are two shelves full, Ben."

"Lord!" said Ben. His jaw dropped a little. He felt the inferiority of the ignorant man before education, the weakness of moral debility before moral vigor. He turned and took a few steps towards the town. The minister followed him amiably, and the two strode on in silence.

"He don't scare worth a cent," thought Ben. Aloud he said, "So you 're goin' to fight us, be you?"

"Till I die," answered Bayard solemnly; "and if I die!"

"You won't take no warnin', then?" asked Ben, with a puzzled air.

"Neither from you, Ben, nor from any other man."

"The worse for you, then!" returned Ben in an ugly tone.

"I 'll risk it," replied Bayard serenely.

"There 's them that says you 're goin' to fight it out at the polls," said Ben, more sullenly now than savagely. "Folks says you 're goin' to get away Father's license."

"I had n't thought of it till this minute. But it would be a good idea."

Ben made an inarticulate noise in his throat. Bayard instinctively thrust out his elbow; he thought for the moment that Ben would spring upon him out of sheer rage. They were out on the open downs now; but still only the witness of the sky and sea and rocks remained to help him.

"Look here," said Ben, suddenly stopping. "Are you going to tell of me?"

"That you were so uncivil as to put your hands on my throat, Ben? I have n't decided."

"Not that *I* care a ——!" muttered Ben. "But Jane" —

"I shall never mention any circumstance of this — rather unpleasant evening — which would bring Miss Granite's name into publicity," answered Bayard quickly. "She is a good, modest girl. She should be sheltered and cared for. You might better toss a woman off Ragged Rock — as you intended to do by me — than to turn the gossip of Windover loose upon her."

"It *is* a hell of a town, if you come to that," said Ben, with calm conviction.

"She is much too good for you, Ben Trawl," remarked Bayard quite politely, as if he were offering the other a glass of lemonade.

"Lord!" groaned Ben, writhing under the minister's manner. "Don't you suppose that 's the worst on 't?"

"I think I'll cut across here towards the hotel," observed Bayard pleasantly. "We seem to have talked out, for this time. Good-night, Ben."

"Say," said Ben, "why don't you spout temperance to me? Why ain't you talked religion? Why ain't you set out to convert me? I give you chance enough!"

"You are an intelligent man," replied the preacher; "you know what you are about. I don't waste sacred powder on useless shot."

"Queer Dick, you," mused Ben. "It's just as I said: you don't belong to *any* kind of folks I ever see before. I can't make you out."

"Next time you want to murder me, Ben," called the minister cheerily, "don't try anonymous traps! Show up like a man, and have it out in the open air!"

He walked on towards the beach. Ben watched him for a perplexed and sullen moment, then took his course thoughtfully in the direction of the town.

When the two men had disappeared from the dark map of the downs, a woman's figure swiftly and quietly crossed it. Jane Granite had followed the minister like the spaniel that she was, and, hidden in the shadows of Ragged Rock, thinking to save him, God knew how, from Heaven knew what fate, had overheard the interview from beginning to end.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

One of the saintliest of women, as well as one of our finest poets, passed into that rest for which she craved so long while, when Christina Rossetti died. Her life was a song of praise. This song had two strains. Both were ever present, but the austerer was the dominant and the more prolonged. For the last twenty years her muse has been cloistral; but at all times the pain of the world lay against her heart. When she was a girl, and when she was a woman old in suffering, in experience, and relatively old in years, she wrote in the same strain. A child-woman at sixteen, she already felt, with something of pain and much of bitterness, the poignancy of that old world-cry, "Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity!" An extraordinary lyric utterance from one so young, and, in externals, so happily circumstanced, is this sonnet, written before the author was seventeen: —

"Ah, woe is me for pleasure that is vain,
Ah, woe is me for glory that is past;
Pleasure that bringeth sorrow at the last,
Glory that at the last bringeth no gain!
So saith the sinking heart; and so again
It shall say till the mighty angel-blast
Is blown, making the sun and moon aghast,
And showering down the stars like sudden rain.
And evermore men shall go fearfully,
Bending beneath their weight of heaviness;
And ancient men shall lie down wearily,
And strong men shall rise up in weariness;
Yea, even the young shall answer sighingly,
Saying one to another: How vain it is!"

I have no record of the exact date when I met Miss Rossetti for the first time; but as it was not more than a few months after I had come to know Frederick Shields, the artist with whom, Rossetti was wont to declare, lay the hopes of Religious Art in England, it must have been in the autumn of 1880.[1] Though my memory for dates is bad,

[1] Though a painter and decorative artist of remarkable individuality and distinction in the *genre* of Religious Art, Mr. Shields's name is still relatively unfamiliar in England. His earliest adequate recognition, beyond that of Rossetti and the limited Rossettian circle, was in a paper published in The Atlantic Monthly for October, 1882, entitled An English Interpreter.

I recall easily the other particulars of this first meeting.

I had called upon some friends in Bloomsbury, and found there members of the family, with two guests, all seated before a recently replenished and for the moment flameless fire. Neither gas nor lamp illumined the room, and, having just come from the strong light of the hall and stairway, I could scarce distinguish my hostess. I was not surprised at the gloom, for this "shadow-time," as it was called in that house, was a luxury habitual there. The appearance of a caller who was not a stranger caused only a momentary interruption in what had been an animated conversation; and almost immediately the lady whose voice was audible as I entered resumed the rapid course of an extraordinarily fluent diction. It is not necessary to mention her name, though it would be one familiar to many readers of this article. She was giving a vivid account of her experiences with slum children in the country, and had apparently been endeavoring to refute certain objections or arguments as to the best way to fulfill the aims of the Holiday Charity, and indeed as to the soundness of the views from which these aims arose. Some one had argued that a brief "snatch of the country" merely unsettled the children, and made things worse for them at home, and for their parents. "Moreover," she interpolated, in the course of her argument, "I am convinced that it is not possible for any one to live a happy life unless he or she has at least a brief sojourn in the country every year."

At this point a singularly clear, rippling laugh interrupted the speaker. I recollect that I noticed at once its quality, as well as its spontaneity and winsomeness. This was followed by a few words, and pleased as I was by the laugh, I was more pleased by the words; that is, by the tone in which they were spoken. The voice had a bell-like sound, like that of resonant crystal. The pronunciation was unusually distinct, and the words came away from the mouth and lips as cleanly as a trill from a bird. Though so exquisitely distinct, the voice was not in the least mannered or affected; and except for a peculiar lift in the intonation, more suggestive of Edinburgh than of London, there was no reason to suppose it was not that of an Englishwoman.

"Ah," she said, "there comes in the delightful enthusiast. But, Mrs. ——, I assure you that your good heart is mistaken. There are hundreds and thousands of us who, for one reason or another, never escape from London. I may speak for myself, alas, who am not only as confirmed a Londoner as was Charles Lamb, but really doubt if it would be good for me, now, to sojourn long or often in the country; and you must remember that there are more Lambs than Wordsworths among us town folk, and that as we are bred so we live."

"But," broke in the lady to whom she was speaking, "you yourself must admit that you would be far happier in the peace and beauty of the country, which is so infinitely more poetic, in every way so much more beautiful, than the town!"

How cool and quiet the bell-like voice sounded, after the impetuous utterance which had interrupted it! "I am of those who think with Bacon that the Souls of the living are the Beauty of the World."

"That is a beautiful saying; but now let me ask, do not you yourself find your best inspiration in the country?"

"I?" with a sweet, low, deprecating laugh. "Oh dear, no! I know it *ought* to be so. But I don't derive my inspiration, as you call it, — though, if you will allow me to say so, I think the word quite inapposite, and to be used of very few, and then only in a most literal and sacred sense, — I don't derive anything from the country at first hand! Why, my knowledge of what is called nature

is that of the town sparrow, or, at most, that of the pigeon which makes an excursion occasionally from its home in Regent's Park or Kensington Gardens. And, what is more, I am fairly sure that I am in the place that best suits me. After all, we may enjoy the magic and mystery of ocean without ever adventuring upon it; and I, and thousands of other Londoners, from the penniless to those who are as relatively poor as I am, are in the position of those who love the sea, and understand too, in a way, its beauty and wonder, even though we reside in Whitechapel or Bloomsbury."

I forget what followed, but a minute or two later the door opened, and another visitor was announced. The servant returned immediately with a lamp. As she did so, I caught a glimpse of my sweet-voiced neighbor, — a short, plain woman, apparently advanced in middle age, with, as the most striking feature at a first glance, long, heavy eyelids over strangely protrusive eyes. I noticed that she veiled herself abruptly, as she rose and said good-by. As she moved away, it was with what I can describe only as an awkward grace.

One thing after another interfered with the question that was on my lips, and the outcome was that I left without knowing who the lady was whose words and voice had impressed me so much. Two things remained with me beyond that day: not, strangely enough, primarily, the memory of the delicate precision and natural rhythm of her speech or the peculiar quality of her voice, but the rapid, almost furtive way in which she had drawn her veil over her too conspicuous eyes, as soon as the room was lighted, and her concurrent haste to be gone, — this, and the quotation from Bacon, "The Souls of the living are the Beauty of the World." It is a noble saying, and its significance would then have been enhanced for me if I had known that I heard it for the first time from the lips of Christina Rossetti.

Ultimately I came to know her through Dante Gabriel Rossetti. But before this event I had been misled as to her attributes and idiosyncrasies. My informant would have it that Miss Rossetti was a gloomy and even bigoted religionist; that, recluse as she was socially, she was correspondingly morose in herself; and that she was morbidly sensitive to her appearance, having at one time been comely, and even, in her youth, beautiful; in a word, that she was now unable to reconcile herself to her altered looks, a change due to an illness which had affected the eyeballs.

One night, when Rossetti was narrating some anecdotes of the Germ days, he began to speak of his sister Christina. Noting my interest, he added further particulars not only concerning "the genius of the family," as he called her, but also about his other sister, Maria Francesca, his brother, and his parents, — details then unknown to me, though in the main now so familiar to all lovers of the poetry of Gabriel and Christina Rossetti.

He had a great admiration for his elder sister. "*She* was the Dante in our family," he said incidentally. "Christina," he added, "is the daughter of what was noblest in our father and beautiful in our mother. But no one was ever afraid of Christina. Maria was a born leader; Christina, a born apostle. In my boyhood I loved Maria more than any one in the world. I don't think she ever came into her proper inheritance. She might have topped us all, though of course she had n't Christina's genius. She used to be pitiful of her younger sister, who was delicate and rather demure; and Christina simply worshiped her. I remember how shocked they were when, both having expressed their envy of their martyred sisters of olden days, I said they were both far nicer and sweeter as they were, and that they had more than their share of martyrdom in having such a vagabond brother to look after."

When she was still a child (not more

than twelve, if Rossetti was right), Christina became poignantly melancholy whenever alone. About this time she had a great wish to write the most beautiful hymn of modern days. Her earnest efforts, however, were absolutely commonplace, till one memorable Sunday afternoon when she composed some lines which were good enough to make Maria prophesy that the young writer would be "the poet of the family." A native shyness was enhanced by the habitual self-disparagement with which she treated herself, in contrast with her sister. Her intellectual development, however, was rapid. How, indeed, could it have been other than precocious? The Rossetti household was, probably, the most remarkable in London. Gabriele Rossetti, patriot exile, poet, philosopher, mystic, student, artist, and a most genial and winsome man of strong character, was "a father in a million," as his elder son loved to speak of him. Mrs. Frances Mary Lavinia Rossetti, though English by birth and maternal parentage, was daughter of an Italian gentleman well known in his day, Gaetano Polidori, the translator of the poetry of Milton into sympathetic if not majestic or masterly Italian. Many distinguished people came to the Rossetti household, and divers eddies of the new thought of the age circulated through that little society. Then, were there ever four such children in one family as Maria, Gabriel, William, and Christina? Two were endowed with high as well as rare and distinctive genius, and all four moved in an atmosphere pregnant with stirring ideals, deep emotions of strong minds, and vivid aspirations.

Christina's childhood was spent almost wholly in London. Her first real excitement, she declared once, her first real excitement away from home-life and the familiar aspects of the streets of western London, was afforded by a visit she paid with Gabriel to the Zoölogical Gardens. The two amused themselves, after their first vivid interest, by imagining the thoughts of the caged animals. Christina thought that the birds should be honored by plaintive verses, but Gabriel narrated such whimsical biographies of the birds and beasts that poetry gave way to fun. Distinct as the impression was, it was not so durably vivid as that of the walk of the two children, hand in hand, across the solitudes of Regent's Park, "with a magnificent sunset which, Gabriel declared, he could see setting fire to the distant trees and roof-ridges." Despite his interest in animals, an interest which became a freakish fad with him in later life, Rossetti never really observed lovingly and closely, except from the artist's point of view. He would notice the effect of light on the leaves, or the white gleam on windy grass; but he could never tell whether the leaves were those of the oak or the elm, the beech or the chestnut. If he cared for birds and bird-music, it was without heed of distinctions, and with no knowledge of the individuality of lilt in the song of thrush or blackbird, robin or linnet. But sometimes, his sister told me, he would come home with a spray of blossom ("it was always 'blossom' merely, not pear or apple or cherry blossom"), and once or twice with a bird or small animal in a little wicker cage, and would be as earnest and closely observant of all details as any naturalist would be.

It was about this time Christina Rossetti had a dream, which Gabriel promised to depict, and "send to the Academy." (This was before the Germ days.) She dreamed that she was walking in Regent's Park at dawn, and that, just as the sun rose, she saw what looked like a wave of yellow light sweep from the trees. This "wave" was a multitude of canaries. Thousands of them rose, circled in a gleaming mass, and then dispersed in every direction. In her dream it was borne in upon her that all the canaries in London had met, and were now returning to their cages! Rossetti was delighted with the idea. He projected some

pictorial touches, notably that the visionary was to be clad in yellow, and that the ground underfoot was to be covered with primroses. But either the impulse waned, or he did not feel able to do justice to the subject just then, and so postponed it, or, most likely, other matters of moment dissipated the intention.

When she told me this episode, Miss Rossetti added that Gabriel had the idea of writing a poem on the motive; so had she, but she did not write, as she was always waiting for the promised poem from him. "He declared the 'motive' was symbolical, and had some strange personal significance; but he never explained the one or the other, and I don't believe there was anything but whim behind his words. He was always like that, as far back as I can remember, though less whimsical and more moody as a youth than as boy or man. In this respect he was very different from William, who was invariably simple, direct, and as quietly cordial as he is now. In fact, *I* was the ill-tempered one of the family; and my dear sister used to say that *she* had the good sense, William the good nature, Gabriel the good heart, and I the bad temper of our much-loved father and mother."

It is quite true that Christina Rossetti had to cope with an irritable temper, due to physical ailment. For myself, I never saw a trace of it, but no doubt this tendency had been subdued long before I knew her. An old friend of hers informs me that she changed completely in this respect after the death of her sister, in 1876, to whom she was passionately attached, and for whose strong and saintly character she had an admiration that was almost extreme. Christina was wont to declare that if Maria had been the younger instead of the elder sister, she would have become famous, but that her home duties and yearly intensifying religious scruples and exercises prevented her. Certainly, the elder Miss Rossetti shared in that precocity which distinguished the whole family. Christina began to compose at the age of eleven; Gabriel was in his teens when he wrote a poem which has become a classic, and stands as one of the most remarkable lyric achievements in English literature; and William wrote verse of a high quality before he was twenty. It was in her fourteenth year — "when Gabriel was either an idle and dreamy or else a feverishly active and eager boy, 'a born rapscallion,' as our father sometimes called him" — that Miss Maria Rossetti translated into blank verse the greater part of an ode by the Cavaliere Campana on the Death of Lady Gwendalina Talbot, Princess Borghese. In her early womanhood she began the work by which she is known to the public, though A Shadow of Dante was not published till her forty-fourth year; that is, about five years before her death. Referring to this, Christina exclaimed once, "I wish I too could have done something for Dante in England! Maria wrote her fine and helpful book, William's translation of the Divina Commedia is the best we have, and Gabriel's Dante and his Circle is a monument of loving labor that will outlast either. But I, alas, have neither the requisite knowledge nor the ability."

The elder Miss Rossetti had also something of her elder brother's artistic faculty. Two or three of the designs in A Shadow of Dante were her own work. In addition to this book, there is one imaginative essay in fiction by her which is practically unknown. It is very scarce indeed; possibly not half a dozen copies are extant. I have seen one copy only, that which was lent me by Miss Christina Rossetti. It was printed privately in 1846, when the authoress was in her nineteenth year. The title is The Rivulets: A Dream not all a Dream, and the matter is an allegory of life and religion, where the personalities are introduced as Liebe (Love), Selbsucht (Selfishness), Eigendünkel (Presumption), and Faule (Indolence). The "rivulets" represent

the natural heart of man; the serpents, whose breaths are forever fouling the waters, the devil; the fruits and flowers overhanging the banks, and poisonous when they fall into the streams, "the grosser and less palpably sinful allurements of the world;" the crystal mirror which the guardian of each rivulet has in keeping represents the Scriptures; the vase of perfumes, prayer; and the healing water, baptism. The booklet is animated by the same extreme religious sentiment of renunciation that so many years later prompted the authoress to enter the All Saints' sisterhood.

It is, of course, generally known that the exiled Gabriele Rossetti was a poet, though it is not commonly understood how great was his reputation. Christina Rossetti was wont to speak with gratified pleasure of the wish of the citizens of Vasto (in the Abruzzi) to see a suitable memorial, in their chief piazza, of the poet patriot and fellow-citizen, "who was hatched in little Vasto, but whose flight extended throughout all Italy," as his Italian biographer says. It is not commonly known that the poetic strain in the family was also shared by others of the same generation. In 1763, Nicola Rossetti, a student, and a man of standing in Vasto d'Ammone, married a girl of the same town, Maria Francesca Pietrocòla. Of their several children, four achieved distinction. Andrea, born in 1765, became known as a canonical orator and poet; five years later was born Antonio, a poet also; next, in 1772, came Domenico, who, as poet, journalist, and medical writer, filled well his comparatively short lease of life; and then, youngest of the family (1783) and most famous, Gabriele.

One day I heard some one speak of this to Christina Rossetti. She replied that, far from stimulating her, the knowledge was of the nature of a wet blanket. "I feel that we — I, at least — ought to be far worthier after so much pioneering on the part of our relatives. I am afraid they would look upon us as mere appendices to the Rossetti Chapter!"

It was not long after my first (though ignorant) meeting with Miss Rossetti that her brother Gabriel spoke to me, in casual conversation one night, about The Germ, and in particular about Christina's early poetry. He told me of the little book of hers, privately printed by her grandfather, Mr. Polidori (not, as often stated, Byron's Polidori, who was Mrs. Gabriele Rossetti's brother, but Gaetano Polidori, who had been secretary to Alfieri) in 1847. The poetry comprised in this slim booklet, now worth literally more than its weight in gold, was composed between the young poet's twelfth and seventeenth years. Rossetti enlarged upon the significance of this collection. He recited the poem called The Dead City, and indicated the premonitions afforded there of Miss Rossetti's best known long poem, — actual premonitions of now familiar passages, though the formative motive of The Dead City is quite distinct from that of Goblin Market. It was he who pointed out that Blake might have written the four verses called Mother and Child. The powerful and remarkable sonnet quoted on the first page of this article appeared in the little book before it saw the light (this was Rossetti's phrase, and he added, "or rather, the twilight") in The Germ.

Much impressed by The Dead City, I asked Rossetti to lend me his copy of the booklet in question. He had, however, no copy. It was then that he suggested I should request the loan of Christina's, and added, on my reply that I did not know her, "Well, you certainly ought to know her. She is the finest woman-poet since Mrs. Browning, by a long way; and in artless art, if not in intellectual impulse, is greatly Mrs. Browning's superior. She could n't write, or have written, the Sonnets from the Portuguese, but neither could Mrs. Browning have composed some of the flawless lyrics

which Christina has written. I tell you what, you go and call on her. I 'll write to her about you. And be sure you ask to see my mother."

Of course I went. When, early one afternoon, I reached the dull, quiet house in "Torrington Oblong," as Rossetti humorously called Torrington Square, on account of its shape, — one of the many drowsy, faded, ebb-tide squares of central London, — I was shown into a room on the ground floor. There I saw an elderly lady, with a large green shade over her eyes, who, I hoped with all my heart, was not the poet. I spoke. The old lady bowed. I spoke again, but received no answer. The awkward silence was interrupted by the opening of the door, and, simultaneously, by a clear, bell-like intonation strangely familiar to me. I turned, and in Miss Christina Rossetti recognized not only the lady I had met at my friend's in Bloomsbury, but the Christina Rossetti of Gabriel's portraiture. Sufficient likeness lingered in the placid, rather stout face before me to prove that Rossetti's crayon drawing must have been, as I had always understood, excellent in outward similitude as well as in expressional veracity.[1]

"I am very pleased to see you, and have been expecting you, for I heard from my brother Gabriel of your promised visit. Ah," she added, with a quick little gesture, an uplift of the right hand, in the manner of a musician recalling some fugitive strain, "but I have seen you before, surely?"

Before I could answer she turned, and indicated her seated companion, who looked up, and bowed again as formally as before.

"This is my aunt, Miss Polidori. She is rather deaf to-day, so you need not trouble to speak to her."

Meanwhile I was unconsciously noting the speaker's appearance. In some ways she reminded me of Mrs. Craik, the author of John Halifax, Gentleman; that is, in the Quaker-like simplicity of her dress, and the extreme and almost demure plainness of the material, with, in her mien, something of that serene passivity which has always a charm of its own. She was so pale as to suggest anæmia, though there was a bright and alert look in her large and expressive azure-gray eyes, a color which often deepened to a dark, shadowy, velvety gray; and though many lines were imprinted on her features, the contours were smooth and young. Her hair, once a rich brown, now looked dark, and was thickly threaded with solitary white hairs rather than sheaves of gray. She was about the medium height of women, though at the time I thought her considerably shorter. With all her quietude of manner and self-possession there was a certain perturbation from this meeting with a stranger, though one so young and unknown. I noted the quick, alighting glance, its swift withdrawal; also the restless, intermittent fingering of the long, thin, double watch-guard of linked gold which hung from below the one piece of color she wore, a quaint, old-fashioned bow of mauve or pale purple ribbon, fastening a white frill at the neck.

"Now where *have* I seen you?" she resumed, with pretended provoked perplexity.

"Though I did not know who you were, Miss Rossetti," I replied, "the occasion was made memorable to me by something you said, — 'The Souls of the living are the Beauty of the World.'"

"Ah, now I remember! Of course! But oh, it was not *I* who said that, you know. I merely repeated it. Strangely enough, I cannot remember where in Bacon it occurs. Do you know? No? Then you must help me to find out. Do you know Richard Garnett, — Dr. Garnett of the British Museum? He knows everything, I am told, — fortunate man!

[1] This is the portrait familiar to American readers of Christina Rossetti as the frontispiece to the collected edition of her poems issued by Messrs. Roberts Brothers.

— and he will help us out of our dilemma."

Thus chatting, she preceded me upstairs to the small drawing-room. I recollect noticing the delicate courtesy of the "us," and also my surprise at the blithe cheerfulness of mien and manner, so utterly unlike the description given me by one who professed to know her, but whose knowledge must have been at sight only, — perhaps from a glimpse, possibly an obtruded interview, during one of the poet's almost daily pilgrimages to Christ Church, close by.

She was laughing at Gabriel's name for Torrington Square, a nickname which appeared to be new to her, when she opened the door of the sitting-room where she had been reading to Mrs. Rossetti.

The dear old lady — one of the most winsome and delightful women of advanced age I have ever met, I *can* say, and who ever lived, I *would* say — won my allegiance at once. She insisted on rising, held my hand in hers, looked benignly, but keenly, into my eyes, and said, "So you are a young friend of Gabriel's? That alone makes you welcome. How is he? When did you see him last? So late as last week? And he is well? I am glad. Ah, Christina," she added, looking at her daughter, as she reseated herself, "I am afraid our young friend is repeating one of Gabriel's kindly fibs, when he says that Gabriel is sleeping well and is in much better health."

Suddenly she took my hand again, and asked me to sit near her, as she was rather deaf, or at least was so at first with strangers. She asked what we were laughing at as we came in, and when the little joke was repeated she smiled pleasantly, adding, "Christina, when next we write to Gabriel, we must head the letter 'Torrington Oblong.'" I noticed that she constantly appealed or referred to her daughter, whose anxious service of her mother was equally noticeable.

After tea Mrs. Rossetti asked me if I had ever read Southwell's poetry; and on my reply that I had not, she added, "My dear Christina was reading a wonderful little poem of his just as your visit was announced. I am sure you would like to hear it. My dear, do read it again." It was thus I came to know that wonderful Elizabethan precursor of the Songs of Innocence, The Burning Babe. The poem is in itself strangely moving; how much more impressive, then, when recited by one of the chief Victorian poets in her own home, and during the auditor's first visit!

I can still see that small and rather gloomy room, with Mrs. Rossetti sitting back, with a woolen Shetland shawl across her shoulders, and the lamplight falling on her white hair and clear-cut, ivory-hued features, as she waited with closed eyes, the better to listen; at the table, Miss Rossetti, leaning her head on her right hand, with her right elbow on the table, and with her left hand turning over the leaves of the book, — if I remember rightly, a new edition of F. T. Palgrave's Children's Treasury of Lyrical Poetry.

With an exquisitely clear and vibrant voice, though with a singular rise and fall, correspondent to Gabriel Rossetti's moving and sonorous organ music, Miss Rossetti read, with infinite feeling, the lines beginning, "As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow." Occasionally she prolonged the music of a line into a slow rhythm, with a strange suspiration that, I imagine, was characteristic, particularly when she was strongly moved. It was in this way that — late in 1885 or early in 1886 — I heard her read the lyric beginning, —

> "Heaven's chimes are slow, but sure to strike at last;
> Earth's sands are slow, but surely dropping through:
> And much we have to suffer, much to do,
> Before the time be past," —

with, I recollect, an unexpected and haunting iterance of the line, —

> "*Chimes that keep time are neither slow nor fast;*"

each word as complete and separate in

enunciation as notes of music slowly struck on the piano.

There was one line of Southwell's in particular which she read with communicative emotion, — an emotion felt by Mrs. Rossetti, who opened her eyes, glanced at her daughter, and, with murmuring lips, reclosed her eyes. It was the line, —

"*Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns.*"

During that first visit, again, I had cause to note how scrupulous, if at the same time reticent, Christina Rossetti was in any matter where conscience impelled her to a protest, though always one gentle, or at least courteous. Nor did the rigor of her views involve her in any narrowness of judgment, much less in bigotry. I may quote aptly here one or two letters from among those she wrote to me on several occasions. At the beginning of May, 1884, I called to see Miss Rossetti, and to leave with her a copy of a just published — and, I am now far from sorry to say, justly forgotten — volume of verse, but failed to find her at home. The poem I cared most for was the epilogue, Madre Natura, but instinct told me Miss Rossetti would neither like nor approve so pagan an utterance, and the surmise was correct.

30 Torrington Square,
May 3, 1884.

. . . I might say, "Why do you call just when we are out?" only that you might retort, "Why are you out just when I call?"

Thank you very much for your new volume, and yet more for the kindness which enriches the gift. You know how my mother and I hold you in friendly remembrance.

[Then follow some kindly words of discrimination and praise; and, finally, this: —]

Shall I or shall I not say anything about Madre Natura? I dare say, without my taking the liberty of expressing myself, you can (if you think it worth while) put my regret into words. . . .

Though I cannot recall what I wrote, write I did, evidently; and obviously, also, with eagerness to prove that, while I accepted her gentle reproof in the spirit she advanced it, I held the point of view immaterial; and no doubt a very crude epistle it was, in both thought and diction.

May 5, 1884.

. . . Your friendliness and courtesy invite mine. Pray believe in mine whatever I say, as I believe in yours in spite of what you say.

Will you not, on consideration, agree with me that it is out of the question for a Christian really to believe what every Christian professes to believe, and yet to congratulate a friend on believing something contrary? On your having passed from a cruder form of negation I do heartily congratulate you. And now . . . nothing but good will and the desire to do right move my pen. . . .

I quote these extracts from personal letters only because of their inherent interest, as illustrative of a distinctive trait in the character of Christina Rossetti. Most of her letters to me are too personal for publicity; but here, from one written in 1886, is a point of interest concerning Christina Rossetti the poet: "I heartily agree in setting the essence of poetry above the form." This point she extended on a later occasion, when she said that the whole question of the relative value of the poetic spirit of a poem and the form of that poem lay in this: that the spirit could exist without the form, whereas the form was an impossibility without the spirit, of which it was the lovely body.

One further letter only I may quote, that written after the death of Mrs. Rossetti, — a loss which Christina Rossetti felt, and said she felt, as the last snap but one of a chain that had long been snapping.

30 Torrington Square.

. . . I feel the kind sympathy of your letter so much that you must let me answer it out of my deep mourning. And I am glad it is I who am grieving, and not my dearest mother enduring this grief of separation. Thank you for bearing her in affectionate remembrance. She regarded you with true good will.

I hope that you are gaining ground daily, and that soon your illness will be a thing of the past. And I am sure that at a moment so solemn and moving to me you will suffer me to express the wish I cannot but entertain for you and yours, just because I entertain it for myself and mine, — that you too may never experience from any you love more than a temporary separation. . . .

More than ever after the death of Mrs. Rossetti, with broken health and a deep-seated ill beginning to wear her away, Christina Rossetti turned her face to that world of the soul, which indeed had always been to her a near and living reality. The rumor of other waters was ever in her ears. The breath of another air was upon her brow.

The circumstance that a clergyman came regularly to talk and pray with her — to be, in fact, her confessor — is no doubt responsible for the assertion sometimes made that, in later life, she was a Roman Catholic. This was not so. From her girlhood to her death she was strictly a member of the Anglican Church. Naturally, she had much sympathy with the Church of Rome, and had a great admiration for its ordered majesty of organization; but, strangely enough, the rock which she took to be a beacon of wreck was Mariolatry. This, at all times, seemed to her the most cardinal error in Roman Catholicism. It is interesting to note that Gabriel Rossetti was more attracted by the spiritual and human significance of the worship of Mary than by any other dogma of Rome. He told me once that the world would come to see that the lasting grit in the Romish faith — "a 'grit' which would probably make it survive all other Christian sects" — was based upon this idealization of humanity, through the mother-idea, in the person of Mary; and that, whatever potent development the Protestant sects might have, "they would always, lacking exalted recognition of Mary, be like church services without music wherein all can join." On the other hand, it must be admitted that Christina's belief was a profoundly felt and lifelong conviction, while that of Gabriel was, if not intermittent or accidental, more an expression of the opining temperament than of the convinced intellect.

In one place explicitly, as in a hundred places indirectly, Miss Rossetti has affirmed her faith. In one of the little known prose books she wrote in later life (which, as she said once, smiling rather sadly the while, the literary world that praised her so much studiously ignored) there is this significant passage: "To myself it is in the beloved Anglican Church of my Baptism that these things are testified, a living Branch of that One Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church which is authoritatively commended and endeared to me by the Word of God. Christ, Whose mystical Body she is, is her Head, and the Holy Ghost, Whose Temple she is, is her overruling Will and Power!" [1]

I think it was in January of 1886 that, for the last time, I heard Miss Rossetti read anything of her own. It was not long — some months, perhaps — since she had published one of the least known of her books, though one most characteristic and strangely fascinating, for all its Daily Companion appearance and, in a sense, style. I am inclined to believe that Time Flies gave her more pleasure in the contemplation than was afforded by any other book of hers. It is, of course,

[1] *Vide* her Commentary on the Sixteenth Verse of the Twenty-Second Chapter of Revelation.

a religious "daily companion," and is occupied largely with strictly Scriptural comments; but it has many delightful (and, to those who knew Miss Rossetti, most characteristic) passages and anecdotes. Above all, however, it is notable for its lovely lyrics, interspersed throughout the volume like white and purple lilac-bushes in a lawned and graveled convent garden. Sometimes there are lines of extraordinary poignancy and beauty, straight from the lyric emotion wrought of the ecstasy in heart and brain; as, for example, these lines, so appealing as well as so idiosyncratic: —

"Turn, transfigured Pain,
Sweetheart, turn again,
For fair art thou as moonrise after rain."

But indeed the whole poem should be quoted: —

"Joy is but sorrow,
While we know
It ends to-morrow: —
Even so!
Joy with lifted veil
Shows a face as pale
As the fair changing moon so fair and frail.

"Pain is but pleasure,
If we know
It heaps up treasure: —
Even so!
Turn, transfigured Pain,
Sweetheart, turn again,
For fair art thou as moonrise after rain."

In some of these lyrics there is a strange note of impassioned mysticism, as in the short rondeau for January 16, exemplified in these three lines: —

"Love weighs the event, the long prehistory,
Measures the depth beneath, the height above,
The mystery with the ante-mystery."

In the lyric for March 7 there is a music like that of Gabriel Rossetti's Sea-Limits, a haunting ululation such as that of Tennyson's Crossing the Bar: —

"Earth has clear call of daily bells,
A rapture where the anthems are,
A chancel vault of gloom and star,
A thunder when the organ swells:
Alas, man's daily life — what else? —
Is out of tune with daily bells.
"While Paradise accords the chimes
Of Earth and Heaven: its patient pause
Is rest fulfilling music's laws.
Saints sit and gaze, where oftentimes
Precursive flush of morning climbs
And air vibrates with coming chimes."

Of those she read to me, I am haunted most, because of the exquisite cadence of her intonation, by the memory of one (that for March 5) beginning, —

"Where shall I find a white rose blowing?
Out in the garden where all sweets be.
But out in my garden the snow was snowing,
And never a white rose opened for me.
Nought but snow and wind were blowing
And snowing."

How well, too, I remember that for February 11, No More; that for April 5, already quoted, beginning, "Heaven's chimes are slow, but sure to strike at last;" that for February 19; and this for March 3, a dialogue of Life and Death, with the Soul as the protagonist, — an actual protagonist, though here rather a ball between two players, dumb and passive in all its blind bafflings to and fro: —

"Laughing Life cries at the feast, —
Craving Death cries at the door, —
'Fish, or fowl, or fatted beast?'
'Come with me, thy feast is o'er.'
'Wreathe the violets.' 'Watch them fade.'
'I am sunlight.' 'I am shade:
I am the sun-burying west.'
'I am pleasure.' 'I am rest:
Come with me, for I am best.'"

Since then how often have I recalled that marvelous yet so simple and obvious line, as Shakespearean as Gabriel Rossetti's "The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill, Like any hill flower" — "*the sun-burying west*"!

There were other fragmentary lines or couplets which impressed themselves keenly on the memory; for example, —

"All through this race of life which shelves
Downward to death;"

and

"Lo, the Hope we buried with sighs
Alive in Death's eyes!"

Time Flies is dedicated "To my Be-

loved Example, Friend, Mother." Two earlier dedications to Mrs. Rossetti ran, "My Mother, to whom I inscribe my Book in all Reverence and Love," and "My Dear and Honoured Example;" while the last of her books once more bears the mother's name, "To her Beloved, Revered, and Cherished Memory."

After the death of Mrs. Rossetti her daughter devoted herself to almost hourly ministration to her two old aunts. Miss Charlotte Lydia Polidori died in 1890, at the age of eighty-seven; Miss Eliza Harriett Polidori, in 1893, at the age of eighty-four. There is now in Christ Church, Woburn Square, the pendant, with star and crescent in diamonds, which his Imperial Majesty the Sultan presented to Miss Harriett Polidori, in recognition of her distinguished services as a nurse in the Crimean campaign.

In these sad and lonely last years — which would have been so far lonelier but for the frequent visitation of her much-loved brother William — Christina Rossetti published two books: a volume of Collected Devotional Poems (1893), and one of prose, consisting of keen and vivid commentaries on the Revelation of St. John, yet, as her friend and clergyman, the Rev. J. J. Glendinning Nash, indicates, with characteristic humility entitled The Face of the Deep; for these, she thought, were but an individual ripple on the surface of revealed truth.

One of my most cherished memories is of a night at Birchington, on the Kentish coast, in March of 1882. It had been a lovely day. Rossetti asked me to come out with him for a stroll on the cliff; and though he leaned heavily, and dragged his limbs wearily and as if in pain, he grew more cheerful as the sunlight warmed him. The sky was a cloudless blue, and the singing of at least a score of larks was something wonderful to listen to. Everywhere spring odors prevailed, with an added pungency from the sea-wrack below. Beyond, the sea reached to far horizons of purple-shaded azure. At first I thought Rossetti was indifferent: the larks made merely a confused noise; the sun-glare spoilt the pleasure of the eyes; the sea-breath carried with it a damp chill. But this mood gave way. He let go my arm, and stood staring seaward silently; then, still in a low and tired voice, but with a new tone in it, he murmured, "It *is* beautiful, — the world, and life itself. I am glad I have lived." Insensibly thereafter the dejection lifted from off his spirit, and for the rest of that day and evening he was noticeably less despondent.

The previous evening, Christina Rossetti, — then at Birchington on a nursing visit, — Rossetti, and myself were seated in semi-twilight in the long, low-roofed sitting-room of the Bungalow. She had been reading to him, but he had grown weary and somewhat fretful. Not wishing to disturb him, Miss Rossetti made a sign to me to come over to the window, and there drew my attention to a quiet-hued but very beautiful sunset. While we were gazing at it, Rossetti, having overheard an exclamation of almost rapturous delight from Christina, rose from his great armchair before the fire and walked feebly to the window. Thence he stared blankly upon the dove-tones and pale amethyst of the sky. I saw him glance curiously at his sister, and then again look long and earnestly. But at last, with a voice full of chagrin, he turned away pettishly, with the remark that he could not see what it was we admired so much. "It is all gray and gloom," he added; nor would he hear a word to the contrary, so ignorant was he of the havoc wrought upon his optic nerve by the chloral poison which did so much to shorten his life.

After he had gone to bed, Miss Rossetti spoke sadly of this dulling of his sensitiveness, and feared that it was indeed the beginning of the end. "Poor Gabriel," she added, "I wish he could have at least one hopeful hour again." It was with pleasure, therefore, that, next

day, she heard what he had said upon the cliff, and how he had brightened.

The evening that followed was a happy one, for, as already mentioned, Rossetti grew so cheerful, relatively, that it seemed as though the shadow of death had lifted. What makes the episode so doubly memorable to me is that, as I opened the door for Miss Rossetti when she bade me good-night, she turned, took my hand again, and said in a whisper, "I am so glad about Gabriel, and grateful."

After the death of Miss Harriett Polidori, Christina Rossetti was an almost absolute recluse. A cancerous evil developed, and added to the burden of life, — a burden of which she had long been weary, and for surcease from which she longed without ceasing. Her death, at the festival of the Epiphany, a season which she herself has chronicled in lovely verse, must have come to her as the flood-tide of a long-delayed happiness.

The weight of the pain of the world, of the sorrow of life, had long made hard the blithe cheerfulness which she wore so passing well, though it was no garment chosen for its own comeliness, but because of its refreshment for others. An ordered grace was hers in all things, and in this matter of cheerfulness she created what she did not inherit; rather, she gained, by prayer and renunciation and long control, a sunlit serenity which made her mind, for others, a delectable Eden, and her soul a paradise of fragrance and song. Cheerfulness became a need of spiritual growth, as well as a thing seemly and delightful in itself. She had ever, in truth, at least in later life (and my acquaintanceship with her extended through a period of over twelve years), a gracious sweetness that was all her own. An exquisite taciturnity alternated with a not less exquisite courtesy of self-abandonment. She was too humble to speak much opinionatively, unless directly challenged or skillfully allured; while it seemed natural in her to consider that the centre of interest was in her companion of the moment, and not in herself. Habitually she preferred the gold-glooms of silence, but would, at the word of appeal, or even at that shyer lure which can express itself only through the eyes, come into the more garish light, or, as it might be, the dusk of another's sorrow, or the starry cold of another's grief. It was impossible to have with her even the least degree of intimacy, and not experience this quietude of charm, — a quality that made her so remote of approach, but so near when reached. How often, thinking of her, I have considered those lines of Herbert's! —

> "Welcome, deare feast of Lent: who loves not thee,
> He loves not Temperance, or Authoritie,
> . . . . . .
> Besides the cleannesse of sweet abstinence,
> Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,
> A face not fearing light."

This "cleannesse of sweet abstinence" was characteristic of the poetic inheritor of Herbert and Crashaw, whom most she resembles in the quality of her genius, though she had more of fire and heat than the one, and less of sensuous exuberance than the other.

This is not the occasion for any critical analysis of her beautiful poetry. Its delicate music, its exquisite charm, are its proper ambassadors. Of her marvelous spontaneous art scarce anything better could be said by the most authoritative and discriminating critic than is expressed in these lines of Shakespeare (The Winter's Tale): —

> "This is an art
> Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
> The art itself is nature." [1]

[1] This article was written before I saw Mr. Swinburne's noble memorial lines (which, with a most moving and winsome paper on Christina Rossetti by Mr. Theodore Watts, appear in the February number of The Nineteenth Century), or I should fittingly have ended with a quotation from this tribute of the greatest of Miss Rossetti's surviving contemporaries.

It is but the other day she was given that rest for which she craved. If knowledge was hers, it must have pleased her that two of her poems (The Porter Watches at the Gate, and Lord, grant us Grace to Mount) were sung at the quiet but deeply impressive funeral service at Christ Church. Yet a more fitting elegy would have been that poem from Time Flies, that homing-song which I meant to quote here, but now must be content to indicate only by its opening words, "Home by different ways."

As I came away from the funeral service, with her old friends, Mr. Frederick Shields and Mr. John Clayton, — listening to the one speak of her flamelike ardor of Christian faith, and to the other's narration of her brooding melancholy and of her anticipations of early death, about the time that Gabriel Rossetti painted her as Mary in The Girlhood of Mary Virgin (1848), and in Ecce Ancilla Domini (1849), — a stanza in one of her latest lyrics made a music in my mind: —

> "Life that was born to die
> Sets heart on high,
> And counts and mounts
> Steep stages of the sky.
> Two things, Lord, I desire
> And I require:
> Love's name, and flame
> To wrap my soul in fire."

Wrapt in fire, indeed, was that pure and perfect spirit, that disembodied soul of song.

William Sharp.

MARS.

II. THE WATER PROBLEM.

After air, water. If Mars be capable of supporting life, there must be water upon his surface; for to all forms of life water is as vital a matter as air. To all organisms water is absolutely essential. On the question of habitability, therefore, it becomes all-important to know whether there be water on Mars.

Any one looking through a telescope at the planet, early last summer, would at once have been struck by the fact that its surface was diversified by markings in three colors, — white, blue-green, and reddish-ochre; the white lying in a great oval at the top of the disc. The white oval was the south polar ice-cap. In this polar cap our water problem takes its rise.

On the 31st of May, 1894, the south polar cap stretched, practically one unbroken waste of ice, over about fifty degrees of latitude; that is, it covered nearly the whole frigid zone. Although due, in all probability, to successive depositions of frost rather than snow, the result, both in appearance and in behavior, makes striking counterpart to the antarctic ice-sheet of our own earth. Its visible contour was almost perfectly elliptical, showing it to be, in truth, nearly circular. That it was already in active process of melting was evident from its slowly lessening size. It was the most interesting feature on the disc, being peculiarly well placed for observation, owing to the tilt of the polar axis; for the Martian south pole was at the time bowed toward the earth at an angle of 24°, a southern inclination which has not been equaled since 1877. The dip of the pole displayed the snow-cap to great advantage, and enabled the metamorphosis it underwent to be specially well seen.

Through June and July the snows were melting very fast, at the rate of

hundreds of square miles a day. Such waning of them under the summer sun has been regularly observed to take place for the past two hundred years. At every Martian summer they shrink away to next to nothing, as systematically as the Martian summer comes on, — an action on their part highly indicative of their character. But another bit of behavior in their immediate surroundings is yet more significant, and in the case of the southern hemisphere has never, apparently, been noticed before.

Practically at the first observation made at Flagstaff in June, there showed, bordering the edge of the snow, a narrow, dark blue band or ribbon of color encircling the cap. The band varied in width at different places, being widest where the blue-green areas to the north of it were widest, and narrowest where they were narrowest. Its greatest breadth was about two hundred and twenty miles, its least about one hundred. In two places it expanded into great bays, the more prominent of them being just above the largest blue-green area on the disc. That the width of this antarctic girdle was proportionate to the width of the blue-green areas below it is a highly suggestive fact. Both bays were blue, the larger and more striking one especially so, appearing in good seeing of a beautiful cobalt blue, like some Martian grotto of Capri.

Both the band and its bays were contrasted with the blue-green areas contiguous to them, somewhat in tint, but yet more in tone. They were bluer, and distinctly darker. This hinted at a difference of constitution, which hint was emphasized by the action of the band; for as the snow shrank back toward the pole the blue belt followed it, keeping pace with its retreat. Instead of remaining in the place where it had first appeared, as it must have done had it been a permanent marking upon the surface of the planet, it withdrew steadily southward, so as always to border the melting snow.

At about the same time a rift made its appearance in the midst of the ice-cap. On June 9, when on the meridian early in the morning it looked like a huge cart-track coming down toward one through the snow. It proved to be three hundred and fifty miles wide, and debouched into the dark encircling band. A second narrower rift ran into it near the centre of the cap.

On the same morning, about half past five o'clock, starlike points suddenly shone out upon the snow, between the great bay and the first rift. After shining there for a few minutes they as suddenly vanished. It is evident what these were, — not fabled flash-lights of the Martians, but the glint of snow-slopes tilted at just the angle to reflect the sun toward the earth. On subsequent mornings others appeared, not so brilliant, the position of the planet with regard to the earth having slightly shifted in the mean time. There is something romantic in the thought of these far-off glistens from other-world antarctic snows, and in the sight there is corroboration of the snow's character.

As the Martian spring progressed, the rifts spread, until at last they cut the ice-cap in two. The smaller portion then proceeded to disappear, while the larger shrank correspondingly in size. The relative times of disappearance of different parts of the cap give us some information about the relative elevations and depressions of the south circumpolar regions. In consequence, I have been able to construct a contour map of these polar portions of the planet. There are advantages in thus conducting polar expeditions astronomically. One not only lives like a civilized being through it all, but he brings back something of the knowledge he went out to acquire.

There has even been vouchsafed the realization of that dream of explorers, an open polar sea; for as the first rift widened, Professor W. H. Pickering marked a large lake develop in the midst

of it, in position almost over the pole. It seems cynical of fate thus to permit a Martian open polar sea to be seen before granting our earthly explorers a similar sight.

As the snows dwindled in size, the blue band about them shrank to correspond. By August it was a barely discernible thread drawn round the tiny white patch which was all that remained of the enormous snow-fields of some months before. Finally, on October 13, the snow entirely disappeared, and the spot where it and its girdle, long since grown too small for detection, had been became one yellow stretch.

That the blue was water at the edge of the melting snow seems unquestionable. That it was of the color of water, that it so persistently bordered the melting snow, and that it subsequently vanished are three facts mutually confirmatory of this deduction. Professor W. H. Pickering made the polariscope tell the same tale; for, on scrutinizing the great bay through it, he found the light coming from the bay to be polarized. Now, to polarize the light it reflects is a property, as we know, of a water surface.

From all this we may conclude that we have here a polar sea, a real body of water. There is, therefore, water on the surface of Mars. We also mark that this body of water is ephemeral. It exists while the snow-cap is melting, and then it somehow vanishes. What becomes of it, and whether there be other bodies of water on the planet, either permanent or temporary, we shall now go on to inquire.

While it existed in any size, the polar sea was bordered on the north, all the way round and during all the time it was visible, by blue-green areas. These blue-green areas were strewn with several more or less bright regions, while below them came the great reddish-ochre stretches of the disc. Now, the blue-green areas have generally been considered to be seas, just as the reddish-ochre regions have been held to be land. That the latter are land there is very little doubt; not only land, but nothing but land, — land very pure and simple; that is, deserts. For they behave just as deserts should behave, chiefly by not behaving at all; remaining, except for certain phenomena to be specified later, unchangeable.

With the so-called seas, however, the case is different. Several important facts conspire to throw grave doubt, and worse, upon their aquatic character. To begin with, they are of every grade of tint, — a very curious feature for seas to exhibit, unless they were everywhere but a few feet deep; which again is a most singular characteristic for seas that cover hundreds of thousands of square miles in extent, — seas, that is, as big as the Bay of Bengal. The Martian surface would have to be amazingly flat for this to be possible. We know it to be relatively flat, but to be as flat as all this would seem to pass the bounds of credible simplicity. Here also Professor W. H. Pickering's polariscope investigations come in with effect, for he found the light from the supposed seas to show no trace of polarization. Hence these were probably not water.

In parenthesis we may here take notice of the absence of a certain phenomenon whose presence, apparently, should follow upon water surfaces such as the so-called seas would offer us. Although its absence is not perhaps definitive as to their marine character, it is certainly curious, and worth noting. If a planet were covered by a sheet of water, that water surface would, mirror-like, reflect the sun in one more or less definite spot. Looked at from a distance, this spot would, were it bright enough, be seen as a high light on the dark background of the ocean about it. It would seem to be a fixed star at a certain point on the disc, the surface features rotating under it. The necessary position is easily calculated, and this shows that parts of the so-

called seas, especially at oppositions like the last one, pass under the point. There remains merely the question of sufficient brilliancy in the spot for visibility; but as in the case of Mars its brilliancy should be equal to that of a star of the third magnitude, it would seem brilliant enough to be seen. No such starlike effect in such position has ever been noticed coming from the blue-green regions. From this bit of negative evidence, to be taken for what it is worth, we return again to what there is of a positive sort.

Not only do different parts of the so-called seas contrast in tint with one another, but the same part of the same sea varies in tint at different times. Schiaparelli noticed that, at successive oppositions, the same sea showed different degrees of darkness, and he suggested that the change in tone was dependent in some way upon the Martian seasons.

Observations at Flagstaff have demonstrated this to be the case, for it has been possible to see the tints occur consecutively. In consequence, we know not only that changes take place on the surface of Mars other than in the polar cap, and very conspicuous ones too, but that these are due to the changing seasons of the planet's year. We will now see what they look like.

To the transubstantiation of changes of the sort it is a prime essential that the drawings from whose comparison the contrast appears should all have been made by the same person, at the same telescope, under as nearly as possible the same atmospheric conditions, since otherwise the personal equation of the observer, the impersonal inequalities of instruments, and the special atmosphere of the station play so large a part in the result as to mask that other factor in the case, any change in the planet itself. How easily this masking is accomplished appears from drawings made by different observers of the same Martian features at substantially the same moment. Several interesting specimens of such personal peculiarities may be seen by the curious in Flammarion's admirable thesaurus, La Planète Mars. In some of these likenesses of the planet it is pretty certain that Mars would never recognize himself.

To have drawings simply swear at one another across a page is, in the interests of deduction, objectionable. For their testimony to be worth having they must agree to differ. If, therefore, Mars is to be many, his draughtsman must be one. So much, at least, is fulfilled by the drawings in which the changes now to be described are recorded; for they were all made by me, at the same instrument, under the same general atmospheric conditions. As the same personality enters all of them, it stands, as between them, eliminated from all, to increased certainty of deduction. Since, furthermore, the drawings were all made in the months preceding and following one opposition, change due to secular variation is reduced to a minimum. As a matter of fact, the changes are such as to betray their own seasonal character. They constitute a kinematical as opposed to a statical study of the planet's surface.

The changes are much more evident than might be supposed. Indeed, they are quite unmistakable. As for their importance, it need only be said that that deduction from them furnishes, in the first place, strong inference that Mars is a living world, subject to an annual cycle of surface growth, activity, and decay; and shows, in the second place, that this Martian yearly round of life must differ in certain interesting particulars from that which forms our terrestrial experience. The phenomena evidently make part of a definite chain of changes of annual development. So consecutive, and, in their broad characteristics, apparently so regular are these changes that I have been able to find corroboration of what appears to be their general scheme in drawings made at previous oppositions. In consequence, I

believe it will be possible in future to foretell, with something approaching the certainty of our esteemed weather bureau's prognostications, not indeed what the weather will be on Mars, — for, as we have seen, it is more than doubtful whether Mars has what we call weather to prognosticate, — but the aspect of any part of the planet at any given time.

The changes in appearance now to be chronicled refer, not to the melting of the polar snows, except as such melting forms the necessary preliminary to what follows, but to the subsequent changes in look of the surface itself. To their exposition, however, the polar phenomena become inseparable adjuncts, since they are inevitable ancillaries to the result.

With the familiar melting of the snow-cap begins the yearly round of the planet's life. With the melting of our own arctic or antarctic cap might similarly be said to begin the earth's annual activity. But here at the very outset there appears to be one important difference between the two planets. On the earth the relation of the melting of the polar snows to the awakening of surface activity is a case of *post hoc* simply; on Mars it seems to be a case of *propter hoc* as well. For, unlike the earth, which has water to spare, and to which, therefore, the unlocking of its polar snows is a matter of no direct economic value, Mars is apparently in straits for the article, and has to draw on its polar reservoir for its annual supply. Upon the melting of its polar cap, and the transference of the water thus annually set free to go its rounds, seem to depend all the seasonal phenomena on the surface of the planet.

The observations upon which this deduction is based extend over a period of nearly six months, from the last day of May to the 22d of November. They cover the regions from the south pole to about latitude forty north. That changes analogous to those recorded, differing, however, in details, occur six Martian months later in the planet's northern hemisphere is proved by what Schiaparelli has seen; for though the general system is, curiously, one for the whole planet, the particular character of different parts of the surface alters the action there to some extent.

For an appreciation of the meaning of the changes, it is to be borne in mind throughout that the vernal equinox of Mars' southern hemisphere occurred on April 17, 1894; the summer solstice of the same hemisphere on August 31; and its autumnal equinox on February 7, 1895.

On the 31st of May, therefore, it was toward the end of April on Mars. The south polar cap was, as we have seen, very large, and the polar sea in proportion. That the polar sea was the darkest and the bluest marking on the disc implies that it was, at all events, the deepest body of water on the planet, whether the other so-called seas were seas or not. This polar sea plays *deus ex machina* to all that follows.

So soon as the melting of the snow was well under way, long straits, of deeper tint than their surroundings, made their appearance in the midst of the dark areas. I did not see them come, but as I afterward saw them go, it is evident that they must have come. They were already there on the last day of May. The most conspicuous of them lay between Noachis and Hellas, in the Mare Australe. It began in the great polar bay, and thence traversed the Mare Erythræum to the Hour-Glass Sea (Syrtis Major). The next most conspicuous one started in the other bay, and came down between Hellas and Ausonia. Although these straits were distinguishably darker than the seas through which they passed, the seas themselves were then at their darkest. The fact that these straits traversed the seas suffices to raise a second doubt as to the genuineness of seas; the first suspicion as to their true character

coming from their being a little off color, — not so blue, that is, as what we practically know to be water, the polar sea, although even that must be anything but deep. It will appear later that in all probability the straits too are impostors, and that what we see is in neither case water.

The appearance of things at this initial stage of the Martian Nile-like inundation last June was most destructive to modern maps of Mars, for all the markings between the south polar cap and the continental coast-line seemed with one consent to have as nearly as might be obliterated themselves.

It was impossible to fix any definite boundaries to the south temperate chain of islands, so indistinguishably did the light areas and the dark ones merge into each other. What was still more striking, the curious peninsulas which connect the continent with the chain of islands to the south of it, and form so singular a feature of the planet's geography, were invisible. One continuous belt of blue-green stretched from the Syrtis Major to the Columns of Hercules.

For some time the dark areas continued largely unchanged in appearance; during, that is, the earlier and most extensive melting of the snow-cap. After this their history became one long chronicle of fading out. Their lighter parts grew lighter, and their darker ones less dark. For, to start with, they were made up of many tints; various shades of blue-green interspersed with hints of orange-yellow. The gulfs and bays bordering the continental coast were the darkest of these markings; the long straits between the polar sea and the Syrtis Major were the next deepest in tone.

The first marked sign of change was the reappearance of Hesperia. Whereas in June it had been practically nonexistent, by August it had become perfectly visible and in the place where it is usually depicted. In connection with its reappearance two points are to be noted: first, the amount of the change, for Hesperia is a stretch of land over two hundred miles broad by six hundred miles long; and, secondly, the fact that its previous invisibility was not due to any sort of obscuration. The persistent clear-cut character of the neighboring coast-line during the whole transformation showed that nothing in the way of mist or cloud had at any time hidden the peninsula from view. A something was actually there in August which had not been there in June.

As yet nothing could be seen of Atlantis. It was not until the 30th of October that I caught sight of it. About the same time, the straits between the islands, Xanthus, Scamander, Ascanius, and Simois, came out saliently dark, a darkness due to contrast. The line of south temperate islands and their separate identity were then for the first time apparent.

Meanwhile, the history of Hesperia continued to be instructive. From having been absent in June and conspicuous in August, it returned in October to a mid-position of visibility. Vacillating as these fluctuations in appearance may seem at first sight, they were really quite consistent; for they were due to one progressive change in the same direction, a change that was manifested first in Hesperia itself, and then in the regions round about it. From June to August, Hesperia changed from a previous blue-green, indistinguishable from its surroundings, to yellow, the parts adjacent remaining much as before. As a consequence, the peninsula stood out in marked contrast to the still deep blue-green regions by its side. Later, the surroundings themselves faded, and their change had the effect of once more partially obliterating Hesperia.

While Hesperia was thus causing itself to be noticed, the rest of the south temperate zone, as we may call it for identification's sake, was unobtrusively

pursuing the same course. Whereas in June all that part of the disc comprising the two Thyle, Argyre II., and like latitudes was chiefly blue-green, by October it had become chiefly yellow. Still further south, what had been first snow, and then water, turned to ochre land.

Certain smaller details of the change that came over the face of the dark regions at the time were as curious as they were marked. For example, the Fastigium Aryn, the tip of the triangular cape which, by jutting out from the continent, forms the forked bay called the Sabæus Sinus, and which, because of its easy identification, has been selected for the zero meridian of Martian longitudes, began in October to undergo strange metamorphosis. On October 15 it shot out a sort of tail southward. On the 16th this tail could be followed all the way to Deucalionis Regio, to which it made a bridge across from the continent, thus cutting the Sabæus Sinus completely in two.

Another curious causeway of the same sort made its appearance in November, connecting the promontory known as Hammonis Cornu with Hellas. Both of these necks of orange-ochre were of more or less uniform breadth throughout.

The long, dark streaks that in June had joined the Syrtis Major to the polar sea had nearly disappeared by October; in their southern parts they had vanished completely, and they had very much faded in their northern ones. The same process of fading uncovered certain curious rhomboidal bright areas in the midst of the Syrtis Major.

It will be seen that the extent of these changes was enormous. Their size, indeed, was only second in importance to their character; for it will also have been noticed that the changes were all in one direction. A wholesale transformation of the blue-green regions into orange-ochre ones was in progress upon that other world.

What can explain so general and so consecutive a change in hue? Water suggests itself; for a vast transference of water from the pole to the equator might account for it. But there are facts connected with the change which seem irreconcilable with the idea of water. In the first place, Professor W. H. Pickering found that the light from the great blue-green areas showed no trace of polarization. This tended to strengthen a theory put forth by him some years ago, that the greater part of the blue-green areas are not water, but something which at such a distance would also look blue-green, namely, vegetation. Observations at Flagstaff not only confirm this, but limit the water areas still further; in fact, practically do away with them entirely. Not only do the above polariscopic tests tend to this conclusion, but so does the following observation of mine in October.

Toward the end of October, a strange, and, for observational purposes, a distressing phenomenon took place. What remained of the more southern dark regions showed a desire to vanish, so completely did those regions proceed to fade in tint throughout. This was first noticeable in the Cimmerian Sea, then in the Sea of the Sirens, and in November in the Mare Erythræum about the Lake of the Sun. The fading steadily progressed until it had advanced so far that in poor seeing the markings were almost imperceptible, and the planet presented a nearly uniform ochre disc.

This was not a case of obscuration; for in the first place it was general, and in the second place the coast-lines were not obliterated. The change, therefore, was not due to clouds or mist.

What was suggestive about the occurrence was that it was unaccompanied by a corresponding increase of blue-green elsewhere. It was not simply that portions of the planet's surface changed tint, but that, taking the disc in its entirety, the whole amount of the blue-green upon it had diminished, and that

of the orange-yellow had proportionally increased. Mars looked more Martian than he had in June. The canals, indeed, began at the same time to darken; but, highly important as this was for other reasons, the whole area of their fine lines and associated patches did not begin to make up for what the dark regions lost.

If the blue-green color was due to water, where had all the water gone? Nowhere on the visible parts of the planet; that is certain. Nor could it very well have gone to those north circumpolar regions hid from view by the tilt of the disc; for there was no sign of a growing north polar cap, and, furthermore, Schiaparelli's observations upon that cap show that there should not have been. As we saw in the last paper, he found that it developed late, apparently one month or so after the vernal equinox of its hemisphere, whereas at the time the above change occurred it was not long after that hemisphere's winter solstice.

But if, instead of being due to water, the blue-green tint had been due to leaves and grasses, just such a fading out as was observed should have taken place as autumn came on, and that without proportionate increase of green elsewhere; for the great continental areas, being desert, are incapable of supporting vegetation, and therefore of turning green.

There is thus reason to believe that the blue-green regions of Mars are not water, but, generally at least, areas of vegetation; from which it follows that Mars is very badly off for water, and that the planet is dependent on the melting of its polar snows for practically its whole supply.

Such scarcity of water on Mars is just what theory would lead us to expect. Mars is a smaller planet than the earth, and therefore is relatively more advanced in his evolutionary career. He is older in age, if not in years; for whether his birth as a separate world antedated ours or not, his smaller size, by causing him to cool more quickly, would necessarily age him faster. But as a planet grows old, its oceans, in all probability, dry up, the water retreating through cracks and caverns into its interior. Water thus disappears from its surface, to say nothing of what is being continually imprisoned by chemical combination. Signs of having thus parted with its oceans we see in the case of the moon, whose so-called seas were probably seas in their day, but have now become old sea-bottoms. On Mars the same process is going on, but would seem not yet to have progressed so far, the seas there being midway in their career from real seas to arid depressed deserts; no longer water surfaces, they are still the lowest portions of the planet, and therefore stand to receive what scant water may yet travel over the surface. They thus become fertilized, while higher regions escape the freshet, and remain permanently barren. That they were once seas we have something more than general inference to warrant us in believing.

There is a certain peculiarity about the surface markings of Mars, which is pretty sure to strike any thoughtful observer who examines the planet with a two or a three inch object-glass, — their singular sameness night after night. With quite disheartening regularity, each evening presents him with the same appearance he noted the evening before, — a dark band obliquely belting the disc, strangely keeping its place in spite of the nightly progression of the meridians ten degrees to the east, in consequence of our faster rotation gaining on the slower rotation of Mars. By attention, he will notice, however, that the belt creeps slowly upwards towards the pole in all other respects. Then suddenly some night he finds that it has slipped bodily down, to begin again its Sisyphus-like, inconclusive spiral climb.

Often as this rhomb-line must have been noticed, no explanation of it has

ever, to my knowledge, been given. Yet so singular an arrangement points to something other than chance. Suspicion of its non-fortuitous character is strengthened when it is scanned through a bigger glass. Increase of aperture discloses details that help explain its significance. With sufficient telescopic power, the continuity of the dark belt is seen to be broken by a series of parallel peninsulas or semi-peninsulas that jut out from the lower edge of the belt, all running with one accord in a southeasterly direction, and dividing the belt into a similar series of parallel dark areas. Such oblong areas are the Mare Tyrrhenum, the Mare Cimmerium, the Mare Sirenum, and those unnamed straits that stretch southeasterly from the Auroræ Sinus, the Margaritifer Sinus, and the Sabæus Sinus. The islands and peninsulas trending in the same direction are Ausonia, Hesperia, Cimmeria, Atlantis, Pyrrhæ Regio, Deucalionis Regio, and the two causeways from the Fastigium Aryn and Hammonis Cornu. It will further be noticed that these areas lie more nearly north and south as they lie nearer the pole, and curve in general to the west as they approach the equator.

With this fact noted, let us return to the water formed by the melting of the ice-cap, at the time it is produced around the south pole. We may be sure it would not stay there long. No sooner liberated from its winter fetters than it would begin, under the pull of gravity, to run toward the equator. The reason why it would flow away from the pole is that it would find itself in unstable equilibrium where it was. Successive depositions of frost would have piled up a mound of ice which, so long as it remained solid, cohesion would keep in that unnatural position, but the moment it changed to a liquid this would flow out on all sides, seeking its level. Once started, its own withdrawal would cause the centre of gravity to shift away from the pole, and this would pull the particles of the water yet more toward the equator. Each particle would start due north; but its course would not continue in that direction, for at each mile it traveled it would find itself in a lower latitude, where, owing to the rotation of the planet, the surface would be whirling faster toward the east, inasmuch as a point on the equator has to get over much more space in twenty-four hours than one nearer the pole. In short, supposing there was no friction, the surface would be constantly slipping away from under the particle toward the east. As a result, the northerly motion of the particle would be continually changing with regard to the surface into a more and more westerly one. If the surface were not frictionless, friction would somewhat reduce the westerly component, but could never wholly destroy it without stopping the particle.

We see, therefore, that any body, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous, must, in traveling away from the pole of a sphere or spheroid, necessarily deviate to the west as it goes on, if the spheroid itself revolve, as Mars does, in the opposite direction.

This inevitable trend induced in anything flowing from the pole to the equator is precisely the one that we notice stereotyped so conspicuously in the Martian south temperate markings. Here, then, we have at once a suspiciously suggestive hint that they once held water, and that that water flowed.

Corroborating this deduction is the fact that the northern sides of all the dark areas are very perceptibly darker than the southern ones; for the northern side is the one which a descending current would plough out, since it is the northern coasts that would be constantly opposing the current's northerly inertia. Consequently, although at present the descending stream be quite inadequate to such task, it still finds its way, from preference, to these lowest levels, and makes them greener than the rest.

Though seas no longer, we perceive, then, that there is some reason to believe the so-called seas of Mars to have been seas in their day, and to be at the moment midway in evolution from the seas of the earth to the seas of the moon.

Now, if a planet were at any stage of its career able to support life, it is probable that a diminishing water supply would be the beginning of the end of that life, for the air would outlast the available water. Those of its inhabitants who had succeeded in surviving would find themselves at last face to face with the relentlessness of fate, — a scarcity of water constantly growing greater, till at last they would all die of thirst, either directly or indirectly; for either they themselves would not have water enough to drink, or the plants or animals which constituted their diet would perish for lack of it, — an alternative of small choice to them, unless they were conventionally particular as to their mode of death. Before this lamentable conclusion was reached, however, there would come a time in the course of the planet's history when water was not yet wanting, but simply scarce and requiring to be husbanded; when, for the inhabitants, the one supreme problem of existence would be the water problem, — how to get water enough to sustain life, and how best to utilize every drop of water they could get.

Mars is, apparently, in this distressing plight at the present moment, the signs being that its water supply is now exceedingly low. If, therefore, the planet possess inhabitants, there is but one course open to them in order to support life. Irrigation, and upon as vast a scale as possible, must be the all-engrossing Martian pursuit. So much is directly deducible from what we have learned recently about the physical condition of the planet, quite apart from any question as to possible inhabitants. What the physical phenomena assert is this: if there be inhabitants, then irrigation must be the chief material concern of their lives.

At this point in our inquiry, when direct deduction from the general physical phenomena observable on the planet's surface shows that were there inhabitants there a system of irrigation would be an all-essential of their existence, the telescope presents us with perhaps the most startling discovery of modern times, — the so-called canals of Mars. These strange phenomena, together with the inferences to be drawn from them, will form the subject of the next paper.

Percival Lowell.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE GREAT BUDDHIST SANCTUARY OF NORTH CHINA.

"When, in the time of Ming-ti of the Han, Ma-teng came from the Western regions (to China), he discerned by means of his supernatural sight that 'the Pure cold mountain' was an abode of Wen-shu, and that there was a relic tower there erected by King Ashoka. So he besought the Emperor to have a temple built there, and it was called The Great faith Vulture's peak temple; for the hill on which it stood resembled the Vulture's peak of India, and the words 'Great faith' made it known to all ages that the Emperor was the first in all the land to show his faith in the Buddha."

So I read one day, while living in Peking, in a cumbersome Chinese volume giving the history of that greatest of Buddhist sanctuaries of north China,

commonly known as the Wu-t'ai shan,[1] and I made up my mind to spend my holiday that year in making a visit to this famous shrine.

To the foreign resident of Peking, shut up month after month and year after year within the filthy, malodorous, and uninteresting limits of the city walls, a change of scene becomes a positive craving, be it for ever so short a time. To get it, he will not only brave, but actually enjoy all the discomforts incidental to travel in China; and when he has discovered some goal to reach, some object to pursue, beyond escaping the stenches of Peking, his pleasure is complete, his enthusiasm boundless.

So, at least, I reflected, as, one morning in September, 1887, I left our legation for a trip through southern Mongolia and to the Wu-t'ai, my legs folded under me, my head bent on my breast, that I might fit in the low and narrow limits of my mule litter, that "most irritating of all conveyances," as Alexandre Dumas so aptly called it.

The road we took led us northward in the direction of Kalgan, first to Nan-k'ou, and through the great wall where it crosses a pass rising nineteen hundred feet above sea level. This point is known to foreigners who visit the environs of Peking as the Nan-k'ou pass, though its real name is the Chü-yung defile. The Chinese class it among the eight marvels of the Peking country; the Lu-kou bridge over the Hun ho, which I was to cross on my way back to Peking, being another.

Here at Nan-k'ou the great wall is seen at its best, as it runs along rocky ridges and frowns down upon one from toppling heights, and, strange as it may seem for anything in China, is in fairly good repair. Foreigners should be forbidden by the Chinese government to visit the great wall elsewhere than at Nan-k'ou and its vicinity, for then they could go home and write in all sincerity about this "eighth wonder of the world, which for over two thousand years has been the bulwark of China," etc. But alas for all earthly greatness! The great wall of China is not everywhere a great wall; in places it is a very little wall, and it is, I think, highly improbable that at any period of its existence it has been in good repair from its eastern to its western extremity.

The Chinese distinguish two great walls: the outer, or Frontier wall, which, commencing at Shan-hai kuan, passes through Kalgan, and ends at Chia-yü kuan, north of the Koko-nor, and the inner, or "Myriad li wall," also called the "Long wall," which, beginning northeast of Nan-k'ou, runs south, and constitutes the frontier between the provinces of Chih-li and Shan-hsi; this branches off in its northern section, and, crossing Shan-hsi, meets the Frontier wall near the Yellow River. These walls were not made at one time, but during succeeding dynasties, as one or another portion of the border seemed to require this defense. Some parts have been repaired now and then down to recent times; others have been utterly neglected and have long since crumbled away, in some places leaving no trace of their existence. Parts of these walls were built of brick and stone, or of stone alone, and others, again, of mud.

Besides the great wall, there is still to be seen all over the borderland of China a complicated network of beacon towers, used in olden times to transmit signals to the capital. The greater number have now fallen in ruins, but one of their peculiar features is still visible: their summits could be reached only by means of rope ladders let down the outside. These towers, it seems, Abbé Larrieu, in his pamphlet The Great Wall of China, has confounded with those that form part of the wall itself. Seeing no connecting wall between them, he rashly concluded that the great wall did not exist, and never had existed. In real-

[1] Or Great Wu-t'ai (Ta Wu-t'ai), in opposition to the Little (Hoiao) Wu-t'ai, situated near Peking.

ity, these beacon towers, which extend for hundreds of miles on either side of the wall, have absolutely nothing to do with it.

The road north of the Nan-k'ou pass leads over a broad, undulating plain, closed in by rugged and bare mountains, along the base of which may be seen a thick deposit of loess; and towns and villages, amidst groves of willows and fields of millet and sorghum, dot the wide valley. Every few miles one passes a walled city. The length and height of these fortifications and the great number of them in China have ever struck me with wonder. All the provincial, prefectural, departmental, and district towns of the eighteen provinces (they number nearly nineteen hundred) are inclosed with walls, the shortest of which cannot be less than one mile, while many are at least eight miles long, and their height averages fifteen feet. The length of the great wall itself and the work its construction entailed sink into insignificance when compared with the total length of these city walls, especially when we consider that not less than half of the great wall is of dirt, while all city walls have, at one time or other, been faced inside and out with kiln-burnt bricks.

On the third day after leaving Peking we passed around the base of the Cock's crow Mountain (Ch'i-ming shan), by the side of the muddy Hun ho. This mountain, one of the most striking ones seen on the way to Kalgan, has on its summit a Buddhist temple, whose bright red walls and the evergreens always to be found around such places lend life and color to the bare, brown landscape. Buddhists throughout the world have selected with consummate skill the most picturesque sites for the erection of their temples, and have spared no pains to preserve all the natural beauties of each spot on which they have built. Mountain tops, from Adam's peak in Ceylon to Wu-t'ai shan and O-mi shan in China, have been regarded, since the early days of Buddhism, as the most desirable situations for the erection of temples. To the æsthetic tendency of Buddhists we owe nearly all the really pretty bits of scenery to be found in this part of China; for, away from the temples, every hill I have seen is as bare as our Western wilds.

Leaving the Cock's crow Mountain behind, we followed the course of the Hun ho River for some miles, — at first over a sandy plain, and then by a road cut in the porphyry rock, high above the seething yellow waters of the river. After crossing a pass at about twenty-one hundred feet of altitude, from which we saw the great wall running along the crest of the hills far off on the east, we came to Hsüan-hua Fu, a large prefectural city about twenty miles from Kalgan, which we reached the following day.

Kalgan [1] divides with Kuei-hua Ch'eng the privilege of being the most important frontier mart of north China; it is the centre of a large Mongolian trade, and a forwarding point for the greater part of the Russian overland trade with China. It is situated on the foothills of the Mongolian steppe, and the great wall passes behind the town, which stretches out in long, irregular lines around the mouth of the pass leading to Mongolia. Its population is estimated at one hundred thousand, twenty thousand of whom are Mohammedans. The latter and the Shan-hsi merchants have nearly monopolized the most valuable trade of this part of China. At Kalgan the Mohammedans have a fine mosque and theological school; the former somewhat resembles similar buildings seen in other Mohammedan countries, but its interior decoration is strictly Chinese.

Several families of American mission-

[1] Père Gerbillon, who visited Kalgan in 1688 and in 1696, calls it Hia-pou, reserving the name Tchang-kia-keou for the gate in the great wall just behind the town. See Du Halde, Description de l'Empire de la Chine, iv. 96, 337.

aries reside in the suburbs of Kalgan, in pretty houses built in foreign style, which fully justifies the remark once made to me by a Chinese peasant. "The most curious thing about foreigners," he said, "is that there are no poor people among them." This mission has been in existence for the last eighteen years, and has now a few hundred converts, more or less attached to it. It was originally the intention of the mission to devote itself to the conversion of those devoutest of all Buddhists, the Mongols, but it did not take long to demonstrate that this was an impossible task, quite as difficult as the Christianization of Mohammedans has proved to be in other parts of the world.

The road from Kalgan to Mongolia leads up a broad, stony valley, with an occasional small patch of cultivated soil on the otherwise bare hillsides. By a very gradual ascent one reaches a height of forty-two hundred feet; then comes a sharp scramble of half an hour over rocks, and one arrives at Han nor (forty-nine hundred feet), on the edge of the Mongolian plateau. From here we looked back over a vast wilderness of mountain tops stretching to the horizon. The view, though extensive, was far from beautiful: the yellow loess imparted a uniform hue to mountain and valley, and to the waters of the streams flowing through them; not a tree was to be seen, and, it being autumn, the very crops in the fields conspired with the natural scenery to complete a general yellowness of tone.

The country north of Han nor, as far as Shih-pa-erh t'ai, where we turned to the west, is a rolling plateau, covered with short, coarse grass, and greatly resembles our Western plains. Now and then we passed a Mongol tent, with small herds of cattle, horses, or camels grazing near by, or perhaps a Chinese farmhouse, surrounded with fields of oats or potatoes. In fact, all the southern portion of Mongolia through which we passed is undergoing a rapid evolution from the pastoral to the agricultural state. The Chinese from Shan-hsi are steadily driving the nomadic Mongols farther and farther north, the few who remain behind being obliged to give up to a great extent their national customs. Nearly everywhere we found the Chinese adobe hut side by side with the felt tent of the Mongol, which before many years will be a thing of the past in this part of Mongolia. And all this change has taken place in the last ten years. Baron von Richthofen, who traveled over this road fifteen or twenty years ago, did not see a single Chinese house between Shih-pa-erh t'ai and Hsi-ying-tzŭ, sixty miles farther west, but we came across such houses every mile or so.

Although the general aspect of the Mongol steppe reminded me of our Western prairies, its flora presented none of the variety I had seen in our country. I was especially struck by finding edelweiss in great quantities at what appeared to me a low altitude for this flower, about forty-seven hundred feet above sea level. Later on, at Wu-t'ai shan, I found this plant at and above seven thousand feet, the altitude above which oats cease to be cultivated.

Leaving Shih-pa-erh t'ai, we turned in a southwesterly direction towards Ta-t'ung Fu, in Shan-hsi, taking in on our way several of the stations of the Belgian Catholic mission, the most important of which was at Hsi-ying-tzŭ. Mongolia has another feature in common with our Western prairies, — it is easier to lose one's way than to keep on the road. The first day out from Shih-pa-erh t'ai, though we managed to keep in the right direction, we wandered about so that we did not reach the stage we had expected to. This of itself would have been but a very slight mishap, had not my *compagnon de voyage* been a devoted admirer of the great German traveler, Baron von Richthofen. The ponderous volume of the baron's work, in which he describes the section of country through

which we were traveling, was ever in my learned friend's hands; so on this most ill-fated day, when we had to pass the night at a different place from that where Richthofen had stopped, his sorrow and vexation were extreme, and even his dinner and grog lost their savor, and he went sulkily to bed.

The next day we reached Hsi-ying-tzŭ, recognizable from afar by its pretty church, which seemed of cathedral-like dimensions amidst the miserable little hovels which surrounded it. We were most kindly received and entertained by the fathers of the mission, and it was our good fortune to meet Monseigneur Bex, the bishop of the diocese, who had come here for a few days to inspect the building of the church. This mission has been in existence for about half a century, at first in charge of the Lazarists, and for the last seventeen years of the Belgian mission. Abbé Huc, it will be remembered, started from a station near here, Hei-shui, on his memorable voyage to Tibet. There are now about three thousand Christians in the diocese, organized in village communities, under the direction of headmen receiving their appointments from the bishop. Litigations are almost invariably settled without recourse to the native authorities, the fathers and the bishops being practically the temporal as well as the spiritual rulers of their flocks. The Christians contribute two per cent of their crops for the support of the Church, and this, together with the heavy taxes due the government, absorbs about ten or twelve per cent of their receipts, notwithstanding which they enjoy — thanks to the protection that the priests can grant them from the exactions of native officials which weigh so severely on all Chinese — a comparatively high degree of material welfare. Although neophytes are not numerous, the Christian population is being continually added to by the female children taken into the foundling hospitals attached to every mission station. Infanticide and the desertion or sale of female infants prevail all over China,[1] and, notwithstanding the large numbers of these poor little creatures saved by the missionaries of all denominations, many are drowned or otherwise got rid of on their birth, in the country as well as in the city.

A few years ago, during the terrible famine which carried off so many victims in this part of China, a native Catholic priest one day bought three cartloads of little girls, which he saw on the road near Hsi-ying-tzŭ, for about a dollar and a half. Boys, when sold, are somewhat dearer. A lama, friend of mine, who was at Wu-t'ai shan during this same famine, told me that many lamas then bought seven or eight year old boys, to make novices of, for about twenty cents a head. The foundlings in the Catholic mission stations are brought up like common Chinese children, — only those who show any remarkable aptitude being taught anything beyond their prayers and sewing, — and when about sixteen they are married off, or else become sisters of charity. The heathens are quite willing to marry these girls and embrace Christianity themselves, in view of the material benefits which are derivable from connection with Christians. To illustrate the perfect control under which the Christians are held by their "spiritual fathers," it will suffice to mention that the former bishop of this diocese forbade the practice of compressing female infants' feet, and, in spite of the social ostracism which this non-observance of a most cherished custom must forever bring upon them, every one obeyed. The authority which the carrying out of such a measure implied may be conceived when it is known that K'ang-hsi, the most powerful Emperor of this dynasty,

[1] See an interesting paper in vol. xx. of the Journal of the China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, pp. 26–50, on The Prevalence of Infanticide in China. Also Père Amiot's paper in Mém. concernant les Chinois, vi. 320–331.

was obliged to repeal a decree he had issued forbidding binding women's feet, after trying for four years to have it enforced.

Facing Hsi-ying-tzŭ on the south stands the Ta-ch'ing Mountain, in which I took special interest, as Richthofen says that stone implements have been found in great numbers at its base. Every one, from the bishop down to the "oldest inhabitant," declared that he had never heard of such things, and thought Richthofen must have been misled.

The next morning our road led us past Yu-shu wa, where stands a lone tree, an elm, which Abbé Huc speaks of somewhere in his charming book of travels as "the only tree in Mongolia." Not far from here, behind the Ta-ch'ing Mountain, is the village where Samtanshiemba, the Mongol who accompanied Huc to Lh'asa, was living. I was told by the fathers that he was hale and hearty, and had just got back from accompanying the Russian traveler Potanin to the Koko-nor.

After passing Erh-shih-san hou, another station of the Belgian mission, where we were most kindly received by Father Rubbens, we crossed several ranges of low hills, the highest 5650 feet, after which we rapidly descended to the plain of Ta-t'ung Fu. When about twenty miles from that city we crossed the Frontier wall, which here traverses the valley: a wall of loess mud, originally about eighteen feet high, though along the greater part of its length only two or three feet of it are now standing. The gate through which we passed consisted of two upright posts with a board nailed horizontally across the top; a sign stuck up before the little mud guard-house announced to all comers that this was a gate of the great wall and a customs barrier! The wall showed no traces of brickwork, but on the detached towers about two hundred yards in front of it, and the object of which I could not satisfactorily make out, some remnants of brickwork were still visible. This wall was probably built in the sixth century A. D., and throughout Shan-hsi and west of that province it does not differ in structure or state of preservation from the part here crossed. Huc, Prjevalsky, and, more recently, Younghusband, all speak of it as a low mud wall which one can jump across, and many of the gates they saw were exactly like the one I passed through.

Ta-t'ung Fu, like most other Chinese cities I have seen in this part of the empire, is dirty, dilapidated, and uninteresting; the shops are small, the people jolly, inquisitive, and apparently lazy. The only pretty thing I saw within the city was a *feng shui* wall, about fifty feet long, in front of a temple; it was covered with glazed tiles, on which were nine four-clawed dragons, yellow and reddish-brown, in high relief, the background of a splendid turquoise-blue color. The following day I saw a similar wall, though shorter, on the road to the beautiful cave temples at Yung-k'an.

While I was at Hsi-ying-tzŭ, the fathers told me of the curious rock temples at a village near Ta-t'ung Fu, and so I stopped over a day to be able to visit this place, of which I had seen nothing in any book of travel.

Yung-k'an is a small village about twelve miles northwest of Ta-t'ung Fu, on the road to Kuei-hua Ch'eng, in a rather narrow valley through which flows a good-sized stream, the Yang ho. Here the waters of the river have cut through a bed of sandstone, in places at least eighty or a hundred feet thick, and in this a number of cave temples have been dug, and enormous statues of the Buddha and saints sculptured within them out of the living rock. These excavations extend over perhaps three hundred yards, but all the buildings — there were probably four originally — erected against the caves, and forming the fronts of the temples, have fallen down, except the one called the "Old Temple of the Stone Buddha" (Shih Fo ku ssŭ).

This temple consists of a wooden façade, in the ordinary style of Chinese temples, and four stories high; the roofs over each story are covered with turquoise-blue tiles. Light is admitted from the front of the building, and also by a large hole cut in the cave through the superincumbent rock above the central image. The body of the temple is cut in the rock, and comprises two separate chapels, nearly circular in shape and about thirty feet in diameter. That on the east side contains gilt statues of the three Buddhas, the central one a seated image of the Buddha Gautama, over fifty feet high.[1] The priest who showed me about said it was fifty-two feet five inches, Chinese measure, or sixty-one feet and a half. The images on either side are thirty odd feet high. The ceiling and walls are everywhere sculptured, representing in rather high relief seated Buddhas and saints, each about a foot high, with encircling designs of trees, animals, etc.; the whole work, which is of a very good order of sculpture, is painted in rather gaudy colors. The other chapel is of a similar description; it is dedicated to Kuan-yin, the goddess of mercy, whose image, also gilt, is about thirty feet high. In caves to the right and left of this temple may be seen other images of gods, all smaller, however, than those above described, and not showing such finished workmanship as is displayed in the Old Temple of the Stone Buddha. These latter caves are now used by the villagers to store their crops in.

I was told by the priest who tends the temple that it was built in the fifth century A. D., and though I could find no inscriptions dating back earlier than the Shun-chih reign, in the first half of the seventeenth century, my informant may have been quite right. In fact, as proving the likelihood of his story, I may remark that in the Wei-shu, or History of the Wei Dynasty, I have found a passage which may refer to the Yung-k'an temples. In it I read that in 461 A. D. the Emperor Wen-Ch'eng-ti called the Buddhist T'an-yüeh to his court, and after a while made him his spiritual preceptor. "At T'an-yüeh's suggestion the Emperor had five caves cut in the rock of a mountain in Wu-chou, to the west of his capital, and in each of them had images of the Buddha sculptured, the largest seventy feet in height, the others sixty feet; they were executed and painted in a most exquisite way, and were the most beautiful ever made."

At the present day there is, so far as I know, no locality or district near Ta-t'ung called Wu-chou, but there is a mountain near Yung-k'an known as the Wu-chou shan, and this justifies me, to some extent, in thinking that the place referred to in the Wei-shu is probably the spot I visited. The northern Wei Emperors are credited with having caused to be excavated other wonderful caverns, the purpose of which, however, is not known to me. Thus, in a passage of the history of the Wei dynasty, we read that, in 500 A. D., "the Emperor gave orders to Tach'ang Ch'in-ch'ing to make two stone caves in the Yi-chüeh shan, south of Lo [Lo-nan], similar to the one existing in the Ling-yen ssŭ at Tai-ching [the then capital Tai-chou]."

On the way back to Ta-t'ung I passed a little roadside shrine covered with votive tablets, but I could not learn to what god it was dedicated. On the veranda was a huge iron halberd, about seven feet high, and weighing perhaps three hundred pounds, which seemed to be the chief object of veneration. No one was near to tell me the history of this formidable weapon, but it is probable that

[1] Père Gerbillon, coming from Mongolia in the suite of the Emperor K'ang-hsi, saw these temples in 1696. The Emperor himself measured with one of the father's half-circles the biggest image, and found it to be fifty-seven Chinese feet high, or sixty-one feet nine inches of our measure. Du Halde, Description, iv. 352.

if there had been any one to question, I should have been told that it had come there of itself, — that "it knew how to fly," a common explanation offered by Chinese.

I may mention here a curious survival of tree worship which I noticed in Chih-li and Shan-hsi. Nearly every day we passed villages in each of which stood a gnarled and twisted tree — generally a willow — covered with votive tablets and bits of rag on which were written such phrases as, "By the graciousness of the spirit," "I have sought and I have found," all hung up by persons who, troubled with some complaint, had prayed to the spirit of the tree, burnt incense before it, and found relief from their sufferings.

For three days after leaving Ta-t'ung Fu we traveled southward over a broad plain, the soil in many places so saturated with potash that cultivation was impossible.[1] The poverty-stricken peasants extract the alkali from the earth wherever there is a little water with which to enable them to do so, and send it to Peking or sell it to the Mongols, who use it in making their tea.

On the evening of the third day we again came across the great wall, — the inner wall this time, — where it passes Kuang-wu k'ou at the foot of the pass leading to Tai-chou. It is visible for perhaps half a mile on either side of the valley, the brick facing and granite angles still intact, but farther away all trace of it disappears. A peculiarity of the defenses at this place, and one which I have not seen elsewhere, is the truncated-cone shape of the detached towers in front of the wall; all those I have seen elsewhere were pyramidal.

From the pass (fifty-two hundred feet) leading down to Tai-chou we had our first glimpse of the Wu-t'ai shan, the northern peak seemingly well covered with snow, which, we were told, remains on the north side all the year. We made this part of our journey in company with a squad of soldiers and two criminals who were being taken to the provincial capital for decapitation. These two gentlemen did not appear to be in the least flurried by their rapidly approaching end, and jogged along as merrily as their conductors. Each had round his throat and one ankle heavy iron rings connected by a big iron chain. This chain they could remove and carry as best suited them, putting it in place again when they came to a village. As they did not have on red jackets, the usual garb of convicted criminals in this country, I did not recognize them at once as belonging to that class, and seeing one enter the temple on top of the pass to *kotow* before the image, I took him for a pilgrim, and asked him where he was going, when, to my amazement, he answered, "To T'ai-yüan Fu, to be executed," and went quietly on with his devotions.

The lower portion of the valley leading to Tai-chou is filled with a thick deposit of loess, and the roads are sunk so deep in it that one might as well travel in a railroad cut, so far as scenery is concerned; but whenever we got a glimpse of the surrounding valley, we saw the rich foliage of trees, the glimmer of the waters of the Hu-to ho as it flowed behind the town, and the imposing mass of the Wu-t'ai in the distant background.

The valley of Tai-chou struck me as particularly fertile; oats, millet, potatoes, and tobacco being the principal crops. Buckwheat, sweet potatoes, cabbages, hemp, and a kind of indigo plant were growing along the road, and we found the poppy cultivated all the way up to the flank of the Wu-t'ai, at an altitude of fifty-nine hundred feet. The tops of the houses in many of the villages were

[1] Père Gerbillon, who was at Ta-t'ung in 1697, says that a great deal of soap was made there "with a kind of nitre which comes out of the ground in great abundance." Du Halde, Description, iv. 357.

so covered with red peppers drying in the sun that I seemed once more in Korea, where peppers hide every roof in autumn.

At Tai-chou I tried to buy some curios, and a few plates, bowls, and bits of embroidery were brought me; but they were of no value. The dealers who owned them said that everything of any worth went to Peking, that curio dealers from the capital constantly came here and scoured the whole of north China, and that Peking was the only place where good curios could be bought.

Our route led us, after leaving Tai-chou, up the course of the Hu-to River for about eight miles to Ngo-k'ou, where we turned up a narrow, rugged cañon down which flowed a clear, rapid brook, the Ngo-chui; every mile or so along the way was a hamlet surrounded by little patches of culture.

After following the course of the Ngo-chui for a day and a half, we ascended a pass (7650 feet), and the valley of Wu-t'ai lay at our feet. On this pass stands a pretty little temple called the Lion's Den, where there is a handsome pagoda, about seventy feet high, and covered with green-glazed tiles about a foot square; in the centre of each is a yellow figure of the Buddha in relief. According to the Description of the Wu-t'ai shan, this temple was built in the twenty-sixth year of Shen-tsung of the Ming (1598 A. D.), to contain a set of canonical works presented by the Emperor.

We could see from here the five peaks of Wu-t'ai, the highest of which is believed to be the northern one; and though the view we commanded was extensive and interesting from its associations, the usual nudity of all mountain scenery in these parts destroyed its beauty. Wu-t'ai shan, or "The Five terraced mountain," owes its name to the five highest peaks in the vicinity having, or being supposed to have, level summits (*t'ai*). It is one of the most famous and oldest places of Buddhist — or, more properly, lamaist — pilgrimage in China. Setting aside the tradition which attributes to the Indian monarch Ashoka, who lived in the third century B. C., the building here of a pagoda containing relics of the Buddha, and other ancient legends, there is no doubt that as early as the fifth century A. D. Wu-t'ai was a very celebrated spot, and that the Hsien-t'ung ssŭ, which is still its principal temple, was built by a sovereign of the latter Wei dynasty between 471 and 500 A. D.

Ever since that period the Emperors of each succeeding dynasty have vied with one another in conferring privileges and gifts on Wu-t'ai, erecting new temples, and restoring and embellishing those already existing. It is stated in the Description of the Wu-t'ai, referred to previously, that in the Sui dynasty, during the reign of Kai-huang (581–601 A. D.), temples were built on the summit of each of the five peaks. At present nothing but ruins of them exists.

This place is visited every year by thousands of Mongols, Tibetans, and Chinese. I met, during the three days I stopped there, lamas from Urga, near the Russian frontier; from Amdo, near the Koko-nor; and from the Amur, — all come alike to worship Jambal (the Indian Manjushri, the Chinese Wen-shu P'u-sa), who lives in the Land of Bliss, where every good Buddhist longs to go, and who gives special heed to those who call on him from Wu-t'ai shan.

The chief temples of the Wu-t'ai are situated in the northern part of the valley, where the roads coming from the north, east, west, and central peaks converge. They are clustered on a foothill of the central peak, called the Vulture's peak (Ling-chiu feng); at its base flows a brook, known as the West branch, which rushes down from the north peak. The hill is entirely covered with buildings; the lower portion, which has been artificially leveled, is occupied by an "imperial traveling bungalow." Since the imperial visit of 1786, none of the Emperors

have been here, and the buildings, as also the broad stone walk with marble balustrades leading up to them, have been neglected, and are now partially in ruins.

Behind the palace, and a little higher up the hill, is the Temple of the pagoda (Ta-yuan ssŭ), with its great white-washed dagoba, said to have been built by Ashoka and to contain relics of the Buddha, and which is the most striking building on the hill. It is built of brick, and terminates in a gold spire, or *tee;* the height of the whole structure is at least seventy-five feet. In one of the buildings of this temple is a huge prayer-wheel, which can be put in motion by means of a capstan in the basement. It contains a full set of the Tibetan sacred books, one hundred and eight volumes, and if set in motion from left to right procures to the movers some of the merit they would acquire if they read all the volumes this revolving bookcase contains. Still further up the hill one comes to the Temple of universal effulgence, said to be the oldest one in the place, in which I saw many wonderful bronzes, — huge *cloisonné* incense-burners, pagodas, and, chief of all, a bronze chapel, about fifteen feet square and perhaps thirty high, the whole exterior surface of which was beautifully chased, and had once been gilded. These bronzes date from the latter part of the sixteenth century, and are imperial gifts.

But the principal place of worship is on the summit of the hill, and is known by the name of the Peak of the God. It was built in the latter part of the fifth century of our era. It alone of all the temples is roofed with tiles of the imperial yellow color. A broad flight of marble steps, one hundred and thirty in number, leads to the temple door; on every step were locks of human hair, offered to the god in the hope that the giver might be reborn in the paradise over which he rules. The buildings, though of a strictly Chinese style of architecture, are arranged in the interior like Tibetan temples. The chapel of the god, on the north side of the rectangle in which the temple stands, is literally filled with images of every god, saint, and genius in the lamaist pantheon, wrought of every possible substance, from gold and silver to dough and clay. The chief images, which are three in number, occupy the centre of the building, and are, I believe, of bronze, heavily gilded and about five feet high; on every limb, on the lap, and around the neck of the image of Wen-shu, which is the central one, hang silk scarfs offered by the faithful. In glass cases, and carefully sealed, are numerous small images or objects of special value, among others discs of barley-flour dough left from the meal of some holy lama, on which are stamped images of gods. A long but narrow altar extends in front of the more important images, and on it are innumerable little egg-cup-shaped lamps fed with butter, dishes of fruit and of candies, and a row of bowls of pure water, all offerings to the gods. The walls are lined with shelves, on which are splendid illuminated manuscript copies of the sacred works, in Tibetan and Mongol, wrapped in yellow satin, besides many utensils of gold, silver, and bronze used in church ceremonies.

Other temples, too numerous to mention (the people of the place say there are, or were, three hundred and sixty in the valley), stretch out around this central shrine, and the vacant spots between them are taken up by shops where are sold all those things pilgrims delight in the world over, — beads, books, amulets, and images; also little wooden bowls and plates of poplar wood, for which the place is famous, and which are carried hence all over Mongolia and Tibet.

On the second day of my stay at Wu-t'ai I ascended the Pei t'ai, or north terrace, the summit of which was reached after a rather steep climb of three hours; but, as bad luck would have it, a snow-storm overtook us, and we could not enjoy the view, which is said to be very fine,

reaching even to the sea on the east, and to the Gobi on the north. We found the height by boiling-point thermometer to be 10,013 feet, while two aneroids read at the same time, after all correction had been made, gave 10,050 feet.

I had hoped to find here some manuscripts in Indian characters, for I had read in the history of the Wu-t'ai shan that, "in the reign of Yung-lo of the Ming, the Emperor sent an official called Hou hsien and a lama whose title was that of Ta-chih Fa-wang to the Western regions to look for Buddhist sacred works. They procured a copy of the Indian (*Fan*) books on palm leaves, and brought it back to the Emperor, who had the Fan-ching ch'ang, or Depot of Indian classics, engrave the text on copper plates, and sent the first copy printed to the P'u-sa ting at Wu-t'ai." However, I could hear of no book in Indian script, nor did I see any inscription in Indian characters of any great antiquity. As my stay was much shorter than I could have wished, some future pilgrim may be more fortunate than I, and may unearth in one of the many temples of this famous place some paleographic treasures.

The number of lamas at Wu-t'ai is said to be about five thousand. They are under the temporal control of a Dzassak lama, who lives in the P'u-sa ting, and, like all of their cloth in China, are not subject to the secular arm.

The road back to Peking led down the valley of the Wu-t'ai and over the Ch'ang-ch'eng ling, or "Great wall pass" (4925 feet), which marks the boundary between the provinces of Shan-hsi and Chih-li, and also the end of the holy Wu-t'ai district. On the pass we came once more to the great wall, which I was surprised to find of stone, with brickwork only where it had been repaired. It extended but a little way on either side of the pass, and near the gate was about eighteen feet high and ten feet across the top, which was stone-paved. At the eastern base of the hill we came to the Lung-chüan kuan, or "Dragon-spring barrier," where we stopped for the night.

Three days and a half after leaving Wu-t'ai we reached Pao-ting Fu, the capital of the metropolitan province, after traveling through a well-cultivated but unattractive country. Pao-ting is a bustling, ugly place, with narrow, dirty streets, and stands in the midst of the fertile but horribly monotonous and flat plain of eastern Chih-li.

The journey from Pao-ting to Peking took us three days and a half. When about eight miles from the capital, we again crossed the Hun ho, which we had left before reaching Kalgan, by the famous Lu-kou ch'iao, the bridge which Marco Polo says "is so fine that it has very few equals." It is built of sandstone, and has a balustrade of stone slabs with low pillars supporting them every few feet, and on top of each pillar is a sculptured lion. The bridge is about seven hundred feet long, and three carts can cross it abreast. The Chinese say that no one has ever been able to count the sculptured lions on the parapets of the bridge, so of course I had to try if I could. I counted one hundred and forty-two on the tops of the pillars on one side; but there were many other diminutive ones on the backs, between the legs, and under the feet of the larger, and the Chinese appear to be safe in their belief, so far as the common traveler is concerned.

From the Hun ho a broad causeway, paved with flagstones, leads to Peking, but, like all highroads in China, it is left in such bad repair that travelers give it a wide berth. Away to our right we saw the walls of the great hunting-park, and before us, half lost in the haze which at this season hangs like a pall over the Peking plain, shone the blue and yellow tiled roofs of the Temple of Heaven and the palaces in the great city, and higher even than these rose the towers surmounting the city gates. The traffic along the highway grew denser as we neared the

capital, and we now had to pick our way slowly through long lines of coal-laden camels, creaking wheelbarrows hidden under huge loads of crockery or vegetables, and half-naked coolies bending under their heavy burdens, or beside beggars groveling in the dust. Finally we were swept with the human stream under the city gate, and once more we were in the midst of Peking, its vile smells, its teeming streets, its noisy people, and its shabby greatness.

William Woodville Rockhill.

ROSITA.

THERE are secrets which are never told, mysteries which are never revealed, and questions which are never answered, even nowadays when the press and the police so vigorously supplement the public and private interest in everybody's affairs. It is another evidence of the superior force of the natural human instincts to the mechanism of civilization that in country villages or isolated garrisons, unpermeated by press or police, such phenomena are most rare. Yet even there they exist.

Fort Lawrence is a three-company post, possessing no neighbor, except a few scattered ranches, within a radius of several hundred miles. Thus thrown upon their own resources for amusement, the garrison's knowledge of one another's business is exhaustive, and events in these dull, peaceful days are picked as bare of detail as any bone acquired by some long-hungry dog. Yet at Lawrence occurred the following events, the inner relation of whose outward facts has never been fully understood.

A couple of years ago, Lawrence had been occupied for many months by three companies from the ——th Cavalry, though the chances of army promotion had recently brought it a commanding officer from another regiment. Major Pryor, a middle-aged man, who sheltered shyness behind a rampart of sternness, became immediately unpopular by tightening the reins of government, which his predecessor had held somewhat slackly. But the garrison and its feminine belongings were inclined to forgive him when they perceived that he had fallen seriously in love with Rosita. Now, nobody had ever considered Rosita seriously before; not even her father, old Lawless the post-trader, in regard to whom the suspicion that he was a rascal had been condoned by the certainty that he was the jolliest of companions.

Old Lawless maintained complete silence as to his past, and as Rosita's mother formed part of that doubtful darkness when he and his child and his stock in trade installed themselves at Lawrence, he had never been heard to refer to her. That she had belonged to some mixed breed, part Spanish, part Indian, was, however, written on each feature of her daughter's body and mind, — if Rosita could be said to have a mind.

"Every woman, savage or civilized, will love some day to her own sorrow," her father had declared, with a cynical laugh. "But Rosita's future is tolerably safe. Chocolate bonbons are her ruling passion, and as she has the digestion of an ostrich, many years will elapse before she is likely to suffer for her devotion!"

She was exceedingly pretty, with the beauty of bright eyes, lithe figure, and a complexion so transparent that the most enthusiastic admirer of fairness would not have wished her less dusky. Since she was fifteen she had held gay

and undisputed sway among the younger officers; for Lawrence was so distant a post that feminine visitors were seldom seen there, and in those days the garrison families possessed only daughters in the nursery. The fame of her pretty looks and ways had become widespread among the frontier forts, yet it was noticeable that her admirers, while ransacking the realms of nature in eulogy of this gazelle, this kitten, this lark, never called her an angel, nor even ascended high enough in the spiritual scale to compare her to a fairy, though there was nothing known of her at which the sternest army matron could take umbrage. She was as ignorant of evil as any of the wild creatures with whose names she had been rebaptized, and Lawless kept a keen while seemingly careless eye upon her amusements.

With this girl Duncan Pryor did not flirt. Plain, prosaic, and forty, he loved her, while Rosita, instinctively discerning the difference between his behavior and that of her other admirers, appeared rather repelled than gratified, — an attitude which became more obvious the more her father encouraged this serious suitor, and was presently explained, to the increasing interest of the spectators of the little drama, by the discovery that Rosita had developed another love than that for chocolates, and one which she concealed as slightly.

Gerald, or "Jerry" Breton, as he was familiarly known, had, upon his first coming to Lawrence, devoted to Rosita's society every moment which he could spare from military duties that were not numerous, but in so doing he only fulfilled the manifest destiny of all his compeers at the post. He was a big, fair young fellow, with jovial Irish blood in his veins, and a smile which was perhaps more eloquent than he knew. Certainly, when he returned from a two months' "leave," he announced his engagement to the most adorable of women, met and won during his absence, with a frank assurance of congratulation which bespoke a conscience void of reproach. Neither did Rosita reproach him. She preferred him to his brethren in a manner flattering to masculine vanity. And Jerry, having placed the colors of his *fiancée* in his helmet, did not hesitate to enjoy such amusement as was provided for him in a post that would have been dull without Rosita. She was comrade as charmingly as coquette. She rode hurdle races, and shot at targets, and smoked cigarettes, as keenly as Jerry himself, while she could sing a love-song to her guitar or dance to her castanets with a grace and a fervor that no music-hall star of a much-regretted civilization could surpass. How soon Jerry guessed what it was that looked at him from under her long lashes, which was absent when she bestowed her fearless glances upon the other officers, is not made quite plain to his conscience yet. But he was promptly aware of Major Pryor's determination to prevent him from keeping engagements which brought him into the society of Rosita. No position of authority lends itself so readily to petty tyranny as that of a post-commander, when the incumbent is thus disposed, and that Pryor was thus disposed toward Lieutenant Breton not only the victim, but Rosita particularly, and the garrison generally, quickly perceived. The adjutant, indeed, though a submissive person, ventured an occasional remonstrance concerning orders manifestly over-exacting, but won nothing by his presumption.

Was picnic or dinner arranged, at the last moment an orderly appeared, presenting the major's compliments and a special detail which required Lieutenant Breton's attention; when a much-talked-of fishing expedition, involving several nights' camping, was about to set forth, Jerry was appointed to the escort of some wagons just starting *en route* to the nearest river town for supplies; while reproofs, irritably delivered and flagrantly

undeserved, were a daily occurrence. Rosita's wrath, the jocular condolences of his chums, and the no less evident though wordless sympathy of his superiors added fuel to the smouldering fire of Jerry's resentment. Upon a certain radiant June afternoon this fire blazed.

A full-dress parade had been commanded, for the sole purpose, it was growled, of giving scope to the major's restless energies. Some trifling fault in the demeanor of Jerry's troop brought on him a scathing rebuke in the presence of his men, of his comrades, and of the ladies who had gathered to watch such small display of military pomp as their position permitted. Temper conquered discipline. Instead of the silent salute which was his duty, Lieutenant Breton began an angry expostulation, and was sternly ordered to his quarters, under arrest for disrespect to the commanding officer.

Lawrence reveled in its sensation across that evening's supper tables. Pryor was right, of course; Jerry had been guilty of grave misbehavior before the whole garrison. Yet love of justice is strong even in the strictest enforcer of discipline — when the enforcer is Anglo-Saxon. If Jerry should refuse to apologize, or Pryor refuse to be thus appeased, the two captains resolved that private statements of the case should go to Washington before further complications should arise for the victim of a personal prejudice.

Jerry, however, in the solitary confinement of his own sitting-room, knew nothing of these plans, and faced a gloomy future through an infuriating present. Dear as his career was to him, he determined to sacrifice it rather than apologize to a man who, whatever his rank, was egregiously wrong. But even if his resignation were accepted under the circumstances of his breach of discipline, and he escaped court-martial, how could he justify to his home people the enmity of his commanding officer? Only by a story regarding its cause which he should feel himself a cad in the telling. And would his proud sweetheart accept the allegiance of the hero of such a story as unstained and unshaken?

When his wrath had cooled and his solitude remained undisturbed, Jerry began to feel forsaken as well as ill used. Tired of the perpetual turning which pacing his tiny quarters involved, he dropped disconsolately into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

There was a rustle of petticoats, and, with dismayed assurance, he lifted his head. Yes, it was she, the pretty cause of his troubles, gazing at him with eyes that glowed through tears.

"Rosita!" he muttered, in a tone instinctively lowered, even in his surprise, for the sentry posted outside his door was probably within hearing. "How did you get here?"

"By that window," she answered, her white teeth gleaming as she nodded toward an open window that looked upon a rear veranda, — a veranda which extended the length of "officer's row," where the post-trader had rented an unused set of quarters.

Suddenly she sank to her knees beside his chair, clasping both hands over one of his.

"He is a wicked man!" she cried passionately. "I hate him!"

Jerry rose hurriedly, lifting her as he did so.

"Speak lower. You should not have come," he said.

"Why should n't I come?" Rosita faltered, tears on her long lashes, her lips quivering like a child's. "You are alone and in trouble."

"Beastly trouble! It is awfully kind of you. By Jove!" he exclaimed, his outraged sense of propriety yielding place to a yet more wounded sense of his friends' desertion in this time of need, "you are the only one of the lot who cares what happens to any fellow after he is down."

"It is n't 'any fellow.' I care for you,

Jerry," she murmured wistfully. "But he cannot hurt you, really? Just for to-night?"

"To-night!" he repeated, while discretion fled the field, routed by the rush of a vision of the probable consequences of his wrongs which swept over his soul. "He intends to destroy my whole career. And he will do it, too, for I shall never apologize to him!"

Sympathy is none the less sweet when it shines in brilliant eyes, and he was not much more than a boy, — a boy aghast in the presence of his first trouble. He grew eloquent while he described the gloomy future which Pryor's tyranny stretched before him.

"The long and short of it is that I am ruined through his confounded jealousy" — He broke off his peroration abruptly, coloring hotly.

"You shall not be ruined! It is for my sake he hates you! But I will save you!" she panted.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, half touched, half anxious. "You cannot get rid of Pryor; and as I cannot remain under his command without apology, I must resign — which will mean ruin for me," he ended, with almost a groan of despondency.

She caught his hand, and pressed it to her breast, to her lips.

"Wait! Trust me!" she cried, running to the open window. "He shall do you no more harm!"

Jerry, his pulses thrilling to those trembling kisses, followed her.

"Rosita! Sweetest — truest" — he gasped, "you must not interfere! This matter concerns only Pryor and me. I forbid you!"

She turned when she had crossed the low ledge, and flashed a smile back to him, — a smile which both bewildered and repelled him.

"You shall forbid me anything, — except to serve you," she said, and vanished among the shadows of the veranda.

For an instant he meditated pursuit, but gave it up as he remembered the complications which would ensue should he be seen in apparent attempt to evade his arrest.

Rosita was a dear little ignoramus, embarrassingly fond of him, he told himself, grasping at his usual common sense, which was perplexed by vague alarm. Yet surely she could intend nothing more than to make a pretty scene as special pleader for his cause with Pryor, — a pleader who, unless that officer had utterly lost dignity, would produce no other effect than to embitter the jealousy which was the foundation of this persecution.

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Fort Lawrence goes to bed early. By eleven o'clock sleep apparently possessed the garrison, with the exception of the widely scattered sentinels who cried the hour. But the clear calls had scarcely died upon the vast surrounding stillness of the prairie night when they were succeeded by the sharp, unmistakable report of a pistol shot.

Jerry Breton, lounging, half awake, beside the veranda window of his sitting-room, was roused to full consciousness and a pang of foreboding.

The report came from a path which skirted the rampart immediately beneath the veranda, at a point where the bluff beyond descended so abruptly into the Yellowstone River, hundreds of feet below, that the sentry rarely patrolled it, ingress or egress being impossible to any one in a sane mood. Jerry sprang down the veranda steps, assuring himself that there might be a dozen comparatively harmless reasons for the shot, and that his terror was merely nightmare. Yet when he beheld the body of a man prostrate, face forward, across the path, he knew him, with a knowledge that anticipated sight. Shrinkingly he bent over him, uttered a half-strangled cry, which was dismayed, not surprised, and picked up a pistol, a tiny silver-mounted toy, horribly incongruous beside that ghastly, motionless figure, — a dainty, deadly thing that

Jerry had given months before to the "best markswoman in the Northwest."

There was a swift rush of footsteps from various directions: the sentry to whose beat this stretch of rampart belonged, another sentry from his station before the door of Jerry's quarters, and three or four partly clad officers roused out of their slumbers.

Jerry stood upright, — a slight, erect figure, whose silhouette was distinct against the blue moonlit sky. He swung his arm above his head, and flung the pistol far over the edge of the bluff.

The next instant he was surrounded by a crowd; a tumult of exclamation and question arose, as Pryor's inanimate body was recognized, and carefully examined for some sign of life. In the midst of the tumult he leaned against the rampart, neither speaking nor apparently hearing, until Blount, the captain of his troop, laid an admonitory hand on his shoulder.

"You were here first — Don't stare like an idiot! Tell us what you saw."

"Is he dead?"

"We cannot be sure until the surgeon comes. Did you see any one?"

Jerry shuddered visibly.

"I saw nobody!"

"The major has been queer lately, poor chap. Perhaps he shot himself," Blount suggested eagerly.

"Was not that a pistol you threw away?" another officer asked sharply.

Jerry lifted his eyes. Those familiar faces were pale and stern.

"You saw" — he faltered.

"Speak, lad!" Blount entreated.

"I cannot talk. I must have time to think."

"The truth does n't need thinking. It requires plain telling."

There ensued a silence, through which creaked the hurried approach of the surgeon's boots.

Jerry's fair head drooped; he caught uncertainly at Blount's arm.

"I have nothing to say," he muttered faintly.

Blount, who, as senior captain, succeeded to Pryor's command in case of that officer's death or incapacity, turned from his young subordinate.

"Sergeant Jackson," he said in a voice that was not quite steady, "take Lieutenant Breton to his quarters. You will be responsible for him until further instructions." Then he knelt beside Pryor, over whom the surgeon was bending. "Is there life in him?" he asked.

. . . . . .

There was life in him, — life that lingered after they had carried him to his bed and his wound had been dressed; a mere spark of life, which might flicker out at any moment, though, the major being a healthy man, in the prime of years, it might yet blaze up again into strength. Such was the surgeon's unchanging report during the next two days to the post, where horror of the tragedy in its midst had silenced gossip, and where even conjecture held its breath.

There is thus much resemblance between a small garrison and a family: that the befalling of a calamity to one of their number softens all judgments; quarrels, criticisms, envyings, are the corrupted fruit of a too brilliant sunshine. Pryor had been unpopular, but only kindness was spoken of him now that it seemed probable he lay dying. If there was a manifest desire, especially among the ladies, to foster a suspicion that his evident wretchedness had led him to attempt suicide, the desire merely expressed their hope that Jerry Breton's innocence might be proved, in spite of the young fellow's stunned passiveness and his strange flinging away of the pistol.

Proof either of guilt or of innocence depended vitally upon Pryor's recovery, as no inquiry had elicited any of the facts which preceded the catastrophe of that night. Shortly after ten o'clock the commanding officer had passed the sentry for a solitary stroll along the rampart, which was a daily habit with him;

nobody else had been seen, and nothing unusual had been heard until the pistol shot.

Depression, black as the shadow of death which overhung them, possessed the little post which was wont to be so cheery. No one was surprised to hear that Rosita had been added to the number of the surgeon's patients, nor did any one doubt the cause of the nervous collapse from which he declared her to be suffering, and which forced him to veto Mrs. Blount's offer of a visit to her. Lawless, he said, had miraculously developed into the most perfect of nurses, and Rosita, with the tendency to delirium that belongs to volatile and undisciplined temperaments, was better off under his undisturbed attendance.

Closely confined to his quarters, Jerry Breton knew nothing of her illness, and each hour of her silence, after he believed that she must be aware of his position, buried deeper his hope that she would confess when she discovered that he had assumed the suspicion of her mad crime. With bitterness he reflected that the devotion of so fantastic a creature was no more to be trusted than her moral principles; and bound though he felt himself to shelter her, he yearned for the happiness and honor she alone could restore to him.

Whether Pryor lived or died, his own career must end in a darkness whose varying degrees seemed to Jerry scarcely worth remark. This story of treacherous vengeance would be told to his own people, and to the woman he loved. Oh, God! How his soul adored her purity, her pride, the girlish exaltation for which he had used to profess a tender ridicule! Had he been cruelly unjust to her, and to those others who were dear to him? Yet would he not have been unutterably base had he crawled to safety across the condemnation of Rosita, whose crime had resulted from misguided love for him?

Like most of his compeers, Jerry had a character which was one of action rather than of thought. In the sleepless thought of those forty-eight hours his boyishness slipped from him forever, and he attained the full stature of his manhood — God help us! — as most of humanity does so attain in the forcing-house of suffering!

Twilight had come the second time when Captain Blount knocked at the door of Jerry's quarters.

"I think the lieutenant is asleep — and it 's the first rest he has had, sir" — Jackson hesitated.

"I 've news for him that he will like better than sleeping! His arrest is over!" Blount cried, entering.

Jerry lay back, unawakened, in the only armchair the unluxurious room possessed. Blount stared down at the haggard young face, with a blending of affection and resentment which made a very complete perplexity. Not until he touched the sleeper's shoulder did the heavy lids lift slowly.

"I 've nothing to say," Jerry murmured half consciously.

"I am sure of it, you donkey! Pryor, however, has said something, and the whole crowd of us must beg your pardon, though you have yourself to blame that we suspected you."

"Pryor has spoken? What does he say?"

"The surgeon will not let him talk; but he insisted on hearing who was accused, and he acquitted you at once. Now I want you to tell me what confounded quixotism kept you silent, at such cost, if, as seems probable from his despondency, he attempted his own life."

Jerry frowned, and looked away into the gathering shadows.

"Despondent is he, poor chap?" he asked presently.

"Even less thankful to be alive than you seem to be free again."

Jerry sat upright, his pale face flushing, his eyes shining.

"I? Not thankful?" he cried in a

voice shaken to the verge of an utter breakdown. "I have been in hell these two days, and you have brought me out — but — but — go away, Blount, or I shall make a fool of myself!"

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Lieutenant Breton was breakfasting late the next morning, when Pryor's orderly appeared with an immediate summons to the commanding officer's presence. War, armed *cap-a-pie*, sprang into existence in Jerry's heart at this summons. He had proved Pryor capable of tyranny without reason, and could not hope, when the spirit of such a man had been as cruelly wounded as his body, that he would incline to mercy. But in the blessedness of his own safety he forgave Rosita her silence, and, while aware of the perplexities that would beset him, he vowed that no admission of her guilt should be extorted from him.

There was, however, neither wrath nor challenge in the hollow eyes which confronted him when he stood beside Pryor's bed, and a gaunt hand feebly moved across the counterpane toward him.

"You are a fine fellow, Breton," the major murmured. "I beg your pardon!"

Jerry dumbly clasped the quivering fingers.

"They have told me that you flung a pistol over the bluffs," Pryor continued slowly. "Of course I know whose pistol it was. But I wish you to understand that the shooting was my fault, like the whole affair. I provoked her with words I had no right to speak; I denied her the mere justice she demanded. Except for your courage I should have brought disgrace upon her, as I have brought death."

"Death? Rosita?"

"She died last night."

Jerry dropped into a chair. Death! Rosita! — a creature so instinct with the life of this world that it was impossible to conceive her in the life of which death is the portal.

"Did she" — He shuddered.

"No! She never rallied from the shock of that night. Her father has been here to ask me to forgive the dead. My God! I shall not forgive myself!" Pryor cried, with an anguish none the less intense for the faintness of the voice which uttered it.

Jerry had covered his face, and the other stared enviously at the tears that slipped through his fingers.

"Time is up!" the surgeon exclaimed from outside the closed door.

The eyes of the two men met wistfully.

"I have deserved no favor from you," Pryor muttered, "neither is it for my sake that I entreat you to continue silent. There will be no further inquiry into the matter, as the surgeon tells me that I shall recover. So the garrison must be satisfied only with conjecture as to my temporary madness and your magnanimity."

"It is you who are magnanimous!"

"I loved her, I persecuted her! The death she desired for me was mercy compared to the life which is all the atonement I can make to her memory." With which exceeding bitter whisper Pryor turned himself to the wall.

Out on the parade, the radiant freshness of the prairie morning thrilled Jerry's young veins with an ecstasy of living, and a sharp pang of compassion stabbed his heart.

Misguided, bewitching, — ah yes, and loving, — Rosita lay dead in the midst of the summer gladness that seemed akin to her. He pulled his cap over his eyes, and, ignoring some cordial greetings, walked hurriedly to the post-trader's quarters. Presently Lawless came to him in the little drawing-room, which was unfamiliarly dark and still.

"God bless you," he said, laying a hand on Jerry's shoulder. "Those words do not mean much to me. I've wished they did since last night. But you will understand from them that I am grateful.

Hush! I have nothing to forgive you. Nor had she. Will you come to see her? She never knew that you were shielding her, or she would have confessed; and she wished you to see her — if she looked pretty."

Pretty indeed! Poor flower of a people Christianized just enough to suffer for the savage instincts they do not learn to control! She lay with a crucifix between the hands which seemed so childish, and were so guilty.

"Remember her like this," Lawless continued. "Remember, too, that she loved you; not as the women of our race love, when nature is subdued by civilization and ruled by religion, but with the limitless love of a squaw for her chief, knowing neither right nor wrong in her devotion to him. For under her daintiness and her sweetness Rosita was a squaw."

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Across her grave three men kept silence. There is another regiment at Lawrence now, and when the ——th Cavalry remember what they beheld of this story, they glance at their quiet major with wonder for his fleeting madness. Only the surgeon and one or two ladies murmur to their own thoughts, "Rosita?"

Ellen Mackubin.

A WEEK ON WALDEN'S RIDGE.

II.

Fairmount, as has already been said, is but a clearing in the forest. Instead of a solitary cabin, as elsewhere, there are perhaps a dozen or two of cabins and houses scattered along the road, which emerges from the woods at one end of the settlement, and, after a mile or so in the sun, drops into them again at the other end. The glory of the place, and the reason of its being, as I suppose, is a chalybeate spring in a woody hollow before the post-office. There may be a shop of some kind, also, but memory retains no such impression. One building, rather larger than most of its neighbors, and apparently unoccupied, I looked at more than once with a measure of that curiosity which is everywhere the stranger's privilege. It sat squarely on the road, and boasted a sort of portico or piazza, — it puzzled me what to call it, — but there was no vestige of a chimney. One day, a ragged, bright-faced boy met me at the right moment, and I asked, "Did some one use to live in that house?" "That?" said he, in a tone I shall never forget. "That 's a barn. That over there is the dwelling." My ignorance was fittingly rebuked, and I had no spirit to inquire about the piazza. Probably it was nothing but a lean-to. Even in my humiliation, however, it pleased me to hear what I should have called that good literary word "dwelling" on such lips. A Yankee boy might have said "dwelling-house," but no Yankee of any age, or none that I have ever known, would have said "dwelling," though he might have read the word in books a thousand times. I thought of a spruce colored waiter in Florida, who, when I asked him at breakfast how the day was likely to turn out, answered promptly, "I think it will be inclement." It may reasonably be counted among the minor advantages of travel that it enriches one's every-day vocabulary.

Another Fairmount building (an unmistakable house, this time) is memorable to me because on the doorstep, day after day, an old gentleman and a younger antagonist — they might have

been grandfather and grandson — were playing checkers. "I hope you are beating the young fellow," I could not help saying once to the old gentleman. He smiled dubiously, and made some halting reply suggestive of resignation rather than triumph; and it came to me with a kind of pang, as I passed on, that if growing old is a bad business, as most of us think, it is perhaps an unfavorable symptom when a man finds himself, not out of politeness, but as a simple matter of course, taking sides with the aged.

Fairmounters, living in the woods, have no outlook upon the world. If they wish to see off, they must go to the Brow, which, by a stroller's guess, may be two miles distant. My first visit to it was the pleasanter — the more vacational, so to speak — for being an accident. I sauntered aimlessly down the road, past the scattered houses and orchards (the raising of early apples seemed to be a leading industry on the Ridge, though a Chattanooga gentleman had assured me that the principal crops were blackberries and rabbits), and almost before I knew it, was in the same delightful woods that had welcomed me wherever I had gone. And in the same woods the same birds were singing. My notes make particular record of hooded and Kentucky warblers, these being two of my newer acquaintances, as well as two of the commoner Ridge songsters; but I halted for some time, and with even a livelier interest, to listen to an old friend (no acquaintance, if you please), — a black-throated green warbler. It was one of the queerest of songs: a bar of five or six notes, uniform in pitch, and then at once, in perfect form and voice, — the voice being a main part of the music in the case of this warbler, — the familiar *trees, trees, murmuring trees.* Where could the fellow have picked up such a ditty? No doubt there was some story connected with it. Nothing is born of itself. A dozen years ago, in the Green Mountains, — at Bread-Loaf Inn, — I heard from the forest by the roadside a song utterly strange, and hastened in search of its author. After much furtive approach and diligent scanning of the foliage, I had the bird under my opera-glass, — a black-throated blue warbler! With my eye still upon him, he sang again and again, and the song bore no faintest resemblance to the *kree, kree, kree,* which all New England bird-lovers know as the work of *Dendroica cærulescens.* In what private school he had been educated I have no idea; but I believe that every such extreme eccentricity goes back to something out of the common in the bird's early training.

I felt in no haste. Life is easy in the Tennessee mountains. A pile of lumber, newly unloaded near the road, — in the woods, of course, — offered a timely seat, and I took it. Some Chattanooga gentleman was planning a summer cottage for himself, I gathered. May he enjoy it for twenty years as much as I did for twenty minutes. Not far beyond, near a fork in the road, a man of twenty-five or thirty, a youth of sixteen or seventeen, and a small boy were playing marbles in a cabin yard. I interrupted the sport long enough to inquire which road I had better take. I was going nowhere in particular, I explained, and wanted simply a pleasant stroll. "Then I would go to the Brow, if I were you," said the man. "Keep a straight road. It is n't far." I thanked him, and with a cheery "Come on!" to his playmates he ran back, literally, to the ring. Yes, life is easy in the Tennessee mountains. It is not to be assumed, nevertheless, that the man was a do-nothing: probably he had struck work for a few minutes only; but, like a sensible player, he was enjoying the game while it lasted. Perhaps it is a certain inborn Puritanical industriousness, against which I have never found the courage effectually to rebel, that makes me look back upon this dooryard comedy as one of the brightest incidents of my Tennessee vacation. Fancy a

Massachusetts farmer playing marbles at nine o'clock in the forenoon!

At that moment, it must be owned, a rebuke of idleness would have fallen with a poor grace from my Massachusetts lips. If the player of marbles had followed his questioner round the first turn, he would have seen him standing motionless beside a swamp, holding his head on one side as if listening, — though there was nothing to be heard, — or evoking ridiculous squeaking noises by sucking idiotically the back of his hand. Well, I was trying to find another bird, just as he was trying to knock another marble out of the ring.

The spot invited such researches, — a bushy swamp, quite unlike the dry woods and rocky woodland brooks which I had found everywhere else. I had seen my first cerulean warbler on Lookout Mountain, my first Cape May warbler on Cameron Hill, my first Kentucky warbler on Missionary Ridge, and my first blue-winged yellow warbler at the Chickamauga battlefield. If Walden was to treat me equally well, as in all fairness it ought, now was the time. Looking, listening, and squeaking were alike unrewarded, however, till I approached the same spot on my return. Then some bird sang a new song. I hoped it was a prothonotary warbler, a bird I had never seen, and about whose notes I knew nothing. More likely it was a Louisiana water-thrush, a bird I had seen, but had never heard sing. Whichever it was, alas, it speedily fell silent, and no beating of the bush proved of the least avail.

Meanwhile I had been to the Brow, where I had sat for an hour or more on the edge of the mountain, gazing down upon the world. The sky was clouded, but here and there were fugitive patches of sunshine, now on Missionary Ridge, now on the river, now glorifying the smoke of the city. Southward, just across the valley and over Chattanooga, was Lookout Mountain; eastward stretched Missionary Ridge, with many higher hills behind it; and more to the north, and far in the distance, loomed the Great Smoky Mountains, in all respects true to their name. The valley at my feet was beautiful beyond words: green forests interspersed with green clearings, lonely cabins, and bare fields of red earth. At the north, Walden's Ridge made a turn eastward, narrowing the valley, but without ending it. Chimney-swifts were cackling merrily, and the air was full of the hum of seventeen-year locusts, — miles and miles of continuous sound. From somewhere far below rose the tinkle of cowbells. Even on that cloudy and smoky day it was a glorious landscape; but it pleased me afterward to remember that the eye returned of itself again and again to a stretch of freshly green meadow along a slender watercourse, — a valley within the valley. Of all the fair picture, that was the most like home.

Meanwhile there was no forgetting that undiscovered stranger in the swamp. Whoever he was, he must be made to show himself; and the next day, when the usual noonday deluge was past, I looked at the clouds, and said, "We shall have another, but in the interval I can probably reach the Brow. There I will take shelter on the piazza of an unoccupied cottage, and, when the rain is over, go back to the swamp, see my bird, and thence return home." So it turned out — in part. The clouds hurried me, but I reached the Brow just in season, climbed the cottage fence, the gate being padlocked, and, thoroughly heated as I was, paced briskly to and fro on the piazza in a chilling breeze for an hour or more, the flood all the while threatening to fall, and the thunder shaking the house. There was plenty to look at, for the cottage faced the Great Smokies, and though we were under the blackest of clouds, the landscape below was largely in the sun. The noise of the locusts was incessant. Nothing but the peals of thunder kept it out of my ears.

So far, then, my plans had prospered; but to find the mysterious bird, — that was not so easy. The swamp was silent, and I was at once so cold and so hot, and so badly under the weather already, that I dared not linger.

In the woods, nevertheless, I stopped long enough to enjoy the music of a master cardinal, — a bewitching song, and, as I thought, original: *birdy, birdy*, repeated about ten times in the sweetest of whistles, and then a sudden descent in the pitch, and the same syllables over again. At that instant, a Carolina wren, as if stirred to rivalry, sprang into a bush and began whistling *cherry, cherry, cherry*, at his loudest and prettiest. It was a royal duet. The cardinal was in magnificent plumage, and a scarlet tanager near by was equally handsome. If the tanager could whistle like the cardinal, our New England woods would have a bird to brag of.

Not far beyond these wayside musicians I came upon a boy sitting beside a wood-pile, with his saw lying on the ground. "It is easier to sit down than to saw wood, is n't it?" said I. Possibly he was unused to such aphoristic modes of speech. He took time to consider. Then he smiled, and said, "Yes, sir." The answer was all-sufficient. We spoke from experience, both of us; and between men who *know*, whatever the matter in hand, disagreement is impossible and amplification needless.

Three days later — my last day on the Ridge — I had better luck at the swamp. The stranger was singing on the nearer edge, as I approached, and I had simply to draw near and look at him, — a Louisiana water-thrush. He sang, and I listened; and farther along, at the little bridge where I had first heard the song, another like him was in tune. The strain, as warbler songs go ("water-thrushes" being not thrushes, but warblers), is rather striking, — clear, pretty loud, of about ten notes, the first pair of which are longest and best. I speak of what I heard, and give, of course, my own impression. Audubon pronounces the notes "as powerful and mellow, and at times as varied," as those of the nightingale, and Wilson waxes almost equally enthusiastic in his praise of the "exquisitely sweet and expressive voice." Here, as in Florida, I was interested to perceive how instantly the bird's appearance and carriage distinguished it from its Northern relative, although the descriptions of the two species, as given in books, sound confusingly alike. It is matter for thankfulness, perhaps, that language is not yet so all-expressive as to render individual eyesight superfluous.

I kept on to the Brow, and some time afterward was at Mabbitt's Spring, quenching my thirst with a draught of liquid iron rust, when a third songster of the same kind struck up his tune. The spring, spurting out of the rock in a slender jet, is beside the same stream — Little Falling Water — that makes through the swamp; and along its banks, it appeared, the water-thrushes were at home. I was glad to have heard the famous singer, but my satisfaction was not without alloy. Walden, after all, had failed to show me a new bird, though it had given me a new song.

The most fatiguing, and perhaps the most interesting of my days on the Ridge was the one day in which I did not travel on foot. Passing through the village, on my return from one of my earlier visits to Falling Water, I stopped a nice-looking man (if he will pardon the expression, copied from my notes), driving a horse with a pair of clothes-line reins. He had an air of being at home, and naturally I took him for a native. Would he tell me something about the country, especially about the roads, so that I might improve my scanty time to the best advantage? Very gladly, he answered. He had walked and driven over the mountain a good deal, surveying, and if I would call at

his house, a short distance down the road, — the house with the big barn, — he would make me a rough map, such as would answer my purpose. At the same time he mentioned two or three shorter excursions which I ought not to miss; and when I had thanked him for his kindness, he gathered up the reins and drove on. Intending no disrespect to the inhabitants of the Ridge, I may perhaps be allowed to say that I was considerably impressed by a certain unexpected propriety, and even elegance, of diction, on the part of my new acquaintance. I remember in particular his description of a pleasant cold spring as being situated not far from the "confluence" of two streams. *Con-fluens*, I thought, flowing together. Having always something else to do, I omitted to call at his house, and one day, when we met again in the road, I apologized for my neglect, and asked another favor. He was familiar with the country, and kept a horse. Could he not spare a day to take me about? If he thought this proposal a bit presumptuous, courtesy restrained him from letting the fact be seen, and, after a few minutes of deliberation, — his hands being pretty full just then, he explained, — he promised to call for me two mornings later, at seven o'clock. We would take a luncheon along, and make a day of it.

He appeared at the gate in due season, and in a few minutes we were driving over a road new to me, but through the same spacious oak woods to which I had grown accustomed. We went first to Burnt Cabin Spring, one of the famous chalybeate springs of the mountain, — a place formerly frequented by picnic parties, but now, to all appearance, fallen into neglect. We stretched our legs, drank of the water, admired the flowers and ferns, talking all the while (it was here that my companion told a story of a young theologian from Grant University, who, in a solemn discourse, spoke repeatedly of Jacob as having "euchred his brother out of his birthright"), and then, while a "pheasant" drummed near by, took our places again in the buggy.

Another stage, still through the oak woods, and we were at Signal Point, famous — in local tradition, at least — as the station from which General Sherman signaled encouragement to the Union army beleaguered in Chattanooga, in danger of starvation or surrender. I had looked at the bold, jutting crags from Lookout Mountain and elsewhere, and rejoiced at last to stand upon them.

It would have been delightful to spend a long day there, lying upon the cliffs and enjoying the prospect, which, without being so far reaching as from Point Lookout, or even from the eastern brim of Walden, is yet extensive and surpassingly beautiful. The visitor is squarely above the river, which here, in the straitened valley between the Ridge and Raccoon Mountain, grows narrower and narrower till it rushes through the "Suck." Even at that elevation we could hear the roar of the rapids. A short distance above the Suck, and almost at our feet, lay Williams Island. A farmer's Eden it looked, with its broad, newly planted fields, and its house surrounded by outbuildings and orchard-trees. The view included Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge, and much else; but its special charm was its foreground, the part peculiar to itself, — the valley, the river, and Raccoon Mountain. Along the river-banks were small clearings, each with its one cabin, and generally a figure or two ploughing or planting. A man in a strangely long boat — a dugout, probably — was making his difficult way upstream with a paddle. The Tennessee, in the neighborhood of Chattanooga, at all events, is too swift for pleasure-boating. Seen from above, as I commonly saw it, it looked tranquil enough; but when I came down to its edge, now and then, the speed and energetic sweep of the smooth current laid fast hold upon

me. From the mountains to the sea is a long, long journey, and no wonder the river felt in haste.

I had gone to Signal Point not as an ornithologist, but as a patriot and a lover of beauty; but, being there, I added one to my list of Tennessee birds, — a red-tailed hawk, one of the very few hawks seen in all my trip. Sailing below us, it displayed its rusty, diagnostic tail, and put its identity at once beyond question.

Our next start — far too speedy, for the day was short — was for Williams Point; but on our way thither we descended into the valley of Shoal Creek, down which, with the creek to keep it company, runs the old mountain road, now disused and practically impassable. Here we hitched the horse, and strolled downwards for perhaps half a mile. I was never in a lovelier spot. The mountain brook, laughing over the stones, is overhung with laurel and rhododendron, which in turn are overhung by precipitous rocks broken into all wild and romantic shapes, with here and there a cavern — "rock-house" — to shelter a score of travelers. The place was rich in ferns and other plants, which, unhappily, I had no time to examine, and all the particulars of which have faded out of my memory. We walked far enough to look over the edge of the mountain, and up to the Signal Point cliffs. If I could have stayed there two or three hours, it would have been a memorable season. As it was, the stroll was enlivened by one little adventure, at which I have laughed too many times ever to forget it.

I had been growing rapturous over the beauty of things, when my companion said, "There are some people whom it is no pleasure to take into places like this. They can't keep their eyes off the ground, they are so bitten with the fear of snakes." He was a few paces ahead of me, as he spoke, and the sentence was barely finished before he shouted, "Look at that huge snake!" and sprang forward to snatch up a stone. "Get a stick!" he cried. "Get a stick!" From his manner I took it for granted that the creature was a rattlesnake, and a glance at it, lying motionless among the stones beside the road, did not undeceive me. I turned hurriedly, looking for a stick, but somehow could not find one, and in a moment more was recalled by shouts of "Come and help me! It will get away from us!" It was a question of life and death, I thought, and I ran forward and began throwing stones. "Look out! Look out! You 'll bury it!" cried my companion; but just then one of my shots struck the snake squarely in the head. "That 's a good one!" exclaimed the other man, and, picking up a dead stick, he thrust it under the disabled creature and tossed it into the road. Then he bent over it, and, with a stone, pounded its head to a jelly. Such a fury as possessed him! He might have been bruising the head of Satan himself, as no doubt he was — in his mind; for my surveyor was also a preacher, as had already transpired. "It is n't a venomous snake, is it?" I ventured to ask, when the work was done. "Oh, I think not," and he pried open its jaws to look for its fangs. "I don't generally kill innocent snakes," I ventured again, a little inopportunely, it must be confessed. "Well, *I* do," said the preacher. "The very sight of a snake stirs my hatred to its depths."

After that it was natural to inquire whether he often saw rattlesnakes hereabouts. (The driver who brought me up the mountain had said that they were not common, but that I "wanted to look out sharp for them in the woods.") My companion had never seen one, he answered, but his wife had once killed one in their dooryard. Then, by way of cooling off, after the fervor of the conflict, he told me about a gentleman and his little boy, who, having come to spend a vacation on the Ridge, started out in the morning for a stroll. They were quickly

back again, and the boy, quite out of breath, came running into the garden. "Oh, Mr. M.," he cried, "we saw a rattlesnake, and papa fired off his pistol!" "A rattlesnake! Where is it? What did it look like?" "Why, we did n't see it, but we heard it." "What was the noise like?" asked Mr. M., and he took a pencil from his pocket and began tapping on a log. "That 's it!" said the boy, "that 's it!" They had heard a woodpecker drilling for grubs, — or drumming for love, — whereupon the man had fired his pistol, and for them there was no more walking in the woods.

After our ramble along Shoal Creek we rested at the ford, near a brilliant show of laurel and rhododendron, and ate our luncheon to the music of the stream. I finished first, as my evil habit is, and was crossing the brook on natural stepping-stones when a bird — a warbler of some unknown kind — saluted me from the thicket. Making my companion a signal not to disturb us by driving into the stream, I gave myself up to discovering the singer; edging this way and that, while the fellow moved about also, always unseen, and sang again and again, now a louder song, now, with charming effect, a quieter and briefer one, till I was almost as badly beside myself as the preacher had been half an hour before. But my warfare was less successful than his, for, with all my pains, I saw not so much as a feather. There is nothing prettier than a jungle of laurel and rhododendron in full bloom, but there are many easier places in which to make out a bird.

Williams Point, which we reached on foot, after driving as near it as the roughness of the unfrequented road would comfortably allow, is not in itself equal to Signal Point, but affords substantially the same magnificent prospect. Near it, in the woods, stood a newly built cabin, looking badly out of place with its glaring unweathered boards; and beside the cabin stood a man and woman in a condition of extreme disgust. The man had come up the mountain to work in some coal-mine, if I understood him correctly; but the tools were not ready, there was no water, his household goods were stranded down in the valley somewhere (the hens were starving to death, the woman added), and, all in all, the pair were in a sorry plight.

Here, as at Signal Point, I made an addition to my local ornithology, and this time too the bird was a hawk. We were standing on the edge of the cliff, when a sparrow hawk, after alighting near us, took wing and hung for some time suspended over the abyss, beating against the breeze, and so holding itself steady, — a graceful piece of work, the better appreciated for being seen from above. Here, also, for the first time in my life, I was addressed as a "you-un." "Where be you-uns from?" asked the woman at the cabin, after the ordinary greetings had been exchanged. I believe, in my innocence, I had always looked upon that word as an invention of story-writers.

Somewhere in this neighborhood we traversed a pine wood, in which my first Walden pine warbler was trilling. Then, for some miles, we drove along the Brow, with the glory of the world — valley, river, and mountain — outspread before us, and the Great Smokies looming in the background, barely visible through the haze. For seven miles, I was told, one could drive along that mountain rim. Surely the city of Chattanooga is happy in its suburbs. Here were many cottages, the greater number as yet unopened; and not far beyond the one under the piazza of which I had weathered the thunderstorm of the day before, the road entered the forest again. Then, as the way grew more and more difficult, we left the horse behind us, and by and by came to a footpath. This brought us at last to Falling Water Fall, where Little Falling Water — after threading the swamp and passing Mabbitt's Spring, as before described — tumbles over a precipice which my companion, with his surveyor's eye, estimated to be one hun-

dred and fifty feet in height. The slender stream, broken into jewels as it falls, strikes the bottom at some distance from the foot of the cliffs, which here form the arc of a circle, and are not perpendicular, but deeply hollowed. After enjoying the prospect from this point, — holding to a tree and leaning over the edge of the rocks, — we retraced our steps till we came to a steep, zigzag path, which took us to the foot of the precipice. Here, as well as above, were laurel and rhododendron in profusion. One big rhododendron-tree grew on the face of the cliff, thirty feet over our heads, leaning outward, and bearing at least fifty clusters of gorgeous rose-purple flowers; and a smaller one, in a similar position, was equally full. The hanging gardens of Babylon may have been more wonderful, but I was well content.

From the point where we stood the ledge makes eastward for a long distance, almost at right angles, and the cliffs for a mile — or, more likely, for two or three miles — were straight before us, broken everywhere into angles, light gray and reddish-brown intermixed, with the late afternoon sun shining full upon them, and the green forest fringing them above and sweeping away from them below.

It was a breathless clamber up the rocks again, tired and poorly off as I was, but I reached the top with one hand full of rhododendrons (it seemed a shame to pick them, and a shame to leave them), and in half an hour we were driving homeward, our day's work done; while my seatmate, who, besides being preacher, lawyer, surveyor, and farmer, was also a mystic and a saint, — though he would have refused the word, — fell into a strain of reminiscence, appropriate to the hour, about the inner life of the soul, its hopes, its struggles, and its joys. I listened in reverent silence. The passion for perfection is not yet so common as to have become commonplace, and one need not be certain of a theory in order to admire a practice. He had already told me who his father was, and I had ceased to wonder at his using now and then a choice phrase.

My friend (he will allow me that word, I am sure) had given me a day of days, and with it a new idea of this mountain world; where the visitor finds hills and valleys, creeks and waterfalls, the most beautiful of forests, with clearings, isolated cabins, straggling settlements, orchards, and gardens, and where he forgets again and again that he is on a mountain at all. Even now I had seen but a corner of it, as I have seen but a corner of the larger world on which, for these few years back, I have had what I call my existence. And even of what I saw, much has gone undescribed: stately tulip-trees deep in the forest, with humming-birds darting from flower to flower among them; the flame-colored azalea; the ground flowers of the woods, including some tiny yellow lady's-slippers, too dainty for the foot of Cinderella herself; the road to Sawyer's Springs; and numbers of birds, whose names, even, I have omitted. It was a wonderful world; but if the hobbyist may take the pen for a single sentence, it may stand confessed that the greatest wonder of all was this, — that in all those miles of oak forest I found not one blue jay!

Another surprising circumstance, which I do not remember to have noticed, however, till my attention was somewhat rudely called to it, was the absence of colored people. With the exception of three servants at the hotel, I saw none but whites. Walden's Ridge, although stanchly Union in war-time, and largely Republican now, as I was told, is a white man's country. I had gone to bed one night, and was fast asleep, when I was wakened suddenly by the noise of some one hurrying up the stairs and shouting, "Where 's the gun? Where 's the gun? Shorty 's been shot!" "Shorty" was the colored waiter, and the speaker was a general factotum, an English boy. The colored people — Shorty, his wife, and

the cook — had been out on the edge of the woods behind the house, when three men had fired at them, or pretended to do so. It was explained the next morning that this was only an attempt (on the part of some irresponsible young men, as the older residents said) to "run the niggers off the mountain," — after what I understood to be a somewhat regular custom. "Niggers" did not belong there; their place was down below. If a Chattanooga cottager brought up a colored servant, he was "respectfully requested" to send him back, and save the natives the trouble of attending to the matter. In short, the Ridgites appeared to look upon "niggers" as Northern laborers look upon non-union men — "scabs."

The hotel-keeper, an Englishman, with an Englishman's notions about personal rights, was naturally indignant. He would hire his own servants, or he would shut the house. In any event, the presence of "Whitecaps," real or imaginary, must affect his summer patronage. I fully expected to see the colored trio pack up and go back to Chattanooga, without waiting for further hints; but they showed no disposition to do anything of the sort, and, I must add, rose in my estimation accordingly.

Of the feeling of the community I had a slight but ludicrous intimation a day or two after the shooting. I passed a boy whom I had noticed in the road, some days before, playing with a pig, lifting him by the hind legs and pitching him over forwards. "He can turn a somerset good," he had said to me, as I passed. Now, for the sake of being neighborly, I asked, "How 's the pig to-day?" He smiled, and made some reply, as if he appreciated the pleasantry; but a more serious-looking playmate took up his parable, and said, "The pig 'll be all right, if the folks up at the hotel don't shoot him." His tone and look were intended to be deeply significant. "Oh, I know you," they implied: "you are up at the hotel, where they threaten to shoot white folks."

For my last afternoon — wars and rumors of wars long since forgotten — I went to the place that had pleased me first, the valley of Falling Water Creek. The cross-vine on the dead hemlock had by this time dropped the greater part of its bells, but even yet many were hanging from the uppermost branches. The rhododendron was still at the height of its splendor. All the gardens were nothing to it, I said to myself. Crossing the creek on the log, and the branch on stepping-stones, I went to quench my thirst at the Marshall Spring, which once had a cabin beside it, and frequent visitors, but now was clogged with fallen leaves and seemingly abandoned. It was perhaps more beautiful so. Directly behind it rose a steep bank, and in front stood an oak and a maple, the latter leaning toward it and forming a pointed arch, — a worthy entrance. Mossy stones walled it in, and ferns grew luxuriantly about it. Just over them, an azalea still held two fresh pink flowers, the last till another May. In such a spot it would have been easy to grow sentimental; but there came a rumbling of thunder, the sky darkened, and, with a final hasty look about me, I picked up my umbrella and started homeward.

My last walk had ended like many others in that showery, fragmentary week. But what is bad weather when the time is past? All those black clouds have left no shadow on Walden's Ridge, and the best of all my strolls beside Falling Water, a stroll not yet finished,

"The calm sense of seen beauty without sight,"

suffers no harm. As Thoreau says, "It is after we get home that we really go over the mountain."

Bradford Torrey.

ON THE OREGON EXPRESS.

Lying at ease within my curtained bed,
I watch the moonlit landscape glimmer by:
Soft-shadowed meadows, and the hills that lie
Around them, with a misty foliage spread;
Towns silent and adream; and overhead
A sombre sky that stirs with such a grace
As flushed uncertainly the pallid face
Of Jairus' daughter rising from the dead.

Far off, Mount Shasta swims into the view,
Its mist-hung summit towering over all;
The sun swings slow upon the mountain's crest,
Against a sky that burns to orange hue,
And for a moment, like a silver ball
By hand of Titan flung, remains at rest.

Virna Woods.

THROUGH THE WINDOWS: TWO GLIMPSES OF A MAN'S LIFE.

I.

DETACHMENT.

A day or two later, Carless made up his mind that he would walk down to the little station, three miles away, that was the only point at which the outside world came in sight. The morning was bitterly cold; a fine sleet blew in his face, and stung it as with the cutting of a whip, whenever he came for a time to a part of the road where the wind had free play. Still he walked briskly, his head well up, as if to scorn the weather. He must be doing something; he had been eating his heart out long enough, while he watched and waited for some sign from her. Now he would at least come a little nearer to her. If by some chance (he yet told himself there might be a chance) she had written to him, and the letter were on its way, it was surely more fitting that he should go to meet it than that he should wait supinely with folded hands. So it came that he actually rejoiced in the rough, blustering weather, which seemed almost personal in its opposition to him, — as if those powers, equally blind, that stood between him and the desire of his heart were abroad in the storm and inspired its fury.

Soon he came where a swift rushing brook, swollen by melted snow, took its own way by the roadside. Carless thought he had never noticed it before; perhaps it had never been so loud, masterful, and insistent as it was this day; or it might be that the tension of his mind, after days of brooding, was such that little chance bits of the natural world found a voice now, and spoke aloud of that which they symbolized. It was going to the ocean, this little brawling rivulet; in spite of all the long miles that it must traverse before it could reach its desire and upbear the great ships upon its bosom, it ran on busily, not a moment to

spare, glad and confident in the certainty of ultimate attainment. It was as though a share of the brook's confidence passed into the heart of the man, and for a while he felt that he too must some day reach his goal, out of sight though it lay among the windings of the hills.

All manner of external objects became invested with a strange significance for him this morning. His eye caught an old water-wheel that was stranded out of the way in an angle of rising ground, away from water and from usefulness, as it might have been wedged there by the caprice of a bygone flood; and he had a positive sympathy with the poor thing whose position seemed so like his own. He wondered if it had forgotten how it felt to spin gayly round and do its work in the world under the impact of the merry, laughing stream. "No," he told himself, "it has forgotten no more than I have. It is only waiting for some friendly hand to raise it and set it again in its place; and who knows how soon that will be?"

Then the station came within view. He looked at his watch; the train must be near by this time. He strained his eyes to the southward to catch sight of a puff of white smoke, and the invisible train answered him with a long, warning blast to herald its arrival. Though it came only from the junction, a few miles away, and went another few miles beyond, on the least important of country roads, it had about it all the air of haste and quick alertness that an express bound on a journey across the continent might have worn. It drew up suddenly with a creaking and jarring of brakes on the slippery track. There was not a single passenger to get off or on, yet the conductor and brakeman relaxed nothing of that active promptness which marked their demeanor; and when they leaned out of the door to exchange mail-bags with the station agent, who was postmaster also, and answered on the part of the village to their official actions, they wasted no words even with him. Only the engine-driver, lounging on his elbow in the brief pause, gave back a gesture full of dignified reserve to the half-ironical salutation of a small colored boy who stood watching the proceedings with a lively interest.

In a moment more, with another sharp whistle, the train moved on, and almost instantly disappeared in a fold of the hills. The postmaster withdrew with the mail-bag into his little den, and Carless followed him within the station, standing where he could watch the subsequent processes through the narrow window.

Now that the train had come and gone, the scrutiny of the assembled country folk was concentrated upon the stranger, who represented to them a phase of experience not to be met with every day. What thoughts he suggested to them it is impossible to say. Perhaps they envied him for opportunities denied to them, all unconscious of the price he had had to pay, in quickened powers of suffering, for the use of his trained faculties. Perhaps they despised him as one who was different from themselves, and who in all probability knew nothing of the raising of sheep or of the succession of the crops. They gazed upon him unabashed, with a stolid, ruminating stare which they might have caught from their own cattle. For his part, he was neither disconcerted nor in any way moved by their attentive presence in the room. Awkward country lads of a curiously impersonal type, they had no more suggestion or meaning for him than had the rusty stove about which they huddled,— less than many of the objects he had passed along the road.

He turned from them, and watched the postmaster begin his preparations for the distribution of the mail. Two currents of thought ran in his mind, distinct as Rhone and Saône; or rather, in the upper part of the score ran an *obbligato* of fantastic wanderings, while the undertone of the steady bass was constant to the theme that expressed his life, and especially to the anxiety which

half longed for the sorting of the mail to be over, half feared it lest it should bring the extinction of his hopes for another day.

Thus, as he watched the contents of the bag falling into little heaps here and there, his eye unconsciously caught the proportion of the folded newspapers — country newspapers — to the few letters that lurked among them. It needed no more than that to tell him what sort of mental existence these people dragged out in the upland farmhouses. Impersonal, generic, themselves, all that they read must be only a pale, bloodless, impersonal copy from the palpitating masterpiece of Life.

But in a corner of the room sat a girl of eighteen or nineteen, the only one in the little gathering. To the external eye there was no one thing noteworthy about her; she was a fresh-colored, not unpleasing country lass, like any other. If she was dressed a shade more carefully than the youths, it was only the mark of her sex; the smoothly braided hair and such other details merely meant that she was a woman, differing only by so much from the rest. Her hands, the warm gloves removed, showed rough and red from exposure and hard work. And yet — she was a woman. Carless had been living for some weeks as the guest of a half-monastic community among these northern hills, and this was the first woman he had seen for a week or two. The experience was a novel one. Never since he was a baby, born of a woman, nursed and tended by women, could such a thing have happened to him. But now it gave him the power of seeing her in a singularly detached way, and of divining significances that might have eluded him altogether in the world, where there are so many women. He could study her, as a man of science studies his specimen isolated in a vacuum, as she was in herself; could see, without feeling, that subtle, indefinable charm which is to her both bow and spear for the making of her captives. Here was *das Ewig-Weibliche* crystallized before him, under his very eyes. And so this simple country girl took on an importance which would have strangely puzzled and alarmed her if she could have known how she was being analyzed by the grave, quiet man who seemed to be studying the time-table which hung above her head, flanked on one side by the advertisement of a sale of stock, and on the other by the announcement of a lecture on Persia (in native costume), to be given in the nearest town.

There was something about her, viewed in this light, that was full, for Carless, of suggestions of infinite pathos. She brought up to him Troy flaming for Helen, Antony tossing away the empire of the world for Cleopatra's love, until he came down, through the monotony of the ages, to his own life, less momentous in the destiny of the nations, to be sure, but fraught with the most important interests to himself and to a few others whose hopes were bound up in his welfare. It had seemed to him as if his own experience were a unique tragedy; not red, like Agamemnon or Macbeth, with blood and violence, but of that blank grayness which is far more terrible. Day after day he must drag on his existence without that which would have been its justification and its crown. He had broken away from all his surroundings, in the hope that, amid new scenes and unfamiliar faces, the sense of loss — *pœna damni*, which theologians account the most grievous of the torments of hell — might sting him less acutely; but here, everywhere, it dogged his footsteps, and would not let him rest.

Yet in the presence of this girl he knew and felt that he was but as others are. She too had the strange power of marring as well as making the life of a man. To some simple shepherd, — some Daphnis or Corydon of the hills, — only because she lived and breathed and was a woman, she stood for all that was most bright and alluring and desirable in life.

If she gave herself to him, she would make him (for a time) the happiest of mortals,—*par superis*, equal to the gods; if she refused her love, if she raised him up only to dash him down at the last,—well, the vessel might be small, but the largest could be no more than full; and Carless discerned in the rough hind who knew not how to put a name to his feelings a brother in suffering, to be hailed and honored by that title.

He had been so absorbed in following the train of thought which opened before him that he had scarcely heeded the later movements of the postmaster. So it came upon him with a shock all the greater when the man turned to the window, and, with a certain courteous regret,—he had been a little further in the world than the others,— pronounced the formula of disappointment, "Nothing for you to-day, sir."

Carless thanked him, and turned away to leave the station and retrace his way among the hills, his mind suddenly fallen into a dullness which contrasted strangely with the temper of quick perception in which he had come to meet one more denial of his hopes.

II.

DISENCHANTMENT.

The days went by, and Carless had almost outgrown the hopes which, intangible and elusive as they were, had yet been with him so constantly during these lonely weeks. Time and again, as they seemed to vanish and dislimn, he had laid hold of their fluttering drapery just before they passed beyond his grasp, and detained them a little longer to keep him company in his solitude. But now they came to visit him at rarer moments, and their faces were grown strangely unfamiliar when they came.

Even so, he was not all unhappy in these later days. He was beginning to organize his life afresh, slowly and haltingly, as one learns to walk with a crutch that can never again be laid aside. Interests that had no meaning for him in the first poignancy of his despair, as in the first flush of his dawning love, came back to him, sober and prosaic, but withal restful and not disquieting.

He had already planned to leave the quiet of the hills for the busy life of the city, and was awaiting an answer to a proposition he had made which was to throw him again into the current of the world's affairs. On the day when he looked for it the post brought it to him; and because his mind ran on this matter he scarcely glanced, for the moment, at another letter which lay beneath it on his table. It was not until he had looked through the clear, businesslike phrases of the first that he picked up the other, and looked at it for an instant with uncomprehending eyes. The dainty feminine grace of the handwriting affected him with a vague sense of incongruity, before he recognized, with a sudden shock, a quick rush of blood to the face, what it might mean to him.

Almost appalled by the suddenness of the thing, he opened the letter with fingers that trembled a little.

DEAR LEONARD [it ran],—I can bear it no longer. Night and day, when I have tried my hardest not to think of you, still you have been with me. At last I see there is nothing for me but to do as you wish. Will you have me now, dear, when I have kept you waiting so long? My heart grieves me when I think of what you have suffered because I could not be brave enough to choose your love at any cost. I shall reach New York on Thursday at four. If you are there to meet me, all will be well with me always; if not, I can but go back to my prison-house, knowing that I have deserved my punishment. Henceforth, if you wish it, I am ever your own

AUDREY.

Carless read the letter through slowly, once, twice, before the full meaning of it could force itself upon his brain, stunned by the unexpected revulsion. Many times he had imagined what his feelings and his demeanor would be when he should get such a message as this, if it ever came. But now that it was actually in his hand, both what he felt and what his outward bearing showed were utterly unlike what he had pictured. He sat for a long while motionless, staring at the paper on which the momentous words were traced, — words which gave him what, through the past year, he had longed for as the most supreme joy, but which at the same time, if he assented to their meaning, would change and shape the whole tenor of his future life. Then he rose, and paced slowly up and down the room, with the letter in his hand; walking soberly, his head down, like a man brought face to face with a serious and perplexing problem. Yet he was not for a moment in doubt as to his course. His sovereign had summoned him to her service; for all the gracious, humble words that veiled her command, he would have held himself a recreant knight had he hesitated for an instant to obey.

Still quietly and gravely (like a soldier who has received his orders to go to the front, and, though welcoming the prospect, knows well that life and death hang upon the issue of the next few days), he sat down again at his table and wrote an answer to the letter he had first read, telling his friend that an unforeseen change in his circumstances made it impossible to carry out the plan proposed. Then he went to find his host, the head of the community with which he had been seeking shelter from the stress of events, and told him that a letter he had received would compel his departure on the following day, which was the Thursday. The good man looked at him keenly, though kindly: he was sufficiently versed in reading men to have divined something of what had been passing in Carless's mind.

"We shall be sorry to lose you," he said, with a courteous intonation, "but I hope you will go away the better for the rest and the country air."

"I scarcely know yet," Carless answered: "if I do not, it will be from no fault of yours, and I shall always look back, wherever I may be, upon the life here as upon that in which, if anywhere, a man may find peace."

The superior smiled a little sadly, and replied with a quotation which rang strangely in the other's ears: "He who knows best how to suffer shall find the greatest peace. This man wins the victory over himself and the lordship of the world, with the friendship of Christ and the inheritance of heaven."

The next day Carless arrived in New York a little after three, and walked up and down the platform for half an hour, too restless and impatient to do anything but wait for the train that was to bring her to him. All the morning he had been tormented by the fear that her courage would fail her at the last moment; and it was only now and then that his exultation at the final triumph of his love overmastered the unaccountable depression that hovered about him, ready at any moment to settle down upon him and cloud his joy.

At last the train rolled into the station, and he took his stand by the first car, scanning eagerly the faces of the hurrying passengers, grave or gay as anxiety or delight lay before them. The main stream had flowed by, and his heart was already beginning to sink within him, when it suddenly leaped up again at the sight of the slight, graceful figure for which he was watching. There she was, after all, coming along a little timidly, unused to finding herself alone in such surroundings; and her eyes, too, seemed at first not to find what she was looking for. Carless could see the little

start of relief and joy that she gave when she saw him coming towards her with a great gladness shining in his face. The place was too public for any outward demonstrations; but the confiding pressure of her hand, the way she looked up into his face, and the happy sigh she breathed as she said, "At last!" — these tokens told him all he needed to know.

It seemed to him that he scarcely tasted the full pleasure of his attainment until, the stains of travel removed, and the throng of questions and answers that crowded one upon another put away, they sat down to dinner. As he looked at her across their table, bright with its flowers and silver and cut glass, to mark the love-light shining brighter than all in her radiant face, he felt that life was at last offering him a full reward for the hollowness and the disappointment which summed up his thoughts of the years that were gone. He took delight in remembering her little likes and dislikes, and was repaid for his thoughtfulness by the look of gratitude that she gave him as she noted each evidence of his study of her tastes. Once, when they were left alone for a moment, she put out her hand impulsively across the table, and laid it on his with a gesture alike of confidence and of appeal. "Oh, Leonard," she said in a low voice, "it is so strange to me to have a man care to please me. I have been unused to it so long!" A great wave of tenderness swelled up in Carless's breast, and while he could answer her only by a look more eloquent than words, he vowed to her silently a lifelong devotion which should more than atone for all that she had suffered in the past.

When the dinner was over, they decided that their first evening should be spent simply and quietly together, as a greater enjoyment than all the amusements of the commonplace world. Leonard brought a large armchair close to the cheerful open fireplace, — the evenings were still chilly, and spring delayed upon its way, — making, as he said playfully, a throne for his queen. Carrying out his whim, which she humored because it was his, he placed himself at her feet. Neither spoke much, for words were of little help to the sharing of their thoughts; but as her soft hand played caressingly over his hair, with the touch there seemed to pass into his spirit, so often restless and troubled in the past, that deep peace for which he had long sought in vain.

On the following day, since they had planned to escape from the keen east winds to the gentle air of Florida, Carless was obliged to leave her for a while, that he might see his bankers and one or two other people, the thought of whom jarred upon the idyllic harmony to which his mind was attuned, and brought in a discordant note of which he was scarcely conscious at the first. No sooner were his affairs set in order than he hastened to return to Audrey; but the freshness of the morning tempted him to walk across the Park once more before they should leave New York, instead of going directly to her side.

It could have made but little difference, after all; yet he was sorry before he had reached their house. "To the end, spring winds will sow disquietude," it is written in one of the wisest of books. Was it that vague uncertainty of the future, which seems to be almost a note of spring, and makes it sadder than the autumn, despite the falling leaves? Was it that inexorable law of the unhappy nature of men, by which they are condemned to spend their days in the pursuit of a bubble flashing with all the colors of the rainbow, that breaks and disappears at the very instant when it floats within their grasp? Carless stopped in the path, with a little shiver that was not from the fresh breeze, and stood still for a moment, with the air of a man seeking to recall an association or a memory. He knew that he ought to be supremely happy. He had asked of Fate only one

thing, out of all the objects of desire with which the world is filled; and Fate had heard his prayer. The woman he loved with all the passionate intensity of his strong nature was now irrevocably his. The whole air should have been full of brightness, and each little bird that sang in the trees should have seemed as if inspired by the one great theme of his gladness. Was it so? He dared not face the question; some day it would come back, knocking at his door again, and would not be denied. But now, at least, on the first day of his new life, there was no room for doubts. He walked on again more quickly; soon he came where Audrey was listening for his footstep; she rose to greet him with outstretched arms. He had a sort of feeling that he should find her changed, but it was not so. There was every detail of her lovely face and form, more perfect, if that were possible, than ever; and better than all, her eyes spoke of a love that grew hourly more deep and enthralling. After the closeness of the first embrace, she held him at arm's length, while she looked into his face with a gaze of supreme devotion and trust. Yet, as she looked long at him, a shade of trouble came into her eyes, and she asked him anxiously, her hands clasped upon his arm, "What is the matter, dearest? Are you not well this morning?"

"Yes, sweetheart," he answered, striving to throw an entire sincerity into his voice, "I am perfectly well; only perhaps a thought tired with my morning's work." Was it well with him? Would it be so always? Let those who have staked their all at the game of love speak and tell the answer.

Francis Edmund Lester.

IN THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

"Do you know anything about josses?"

"Josses?"

"Yes; idols, Japanese idols, — josses."

"Something," I answered, "but not very much."

"Well, come and look at my collection, won't you? I 've been collecting josses for twenty years, and I 've got some worth seeing. They 're not for sale, though, except to the British Museum."

I followed the curio dealer through the bric-à-brac of his shop, and across a paved yard into an unusually large go-down.[1] Like all go-downs it was dark: I could barely discern a stairway sloping up through gloom. He paused at the foot.

"You 'll be able to see better in a moment," he said. "I had this place built expressly for them; but now it is scarcely big enough. They 're all in the second story. Go right up; only be careful, — the steps are bad."

I climbed, and reached a sort of gloaming, under a very high roof, and found myself face to face with the gods.

In the dusk of the great go-down the spectacle was more than weird: it was apparitional. Arhats and Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, and the shapes of a mythology older than they, filled all the shadowy space; not ranked by hierarchies, as in a temple, but mingled without order, as in a silent panic. Out of the wilderness of multiple heads and broken aureoles and hands uplifted in menace or in prayer, a shimmering confusion of dusty gold half lighted by cobwebbed air-holes in the heavy walls, I could at first discern little; then, as the dimness cleared, I began to distinguish personalities. I saw Kwannon, of many forms; Jizō, of many

[1] A name given to fireproof storehouses in the open ports of the Far East. The word is derived from the Malay *gâdong*.

names; Shaka, Yakushi, Amida, the Buddhas and their disciples. They were very old; and their art was not all of Japan, nor of any one place or time: there were shapes from Korea, China, India, — treasures brought over sea in the rich days of the early Buddhist missions. Some were seated upon lotos flowers, the lotos flowers of the Apparitional Birth. Some rode leopards, tigers, lions, or monsters mystical, typifying lightning, typifying death. One, triple-headed and many-handed, sinister and splendid, seemed moving through the gloom on a throne of gold, uplifted by a phalanx of elephants. Fudō I saw, shrouded and shrined in fire, and Maya-Fujin, riding her celestial peacock; and strangely mingling with these Buddhist visions, as in the anachronism of a Limbo, armored effigies of daimyō and images of the Chinese sages. There were huge forms of wrath, grasping thunderbolts, and rising to the roof: the Deva-kings, like impersonations of hurricane power; the Ni-O, guardians of long-vanished temple gates. Also there were forms voluptuously feminine: the light grace of the limbs folded within their lotos cups, the suppleness of the fingers numbering the numbers of the Good Law, were ideals possibly inspired in some forgotten time by the charm of an Indian dancing-girl. Shelved against the naked brickwork above, I could perceive multitudes of lesser shapes: demon figures with eyes that burned through the dark like the eyes of a black cat, and figures half man, half bird, winged and beaked like eagles, — the *Tengu* of Japanese fancy.

"Well?" queried the curio dealer, with a chuckle of satisfaction at my evident surprise.

"It is a very great collection," I responded.

He clapped his hand on my shoulder, and exclaimed triumphantly in my ear, "Cost me fifty thousand dollars."

But the images themselves told me how much more was their cost to forgotten piety, notwithstanding the cheapness of artistic labor in the East. Also they told me of the dead millions whose pilgrim feet had worn hollow the steps leading to their shrines, of the buried mothers who used to suspend little baby-dresses before their altars, of the generations of children taught to murmur prayers to them, of the countless sorrows and hopes confided to them. Ghosts of the worship of centuries had followed them into exile; a thin, sweet odor of incense haunted all the dusty place.

"What would you call that?" asked the voice of the curio dealer. "I've been told it's the best of the lot."

He pointed to a figure resting upon a triple golden lotos, — Avalokitesvara: she "who looketh down above the sound of prayer." . . . *Storms and hate give way to her name. Fire is quenched by her name. Demons vanish at the sound of her name. By her name one may stand firm in the sky, like a sun.* . . . The delicacy of the limbs, the tenderness of the smile, were dreams of the Indian paradise.

"It is a Kwannon," I made reply, "and very beautiful."

"Somebody will have to pay me a very beautiful price for it," he said, with a shrewd wink. "It cost me enough! As a rule, though, I get these things pretty cheap. There are few people who care to buy them, and they have to be sold privately, you know: that gives me an advantage. See that joss in the corner, — the big black fellow? What is it?"

"Emmei-Jizō," I answered, — "Jizō, the giver of long life. It must be very old."

"Well," he said, again taking me by the shoulder, "the man from whom I got that piece was put in prison for selling it to me."

Then he burst into a hearty laugh, — whether at the recollection of his own cleverness in the transaction, or at the unfortunate simplicity of the person who

had sold the statue contrary to law, I could not decide.

"Afterwards," he resumed, "they wanted to get it back again, and offered me more than I had given for it. But I held on. I don't know everything about josses, but I do know what they are worth. There is n't another idol like that in the whole country. The British Museum will be glad to get it."

"When do you intend to offer the collection to the British Museum?" I presumed to ask.

"Well, I first want to get up a show," he replied. "There 's money to be made by a show of josses in London. London people never saw anything like this in their lives. Then the church folks help that sort of a show, if you manage them properly; it advertises the missions. 'Heathen idols from Japan!' . . . How do you like the baby?"

I was looking at a small gold-colored image of a naked child, standing, one tiny hand pointing upward, and the other downward, — representing the Buddha newly born. *Sparkling with light he came from the womb, as when the Sun first rises in the east. . . . Upright he took deliberately seven steps; and the prints of his feet upon the ground remained burning as seven stars. And he spake with clearest utterance, saying, "This birth is a Buddha birth. Rebirth is not for me. Only this last time am I born for the salvation of all on earth and in heaven."*

"That is what they call a Tanjō-Shaka," I said. "It looks like bronze."

"Bronze it is," he responded, tapping it with his knuckles to make the metal ring. "The bronze alone is worth more than the price I paid."

I looked at the four Devas whose heads almost touched the roof, and thought of the story of their apparition told in the Mahavagga. *On a beautiful night the Four Great Kings entered the holy grove, filling all the place with light; and having respectfully saluted the Blessed One, they stood in the four directions, like four great firebrands.*

"How did you ever manage to get those big figures upstairs?" I asked.

"Oh, hauled them up! We 've got a hatchway. The real trouble was getting them here by train. It was the first railroad trip they ever made. . . . But look at these here: *they* will make the sensation of the show!"

I looked, and saw two small wooden images, about three feet high.

"Why do you think they will make a sensation?" I inquired innocently.

"Don't you see what they are? They date from the time of the persecutions. *Japanese devils trampling on the Cross!*"

They were small temple guardians only; but their feet rested upon X-shaped supports.

"Did any person tell you these were devils trampling on the cross?" I made bold to ask.

"What else are they doing?" he answered evasively. "Look at the crosses under their feet."

"But they are not devils," I insisted; "and those cross-pieces were put under their feet simply to give equilibrium."

He said nothing, but looked disappointed, and I felt a little sorry for him. *Devils trampling on the Cross*, as a display line in some London poster announcing the arrival of "josses from Japan," might certainly have been relied on to catch the public eye.

"This is more wonderful," I said, pointing to a beautiful group, — Maya with the infant Buddha issuing from her side, according to tradition. *Painlessly the Bodhisattva was born from her right side. It was the eighth day of the fourth moon.*

"That 's bronze, too," he remarked, tapping it. "Bronze josses are getting rare. We used to buy them up and sell them for old metal. Wish I 'd kept some of them. You ought to have seen the bronzes, in those days, coming in

from the temples, — bells and vases and josses! That was the time we tried to buy the Daibutsu at Kamakura."

"For old bronze?" I queried.

"Yes. We calculated the weight of the metal, and formed a syndicate. Our first offer was thirty thousand. We could have made a big profit, for there 's a good deal of gold and silver in that work. The priests wanted to sell, but the people would n't let them."

"It 's one of the world's wonders," I said. "Would you really have broken it up?"

"Certainly. Why not? What else could you do with it? . . . That one there looks just like a Virgin Mary, does n't it?"

He pointed to the gilded image of a female clasping a child to her breast.

"Yes," I replied; "but it is Kishibōjin, the goddess who loves little children."

"People talk about idolatry," he went on musingly. "I 've seen things like many of these in Roman Catholic chapels. Seems to me religion is pretty much the same the world over."

"I think you are right," I said.

"Why, the story of Buddha is like the story of Christ, is n't it?"

"To some degree," I assented.

"Only, he was n't crucified."

I did not answer; thinking of the text, *In all the world there is not one spot even so large as a mustard-seed where he has not surrendered his body for the sake of creatures.* Then it suddenly seemed to me that this was absolutely true. For the Buddha of the deeper Buddhism is not Gautama, nor yet any one Tathagata, but simply the divine in man. Chrysalides of the infinite we all are: each contains a ghostly Buddha, and the millions are but one. All humanity is potentially the Buddha-to-come, dreaming through the ages in Illusion; and the teacher's smile will make beautiful the world again when selfishness shall die. Every noble sacrifice brings nearer the hour of his awakening; and who may justly doubt — remembering the myriads of the centuries of man — that even now there does not remain one place on earth where life has not been freely given for love or duty?

I felt the curio dealer's hand on my shoulder again.

"At all events," he cried in a cheery tone, "they 'll be appreciated in the British Museum — eh?"

"I hope so. They ought to be."

Then I fancied them immured somewhere in that vast necropolis of dead gods, under the gloom of a pea-soup fog, chambered with forgotten divinities of Egypt or Babylon, and trembling faintly at the roar of London, — all to what end? Perhaps to aid another Alma Tadema to paint the beauty of another vanished civilization; perhaps to assist the illustration of an English Dictionary of Buddhism; perhaps to inspire some future laureate with a metaphor startling as Tennyson's figure of the "oiled and curled Assyrian bull." Assuredly they would not be preserved in vain. The thinkers of a less conventional and selfish era would teach new reverence for them. Each eidolon shaped by human faith remains the shell of a truth eternally divine; and even the shell itself may hold a ghostly power. The soft serenity, the passionless tenderness, of these Buddha faces might yet give peace of soul to a West weary of creeds transformed into conventions, eager for the coming of another teacher to proclaim, "*I have the same feeling for the high as for the low, for the moral as for the immoral, for the depraved as for the virtuous, for those holding sectarian views and false opinions as for those whose beliefs are good and true.*"

Lafcadio Hearn.

A JAPANESE SWORD-SONG.

"Loyalty to my lord, and vengeance upon my lord's slayer." — *Old Japanese Motto.*

(Hush, listen — my Soul, my Sword!)
Is he near, the Fox that skulks
And kills in the dark, unseen?
Shall we, too, hide and strike
In the dark a foe unclean?
Brave deeds are done in the day.
Sun God, give me steel for sight,
War God, give me arm of steel
To avenge the deed of night.
(His life for life of my lord.)

(Hush, listen — my Soul, my Sword!)
Not molten with toil of days
Was the steel of your fashioning,
But with labor of strenuous years,
And the steel was a living thing.
Through your eager, thirsting veins
The red drops hissing ran,
Pure blood of a fiery Soul,
Proud spirit of a Man.
(His life for life of my lord.)

(Hush, listen — my Soul, my Sword!)
You writhe in my grasp, my Own —
He is near, the Fox we snare!
You lift your quivering length,
One moment — one chance — if he dare!
The blood that is in you gleams
Wicked red, with flashes of light —
Now, Sword, my Soul, cleave clean!
Revenge is new life, new sight!
(His life for life of my lord.)

(Hush, listen — my Soul, my Sword!)
Am I, too, wounded to death?
What matter? My foot can spurn
His body, the Fox that skulked,
That killed in the dark. I earn
Remembrance for loyal love,
For vengeance unto the death —
And this is a glorious way
For a man to yield his breath.
(His life for life of my lord.)

Mary Stockton Hunter.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

X.

WHAT was my surprise and dismay to know that I was to be taken back again to my dungeon, and not lodged in the common jail, as I had hoped and Alixe had hinted! When I saw whither my footsteps were directed I said nothing, nor did Gabord speak at all. We marched back through a railing crowd as we had come, all silent and gloomy. I felt a chill at my heart when the citadel loomed up again out of the November shadow, and I half paused as I entered the gates. "Forward!" said Gabord mechanically, and I moved on into the yard, into the prison, through the dull corridors, the soldiers' heels clanking and resounding, down into the bowels of the earth, where the air was moist and warm, and then my dungeon home! I stepped inside, and Gabord ordered the ropes off my person somewhat roughly, watched the soldiers till they were well away, and then leaned against the wall, as if waiting for me to speak. I had no impulse to smile, but I knew how I could most touch him, and so I said lightly, "You 've got dickey-bird home again."

He answered nothing and turned towards the door, leaving the torch stuck in the wall. But he stopped short, and suddenly thrust out to me a tiny piece of paper.

"A hand touched mine as I went through the Château," said he, "and when out I came, look you, this here! I can't see to read. What does it say?" he added, with a shrewd attempt at innocence.

I opened the little paper, held it towards the torch, and read: —

"*Because of the storm there is no sleeping. Is there not the watcher aloft? Shall the sparrow fall unheeded? The wicked shall be confounded.*"

It was Alixe's writing. She had hazarded this in the hands of my jailer as her only hope, and, knowing that he might not serve her, had put her message in vague sentences which I readily interpreted. I read the words aloud to him, and he laughed, and remarked, "'T is a foolish thing that. The Scarlet Woman, most like."

"Most like," I answered quietly; "yet what should she be doing there at the Château?"

"The mad go everywhere," he answered, "even to the Intendance."

With that he left me, going, as he said, to fetch crumbs and wine. Exhausted with the day's business, I threw myself upon my couch, drew my cloak over me, composed myself, and in a few minutes was sound asleep. I waked to find Gabord in the dungeon, setting out food upon a board supported by two stools.

"'T is the way to feed your dickey-bird ere you fetch him to the pot."

"I 've had a wink or two," I returned lightly, and got to my feet refreshed.

"It takes you long to have a wink or two," he said, with a laugh, and drew the cork from a bottle of wine. "Twelve hours — no more or less."

It was true. I had fallen into so sound a sleep that when he came to me the night before I did not wake, and so he left me to myself.

He motioned to the breakfast, and then, taking a third stool he had brought, he sat down, dangling his keys.

He watched me as I ate and talked, but he spoke little. When I had finished, he fetched a packet of tobacco from his

pocket. I offered him money, but he refused it, and I did not press him, for he said it was not of his buying. Presently he left, and came back with pens, ink, paper, and candles, which he laid out on my couch without words.

After a little he came again, and laid a book on the improvised table before me. It was an English Bible. Opening it, I found inscribed on the fly-leaf, *Charles Wainfleet, Chaplain to the British Army.* To my inquiry, Gabord replied that this chaplain had been in the citadel for some weeks; that he had often inquired about me; that he had been brought from the Ohio; and that he had known of me, having tended my lieutenant, Bedford, in his last hours. Gabord thought I should now begin to make my peace with Heaven, and so had asked for the chaplain's Bible, which was freely given. I bade him thank the chaplain for me, and opening the book, I found a leaf turned down at the words, —

"*In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast.*"

When I was left alone, I sat down to write diligently that history of myself which I had composed and fixed in my memory during the year of my housing in this dungeon. The words came from my pen freely, and hour after hour through many days, while no single word reached me from the outside world, I wrote on; carefully revising, but changing little from that which I had taken so long to record in my mind. I would not even yet think that they would hang me; and if they did, what good could brooding do? When the last word of the memoirs (I may call them so), addressed to Alixe, had been written, I turned my thoughts to other friends. So I wrote a short letter of farewell to Governor Dinwiddie, and one to my late father's partner at Glasgow. My property I left to Alixe, save a sum of money to be divided among my provincial soldiers; making Governor Dinwiddie and my Virginian partner my executors. Then at the last I wrote to my dear friend George Washington.

The day preceding that fixed for my execution came, yet there was no sign from friend or enemy without. At ten o'clock of that day Chaplain Wainfleet was admitted to me in the presence of Gabord and a soldier, and we talked together; I learning first of my poor lieutenant's death beside General Braddock, Munro, my ensign, taking my historic sword to keep for me and use for himself. We had not long together, but I got great comfort and pleasure from seeing him; and after I had given him messages to bear for me to old friends, if we never met again and he were set free, he left me, benignly commending me to Heaven. There was the question of my other letters. I had but one desire, — Voban again, unless at my request the Seigneur Duvarney would come, and they would let him come. If it were certain that I was to go to the scaffold, then I should not hesitate to tell him my relations with his daughter, that he might comfort her when, being gone from the world myself, my love could do her no ill. I could not think that he would hold against me the duel with his son, and I felt sure he would come to me if he could.

But why should I not try for both Voban and the Seigneur, and use both if I could? So I spoke to Gabord.

"Voban! Voban!" he said. "Does dickey-bird play at peacock still? Well, thou shalt see Voban. Snip, snip, thou shalt go trimmed to heaven — aho!"

Rough, wild-tempered peasant that he was, he had a true heart, and often I call to mind the last time that I saw him, when his star went down and mine flamed out again.

Presently I asked him if he would bear a message to the Governor, asking permission for the Seigneur Duvarney to visit me, if he were so inclined. At his request I wrote my petition out, and he carried it away with him, saying that I should have Voban that evening.

When he was gone, I sat down and wrote my last letter to Alixe. That was near the bitterest task of my life, though not the bitterest, as shall be seen later.

I waited hour after hour, but no one came. As near as I could judge it was now evening. It seemed strange to think that, twenty feet above me, the world was all white with snow; the sound of sleigh-bells and church-bells, and the cries of snowshoers and skaters, ringing on the clear, sharp air. I pictured the streets of Quebec alive with people: the young seigneur set off with furs and silken sash and sword or pistols; the long-haired, black-eyed woodsman in his embroidered moccasins and leggings with flying thrums; the peasant farmer slapping his hands cheerfully in the lighted market-place; the petty noble, with his demoiselle, hovering in the precincts of the Château St. Louis and the Intendance. Up there were light, freedom, and the inspiriting frost; down here in my dungeon, the blades of corn, which, dying, yet never died, told the story of a moist, choking air, wherein the body and soul of a man droop and take long to die. This was the night before Christmas Eve, when all the Christian world were making ready for feasting and thanksgiving.

The memories of past years crowded on me. I thought of feastings and spend-thrift rejoicings in Glasgow and Virginia. All at once the carnal man in me rose up and damned these lying foes of mine. Resignation went whistling down the wind. Hang me! Hang me! No, by the God that gave me breath! I sat back and laughed, — laughed at my own insipid virtue, by which, to keep faith with the fanatical follower of Prince Charlie, I had refused my liberty; cut myself off from the useful services of my King; wasted good years of my life, trusting to pressure and help to come from England, which never came; twisted the rope for my own neck to keep honor with a dishonorable man, who himself had set the noose swinging; and, inexpressible misery! involved in my shame and peril a young blithe spirit, breathing a miasma upon the health of a tender life. Every rebellious atom in my blood sprang to indignant action. I swore that if they fetched me to the gallows to celebrate their Noël, other lives than mine should go to keep me company on the dark trail. To die like a rat in a trap, oiled for the burning, and lighted by the torch of hatred! No, I would die fighting, if I must die.

I drew from its hiding-place the knife I had secreted the day I was brought into that dungeon, — a little weapon, but it would serve for the first blow. At whom? Gabord? It all flashed through my mind how I might do it when he came in again: bury this blade in his neck or heart, — it was long enough for the work; then, when he was dead, change my clothes for his, take his weapons, and run my chances to get free of the citadel. Free? Where should I go in the dead of winter? Who would hide me, shelter me? I could not make my way to an English settlement. Ill clad, exposed to the merciless climate, and the end death. But that was freedom — freedom! I could feel my body dilating with the thought, as I paced my dungeon like an ill-tempered beast. But kill Gabord, who had put himself in danger to serve me, who himself had kept the chains from off my ankles and body, whose own life depended upon my security! "Come, come, Robert Stobo," said I, "what relish have you for that? That's an ill game for a gentleman. Alixe Duvarney would rather see you dead than get your freedom over the body of this man."

That was an hour of storm. I am glad that I conquered the baser part of me; for almost before I had grown calm again, the bolts of the dungeon doors shot back, and presently there stepped inside Gabord, followed by a muffled figure.

"Voban the barber," said Gabord in a strange voice, and stepping again out-

side, he closed the door, but did not shoot the bolts.

I stood as one in a dream. Voban the barber? In spite of cap and great fur coat, I saw the outline of a figure that no barber ever had in this world. I saw two eyes shining like lights set in a rosy sky. A moment of doubt, of impossible speculation, of delicious suspense, and then I sprang forward, with hands outstretched. The coat of Voban the barber opened, dropped away from the lithe, graceful figure of a young officer of marines, the cap flew off, and in an instant the dear head, the blushing, shining face of Alixe was on my breast.

In that moment, stolen from the calendar of hate, I ran into the haven where true hearts cast anchor and bless God that they have seen upon the heights, to guide them, the lights of home. The moment flashed by and was gone, but the light it made went not with it.

When I drew her blushing face up, and stood her off from me that I might look at her again, the color flew back and forth on her cheek, as you may see the fire flutter in an uncut ruby when you turn it in the sun. Modestly drawing the cloak she wore more closely about her, she hastened to tell me how it was she came in such a guise; but I made her pause for a moment while I gave her a seat and sat down beside her. Then by the light of the flickering torch and flaring candles I watched her feelings play upon her face as the warm light of autumn shifts upon the glories of ripe fruits. Her happiness was tempered by the sadness of our position, and my heart smote me that I had made her suffer so, had brought care to a young life which ought to have known only pleasure. I could see that in the year she had grown older, yet her beauty seemed enhanced by that and by the trouble she had endured, so does sorrow chasten charm, touching it off with the divine. I shall let her tell her story here unbroken by my questions, and those one or two interruptions which Gabord made, bidding her to make haste. She spoke without faltering, save here and there; but even then I could see her brave spirit quelling the riot of her emotions, shutting down the sluice-gate of tears, keeping her within the mastery of our great need.

"I knew," she said, her hand clasped in mine, "that Gabord was the only person like to be admitted to you, and so for days, living in fear lest the worst should happen, I have prepared for this chance. I have grown so in height that I knew an old uniform of my brother's would fit me, and I had it ready — small sword and all," she added, with a sad sort of humor, touching the belt at her side. "You must know that we have for the winter a house here upon the ramparts near the Château. It was my mother's doings, that my sister Georgette and I might have no great journeyings in the cold to the festivities hereabouts. So I, being a favorite with the Governor, ran in and out of the Château at my will; of which my mother was proud, and she allowed me much liberty, for to be a favorite of the Governor's is an honor. I knew how things were going, and what the chances were of the sentence being carried out on you. Sometimes I thought my heart would burst with the anxiety of it all, but I would not let that show to the world. If you could but have seen me smile at the Governor and Monsieur Doltaire — nay, do not press my hand so, Robert; you know well you have no need to fear monsieur — while I learned secrets of state, among them news of you. Three nights ago Monsieur Doltaire was talking with me at a ball — ah, those balls, while you were lying in a dungeon, and I shutting up my love and your danger close in my heart even from those who loved me best! Well, suddenly he said, 'I think I will not have our English captain shifted to a better world.'

"My heart stood still; I felt an ache across my breast so that I could hardly breathe. 'Why will you not?' said I.

'Was not the sentence just?' He paused a minute, and then replied, 'All sentences are just when an enemy is dangerous.' Then said I as in surprise, 'Why, was he no spy, after all?' He sat back, and laughed a little. 'A spy according to the letter of the law, but you have heard of secret history — eh?' I tried to seem puzzled, for I had a thought there was something private between you and him which has to do with your fate. So I said, as if bewildered, 'You mean there is evidence which was not shown at the trial?' He answered slowly, 'Evidence that would bear upon the morals, not the law of the case.' Then said I, 'Has it to do with you, monsieur?' 'It has to do with France,' he replied. 'And so you will not have his death?' I asked. 'Bigot wishes it,' he replied, 'for no other reason than that Madame Cournal has spoken nice words for the good-looking captain, and because that unsuccessful duel gave Vaudreuil an advantage over himself. Vaudreuil wishes it because he thinks it will sound well in France, and also because he really believes the man a spy. The Council do not care much — they follow the Governor and Bigot, and both being agreed, their verdict is unanimous.' He paused, then added, 'And the Seigneur Duvarney — and his daughter — wish it because of a notable injury to one of their name.' At that I cautiously replied, 'No, my father does not wish it, for my brother gave the offense, and Captain Stobo saved his life, as you know. I do not wish it, Monsieur Doltaire, because hanging is a shameful death, and he is a gentleman, not a ruffian. Let him be shot like a gentleman. How will it sound at the Court of France that, on insufficient evidence, as you admit, an English gentleman was hanged for a spy? Would not the King say (for he is a gentleman), Why was not this shown me before the man's death? Is it not a matter upon which a country would feel as gentlemen feel?'

"I knew it the right thing to say at the moment, and it seemed the only way to aid you, though I intended, if the worst came to the worst, to go myself to the Governor at the last, and plead for your life, at least for a reprieve. But it had suddenly flashed upon me that a reference to France was the thing, since the Articles of War which you are accused of dishonoring were signed by officers from France and England.

"Presently he turned to me with a look of curiosity, and another sort of look also that made me tremble, and said, 'Now, there you have put your finger on the point — my point, the choice weapon I had reserved to prick the little bubble of Bigot's hate and the Governor's conceit, if I so chose, even at the last. And here is a girl, a young girl just freed from pinafores, who teaches them the law of nations! If it pleased me I should not speak, for Vaudreuil's and Bigot's affairs are none of mine; but, in truth, why should you kill your enemy? It is the sport to keep him living; you can get no change for your money from a dead man. He has had one cheerful year; why not another, and another, and another? And so watch him fretting to the slow-coming end, while now and again you give him a taste of hope, to drop him back again into the pit which has no sides for climbing.' He paused a minute, and then added, 'A year ago I thought he had touched you, this Britisher, with his raw humor and manners; but, my faith, how swiftly does a woman's fancy veer!' At that I said calmly to him, 'You must remember that then he was not thought so base.' 'Yes, yes,' he replied; 'and a woman loves to pity the captive, whatever his fault, if he be presentable and of some notice or talent. And Stobo has gifts,' he went on. I appeared all at once to be offended. 'Veering, indeed! a woman's fancy! I think you might judge women better. You come from high places, Monsieur Doltaire, and they say this and that of your great talents and of your power at Versailles, but what proof

have we had of it? You set a girl down with a fine patronage, and you hint at weapons to cut off my cousin the Governor and the Intendant from their purposes; but how do we know you can use them, that you have power with either the unnoticeable woman or the great men?' I knew very well it was a bold move. He suddenly turned to me, in his cruel eyes a glittering kind of light, and said, 'I suggest no more than I can do with those "great men;" and as for the woman, the slave cannot be patron — I am the slave. I thought not of power before; but now that I do, I will live up to my thinking. I seem idle, I am not; purposeless, I am not; a gamester, I am none. I am a sportsman, and I will not leave the field till all the hunt be over. I seem a trifler, yet I have persistency. I am no romanticist, I have no great admiration for myself, and yet when I set out to hunt a woman, be sure I shall never back to kennel till she is mine or I am done for utterly. Not by worth nor by deserving, but by unending patience and diligence — that shall be my motto. I shall devote to the chase every art that I have learned or known by nature. So there you have me, mademoiselle. Since you have brought me to the point, I will unfurl my flag. . . . I am — your — hunter,' he went on, speaking with slow, painful emphasis, 'and I shall make you mine. You fight against me, but it is no use.' I got to my feet, and said with coolness, though I was sick at heart and trembling, 'You are frank. You have made two resolves. I shall give weight to one as you fulfill the other;' and, smiling at him, I moved away towards my mother.

"Masterful as he is, I felt that this would touch his vanity. There lay my great chance with him. If he had guessed the truth of what 's between us, be sure, Robert, your life were not worth one hour beyond to-morrow's sunrise. You must know how I loathe deceitfulness, but when one weak girl is matched against powerful and evil men, what can she do? My conscience does not chide me, for I know my cause is just. Robert, look me in the eyes. . . . There, like that. . . . Now tell me. You are innocent of the dishonorable thing, are you not? I believe with all my soul, but that I may say from your own lips that you are no spy, tell me so."

When I had said as she had wished, assuring her she should know all, carrying proofs away with her, and that hidden evidence of which Doltaire had spoken, she went on: —

"'You put me to the test,' said monsieur. 'Doing one, it will be proof that I shall do the other.' He fixed his eyes upon me with such a look that my whole nature shrank from him, as if next instant his hateful hands were to be placed on me. Oh, Robert, I know how perilous was the part I played, but I dared it for your sake. For a whole year I have dissembled to every one save to that poor mad soul Mathilde, who reads my heart in her wild way, to Voban, and to the rough soldier outside your dungeon. But they will not betray me. God has given us these rough but honest friends.

"Well, monsieur left me that night, and I have not seen him since, nor can I tell where he is, for no one knows, and I dare not ask too much. I did believe he would achieve his boast as to saving your life, and so, all yesterday and to-day, I have waited with most anxious heart; but not one word! Yet there was that in all he said which made me sure he meant to save you, and I believe he will. Yet think: if anything happened to him! You know what wild doings go on at Bigot's château out at Charlesbourg; or, again, in the storm of yesterday he may have been lost. You see, there are the hundred chances; so I determined not to trust wholly to him. There was one other way — to seek the Governor myself, open my heart to him, and beg for a reprieve. To-night at nine o'clock — it is now six, Robert — we go to the

Château St. Louis, my mother and my father and I, to sup with the Governor. Oh, think what I must endure, to face them with this awful shadow on me! But, thank God, I have been strong. And so, if no word come of the reprieve before that hour, I shall make my own appeal to the Governor. It may ruin me, but it may save you; and that done, what should I care for the rest? Your life is more to me than all the world beside." Here she put both hands upon my shoulders and looked me in the eyes.

I did not answer yet, but took her hands in mine, and she continued: "An hour past, I told my mother I should go to see my dear friend, Lucie Lotbinière. Then I stole up to my room, put on my brother's uniform, and came down to meet Voban near the citadel, as we had arranged. I knew he was to have an order from the Governor to visit you. He was waiting, and to my great joy he put the order in my hands. I took his coat and wig and cap, a poor disguise, and came straight to the citadel, handing the order to the soldiers at the gate. They gave it back without a word, and passed me on. I thought this strange, and looked at the paper by the light of the torches. What surprise was mine to see that Voban's name had been left out! It but gave permission to the bearer. That would serve with the common soldier, but I knew well it would not with Gabord or with the commandant of the citadel. All at once I saw the great risk I was running, the danger to us both. Still I would not turn back. But how good fortune serves us when we least look for it! At the commandant's very door was Gabord. I did not think to deceive him. It was my purpose from the first to throw myself upon his mercy. So there, that moment, I thrust the order into his hand. He read it, looked a moment, half fiercely and half kindly, at me, then turned and took the order to the commandant. Presently he came out, and said to me, 'Come, m'sieu', and see you clip the gentleman dainty fine for his sunrise travel. He 'll get no care 'twixt posting-house and end of journey, m'sieu'.' This he said before two soldiers, speaking with harshness and a brutal humor. But inside the citadel he changed at once, and, taking from my head this cap and wig, he said quite gently, yet I could see he was angry, too, 'This is a mad doing, young lady.' He said no more, and led me straight to you. If I had told him I was coming, I know he would have stayed me. But at the dangerous moment he had not heart to drive me back. . . . And that is all my story, Robert."

As I have said, this tale was broken often by little questionings and exclamations, and was not told in one long narrative as I have written it here. When she had done I sat silent for a moment, overcome by all she had said. There was one thing now troubling me sorely, even in the painful joy of having her here close by me. She had risked all to save my life — reputation, friends, even myself, the one solace in her possible misery. Was it not my duty to agree to Doltaire's terms, for her sake, if there was yet a chance to do so? I had made a solemn promise to Sir John Godric that those letters, if they ever left my hands, should go to the lady who had written them; and to save my own life I would not have broken faith with my benefactor. But had I the right to add to the misery of this blithe, brave spirit? Suppose it was but for a year or two: had I the right to give her sorrow for that time, if I could prevent it, even at the cost of honor with the dead? Was it not my duty to act, and at once? Time was short.

While in a swift moment I was debating, Gabord opened the door, and said, "Come, end it, end it. Gabord has a head to save!" I begged him for one minute more, and then giving Alixe the packet which held my story, I told her hastily the matter between Doltaire and

myself, and said that now, rather than give her sorrow, I was prepared to break my word with Sir John Godric. She heard me through with flashing eyes, and I could see her bosom heave. When I had done, she looked me straight in the eyes.

"Is all that here?" she said, holding up the packet.

"All," I answered.

"And you would not break your word to save your own life?"

I shook my head in negation.

"Now I know that you are truly honorable," she answered, "and you shall not break your promise for me. No, no, you shall not; you shall not stir. Tell me that you will not send word to Monsieur Doltaire — tell me!"

When, after some struggle, I had consented, she said, "But I may act. I am not bound to secrecy. I have given no word or bond. I will go to the Governor with these things and the tale of my love, and I do not fear the end. They will put me in a convent, and I shall see you no more, but I shall have saved you."

In vain I begged her not to use this information; her purpose was strong, and I could only get her promise that she would not act till midnight. This was hardly achieved when Gabord entered quickly, saying, "The Seigneur Duvarney! On with your coat, wig, and cap! Quick, mademoiselle!"

With great swiftness the disguise was put on, and I clasped her to my breast with a joyful agony, while Gabord hastily put out the candles and torch, and drew Alixe behind the dungeon door. Then standing himself in the doorway, he loudly commended me to sleep sound and be ready for travel in the morning. Taking the hint, I threw myself upon my couch, and composed myself. An instant afterwards the Seigneur appeared with a soldier, and Gabord met him cheerfully, his hand upon the dungeon door, as if about to close it. He stopped, however, looked at the order from the Governor, and then motioned the Seigneur in and the soldier away. As Duvarney stepped inside, Gabord came in behind, holding up a torch. I rose to meet my visitor, and as I took his hand I saw Gabord catch Alixe by the sleeve and hurry her out with a whispered word, swinging the door behind her as she passed. Then he stuck the torch in the wall, went out, shut and bolted the dungeon door, and left us two alone.

I was glad that Alixe's safety had been assured, and my greeting of her father was cordial. But he was more reserved than I had ever known him, and I was sure that my duel with his son, which had sent the youth to France, and left him with a wound which would trouble him for many a day, weighed heavily against me in his sight. Again, I think that in a way he guessed my interest in Alixe, and resented it with all his might. What father would care to have his daughter lose her heart to one accused of a wretched crime, condemned to death, an enemy of his country, and a Protestant? I was sure that should he guess at the exact relations between us, Alixe would be sent behind the tall doors of a convent, where I should knock in vain.

"You must not think, Stobo," he said, "that I have been indifferent to your fate, but you cannot guess how strong the feeling is against you, how obdurate is the Governor, who, if he should appear lax in dealing with you, would give a weapon into Bigot's hands which sometime might ruin him in France. I have but this moment come from the Governor, and there seems no way to move him."

I saw that he was troubled greatly, and I felt his helplessness. He went on: "There is but one man who could bend the Governor, but he, alas, is no friend of yours. And what way there is to move him I know not; he has no wish, I fancy, but that you shall go to your fate."

"You mean Monsieur Doltaire?" I said quietly.

"Doltaire," he answered. "I have

tried to find him, for he is the secret agent of La Pompadour, and if I had one plausible reason to weigh with him — But I have none, unless you can give it. There are vague hints of things between you and him, and I have come to ask if you can put any fact, any argument, in my hands that would aid me with him. I would go far to serve you."

"Think not, I pray you," I returned, "that there is any debt unsatisfied between us."

He waved his hand in a melancholy way. "Indeed, I wish to serve you for the sake of past friendship between us, not only for that debt's sake."

"In spite of my quarrel with your son?" asked I.

"In spite of that, indeed," he said slowly, "though a great wedge was driven between us there."

"I am truly sorry for it," said I, with some pride. "The blame was in no sense mine. I was struck across the face; I humbled myself, remembering you, but he would have me out yes or no."

"Upon a wager!" he urged, somewhat coldly.

"With the Intendant, monsieur," I replied, "not with your son."

"I cannot understand the matter," was his gloomy answer.

"I beg you not to try," I rejoined; "it is too late for explanations, and I have nothing to tell you of myself and Monsieur Doltaire. Only, whatever comes, remember I have begged nothing of you, have desired nothing but justice — that only. I shall make no further move; the axe shall fall if it must. I have nothing now to do but set my house in order, and live the hours between this and sunrise with what quiet I may. I am ready for either freedom or death. Life is not so incomparable a thing that I cannot give it up without pother."

He looked at me a moment steadily. "You and I are standing far off from each other," he remarked. "I will say one last thing to you, though you seem to wish me gone and your own grave closing in. I was asked by the Governor to tell you that if you would put him in the way of knowing the affairs of your provinces from the letters you have received, together with estimate of forces and plans of your forts, as you have known them, he will spare you. I only tell you this because you close all other ways to me."

"I carry," said I, with a sharp burst of anger, "the scars of wounds an insolent youth gave me. I wish now that I had killed the son of the man who dares bring me such a message."

For a moment I had forgotten Alixe, everything, in the wildness of my anger. I choked with rage; I could have struck him.

"I mean nothing against you," he urged, with great ruefulness. "I suggest nothing. I bring the Governor's message, that is all. And let me say," he added, "that I have not thought you a spy, nor ever shall think so."

I was trembling with anger still, and I was glad that at the moment Gabord opened the door, and stood waiting.

"You will not part with me in peace, then?" asked the Seigneur slowly.

"I will remember the gentleman who gave a captive hospitality," I answered. "I am too near death to let a late injury outweigh an old friendship. I am ashamed, but not only for myself. Let us part in peace — ay, let us part in peace," I added with feeling, for the thought of Alixe came rushing over me, and this was her father!

"Good-by, Stobo," he responded gravely. "You are a soldier, and brave; if the worst comes, I know how you will meet it. Let us waive all bitter thoughts between us. Good-by."

We shook hands then, without a word, and in a moment the dungeon door closed behind him, and I was alone; and for a moment my heart was heavy beyond telling, and a terrible darkness settled on my spirit. I sat on my couch and buried my head in my hands.

XI.

For a long time I brooded. There was no more to do but wait for death without dismay. I cannot even now understand the quiet that settled on me.

Well, there had been large hopes, and where were they now? I felt the world slip from me, with its meannesses, its conflicts, its vacillations, its scavenging, and its rough-riding. In that hour it was revealed how life may be made competent, large, and fruitful — even by following after and being impelled by the few deep principles. Alixe, from that fountain of your lips, from the swift fire of your fingers as they lay along my cheek in our first embrace, from the chastened passion of your eyes, I drew the spirit of my other self, the self of us that stands waiting to be revealed in some worthy moment. Once, at least that once, I stood by the Burning Bush and heard the Voice. There must be in every man's life some great starting-point. It may come soon or late, but it must come, and he is happy who sees a flame from that watch-tower, from which he started anew with his commission of life, glowing on the path he travels.

At last I was roused by Gabord's voice. There was the old rough humor showing in it, and I thought then that were it his own fate at stake he would not be more serious than he was with me; and that I was right may be seen as my story comes towards its end.

He sat down, and drew the leaves of faded corn between his fingers. "'T is a poor life, this in a cage, after all — eh, dickey-bird? If a soldier can't stand in the field fighting, if a man can't rub shoulders with man, and pitch a tent of his own somewhere, why not go traveling with the Beast — aho? To have all the life sucked out like these — eh? To see the flesh melt and the hair go white, the eye to be one hour bright like a fire in a kiln, and the next like mother on working vinegar — that 's not living at all — no."

The speech had evidently cost him much thinking, and when he ended his cheeks puffed out and a soundless laugh seemed to gather, but it burst in a sort of sigh. I would have taken his hand that moment, if I had not remembered when once he drew back from such demonstrations. I did not speak, but nodded assent, and took to drawing the leaves of corn between my fingers as he was doing. They were never brought to a harvest, but lived and died, and grew up again, weaker and less sound after each death and life. What would I be with another year in this place? Fit for no life, a starved body without sap, a weakened mind, the ghost of a soldier and a man. I kept saying to myself, Better to be gathered while the blood runs warm, while it is some martyrdom to die, than to bend half dead to the sickle. Yes, if it had to be, let it be now.

After a moment, Gabord, cocking his head at me as might a surly schoolmaster in a pause of leniency, said, "As quiet, as quiet, and never did he fly at door of cage, and never peck at jailer — aho!"

I looked at him a minute seriously, and then, feeling in my coat, handed to him the knife which I had secreted, with the words, "Enough for pecking with, eh?"

He looked at me so strangely, as he weighed the knife up and down in his hand, that I could not at first guess his thought; but presently I understood it, and I almost could have told what he would say. He opened the knife, felt the blade, measured it along his fingers, and then said, with a little bursting of the lips, "*Poom!* But what would mademoiselle have thought if Gabord was found dead with a hole in his neck — behind? Eh?"

He had struck the very note that had sung in me when the temptation came; but he was gay at once again, and I said to him, "What is the hour fixed?"

"Seven o'clock," he answered, "and I will bring you breakfast first."

"Good-night, then," said I. "Coffee and a little tobacco will be enough."

When he was gone, I lay down on my bag of straw, which, never having been renewed, was now only full of worn chaff, and, gathering myself in my cloak, was soon in a dreamless sleep. I waked to the opening of the dungeon door, to see Gabord entering with a torch and a tray that held my frugal breakfast. He had added some brandy, also, of which I was glad, for it was bitter cold outside, as I discovered later. He was quiet, seeming often to wish to speak, but pausing before the act, never getting beyond a stumbling *aho!* I greeted him cheerfully enough. After making a little toilette, I drank my coffee with relish. At last I asked Gabord if no word had come to the citadel for me; and he said, none at all, nothing save a message from the Governor, before midnight, ordering certain matters. No more was said, until, turning to the door, he told me he would return to fetch me forth in a few minutes. But when halfway out he suddenly wheeled, came back, and blurted out, "If you and I could only fight it out, m'sieu'! 'T is ill for a gentleman and a soldier to die with a knot at the throat."

"Gabord," said I, smiling at him, "you preach good sermons always; and I never saw a man I 'd rather fight and be killed by than you!" Then, with an attempt at rough humor, I added, "But as I told you once, the knot is n't at my throat, and I 'll tie another one yet elsewhere, if God loves honest men."

I had no hope at all, yet I felt I must say it. He nodded, but said nothing; we both gave a little laugh, and presently I was alone.

I sat down on my straw couch and composed myself to think; not upon my end, for my mind was made up as to that, but upon the girl who was so dear to me, whose life had crept into mine and filled it, making it of value in the world. It must not be thought that I no longer had care for our cause, for I would willingly have spent my life a hundred times for my country, as my best friends will bear witness; but there comes a time when a man has a right to set all else aside but his own personal love and welfare, and to me the world was now bounded by just so much space as my dear Alixe might step in. I fastened my thought upon her face as I had last seen it. My eyes seemed to search for it, also, and to find it in the torch which stuck out, softly sputtering, from the wall. I do not pretend, even at this distance of time, after having thought much over the thing, to give any good reason for so sudden a change as took place in me there. All at once a voice appeared to say to me, "When you are gone, she will be Doltaire's. Remember what she said. She fears him. He has a power over her."

Now, some will set it down to a low, unmanly jealousy and suspicion; it is hard to name it, but I know that I was seized with a misery so deep that all my past sufferings and disappointments, and even this present horror were shadowy beside it. I pictured to myself Alixe in Doltaire's arms, after I had gone beyond human call. It is strange how an idea will seize us and master us, and an inconspicuous possibility suddenly stand out with huge distinctness. All at once I felt in my head the "ring of fire" of which Mathilde had warned me, a maddening heat filled my veins, and that hateful picture grew more vivid. Things Alixe had said the night before flashed to my mind, and I fancied that, unknown to herself even, he already had a power over her. He had deep determination, the gracious subtlety which charms a woman, and she, hemmed in by his devices, overcome by his pleadings, attracted by his enviable personality, would come at last to his will. I had seen the evening before strong signs of the dramatic qualities of her nature. She had the gift of imagination, the epic spirit. Even three years before I felt how she had seen every little incident of her daily life in a way which gave it

vividness and distinction. All things touched her with delicate emphasis — were etched upon her brain — or did not touch her at all. She would love the picturesque in life, though her own tastes were so simple and fine. Imagination would beset her path with dangers; it would be to her, with her beauty, a fatal gift, a danger to herself and others. She would have power, and feeling it, womanlike, would use it, dissipating her emotions, paying out the sweetness of her soul, till one day a dramatic move, a strong picturesque personality like Doltaire's, would catch her from the moorings of her truth, and the end must be tragedy to her. Doltaire! Doltaire! The name burnt into my brain. Some prescient quality in me awaked, and I saw her the sacrifice of her imagination, of the dramatic beauty of her nature, my enemy her tyrant and destroyer. He would leave nothing undone to achieve his end, and do nothing that would not in the end poison her soul and turn her very glories into miseries. How could she withstand the charm of his keen knowledge of the world, the fascination of his temperament, the alluring eloquence of his frank wickedness? And I should rather a million times see her in her grave than passed through the atmosphere of his life.

This may seem madness, selfish and small; but after-events went far to justify my fears and imaginings, for behind there was a love, an aching, absorbing solicitude. Where a heart concentrates itself, there comes the deep desire for the welfare of the being loved, and self drops away into a benign vigilance, a constant service. I cannot think that my anxiety was all vulgar smallness then. But I would not have it thought, either, that there was no personal hatred of Doltaire working in my passion. Indeed, I knew it gave poignancy and final force to it all.

I called him by coarse names, as I tramped up and down my dungeon; I cursed him; my impotent contempt was poured out on him; in imagination I held him there before me, and choked him till his eyes burst out and his body grew limp in my arms. The ring of fire in my head scorched and narrowed till I could have shrieked in agony. My breath came short and labored, and my heart felt as though it were in a vise and being clamped to nothing. For an instant, also, I broke out in wild bitterness against Alixe. She had said she would save me, and yet in an hour or less I should be dead. She had come to me last night — ah, true; but that was in keeping with her dramatic temperament; it was the drama of it that had appealed to her; and to-morrow she would forget me, and sink her fresh spirit in the malarial shadows of Doltaire's.

In my passion I thrust my hand into my waistcoat and unconsciously drew out something. At first my only feeling was that my hand could clench it, but slowly a knowledge of it traveled to my brain, as if through clouds and vapors. Now I am no Catholic, I do not know that I am superstitious, yet when I became conscious that the thing I held was the wooden cross that Mathilde gave me, a weird feeling passed through me, and there was an arrest of the passions of mind and body; a coolness passed over all my nerves, and my brain got clear again, the ring of fire loosing, melting away. It was a happy, diverting influence, which gave the mind rest for a moment, till the better spirit, the wiser feeling, had a chance to reassert itself; but then it seemed to me almost supernatural. Not that it drove away mad feelings altogether, for now and again they returned on me, flushing my face; but they were only like lightning flashes.

One can laugh when misery and danger are over, and it would be easy to turn this matter into ridicule, but from that hour to this the wooden cross which turned the flood of my feelings then into a saving channel has never left me. I keep it, not indeed for what it was, but for what it did.

As I stood musing, there came to my mind suddenly the words of a song which I had heard some voyageurs sing on the St. Lawrence, as I sat on the cliff a hundred feet above them and watched them drift down in the twilight : —

" Brothers, we go to the Scarlet Hills :
(Little gold sun, come out of the dawn !)
There we will meet in the cedar groves ;
(Shining white dew, come down !)
There is a bed where you sleep so sound,
The little good folk of the hills will guard,
Till the morning wakes and your love comes home.
(Fly away, heart, to the Scarlet Hills !) "

Something in the half-mystical, half-arcadian spirit of the words soothed me, lightened my thoughts, so that when, presently, Gabord opened the door, and entered with four soldiers, I was calm enough for the great shift. Gabord did not speak, but set about pinioning me himself. I asked him if he could not let me go unpinioned, for it was ignoble to go to one's death tied like a beast. At first he shook his head, but as if with a sudden impulse he cast the ropes aside, and, helping me on with my cloak, threw again over it a heavier cloak he had brought, gave me a fur cap to wear, and at last himself put on me a pair of woolen leggings, which, if they were no ornament, and to be of but transitory use, — it seemed strange to me then that one should be caring for a body so soon to be cut off from all feeling, — were most comforting when we came into the bitter, steely air. Gabord might easily have given these last tasks to the soldiers, but he was solicitous to perform them himself. Yet with gloomy, almost surly brow and a rough accent he gave the word to go forward, and in a moment we were marching through the passages, up frosty steps, in the stone corridors, and on out of the citadel into the yard.

I remember that as we passed into the open air I heard the voice of a soldier singing a gay air of love and war. Presently he came in sight. He saw me, stood still for a moment looking curiously, and then, taking up the song again at the very line where he had broken off, passed round an angle of the building and was gone. To him I was no more than a moth fluttering in the candle, to drop dead a moment later.

It was just on the verge of sunrise. There was the grayish-blue light in the west, the top of a long range of forest was sharply outlined against it, and a timorous darkness was hurrying out of the zenith. In the east a sad golden light was stealing up and driving back the mystery of the night, and that weird loneliness of an arctic world. The city was hardly waking as yet, but straight silver columns of smoke rolled up out of many chimneys, and the golden cross on the cathedral caught the first rays of the sun. I was not interested in the city ; I had now, as I thought, done with men. Besides the four soldiers who had brought me out, another squad surrounded me, commanded by a young officer whom I recognized as Captain Lancy, the rough roysterer who had insulted me at Bigot's palace over a year ago. I looked with a spirit absorbed upon the world about me, and a hundred thoughts which had to do with man's life passed through my mind. But the young officer, speaking sharply to me, ordered me on, and changed the current of my thoughts. The coarseness of the man and his insulting words were hard to bear, so that I was constrained to ask him if it were not customary to protect a condemned man from insult rather than to expose him to it. I said that I should be glad of my last moments in peace. At that he asked Gabord why I was unbound, and my jailer answered that binding was for criminals who were to be hanged, not shot.

I could scarcely believe my ears. I was to be shot, not hanged. I had a thrill of gratitude which I cannot describe. It may seem a nice distinction, but to me there were whole seas between the two modes of death. I need not

blush in advance for being shot — my friends could bear that without humiliation; but hanging would have always tainted their memory of me, try as they would against it. The officer stood surprised.

"The gallows is ready, and my orders were to see him hanged," he said.

"An order came at midnight that he should be shot," was Gabord's reply. Gabord produced the order, and handed it over.

The officer contemptuously tossed it back, and now, a little more courteous, ordered me against the wall, and I let my cloak fall to the ground. I was placed where, looking east, I could see the Island of Orleans, on which was the summer-house of the Seigneur Duvarney. Gabord came to me and said, "M'sieu', you are a brave man" — then, all at once breaking off, he added in a low, hurried voice, "'T is not a long flight to heaven, m'sieu'!" I could see his face twitching as he stood looking at me. He hardly dared to turn round to his comrades, lest his emotion should be seen. But the officer roughly ordered him back. Gabord coolly drew out his watch, and made a motion to me not to take off my cloak yet.

"'T is not the time by six minutes," he said. "The gentleman is to be shot to the stroke — aho!" His voice was dogged, his manner likewise. The officer stepped forward threateningly; but Gabord said something angrily in an undertone, and the other turned on his heel and began walking up and down. This continued for a moment, in which we all were very still and bitter cold, — the air cut like steel, — and then my heart gave a great leap, for suddenly there stepped into the yard Doltaire. Action seemed suspended in me, but I know I listened with singular curiosity to the shrill creaking of his boots on the frosty earth, and I noticed that the fur collar of the coat he wore was all white with the frozen moisture of his breath, also that tiny icicles hung from his eyelashes. He came down the yard slowly, and presently paused and looked at Gabord and the young officer, his head laid a little to one side in a quizzical fashion, his eyelids drooping.

"What time was monsieur to be shot?" he asked of the officer.

"At seven o'clock, monsieur," was the reply.

Doltaire took out his watch. "It wants three minutes of seven," said he. "What the devil means this business before the stroke o' the hour?" waving a hand towards me.

"We were waiting for the minute, monsieur," was Lancy's reply.

A cynical, cutting smile crossed Doltaire's face. "A charitable trick, upon my soul, to fetch a gentleman from a warm dungeon and stand him against an icy wall on a deadly morning to cool his heels as he waits for his hour to die! You 'd skin your lion and shoot him afterwards — *voilà!*" All this time he held the watch in his hand.

"You, Gabord," he went on, "you are a man to obey orders — eh?"

Gabord hesitated a moment as if waiting for Lancy to speak, and then said, "I was not in command. When I was called upon I brought him forth."

"Excuses! excuses! You sweated to be rid of your charge."

Gabord's face lowered. "M'sieu' would have been in heaven by this if I had n't stopped it," he broke out angrily.

Doltaire turned sharply on Lancy. "I thought as much," said he, "and you would have let Gabord share your misdemeanor. Yet your father was a gentleman! If you had shot monsieur before seven, you would have taken the dungeon he left. You must learn, my young provincial, that you are not to supersede France and the King. It is now seven o'clock; you will march your men back into quarters."

Then turning to me, he raised his cap. "You will find your cloak more comfortable, Captain Stobo," said he, and he

motioned Gabord to hand it to me, as he came forward. "May I breakfast with you?" he added courteously. He yawned a little. "I have not risen so early in years, and I am chilled to the bone. Gabord insists that it is warm in your dungeon; I have a fancy to breakfast there. It will recall my year in the Bastile."

He smiled in a quaint, elusive sort of fashion, and as I drew the cloak about me, I said through chattering teeth, for I had suffered with the brutal cold, "I am glad to have the chance to offer breakfast."

"To me or any one?" he dryly suggested. "Think! by now, had I not come, you might have been in a warmer world than this — indeed, much warmer," he suddenly said, as he stooped, picked up some snow in his bare hand, and clapped it to my cheek, rubbing it with force and swiftness. The cold had nipped it, and this was the way to draw out the frost. His solicitude at the moment was so natural and earnest that it was hard to think he was base.

When he had rubbed awhile, he gave me his own handkerchief to dry my face; and so perfect was his courtesy, it was impossible to do otherwise than meet him as he meant and showed for the moment. He had stepped between me and death, and even an enemy who does that, no matter what the motive, deserves something at your hands.

"Gabord," he said, as we stepped inside the citadel, "we will breakfast at eight o'clock. Meanwhile, I have some duties with our officers here. Till we meet in your dining-hall, then, monsieur," he added to me, and raised his cap.

"You must put up with frugal fare," I answered, bowing.

"If you but furnish locusts," he said gayly, "I will bring the wild honey. . . . What wonderful hives of bees they have at the Seigneur Duvarney's!" he continued musingly, as if with second thought; "a beautiful manor — a place for pretty birds and honey-bees!"

His eyelids drooped languidly, as was their way when he had said something a little carbolic, as this was to me, because of its hateful suggestion. His words drew nothing from me, not even a look of understanding, and, again bowing, we went our ways.

At the door of the dungeon Gabord held the torch up to my face. His own had a look which came as near to being gentle as was possible to him. Yet he was so ugly that it looked almost ludicrous in him.

"*Poom!*" said he. "A friend at court. More comfits."

"You think Monsieur Doltaire gets comfits, too?" asked I.

He rubbed his cheek with a key. "Aho!" mused he — "aho! Monsieur Doltaire rises not early for naught."

Gilbert Parker.

VOCAL CULTURE IN ITS RELATION TO LITERARY CULTURE.

When I was a small boy, at school, sixty years ago, all the scholars had to read aloud twice a day; the several classes standing while they read, and toeing a chalk line. The books used were the New Testament and Lindley Murray's English Reader. The standard instruction imparted was very limited, but very good so far as it went, namely, "Speak distinctly, and mind your stops." Every boy read, at a time, but a single verse of the New Testament, or a single paragraph of the English Reader; the "master" himself first reading a verse or a paragraph each time the reading went around the class.

Well, the result was that all the boys acquired at least a distinct articulation and a fluent utterance properly sectioned off by their minding the stops. Some of the boys, of whom I was one, had to read aloud, at home, from other books. When I showed by my expression, or, rather, by my want of it, that I did not understand what I was reading, I was at once told so, the passage was explained and read to me, and I had to read it again, to show that I had caught the meaning and the proper expression. If I were required to read something which was entirely new to me, my eye was exercised in running ahead of my voice, and taking in what was coming, to the extent of two or three sentences, in order to read with sufficient expression not to be stopped, as I was very impatient of interruption, especially if I particularly enjoyed the subject matter.

When I look back upon these daily exercises in reading, in school and at home, I feel that nothing could have been better at the time. There was no such thing as "speaking a piece," with gesture, "limbs all going like a telegraph in motion," and straining after effect. It was simply careful, honest reading, with no attempt at make-believe of feeling. No encouragement was given to any affectation of that kind, but whatever impressed my listeners as genuine feeling and appreciation on my part was duly praised; and I was very fond of praise, and was stimulated by it to do my best.

I fear that such reading has very much gone out of use, and untimely technical instruction has taken its place. Call on a college student to read some prose passage extempore, and what is the result, in nine cases out of ten, — rather say, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred? Why, he will read it, *experto credite*, in a most bungling way, with an imperfect articulation, without any proper grouping or perspective, and if the passage be an involved and long-suspended period, which his eye should run along and grasp as a whole, in advance of his voice, he will be lost in it before he get halfway through it. He has had little or no practice in reading aloud. He has "parsed" much in the lower schools, but his parsing has not resulted in synthesis (which should be the sole object of all analysis), has not resulted in a knowledge of language as a living organism, and the consequence is that his extempore vocalization of the passage is more or less chaotic and — afflicting.

Such early training in reading as I have described is the best possible preparation for the more elaborate expression demanded by the higher literature. And we shall not have a true, honest vocal interpretation of literature until we return to this early honest reading. I say "return," for, so far as my knowledge goes, there is a plentiful lack of it, at present, in primary schools.

A college student whose voice was neglected in early life, and, worst of all, whose feelings were not then so attuned to good literature, by the influences and atmosphere of his home, that he came to have an inward impulsion to vocalize whatever he specially enjoyed in his reading, will not be much profited by a course in soulless elocutionary spouting. One may have an extraordinary natural gift of vocal expression which is superior to all adverse circumstances; but such an one is a *rara avis in terris*. Unless there be an early initiation into literature and its vocalization, in advance of the benumbing technical instruction of the schools, much cannot be expected from the great majority of students, in a literary or elocutionary direction.

Thomas Ellwood, Milton's young Quaker friend, tells us, in his autobiography, of his reading Latin to the blind poet, — how he was required to get rid of his English pronunciation of the language, which his "master" disliked, and to learn what he calls "the foreign pronunciation," his description showing it to have been the Italian, — and then adds,

"Having a curious ear"[1] (that is, a careful, accurate, nice, keenly susceptible ear), "he understood by my tone, when I understood what I read, and when I did not; and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open up the most difficult passages to me."

This sentence suggests that much might be done, even in the study of Latin and Greek, by requiring students to voice the original in advance of translating. After having attained, by sufficient practice, an easy fluency of utterance, they could — or some could — bring out, through their voices, much which they could not reveal through translation or any amount of exegesis. All the members of the class might be on a par, so far as translation and exegesis go, in exhibiting their knowledge and appreciation of the original; but there would always be a few who could reveal through vocalization what is beyond translation and exegesis. And the professor would not necessarily need to have the "curious ear" of a Milton to detect this kind of superiority of the few.

This brings me to say that, in literary examinations, whatever other means be employed, a sufficiently qualified teacher could arrive at a nicer and more certain estimate of what a student has appropriated, both intellectually and æsthetically, of a literary product, or any portion of a literary product, by requiring him to read it, than he could arrive at through any amount of catechising. The requisite vocal cultivation on the part of the student is, of course, presumed.

Suppose a teacher were to examine a student on such a poem as Coleridge's Christabel by questioning him about it, and the student were to show that he was thoroughly acquainted with all the facts and details of the poem: there would still be no evidence of that student's susceptibility to what in the poem constitutes its mysterious charm, — none whatever. The student might be utterly destitute of such susceptibility, and yet he could just as well prepare himself to answer all the teacher's questions. A very small boy might do so, whose appreciation of poetry had not gone beyond "How doth the little busy bee." There might be a most susceptible literary genius in the class, who might fall below the other student in such an examination! It is quite likely that he would, for he would be chiefly occupied with the poem as a poem, and would assimilate its life without retaining a recollection of all the details to which the other had given exclusive attention. Or suppose the poem were Gray's Elegy written in a Country Churchyard, and a student were to pass a perfectly satisfactory examination thereupon, on the basis, say, of the valuable notes in Professor Hales's Longer English Poems: what would that signify, in comparison with a reading of the poem which would unmistakably show whether he had responded to any extent, or not, to its sweet evening pensiveness, to the general tenor of the theme, to the moulding spirit of the whole?

That he should understand the articulating thought, all the grammatical constructions (and there are several which need to be particularly looked into), and all points to which attention is called in Professor Hales's notes is, to be sure, important; but an examination confined to these would not be any test of his literary capacity, of his susceptibility to the poem as a poem.

In these remarks, I assume, of course, that the prime object of a literary examination should be to test not so much a student's knowingness as his literary capacity, which means a capacity to respond to the spiritual life of a poem, or any other form of literature, in the true sense of the word "literature." It is its spiritual life which makes a poem a poem, whatever the thought articulation

[1] Shakespeare applies the same epithet to the eye: "What care I what curious eye doth quote deformities?" (Romeo and Juliet, I. iv. 31.)

may be. The student who is capable of such response should rank higher (nobody but a Dr. Dryasdust could deny this) than the student who could answer all questions which the most prolific questioner could ask him, but who could afford no evidence, through his reading of it, that the poem was anything more to him than a primrose was to Wordsworth's Peter Bell.

As a student advances to the higher literature, he should be trained in the higher, more complex vocal functions demanded for its interpretation; he should understand, all along, in his vocal education, the relation of that education to the rendering of works of genius. He should always know what his vocal exercises are for, what relation they have to the interpreting and symbolization of thought and feeling.

I remember a teacher who advised his scholars — I was one of them — to go out frequently into the open air and exercise their voices. And the poor fellows did go, and "fright the isle from her propriety" with their bawling, without having any conception of what they were bawling for. Their lungs were exercised thereby, but the bawling did nothing for their vocal training.

Vocal exercise must not only be physiologically intelligent, but there must always be something behind it which it is the aim of the exercise to realize in the voice. One may have a conception, more or less distinct, of how some very significant sentence in Shakespeare, for example, should be uttered, and yet his voice is not sufficiently obedient to his will and his feelings. He therefore has something to work after, and in time may vocally realize his conception; and in doing so he has acquired some new and valuable control of his voice, which he can make use of, whenever required, in the rendering of other expressions.

A true poem is a piece of articulate music which may require to be long practiced upon by the voice before all its possible effectiveness be realized. But there must be an ideal behind the practice (merely to keep "going over" the poem will not do); not an entirely distinct ideal, of course, but such an ideal as may be got in advance through a spiritual responsiveness to its informing life. This ideal will become more and more distinct in the course of the practice.

This is true in every form of art. The artist starts with an ideal more or less vague (but it is an ideal which motives all his work), and this ideal only gradually takes shape in the process of its realization in a picture or a statue. Composing continues to the end. The poet is still composing, still working after a fuller realization of his ideal, when he is making the last verbal change in his poem.

Interpretative reading goes on in the same way. After long familiarity with a poem, and when a reader thinks he has realized all its possibilities of vocal effectiveness, some new vocal movement on a single word, it may be, is suggested, which is a decided contribution to the effect before reached. The play of Hamlet abounds in little speeches, and single words, even, whose possibilities of expressiveness can hardly be exhausted. Every great poet writes, at times, more significantly than he knows.

But, after all, it is not upon inflections and emphases and other vocal functions which pertain more especially to the interpretation of the articulating thought that the true reader chiefly depends. The most important thing with him is the choral atmosphere in which a spiritualized composition requires to be presented. And it is in this respect that the art of reading particularly corresponds with the sister art of painting. The artist in form and color bathes his landscape in "the light that never was, on sea or land;" or, if not that, in some light or other, some "tender light which heaven to gaudy day denies," and which serves to reveal the feeling which he aimed to express through his landscape. The landscape

itself corresponds in painting with the articulating thought in reading; but the spiritual attitude of the artist is exhibited through the light in which the landscape is bathed. And so the spiritual attitude of the reader is exhibited through his intonation, which corresponds with atmosphere in painting. A susceptible reader will, on the first reading of a poem or an impassioned prose composition, be more or less immediately responsive to the key-tone of the composition. An increased familiarity will finally bring this key-tone fully home to his feelings, or as fully as may be; and if he has made the thought element his own, he is now prepared to interpret the composition to the ears of others. A reader's success in interpreting such a poem as Tennyson's In Memoriam, for example, can be but partial if he has not adequately caught and does not vocally reproduce the key-tone, however distinctly he may present the thought in a white light. It is the tone which quickens and spiritualizes the thought; and it is the main object, in reading, to quicken and spiritualize thought, to bring it into relation with the spiritual being of the hearer.

Vocal training, the most scientific and systematic, will not of itself make readers vocal interpreters of genius. Something more must be done than is at present done, in homes and schools, especially in homes, for the education of the spiritual nature; and this education must be begun early, must precede the education of the intellect. The premature forcing open of the bud of reason, which now prevails to a lamentable degree, must receive its due condemnation. It is a thing to be condemned from Christian pulpits. As George Henry Lewes says, in his novel, Ranthorpe, "the child must *feel* before it can *know;* and knowledge, great and glorious as it is, can never be the end of life: it is but one of the many means."

It is quite superfluous to say that a reader should have a perfect articulation; that he should be able to command a wide range of pitch; all degrees of force, from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo;* radical, median, vanishing, and compound stress; every variety of inflection, direct upward and direct downward inflection; equal and unequal, upward and downward, single and double waves; accelerated and retarded utterance; many qualities of voice; not to name numerous other vocal functions and attributes which are means to various kinds of interpretative ends. He should also have a complete knowledge of the language he is rendering, as a living organism, — an indispensable condition of his presenting the successive and involved groups of thought with the requisite distinctness of outline, and with the requisite perspective, determined by their relative value, of which he should have the nicest sense. A very important condition of perspective, I would say by the way, is the light touch which needs to be given to whatever is implied, has been anticipated, should be taken for granted, etc., — the light touch which conveys the impression that the mind of the reader does not come down upon the parts receiving the same, those parts saying themselves, so to speak, but is occupied with the main current of thought. Any untrained voice can emphasize, but only a trained or a naturally unperverted voice can give the light touch successfully. Yet it is possible for the heaviest, clumsiest voice to be trained to the light touch, to delicacy of tint, just as one who is clay-fisted may, in time, attain to some delicacy of manipulation. The voice and the hand have wonderful possibilities, rarely realized: the former, when converted from the error of its ways, being, indeed, the most expressive organ of the soul; the latter being "the consummation of all perfection as an instrument."

The highest result which can be exhibited of literary culture and a corresponding vocal culture is an organic melody, in the reading of a great poem, the outcome of the poem's organic life.

By melody, in reading, is meant that variety in the use of all the vocal functions and attributes which does not allow the ear of the hearer to detect a regular recurrence of any one of the vocal functions. There is melody of pause, of inflection, of rhyme, of rhythm, of time, of force, and of every vocal affection. In truly melodious reading, the design or figure, so to speak, is so arabesque that it is not taken in by the ear of the hearer, and does not come to his consciousness, but it tells effectively on his feelings. And by "effectively" I specially mean that the feelings are brought into harmony with the contriving creative spirit which moulds the poetic form. Such reading of high poetry is the extreme merit of vocal expression.

A reader with a nice sense of melody may conceal a deficiency of melody in the poem he is reading; and he will do this, not by arbitrarily imposing variety, for true melody must be organic. In the reading of Pope's uniform couplets, for example, he may keep down the hobby-horse movement of the verse by a skillful management of the pauses (which come so uniformly in the middle and at the end of the verses) and of the rhyming words, by an acceleration and retardation of voice wherever these are permissible, by the light touch, and by various other means. Where a reader's feelings have been melodized by culture, they will protect him against the influence of a too artificial construction of the verse. He will not impose variety, but he will utter the poet's humdrum verse, as far as possible, under the conditions of his melodized feeling.

The importance of cultivating the speaking voice is quite as great as that of cultivating the reading voice. Perhaps it is greater; for the speaking voice has a wider and more constant influence.

How much "the charm of beauty's powerful glance" may be heightened or reduced by the character of the voice which goes along with it! A woman with a sweet and gracious voice can exert through it, in the ordinary relations of life, without even knowing it, a better influence than she could by distributing religious tracts. The moral atmosphere of a home may be not a little due to the voice of the wife and mother. The mere memory of a voice which was toned by love and sympathy may continue to be a sweet influence long after the voice itself has been hushed in death. The influence of the voice for good or evil, in the domestic, social, and all other relations of life, cannot be estimated. A voice may even have a good or bad reflex action upon its possessor.

A loving mother may be anxiously ambitious that her daughter shall have all the accomplishments required for her fullest attractiveness when she "comes out." Years may be spent upon her musical education, with the poor result, perhaps, of "fine sleights of hand and unimagined fingering, shuffling off the hearer's soul through hurricanes of notes to a noisy Tophet;" she may be taught dancing, and French, and drawing, and painting; she may be sent abroad to snatch the graces beyond the reach of art, of the most elegant European society; and yet, in the grand scheme of accomplishments, the speaking voice is left out and entirely neglected, though she have a voice unpleasantly pitched, and with other remediable defects which are very, very far from idealizing, transfiguring her! If the time devoted to the piano, with the supposed poor result, had been devoted to a careful cultivation of her voice, her power to charm (that being the end proposed) would be much more increased than by all her other mere accomplishments.

It is easy to infer what Shakespeare's opinions were on many subjects, although his plays are regarded by some critics as peculiarly impersonal; but they are charged with his personality. The evidence is abundant that the voice was to him very significant, and that he was most susceptible to its charms and to

its defects. It is her voice which the grief-stricken Lear is made to speak of, when he bends over the dead Cordelia. "Her voice," he says, "was ever soft, gentle, and low;" and to this he adds, "an excellent thing in woman;" Shakespeare, no doubt, meaning that he had in his mind, at the time, the cruel voices, expressive of their hard and wicked hearts, of Regan and Goneril. After the death of Antony, Cleopatra, in her rapturous praise of him, says, —

> "His voice was propertied
> As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
> But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
> It was as rattling thunder."

Hamlet's advice to the players we may take as an expression of Shakespeare's own standard of vocal delivery.

There is evidence in the plays that, in the process of composition, he must either have heard imaginatively what he was writing, or have actually voiced his language as he went along. He did not write for the eye, but for the ear. And the high vocal capabilities of his language may be somewhat attributable to his hearing of what he wrote. Must he not have heard the effect of monosyllabic words, uttered with the tremor and semitone of old age, when he wrote King Lear's speeches? — "You see me here, you gods, a poor old man, as full of grief as age," etc., and "When we are born, we cry that we are come to this great stage of fools," etc. And must he not have heard the effect of polysyllabic words as expressive of Macbeth's sense of the vastness of his guilt, when he wrote, "This my hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine," etc.?

The impression seems to be getting stronger and stronger, in these days of excessive teaching and excessive learning, that no one can do anything or learn anything without being taught, — without "taking a regular course," as the phrase is. This seems to be especially true in the matter of vocal cultivation. People go to schools of oratory with nothing within themselves which is clamorous for expression; not even a very "still small voice" urging them to express something. Many who desire, or think they do, to be readers, as there are many who desire, or think they do, to be artists, evidently believe that if they be trained in technique they can be readers or artists.

But suppose some one is impelled to cultivate vocal power because of his desire to express what he has sympathetically and lovingly assimilated of a work of genius: if he endeavor to give an honest expression, so far as in him lies, to what he feels, and avoid trying to express what he does not feel, and if he persevere in his endeavor, with always some ideal behind his reading, he may in time, he certainly will, become a better reader than another could if he should set out, with malice prepense, to be an elocutionist, and, with that malicious purpose, were to employ a mere voice-trainer who should teach him to make faces and to gesticulate when reading what does not need any gesture.

Some of the best readers I have ever known have been of the former class, who honestly voiced what they had sympathetically assimilated, and did not strain after effect. But it seems that when one sets out to read, with no interior capital, he or she, especially she, is apt to run into all kinds of extravagances which disgust people of culture and taste. The voice, instead of being the organ of the soul, is the betrayer of soullessness. Without that interior life which can respond to the indefinite life (indefinite to the intellect) of works of genius, a trained voice can do nothing of itself in the way of real interpretation. It may bring out the definite articulating thought, but the electric aura in which the thought is enveloped will not be conducted to its hearers by the requisite "drift" and choral intonation.

Hiram Corson.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

It is so hard not to think of Mr. Rowland E. Robinson's three books, Uncle 'Lisha's Shop, Sam Lovel's Camps, and Danvis Folks,[1] as one work that, in referring to them, one feels much the same embarrassment that he would feel in referring to some unentitled novel in three entitled parts. Taking a hint from Anthony Trollope, we propose to call them here, collectively, the Chronicles of Danvis. So to name them has, besides its convenience, the advantage of quite accurately describing their character, and of suggesting, in a word, the reason why it is impossible to think of them apart. Their author's talent, though real, is limited. Aptitude for construction, readiness and fertility of invention, for example, form no part of his gift as a writer. His chapters, in strictness, are not chapters, but sketches. Readable separately with full enjoyment, they have so little consecutiveness that they might even be shuffled with but little loss of continuity. Almost uniformly, each sketch begins with a description of some aspect of nature, and through much talk of country people reaches its mild climax in some small incident or anecdote. Nevertheless, owing to their always concerning the same lovely locality, a western county of Vermont bordering Lake Champlain, and the same group of simple, genuine country folk, inhabitants of a tiny village in the hills fifty years ago, they are thoroughly homogeneous. They form, not a novel, but a neighborhood chronicle.

However, justifying Mr. Robinson in his choice of the form of fiction rather than the form of the essay which one might wonder he did not adopt, there is revealed in these curiously undramatic Chronicles of Danvis the highest of dramatic gifts, — the gift, namely, of writing dramatically characteristic dialogue, and of drawing real, living persons. There in his little corner of Vermont, rising from the flats and marshes of Lake Champlain through the foothills of the Green Mountains into the long shadow of boldly sculptured Camel's Hump, to which the French gave the more descriptive name of "Couchant Lion," Mr. Robinson — by his works we know him — has lived his life, gone a-fishing or a-hunting, or sat a-gossiping with his neighbors in full brotherly sympathy and understanding. From his lifelong observation and study of them have come the triumphant creations of character in his work. His people are not described, or analyzed, or annotated; we learn to know them as in real life we learn to know our friends, by observing what they do and listening to what they say. As in the drama, character is revealed through action and dialogue. So thorough and so sympathetic is the author's knowledge of his people, and so skillful is he in giving it form, that they seem wholly alive, wholly objective, wholly free from his control. Villagers who have known and gossiped about each other all their lives seem to each other not more concrete and actual than Uncle 'Lisha and his friends seem to us. And because these simple, honest men are no less admirable and sympathetic than admirably and sympathetically presented, to know them is to love them; and to love them, if not exactly a liberal education, is a pleasant lesson in democratic feeling and in respect for our rude Yankee ancestry. Not only are these men real; they are also real Vermonters. Your Vermonter is through and through a Yankee, but he wears his Yankee ways with a difference. This difference the author has known so well how to catch that his people would never be mistaken, though

[1] *Danvis Folks.* By Rowland E. Robinson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

the variation is subtle, for natives of Massachusetts or of Maine. This is the peak of his achievement. It is a wise taxidermist that can preserve a bird alive: Mr. Robinson has the power.

From just such intimate friendship and fellow-feeling have sprung certain of the little classics of literature; such, for example, as Cranford. To that, indeed, in spite of many differences, these Chronicles of Danvis wear an odd resemblance. They are like it in their even greater looseness of structure, and in their far greater delight in people than in events. They are like it preëminently in spirit, for they are humorous without malice, and loving without blindness. They are unlike it more strikingly in that, instead of being feminine and genteel and mildly aristocratic, they are deeply democratic, rustic, and masculine. Here one quality of Mr. Robinson's work is noted which distinguishes it not merely from Mrs. Gaskell's book, but from much of the great body of New England dialect stories. This quality is its masculinity. The New England dialect story, taken by and large, has something too much of the atmosphere of Cranford. To recall it in the mass is to evoke a vision of old maids and of old women of both sexes who have about them a general flavor of mild decay, and is to remember that its scene is most often the kitchen or the "settin'-room," that its point of view is mainly that of the women. As a rule, the bright country boy goes to the city, the bright country girl stays where she was born. An odd result is that, of the present generation of New England writers, the men are satirizing the follies of the town, and the women are writing dialect tales of country people. Thus has been brought about what may be called the feminization of the dialect story. But in the Chronicles of Danvis women are secondary characters. It is not Hulda Purrington, though she is the very queen of curds and cream, or Aunt Jerusha, though she is a most notable old lady, whom one chiefly remembers, but the inimitable old braggart, Gran'ther Hill, who "fit to Bennington and Ticonderogue;" Uncle 'Lisha, the honest shoemaker, who firmly believed that his favorite sport of fishing was balm fit to heal even the wound of a "disapp'intment;" Sam Lovel, the tender-hearted hunter; and the little French Canadian, Antoine, — Ann Twine, as his Yankee neighbors call him, — beside whose tales of personal exploit those of Munchausen pale their ineffectual fires. Hunting, fishing, fighting, "swapping yarns," are masculine accomplishments. Even when the writer's pen strays from recording the feats of the men with gun and rod, — it sticks to them too closely sometimes for the general interest of the pages, — the women are still kept in the background; for the scene is usually transferred, not to feminine quarters, but to the rustic community's equivalent for the clubhouse of the city, Uncle 'Lisha's little shop. And the men are men. In the trousers of the writing-woman's man there is contained too often more of the new woman than of the old man.

Perhaps it is because of the rich, deep, and pervasive humor which is present on every page, and which should have more emphatic mention here than this mere allusion; perhaps it is because we feel ourselves in more virile companionship than we do when in the company of the desiccated minor sisterhood into whose hands the New England dialect tale has chiefly fallen; perhaps, again, it is because of the peculiar sensitiveness to all the beauties of wild nature, with which none of the less sensuous sex can hope so to permeate the written page as can the male writer who is a fisherman, a hunter, and an amateur of the woods and fields: but certain it is that there is less temptation to compare Mr. Robinson's work with that of any native writer than with that of the author of The Woodlanders. The doubting Thomas surnamed Hardy is a great novelist; Mr. Robinson is not, and does not pretend to

be, a novelist at all, but he certainly approaches the great English writer in his humor, in his masculine skill in drawing rural character, and in the delicate exactness of his appreciations of nature.

The author of these Chronicles of Danvis, by the nature of his gift, if not through the conscious following of a theory, is what, in contemporary literary slang, is known as a realist. Now, the weakness of realism is that it can be followed to no one of its logical extremes without producing what is unreadable. In consequence, realists, at least of the Anglo-Saxon breed, are rather comical compromisers. Mr. Robinson compromises, like the rest, but rises in petty rebellions which lead him now and then to the bold flourish of a detail which might with propriety be left unrecorded. The offenses to the best taste, however, are slight and few, and easy to forgive. Only in the matter of dialect does he make no concessions. Mr. Robinson probably had no deliberate intention of writing for posterity. Still, if given a chance, good work will survive, and there certainly seems no need for burdening it with the hideous phonetic spelling, unpronounceable by any one not acquainted with the dialect represented, which comes from an extreme devotion to scientific accuracy in reporting spoken speech. What will the ignorant make, for example, of "furzino," of "leggo," of "julluk," of "kwut," or of "lhud"? Surely, the proper course, in works not avowedly scientific, is to use only as much of local peculiarity of speech as will give proper dramatic value to the talk of a character, as will not confuse the eye with queer spelling, or render any remark unintelligible without special knowledge. Mr. Robinson's subtle accuracy in dialect will make his book unwontedly attractive to Vermonters, who will be helped to recall with pleasurable distinctness the speech of their grandfathers and grandmothers, and it will preserve for the gratification of present and future scientific curiosity a racy and interesting variety of the Yankee speech. On the other hand, it quite needlessly restricts the enjoyment of his human and very appealing work to those people to whom the vanishing dialect he writes offers the fewest difficulties, and cuts it off entirely from popular appreciation by the future but not far-distant generations to whom its gnarled idiom will be utterly unknown.

Many writers seem to believe, but it is not quite true, that, in literature, whatever you can do well is worth doing. No one, however, can refuse admiration to any feat, no matter how useless, which is done supremely well. The extraordinary ease and skill with which the dialect in these Chronicles is written must be recognized with praise. As the author's eye is curiously observing of nature, so is his ear nicely sensitive to minute variations in pronunciation. Of two dialects, that of the rural Vermonter and that of the French Canadian who has learned his English from Yankee neighbors, he is past master. This were achievement enough for most writers, but Mr. Robinson is not content to report in a general way the speech of a people. His fine ear perceives individual variations. Coarser instances of this precise differentiation are the commixture of Yankee dialect with the plain language of the Quakers, and the amusingly grotesque talk of that masculine Mrs. Malaprop, Solon Briggs. But the best example is the speech of Gran'ther Hill, which is full of the slight differences which show him to belong to a still earlier generation. There could hardly be a greater victory won by ear and memory. But, like old Kaspar in the ballad, though we proclaim the victory famous, we feel inclined to reserve our approval.

These Chronicles of Danvis, finally, hold their little lesson for those of us who write. Out of our New England soil, which authors no less often than farmers declare outworn, has sprung a fresh and vigorous work, racy, homely, genuine. It

may serve to remind the scurrying band of writers now ranging the globe in search of new literary material that a fresh vision is worth more than a fresh fact or a fresh field. As in the days of '49, the industrious stay-at-home often has won more prosperity than the roving brother who fares away in search of El Dorado.

If the reader takes his fiction in the order chosen by the reviewer, he could scarcely make a bolder leap than that taken in passing from Danvis Folks to The Golden House.[1] Mr. Robinson does not introduce even a single summer boarder into his Vermont world; Mr. Warner permits no rustic element to give tartness to the smooth and mellow urbanity of his gilded New York. In the former case we have human nature very close to the soil, and racy with the contact; here we have the same human nature after being passed through the metallic alembic of an inclosed city life. By a double meaning in the title of his novel, Mr. Warner directs the reader's attention to the unsubstantial fabric built by wealth as contrasted with the enduring structure which steadfast love can erect out of somewhat cheap materials. The book is, in effect, a continuation of the more important story which appeared a few years ago with the title A Little Journey in the World. In that novel Mr. Warner undertook to indicate the slow but steady deterioration of a gracious woman, leaving her simple, refined society in the country to become the wife of a man of lower ideals, who rose to great wealth in the city. He disclosed in a masterly fashion the gradual creeping in of the paralysis of Margaret Henderson's spiritual faculties, the dying out of that fire on the hearth which was kindled and kept alive in the sweet sobriety of her maidenhood. Before the book closed Margaret had died, and the reader was present, on the last page, at the marriage of Henderson again, this time to Carmen Eschelle, who narrowly escaped being an out-and-out adventuress.

In this second book Mr. Warner shows the Hendersons in the full career of their abounding prosperity, but though they both cut a wide swath in the story, he intends the reader to concentrate his attention on the spiritual life of another pair. This time the woman saves the man, and we witness the gradual deterioration of Jack Delancy under the influence of that portion of New York society which is given over to self-indulgence, until he is ruined financially, and so brought up sharp, after which he passes through a slough of despond and gets upon firm ground, where he earns his living like an honest man, and finds the reward of domestic felicity.

Perhaps the existence of a strong central situation in Mr. Warner's earlier book makes us determined to find an equally strong one of a similar sort in this; but if the history of Jack and Edith be not his primary intention, we scarcely know where else to look for the requisite backbone of the story. Not in the pathetic renunciation of Father Damon and Ruth, certainly, nor in the uninspiring comradeship of Henderson and Carmen. Neither can we think Mr. Warner meant to make his picture merely to contrast the light and shade of the two extremes of New York life. No, it seems evident from the use made of the figure of Jack Delancy that it is the life-history of this loose-fibred fellow upon which our attention is to be fixed; and our complaint is that, though there is much gentle irony, much graceful playfulness, some subacidity of satire, and thus a good share of entertainment in the book, there is not left upon the mind, as in the former story, the impression of a well-modeled figure, growing under the sculptor's hand. The novelist gets along fairly well until he comes to the crisis. He succeeds in

[1] *The Golden House.* By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1895.

drawing with a number of deft touches the *descensus Averni* of a good-natured, somewhat limp character, and does it through situations, through conversations, and through contrasts. Then, when he comes to the really serious business of showing what he seems to have set out to do, the rehabilitation of a clever fool of shattered fortune, he resorts feebly to a few pages of description and analysis, with scarce a touch of dramatic action. It is a disappointment for which the author had not prepared us. We knew he could write good essays; we discovered that, with very slight machinery, he could construct a striking study of character, — one does not readily forget Margaret Henderson; and so we hoped to see in The Golden House a further advance in that structural representation of life in modern society which offers the best field now for the thoughtful novelist.

It is a pleasure to see Mr. Cable's name on the title-page of a novel,[1] even though we perceive, with a slight pang of disappointment, that the environment of the tale is no longer that which was made so entrancing in Old Creole Days and the Grandissimes. We very soon find, however, that Mr. Cable treats greater Dixie with the same genial wit and candid sympathy which he lavished upon old Louisiana. If we miss something of the optimism and hilarity which pervaded many of his earlier pages, this may simply mean that we are all grown older, or it may be due to the geographical position of Suez. "In the last year of our civil war," begins Mr. Cable, and proceeds to one of the freshest and most delightful bits of word-painting in any recent book, — "in the last year of our civil war, Suez was a basking town, with rocky streets and break-neck sidewalks; its dwellings dozing most months of the twelve among roses and honeysuckles, behind anciently whitewashed, much broken fences, and all the place wrapped in that wide sweetness of apple and acacia scents that comes from whole mobs of dog-fennel. The Pulaski City turnpike entered at the northwest corner, and passed through to the court-house green, with its hollow square of stores and law-offices; two sides of it blackened ruins of fire and war. Under the town's southeasternmost angle, between yellow banks and overhanging sycamores, the bright green waters of Turkey Creek, rambling round from the north and east, skipped down a gradual stairway of limestone ledges, and glided, alive with sunlight, into that true 'Swanee River,' not of the maps, but which flows forever 'far, far away' through the numbers of imperishable song. That river's head of navigation was, and still is, at Suez."

The fortunes of John March and of Suez are closely identified. The changes wrought in both by the Land Company and the Construction Company, the brief prosperity and the subsequent ruin, — for a full account of these things and all that they implied the curious reader must go to the book itself. Mr. Cable's plots are apt to be over-complicated. This one is far too much so to admit of any brief abstract. The square in front of the old court-house is perpetually thronged with conspirators, mulattoes, mountaineers, Northern "promoters," and Southern irreconcilables. The air is thick with oaths and powder, and, under cover of the same, one intrigue succeeds another with bewildering rapidity. Yet the central figures stand out boldly from this chaotic background. John March, the hero, has two lady-loves, — Fannie Halliday and Barbara Garnet. Barbara's father is the white villain of the tale, and Cornelius Leggett is his mulatto confederate. No reckless actor in the strange drama of reconstruction in the South has ever been presented in a more masterly manner

[1] *John March, Southerner.* By GEORGE W. CABLE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

than this half-breed, with his abrupt alternations of cringing servility and insolent bravado. Both as a politician and as a lover, whether he is looking about for bribes in the House or courting the impish maid Daphne-Jane, whom he playfully entitles his "Delijah," — in every capacity of life, in short, Leggett is constitutionally and shamelessly immoral; while Mr. Garnet, notwithstanding his white skin and thin varnish of civilized manners, is his fitting associate. Neither of the two is really a clever villain. Garnet could never have compassed John's ruin without the fatuous and gratuitous assistance of his victim; and a very little practical shrewdness would have sufficed to show him that it was by no means his cue to destroy March, but rather to build up his fortunes and marry him to Barbara. Cable is never at his best, however, in depicting people of supposed brains. How admirably, for instance, in this present book, does he introduce his professedly clever man Ravenel, and how shadowy and incoherent has the character become before we part from him! We are utterly at a loss to understand what it is the man wants, and a shrewd suspicion visits us that Mr. Cable knows no better than we. And yet what infinite possibilities he seems to possess when he is first presented to us, "at scant nineteen, a war-veteran, tattered and battered, but with courage unabated, and heart 'still ready to play out the play'"! We continue to believe in him through all his early career as editor in Suez. We feel the fascination he exercises over Fannie Halliday, and can quite understand her putting aside John March with his calf love for this more developed suitor. The first false note is struck when we are invited to behold Ravenel volubly drunk upon his wedding-day. We cannot credit it. Ravenel, we know, hated *words*. He must needs have learned by experience, long before that date, just how many glasses he could imbibe without becoming loquacious, and it would have taken a far more exciting event than his own wedding to induce him to overpass that limit. It must be owned that they all drank freely at Suez; while as for the sudden deaths upon streets and stairways, one wonders that the place was not depopulated. John March gets his own first experience of these epidemic frays in company with his father, and wins his spurs gallantly at Judge March's side. Cable has never drawn a more lovable character than this of the chivalrous, dreamy, devoted old Southerner; never painted a sweeter picture than the one where the father and son are introduced, mounted upon the same horse, the boy "in his eighth year, . . . fast asleep, with his hands clutched in the folds of the judge's coat, and his short legs and browned feet spread wide behind the saddle;" never compassed a keener pathos, not even in the Belles Demoiselles Plantation, than in the scene of the judge's death. This one character is well worth the book, and there are others here whose acquaintance we are glad to have made. There is many a clear side-light thrown upon the stiff problems, by no means all solved as yet, which beset the destiny of the New South, and there are frequent flashes of Mr. Cable's own quaint wit. We wish, of course, that he could better defend the good English which is his by right against the inroads of such literary *canaille* as this: "Breakfus' at next stop, seh! No, seh! It 's yo' only chaynce till dinneh, seh! Seh? No, seh, not tell one o'clock dis afte'noon, seh!" And when we read how this man "whisperously asked," and that woman "sighed an unresentful envy," we think we know too well from which "one of our conquerors" he has borrowed his inspiration.

John March is a tale of the great South; next in order comes a novel of New York society. It is a ticklish kind of literary adventure, this of the American society novel. It is so costly to

put upon the stage, it requires so much luxury and finery of diction, so many clothes, horses, carriages, roses, and viands, that the action of the piece is apt to be encumbered by its accessories, and the main result in the reader's mind is an oppressive sense of that *toujours trop* which teased and fatigued M. Paul Bourget amid the summer splendors of Newport. Even so robust a writer as Mr. Marion Crawford, who moves so freely amid European, and especially Italian surroundings, begins to flounder and to stick, to explain, expatiate, and anxiously endeavor to enhance the magnificence of his effects, the moment he has laid his scene in Washington or New York. This palpable struggle to keep up a fine and dignified appearance has often a result exactly the reverse of the one intended. It calls attention, and possibly undue attention, to the inevitable shortcomings of our civilization; its tentative, imitative, and provisional character; its absence of fixed standards and ideal forms, or any constant factor whatever except the comparatively brutal one of money; its lack of atmosphere and perspective. The Dolly Dialogues are not very wise, but they are absolutely spontaneous and natural, and they have no need whatever of any *mise en scène*. Everybody who has had a fair look at a London season, or who has even read — as who has not? — a certain number of English novels, can supply the conditions of the piece for himself. It is the queer spectacle of the author in person, before the lifted curtain, shaking out the satin draperies and setting straight the wax candles, which interferes most fatally, in the ordinary drama of American "hig-lif," with the desired impression of ease and distinction.

But the defect in question is more in the subject than in any particular artist, and it is one which time and oncoming fate and the pressure of graver issues and sharper responsibilities are almost certain to cure. Even now we have writers who are doing their best to redeem from its easily besetting sins of frivolity and vulgarity the typical story of American life, and of these the always pleasant and never pretentious author of Margaret Kent and Queen Money is undoubtedly one. Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk's last novel, The Story of Lawrence Garthe,[1] is, in some respects, the ablest which she has written. The hero, with the romantic name, is what Carlyle would have called a very "melodious" person; and his story — the not uncommon one of the man who makes a bitter mistake in early marriage, and takes leave, after some searchings of heart, to disregard his divorced wife's existence and try his fortune again — is undoubtedly told more indulgently than a man would have told it. Nor can we bring ourselves to care very deeply for Constance, the "pale," "pure," "proud," "noble" maiden, who eventually consoles Lawrence for his first blunder, and makes him happier than most men deserve to be. The pair of lovers upon the second plane, Kathleen and Mr. Marchmont, are much more engaging and amusing, and the fulfillment of their wishes is accomplished through a very ingeniously imagined and neatly manipulated bit of intrigue. The really strong point in Mrs. Kirk's book is the character of the adventuress, who is, of course, the divorced wife of Lawrence Garthe — and several other men. A great novelist once told the present writer that a great lady told him that she considered the social adventuress the hardest character in life to draw, and that he himself alone of living writers had perfectly surmounted the difficulty. But in our humble opinion, Isabella Hernandez, *née* Brown, if not more brilliantly conceived, is a far more consistent and convincing creature than the other, whose name was Ethelberta. Her

[1] *The Story of Lawrence Garthe.* By Ellen Olney Kirk. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

qualities, and their complementary defects, are thrown into admirable relief by contrast with those of the grim companion who is Bella's visible guarantee of respectability during her New York career. This woman, Eugenia Shepard, holds, theoretically, the most "advanced" views on all social questions, and is an agitator, with tongue and pen, for the complete legal emancipation of women from the trammels of the past. She is alone in the world, plain in feature and poor in purse, and knows very little of her fair employer's history, at the time when she accepts the handsome salary offered by Madame Hernandez for her services as duenna. Then, one by one, the scandalous facts come out, and the companion's first word of horrified remonstrance is met by the cynical retort that the one is only practicing what the other has not hesitated to preach. The situation is altogether original; the revolt of the essentially honest woman from the logical result and visible embodiment of her own theories is described with uncommon power, and the moral is all the more impressive because it is not forced upon the reader. Mrs. Kirk's dialogue is always good; simple, easy, animated, and often witty. There is some mild but very fair satire in the chapter on the proceedings of the Fin-de-Siècle Club, and the language in which the story is written is English of the purest, without, so far as we can recollect, a single deviation into either dialect or slang, in all its pages.

The Hon. Peter Sterling [1] is also, in some sort, a tale of New York life and manners; but it is much more than this. It is the most serious, comprehensive, and impartial endeavor we have yet seen, to point the way of the disinterested American patriot through the howling wilderness of practical politics; an honorable effort to fathom by help of a many-sided sympathy, and adjudge upon the broadest principles of a true humanity, the conflicting claims of hostile classes, and to lead, with the dogged valor which never knows when it is beaten, the well-nigh forlorn hope of the bedraggled "American idea."

Being so excellent a tract, Peter Sterling is, naturally, not a particularly good story. In the first place, it is unconscionably long. Four hundred and twenty closely printed pages in one massive tome are enough to make the reader drop his arms in weariness, and "sigh for the legions" of the three-volume novel "here again." The author displays a thorough familiarity with the construction and workings of every species of political machine; yet if there be a leisure class in our country, Paul Leicester Ford must certainly belong to it, else he would have discovered some shorter way of conveying the fact that one of his people was an endless talker than by giving us pages upon pages of his vain volubility; and he could have convinced us that Peter Sterling had to wait a great while for his first paying client, without minutely chronicling the continuous lack of incident in every separate month of this long period of suspense. There is only one part of his hero's life which the biographer is disposed to slur, but this is the one which possesses the keenest interest of all for the reader who has not yet *arrived:* it is the interval during which his professional income finally mounted from five hundred dollars a year to fifty thousand, and he extended his visiting area from the slums and saloons of a down-town ward so as to include the happy haunts of the most select old Knickerbocker families.

This, however, is trifling with Peter, who really commands our very sincere respect. After all, there is no glaring improbability about his story. A New Englander by origin, and educated at Harvard, he was also born and bred a "war" Democrat, and while loving his

[1] *The Hon. Peter Sterling.* By Paul Leicester Ford. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1894.

country singly from first to last, — or at least to last accounts, — he never deserted his party. He had the opportunity, while in college, to do a signal service to a wealthy New York classmate, of distinguished connections (a service very scurvily repaid in after-years, by the way), and the two continued friends for life, their harmony being only temporarily interrupted by the fact that they both fell in love with the same lady. It was Watts d'Alloi, naturally, and not Peter Sterling, who won her; but Peter had nerve enough to officiate creditably as best man; after which the happy pair went to Europe for their wedding tour, and remained some twenty years. Peter, meanwhile, abode in cheap lodgings among the Mickies of the "sixt" ward, and learned, by experience, how the poor live and how they feel, and, eventually, how to help without still further humiliating them. He also won the loyal confidence of his adopted fellow-citizens, and became their bulwark against the greed of the unscrupulous capitalist, and their spokesman before high courts and in the halls of state legislation. In short, he developed into that rarest of all birds in the land, hitherto, a boss without a blemish, — a brave, magnanimous, incorruptible Bayard of a ward politician.

It is only when Peter falls in love for the second time that his conduct shows traces of human weakness, and he becomes by moments a trifle silly. Yet this also appears natural enough when we reflect that he was by this time a bachelor of forty, and that his inamorata was the daughter of his early flame. Some of the clearest and most telling expositions of the hero's political creed are provided, like priestly instructions to a postulant, for this dear and docile young creature. To her he advocates universal suffrage, including that of her own sex; for her behoof he defends the boss and the ballot, and points out forcibly enough how inconsistent with the true scope of our institutions is the lingering notion that the better few ought somehow to control the baser many. There is no doubt a spice of humor in the idea of a gay young *débutante* courted and won by homilies of this description, but the girl in question was a good and bright as well as a beautiful one, and proved, when the hour of supreme peril came, that she could be brave as well. We will not forestall the reader's interest in the highly dramatic crisis of the story, when, after so many discussions and digressions, alarums and excursions, it finally culminates in the first dire shock of the irrepressible social conflict. The author is at his best here. The chapter with the sorrowful title Cui Bono is almost terrible in its terseness. The scene in Printing-House Square is only too vividly realized. *Ça donne à penser* with a vengeance.

The author of Peter Sterling is perhaps true to nature in foreshadowing an alliance between the highest and the lowest ranks of society in that great impending struggle. It is at the uttermost extremes of the scale, if anywhere, that ideals are cherished. The great mass of obstructive selfishness and inert vulgarity lies between the two, and will have to be surmounted, or surrounded, as the case may be, by what, for want of a better term, we must call more chivalrous influences. A breath of true chivalry lightens the thick city atmosphere of Peter Sterling. The tone and manner of the book are noble. Some few more flaws and inconsistencies of detail may be noted. It is not very easy to comprehend the social position of Peter's mother: a widow, living on her revenues in a New England village, and following her son's crusade with ardent sympathy; able to provide shelter and sustenance for all the relays of sickly little waifs whom Peter sends to recover strength in the pure air of the country; able also, incidentally, to allow her son fifteen hundred dollars a year, until he can support

himself by the law, and yet "not, in any sense, what would be called a lady" — by a New Yorker. And how could Watts d'Alloi, "with two hundred and fifty years of Knickerbocker and Huguenot tradition" behind him, have been such a cad as calmly to accept, and never in the whole course of the book disclaim the sacrifice of Peter, who leaped headlong into the breach when his friend's honor was a second time at stake, and became *splendide mendax* on his behalf? And how could Miss de Voe — a charming pastel, by the way, a lady as lovely in character as she was lofty in lineage — have talked about her "escortage," when she meant the friend who had gone with her to the opera, and the "shortage" of her guests at a dinner-party? And how could all these good people, with all their presumed advantages, have said "brainy" and "tony," and permitted themselves freely to conjugate in all its revolting moods and tenses the terrible verb "to enthuse"? Can it be that, amid all the warfare that appears to await us in the near future, the United States troops will one day have to be called out for the defense of our mother tongue?

But these, after all, are not matters of the first importance, and our last word about Peter Sterling shall be one of hearty commendation and recommendation for a timely, manly, thoroughbred, and eminently suggestive book.

THE WILDERNESS HUNTER.

No books excite more interest, for readers who care for them at all, than those which describe the pursuit of large game, yet it is doubtful whether the best among this class of works are usually estimated at their actual value. Commonly, they have been considered only as interesting narratives of adventure, and their important contributions to natural history remain, for the most part, unacknowledged. Furthermore, certain enthusiasts for "culture" decry sport, and disparage the sportsman's qualities. They say that these, at best, are characteristic traits of a barbarous state, and that love of the chase is a survival from savagery.

If an ideal condition of things existed anywhere, such objections would carry more weight; but as societies are now constituted, wherever enterprise, patience, quickness of sense, and unfaltering courage display themselves, sympathy and esteem are inevitably won. Imagination and feeling respond to impressions produced by those scenes which the hunter seeks; they cause us to share his vicissitudes, and to take part in what he does. Few of us have really passed beyond the stimulating touch of the aids and incitements which personal experience amidst the greater wild beasts may give. Shakespeare (the general, not the poet) may overestimate this training as a moral safeguard, but Dunraven, Baker, and Roosevelt have so painted the true sportsman's character that, while our present dispensation continues, it can neither be undervalued nor ignored.

As for the Wilderness Hunter himself, what he has written [1] may be reviewed without reference to individual attributes. Moreover, in books such as this, men involuntarily portray themselves better than another could describe them. Those "who in the love of nature hold communion with her visible forms" need not be indebted to criti-

[1] *The Wilderness Hunter.* By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893.

cism for an acknowledgment of their endowment with "the vision and the faculty." It is the same with respect to valor. Whoever has voluntarily confronted the tremendous charge of elephants or tigers, and acquitted himself well, or has followed the grizzly bear into places where the sole alternative is to conquer or die, gains nothing by having these feats exploited.

If Mr. Roosevelt's book be compared with the best accounts of direct observation in other modern languages, it will be found to be singularly free from those blemishes which cling like hereditary vices to judgments pronounced upon wild beasts. Biological and psychological misconceptions and superstitions disfigure almost the entire literature of this subject, and a body of information so extensive, various, and instructive as that given in The Wilderness Hunter may claim to be exceptional among the annals of sport. Interesting and often valuable as their matter is, the narratives of most great hunters impose upon those who study them for scientific ends a heavy burden in the way of elimination and reconstructive labor. Such is not the case here; so far as it goes, this author's text may be taken as it stands. The pernicious doctrine in descriptive zoölogy, that instinct is contradistinguishable from intellect, and is something more than inherited fitness and automatic function, does not anywhere pervert the opinions expressed. That widespread fallacy which insists upon an intuitive recognition of man's primacy in nature by creatures that have not been taught through experience to dread his power nowhere appears. Mr. Roosevelt never makes the common mistake of looking upon a local group as fully representing the peculiarities of widely ranging species, whose members, being differently situated in separate areas, cannot be the same. No one can appreciate, without a critical study of the voluminous records of eye-witnesses concerning character and habit, how little they are to be relied upon in general; not from lack of good faith, but because want of acquaintance with natural laws, or an inability to apply them, has involved this subject in a mass of contradictions scarcely to be paralleled elsewhere. That The Wilderness Hunter so fully masters those constantly recurring implications from the law that all life depends on a continuous adjustment of organisms to the entirety of conditions under which they are placed, betrays, of course, the closet student. Individual experience does not confer success of this kind, which, in the work under consideration, shows itself as conspicuously by an absence of dogmatic decisions as it does in anything that is said. Reticence with respect to subjects concerning which conclusions are for any reason uncertain is, to those accustomed to announcements of crude and incomplete views, premature generalizations, and the perpetual confounding of inference with observation, an unmistakable indication of proficiency. Mr. Roosevelt makes no display of scientific attainments, rarely refers to authorities, never indulges in theoretical disquisitions upon the many and strikingly contrasted creatures with which he came in contact. He tells what he knows of them, nothing more; but this is done so fully, so fairly, and with so complete an absence of preconception, prejudice, and the errors attributable to the sources just pointed out, that it is merely a plain statement of the truth to say of this book that it stands nearly alone in the literature of sport with large game.

It is unreasonable to demand of an author more than he professes to give. Men, however, who know all about the subject upon which they write almost certainly make this evident, and sometimes present much more than was promised. The author of The Wilderness Hunter constantly does so, as, for example, in his descriptions of the cougar and wolf, which are admirable accounts of

these animals, given at first hand, and full of instruction upon details that have not made their way, to any great extent, into formal natural history. Still more strikingly true is this of his chapter on the grizzly, or, as he properly calls it, the *grisly* bear. In certain respects the present writer is out of touch with opinions there expressed; but these differences are neither radical, nor perhaps irreconcilable. Be this as it may, it need not prevent a free admission that nothing so thorough and satisfactory concerning this animal's way of life and general character has yet appeared. Like Mr. Roosevelt's description of our mountain sheep, in Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail, this is the best essay in existence on its own subject. Furthermore, regarded from a standpoint furnished by the literature of wild beasts at large, none of the *ferœ* have been dealt with so completely upon the basis of a single individual's personal knowledge.

Mr. Roosevelt says that it has been his "good luck to kill all the various kinds of large game that can properly be considered to belong to temperate North America." As he is essentially a sportsman, one who would disdain wanton destruction for the purpose of making a bag, the chase has been with him an accessory of life, not its end, and all that his varied observation has revealed he has also faithfully and effectively described. It was therefore a decided gain to zoölogy that such opportunity should have been offered to a man in every way capable of using it to advantage. We shall never know more than a small part of the true history of wild animal life in any country. Hitherto, insuperable obstructions have interfered with accuracy and insight upon the part of those who chiefly came in contact with these denizens of the jungle, mountain, and plain. If, in the future, a different class of sportsmen should arise, they will find most of the great hunting-grounds in all lands tenantless.

The Indian elephant is preserved within such extensive ranges that we may entertain a good hope for the survival of this species. But the African elephant is doomed, and the white rhinoceros, a creature only second in size to him, and not long since widespread and abundant on the Dark Continent, has so entirely disappeared that no museum in the world possesses a single complete specimen. Our bison, or buffalo, has also gone, and even if the protected fragments of its vast herds are able partially to overcome the physiological disabilities involved in interbreeding, the great ox of the Western world is to all intents and purposes blotted out of creation.

These are accomplished facts in a series of events whose fulfillment appears to be certain. Those noble animals which Mr. Roosevelt hunted so lately have in great measure vanished from the regions where they were then plentiful. The greater forms in the American fauna are rapidly withdrawing into such fastnesses of the north and west as yet remain, there to make their last stand. Natural history goes but a little way beyond skeletons and skins. With these the systematic naturalist may work indefinitely, yet the days of descriptive zoölogy are numbered. Biology and psychology must seek narrower channels than those in which they might once have run, and many contributing streams will be lost, even while the current flows fresh from its source. Few appreciate, and fewer care for the desolation which is going on; nevertheless, it is only too true that domains of life and mind are now closing to the world, for whose loss nothing can ever compensate.

Mr. Roosevelt masses illustrations of these conceptions, and of those deficiencies in our knowledge which, probably, can never be made good. For example, speaking of northern Rocky Mountain wolves, he says that they attack "every four-footed beast to be found where they live;" and that while, unlike their con-

geners of the Old World, these animals are intolerant to a degree of man's proximity, they are daring and dangerous, and also "the shyest and hardest to slay." Nobody who knows it will deny that such anomalous traits coexist in "the dark gray beast;" yet who is to explain them, not on general principles, but with reference to the creature itself? "It may be possible to understand why timber wolves have proportionally larger teeth than their brethren of the plains, because we happen to be in some degree acquainted with the contrasted conditions of existence through which natural selection operated. On the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt saw that, although there was a wide specific variation of color in *canis lupus* here, sub-groups everywhere exhibited a strong tendency to assimilate in tint. With some beings the rationale of this would be obvious, but how can it be certainly accounted for in the case of such a wandering and unsocial savage as the wolf? Again, this beast seems to be eminently fitted to prosper in the struggle for existence; the black bear, apparently, has no such fitness; yet where they live side by side, the latter holds its own, while the former perishes. What turns the scale against it?

Phenomena of a like character, but manifested in a wider field, and equally inexplicable, abound. "The otter of America is larger than the otter of Europe," remarks Mr. Roosevelt, "while the badger is smaller." Our mink is "a much stouter animal than its Scandinavian or Russian kinsman, while the reverse is true of our sable, or pine marten. No one can say why the European red deer should be a pygmy compared to its giant brother, the American wapiti; why the Old World elk should average smaller in size than the almost indistinguishable New World moose, and yet the bison of Lithuania and the Caucasus be on the whole larger and more formidable than its American cousin. In the same way, no one can tell why, under like conditions, some game, such as the white goat and spruce grouse, should be tamer than other closely allied species, like the mountain sheep and ruffed grouse. No one can say why, on the whole, the wolf of Scandinavia and northern Russia should be larger and more dangerous than the average wolf of the Rocky Mountains, while between the bears of the same regions the comparison must be exactly reversed." These results were all brought about by natural selection, but what were the several processes, what the coöperative factors and play of forces, in different instances? How can we hope to answer these questions, now that nature's object-lessons are drawing so nearly to an end?

The Wilderness Hunter has, moreover, done well in a higher department. On this continent extremes in human condition touch. Without intervening social grades, civilization here borders upon primeval savagery. The first man and the last man stand in opposition. Except these, distinguishable types among the human strata on our frontier change and fade like forms seen in a dissolving view. Famous artists have preserved ideals of some representative figures in this strange and transitory mass, and Mr. Roosevelt's sketches from real life are executed too skillfully not to inspire a hope that he may hereafter make them more complete. His cowboy is a study that could not well be dispensed with.

The original wilderness hunters have become creatures of vague remembrance and untrustworthy tradition. One hears of them through fragmentary reminiscences at lonely camp-fires, but they are gone, leaving scarcely a trace of their individuality behind. Trappers and hunters of later times are not the same men as were their predecessors: this we know, and this is nearly all. Whatever it is possible to perpetuate concerning this latter class claims attention. It has a place in human natural history.

The subject is at present overlaid with absurdities and fiction, until well-nigh all that is commonly believed of it is untrue. Yet a little while, and the last unadulterated product of border life, the semi-nomadic horseman of its cattle ranges, will ride away "into oblivion and night." Much that was worth knowing has been rescued already from forgetfulness by the writings of Mr. Roosevelt, than whom no one has known this sociological variety better, has had more facilities for observing it, or was fitter to describe its features. It will be well indeed if his future contributions to descriptive zoölogy may be supplemented, like The Wilderness Hunter itself, by additional studies of human types.

RECENT BOOKS ON JAPAN.

THE real Japan, to use a somewhat presumptuous title adopted by Mr. Henry Norman, is slowly coming to light. Facts about Japan have been abundantly set forth, but it is the purpose and privilege of art to transmute fact, and to reveal the more intimate and pregnant truth which merely clever reporters miss. The form of the art may be music, color, or fit language, and it is as works of literary art that the intelligent reader apprehends the recent writings of Mr. Lafcadio Hearn.[1] Through this art he comes into a very intimate acquaintance with the finer verities of Japanese life.

Mr. Hearn seems born to be the mouthpiece of races so alien to ourselves that they live the poetry they do not talk about. To those whose hearts had been swept by the storms of Chita, or had drifted through the opalescent lymphs which bathe Martinique, the tidings that this lover of hues had made Japan his home was very welcome; for Japan, too long a prey to the literary Philistine, is indeed a poet's Mecca; in her alone are the life-tints of a pristine world undimmed. There is a library of books about Japan, but, as in the sketches of those English painters who have visited her, no local color, no aroma. Some are heavy with disjointed skeletons of facts, others involved in a maze of chronologic tunneling. Either description or elucidation employs an Occidental method; in many cases indiscriminate eulogy repels one who is willing to be enchanted. There must also be mentioned those counter-streams of calumny in which the writer would seem to seek notoriety by opposition. Only one of these productions need be cited, that of Madame Chrysanthème, in which the brilliant French sensualist, lifting for a moment a little soiled and trampled blossom, cries to the world, "Behold Japan's spotless flower!" and tosses it farther into the slough. Of the deep-hedged gardens and lily-starred hilltops he does not speak. Perhaps he cannot. Yet somewhere between the dissolute cynicisms of Pierre Loti and the amiable puerilities of Sir Edwin Arnold a blue haze trembles over the middle distance where lies the living reality of poetry, the soul of Japan.

Sympathy and exquisiteness of touch are the characteristics of Mr. Hearn's genius. He is a chameleon, glowing with the hue of outer objects or of inward moods, or altogether iridescent. He becomes translucent and veined like a moth on a twig, or mottled as if with the pro-

[1] *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan.* By LAFCADIO HEARN. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

Out of the East: Reveries and Studies in New Japan. By LAFCADIO HEARN. Same publishers. 1895.

tective golden-browns of fallen leaves. We may not look for architectonic or even plastic powers. His is not the mind which constructs of inner necessity, which weaves plots and schemes, or thinks of its frame as it paints. He attempts no epic of history. The delver for sociologic or theologic spoil must seek deeper waters. One does not polish a diamond with a grindstone, or plant violets with a steam-plough.

Though, as a poet, Mr. Hearn discards the tonic of rhythm, as an artist he lends keen ear to the chromatics of words. He blends his words as a limner his pigments. The crisp lines of dialogue or of exclamation gleam against the warm shadows of liquid narrative. In a yet more special sense he has the painter's eye. All nature, to him, is a kaleidoscope of pure color, and no writer of English has so richly charged his phrase with it. Such tints as these, wet from the tube, we can actually see him spread: "Dead rich purples cloud broadly behind and above the indigo blackness of the serrated hills, — mist purples, fading upward smokily into faint vermilions or dim gold, which again melt up through ghostliest greens into the blue." Or again, speaking of old stone foxes: "Their backs are clad with finest green velvet of old mosses; their limbs are spotted, and their tails are tipped with the dead gold or the dead silver of delicate fungi." It may seem to some, but not to a painter, that such word-limning is at times overdone. In his West Indian sketches he has been called almost cloyingly rich and voluptuous, and there is doubtless much truth in the charge; but in his later books the all-potent influence of Japanese restraint seems to have refined and subdued his wonderful style to more perfect harmonies. Like the painter Okio, he invents a softer brush to render the subtler beauties of a new world.

Yet though Mr. Hearn's genius is that of a poet, his service to the scientific world is unique. Hundreds of observers have tabulated the sociologic data of barbaric life in both hemispheres. With all our knowledge of classic heroes, what would we not give for the glimpse of a peasant group around a provincial Roman hearth! In Japan we have a life as full as the ancient Roman, and an imagination more sensitive, marvelously preserved for us. Yet this richest mine of human belief and feeling is rapidly filling up with the muddy tides of Western commercialism. Intoxicated by military success, these live pagans must be iconoclasts in their very efforts at reconstruction. Already one can inhale pure Japanese flavor only in the tales of the very old, or in the sequestered life of a hidden village. Mr. Hearn's transfer to the East was timely, for it was at a tragic melting-point of time, and, with phonograph in hand, he has caught the dying strains of an epoch's swan-song.

This figure fairly expresses his method. His chapters are long or short as are his moods. There is little organic unity in them; no scientific aim or philosophic grasp rounds them into form. Even his paragraphs have little cohesion. Speaking of the forming of his sentences, he himself has compared it to the focusing of an image, each added word being like the turn of a delicate screw. He has a microscopic eye. His fancy, like a solar ray passing through a room, gilds a line of motes before unseen. But in this he is not unlike Japan herself. Without analysis, without anxiety, her sweet children love, and sing, and die. Their instinctive loyalties need no prop of universals, nor spur of grim futures. It is enough to live. Their world is but a flash of local color. So, too, these swift pastels of Mr. Hearn brighten for each tourist his own colder experiences. In entering a new country one faces his facts as they come. It matters little upon which flower he first alights. In these volumes, one cares not at what page he opens. There is little lost in

reading a chapter by paragraphs backward, but to push forward rapidly through crowded ranks of facts and impressions is as fatiguing as a day's sight-seeing at a fair. Only, be it remembered, his facts are not of matter, but of the spirit.

It will be clear from what has been already said that there is a limitation in Mr. Hearn's vision. Though the veins of pure metal he taps are new and inestimably precious, he makes no claim to exhaust the resources of the soil. It is, in brief, the absence of the faculty which sees the relations of parts to wholes. He cannot attempt to knit together the raveled edges of epochs, nor space his local gems with proportioned intervals. There is no sense of history or of mass. Therefore there are many realities, even highly poetic ones, which our author does not see. Perhaps this lack is conscious abnegation. Perhaps he is content to be himself a Japanese of the common people, whose minds mirror only the passing fact. In this respect he is the true congener of the Ukioye painter, that artist from and for the masses, who fills his color prints with the prismatic life of his day. Of this transition era he is the Hokusai and Hiroshige, men whose work, shown him in Japan by Mr. Fenollosa, awakened his sympathy and delight. But the very limitation of the Ukioye as a school of Japanese art is its incapacity to understand the national ideals of the past or of the contemporary educated. It is the life of the moment, charming and sweet, but with no outlook. For it the aspiration and splendor of eleven centuries of Japanese art are non-existent. From it are banished the wealthy worlds of court and camp and cloister. It is walled in by caste. It cannot estimate its own phenomena as part of a great thought or scheme. So Mr. Hearn's picture of Japan is of but one half only. In dealing with religion, or legend, or biographic anecdote, he tells us only what the native of the present day thinks about it, and not the heart of its significance. This would be parallel to interviewing the peasantry of Italy upon local traditions, or describing the picturesque decay of Rome before its recent restoration. The Florentine boatman of to-day has little conception of the intensely creative life of the fifteenth century; nor do the mouldering ruins of palace and bath, overbuilt by centuries of squalor, transmit an adequate picture of the splendor from which they sprang. It would be the contrast between the consciousness of a devout Catholic in a remote European village, who had never heard of the Renaissance, and that of the educated author who grasps the present as an outcome of that brilliant illumination. Thus, to a student of Oriental faiths, ideals, and creative epochs, Mr. Hearn seems always hovering upon the edge of a discovery. His people's account of Buddhism is like the dew upon maidenhair fern, whose fringes conceal the brink of a deep, exhaustless well. So his occasional penetration to the land of ghosts, as in A Wish Fulfilled, is without the guidance of a Virgil, or of a priest who could interpret the psychologic law under the apparently fortuitous belief. He is thus in danger of discarding, as the exquisite but vanishing poetry of superstition, a key to the very latest and most important scientific problem.

Yet this reservation must not blind one to the unique beauty and value of Mr. Hearn's work. It is an anthology of lyrics, — lyrics which he and others have actually lived. There is no romantic phase of Greek or mediæval consciousness more charming. He is a contemporary Theocritus; his pictures are as innocent as those of Piero della Francesca. He establishes, even from its popular phases, the claim of the Oriental world to be civilization's leader in refined sentiment. This is no light task, to stem the skepticism that greeted Japan's irresponsible eulogists. He refers frequently to his learned friend Professor Chamberlain,

who, after twenty-five years of study, produced a misleading book, Things Japanese, which, as a storehouse of facts, is the exact antipodes of Mr. Hearn's writings, and of which his favorite pupil said that, were it reprinted in Japanese, his life could not be guaranteed twelve hours. It is cynical, unfeeling, blind to all the higher meaning of Oriental life and light, sour and self-conscious, like much of English comment on alien standards. If truth is merely what appears to the average analytic, then poetry is a lie, Mr. Hearn is a dreamer, and love and fancy are unimportant human phenomena. Mr. Hearn's appreciation is that of a listener to exquisite music; his expression of it as subtle. He is conscious of the deadness of that brain which dissolves the facts of the soul, and finds a precipitate of utilities. There are foreign scientists who have scoffed at the "Japanese delusion." "'And this,' the reader may say, — 'this is all that you went forth to see: a torii, some shells, a small damask snake, some stones?' . . . Not of strange sights alone is this charm made, but of numberless subtle sensations and ideas interwoven and interblended: the sweet, sharp scents of grove and sea; the blood-brightening, vivifying touch of the free wind; the dumb appeal of ancient mystic mossy things; vague reverence evoked by knowledge of treading soil called holy for a thousand years; and a sense of sympathy, as a human duty, compelled by the vision of steps of rock worn down into shapelessness by the pilgrim feet of vanished generations." The soul that will not see what the prophet has unveiled is in need of deep pity. And over how many such important truths he lingers, where others have turned away unimpressed! He notices the remarkable beauty and individuality of trees. "Is it that the trees have been so long domesticated and caressed by man . . . that they have acquired souls, and strive to show their gratitude, like women loved, by making themselves more beautiful for man's sake?" How rare to find one who describes symbols of the five elements, speaking of a sixth unsymbolized! It is true that he speaks of it as knowledge, where it should have been called self-consciousness. In the chapter on Jizō he writes very tenderly of this beautiful, gracious saviour of the ghosts of children. From the psalm of Jizō he quotes: —

> "Be not afraid, dears! be never fearful!
> Poor little souls, your lives were brief indeed!
> . . . . . .
> Trust to me! I am your father and mother in the Meido,
> Father of all children in the region of the dead."

And what a touch of poetic pathos in his introduction of the Eurasian girl at the cemetery! "Half-caste, and poor, and pretty, in this foreign port! Better thou wert with the dead about thee, child! better than the splendor of this soft blue light the unknown darkness for thee. There the gentle Jizō would care for thee and hide thee in his great sleeves." He feels an identity, particularly in prayer, with the vanished world of his Greek ancestors: "Blended in some strange way it seems to be with my faint knowledge of an elder world, whose household gods were also the beloved dead; and there is a weird sweetness in this place, like the shadowing of Lares." So his estimate of Japanese art is high, and for the right reason: "One colored print by a Hokusai or Hiroshige, originally sold for less than a cent, may have more real art in it than many a Western painting valued at more than the worth of a whole Japanese street." "The foreign artist will give you realistic reflections of what he sees. . . . The Japanese artist gives you that which he feels, the mood of a season, the precise sensations of an hour and place; his work is qualified by a power of suggestiveness rarely found in the art of the West. . . . He surpasses imagination, excites it, leaves it hungry

with the hunger of charm perceived in glimpses only. . . . He is above all things impersonal." Mr. Hearn sees with the intuition of a poet the close relation to Greek art which has heretofore apparently arrested the attention of one or two men only who have brought a critical training to the study. Especially is this to be said of the dances: "Figures lightly poised as birds, — figures that somehow recall the dreams of shapes circling about certain antique vases; those charming Japanese robes, close-clinging about the knees, might seem, but for the great fantastic drooping sleeves, and the curious broad girdles confining them, designed after the drawing of some Greek or Etruscan artist." "All those feet are small, symmetrical, — light as the feet of figures painted on Greek vases, — and the step is always taken toes first." Though he probably underestimates the influence of Buddhism upon the Japanese soul, yet he knows what a revelation that soul will be to the Western world: "He who would know what Shintō is must learn to know that mysterious soul in which the sense of beauty and the power of art and the fire of heroism and magnetism of loyalty and the emotion of faith, have become inherent, immanent, unconscious, instinctive."

The first volume of Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan deals largely with descriptions of places; the second, more specially with customs and beliefs. The opening essay, In a Japanese Garden, will be remembered by readers of The Atlantic as one of the most exquisite and characteristic of Mr. Hearn's papers. Here, like the Japanese soul, he comes very close to the heart of nature. He reveals to us the hidden symbols, and the rare intimacies of flower and shrub, rock and tree, waterfall and lake; the many strange forms and cries of insects, the plaint of nightingale and wood-dove, the halo of the lotos-bloom, and the swift movement of frog or fish. Here is scientific observation translated into poetry as delicate as the ferns it describes. In a later chapter he gilds the subject of reincarnation with a touch new to the West: "The young mother who loses her first child may at least pray that it will come back to her out of the night of death. . . . Praying, she writes within the hand of the little corpse the first ideograph of her lost darling's name. Months pass, and she is again a mother. Eagerly she examines the flower-soft hand of the infant, and lo! the selfsame ideograph is there, — a rosy birthmark on the tender palm." In the chapter The Japanese Smile lies a very subtle analysis of character; and in the one entitled Of Souls we have a first introduction to the marvelous psychology of the East.

Out of the East gives us Mr. Hearn's studies since his change of residence from Izumo to Kumamoto. The discussion of the story of Alkestis by his students enables him to contrast most strikingly Eastern and Western ideals. Of the Eternal Feminine is an elaborate essay, breaking the surface of the philosophy of life, but not altogether satisfactory. It is true that the feminine is not an ideal with Orientals; but the true reason is that they have it as the substance of their life. We who base our civilization upon individuality and struggle need a counterbalance on the side of our aspirations. This essential contrast of East and West Mr. Hearn appears not to perceive. Moreover, women were the social equals of men in earlier Japanese ages; and the category of the feminine is fundamental in Chinese philosophy, where it becomes embodied in certain trees, stones, waters, and other natural objects, as well as in the beautiful Boddhisattiva Kwannon. Mr. Hearn is not at his best as a metaphysician. He flounders somewhat in Buddhist speculation, not always distinguishing between a profound thought and a beautiful legend. But

we can forgive him in that he stands forth a stanch champion, defying the West from the heart of the Japanese people. He does this most clearly in his finest essay, Jiujutsu; here the very meaning of the martial exercise, to "conquer by yielding," is taken as a text to explain the phenomena of national awakening which foreign cities have denounced as a "reversal." Japan has borrowed weapons of force from the West, in order successfully to resist its insidious influence. True progress is from within. Mr. Hearn writes, "However psychologists may theorize on the absence or the limitations of personal individuality among the Japanese, there can be no question at all that, as a nation, Japan possesses an individuality stronger than our own." The late war has demonstrated this truth to the world. We would go further, and say that the very absence of personality is the key to this individuality, and there is every reason to hope that this race, still so young and vigorous, may solve the world-problem of uniting the civilizations of two hemispheres.

One of the household words of the resident in the Far Orient is "globe-trotter." This strange device names one of the new things under the sun, — the man, chiefly the American, whose vaulting ambition lands him in "doing" the globe, usually at full speed by sea and land. Ten days to Japan, a week to China, three to India, and a se'nnight for Egypt, ended by shopping in the European capitals, form the usual itinerary for this ilk, whose sole qualification for travel is its wealth. Such globe-trotters are often the terror and discouragement of the cultivated sojourners in the land, who gave the disparaging name. Worse, if possible, than the haste is the ignorance of these Philistines, and the ignorance is deepest just where, on Oriental ground, it is most dangerous, namely, in religion. Accustomed as they have been at home to hear the good in "heathen" religions ignored, the ill exaggerated, they naturally have not wasted much time in preparing to meet them, and find only too late that there is nothing else to meet. Then ensues temple-weariness, and a secret sense of relief when the trotter starts for his familiar sights and sounds once more. It is not too much to say that one who travels in the Orient without a knowledge of its religions walks in a fog; for, one way or other, and always to a degree unsuspected by the modern man, religion has there made or modified everything.

The globe-trotter, however, heretofore has had one excuse: he could find no comprehensive account of the religions of Japan. But now, at last, to the multifarious treatises on the art, culture, manners, history, and what-not of Japan is added one on its religions.[1] These had hitherto been described only piecemeal in learned monographs, the subjects of which Dr. Griffis has combined into a comprehensive whole, guided therein by an almost lifelong acquaintance, through residence or reading, with the topic he treats.

A brief outline can only hint at the richness of material found throughout the work. Shintō, Japan's ethnic faith, is depicted in all the strangeness and weirdness proper to a primitive cult; marvelously preserved for us, moreover, by an arrest in its development caused by the arrival in Japan of the missionary religion, Buddhism. How this primitive faith influenced its successors, Buddhism and Confucianism, forms a striking lesson in persistence of early ideas, racial as well as individual.

Confucianism consists, in Japan as on the continent, mainly in the duties of the "five relations," which our author treats in order, and contrasts with the corresponding Christian concepts. We shall not be surprised, of course, to find

[1] *The Religions of Japan.* By W. E. Griffis, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

that in such a contrast the Confucian system appears to disadvantage, and we are in duty bound to decide for ourselves. But the question here is subtler in that it admits of degrees and of offsetting merits. Now, some, and among them the present reviewer, will think that, while writers like Sir Edwin Arnold have notoriously exaggerated Japanese virtues, the author before us has, though by no means so markedly, exaggerated their vices. In every country and age are found the thousands who have not bowed the knee to Baal, because wisdom and discretion have preserved them from current religious follies. Again, much must be allowed for varying expression of the same fundamental idea. For example, no charge has more frequently and plausibly been made against the Japanese than that of glaring immodesty. Yet better understanding, gained by allowing them to explain themselves, has resulted in a full vindication that in turn puts us to shame, and shows much of our imagined modesty to be nothing but prudery, while some of our customs are, to the Japanese, downright scandalous. Miss A. M. Bacon writes in her Japanese Girls and Women, "According to the Japanese standard, any exposure of the person that is merely incidental to health, cleanness, or convenience in doing necessary work, is perfectly modest and allowable ; but an exposure, no matter how slight, that is simply for show is in the highest degree indelicate." Judging by this rational standard, the Japanese woman must feel an agony of shame at the thought of appearing in such indecent costumes as are sometimes worn in our ballrooms. Last are the offsetting merits, which receive little or no attention in the work before us, and yet are in fact marked and numerous. Among these are wonderful cleanness of body, obedience to parents and respect for superiors, kindliness and courtesy to all, and for one's self temperance, industry, content, and patience. The lack in the Japanese language of any exact equivalent for the word "chastity" is noted by our author, but not so another significant lack, namely, that of all words used in cursing! Imagine, if you can, the average American deprived of his imprecatory vocabulary! This remarkable lack of the Japanese, whether lord or laborer, imparts a smoothness and serenity to his whole conduct which forms one factor in his character as gentleman, not to mention deeper ethical traits which do not distinguish the Saxon race.

In any case, this study of Confucian morals opens up the question of comparative morality as nothing else can for Japan, since, in the peculiar division of labor adopted by its three religions, while Shintō supplied cosmogonic myths and local and patron deities, and Buddhism supplied philosophic and ecclesiastical notions, it was the function of Confucianism to set the ethical ideals.

The treatment of Buddhism is as instructive religiously as that of Confucianism is ethically. First, note that Buddhism, by reason of its dominance in Japan for about a millennium, must be chiefly charged with whatever of blame or praise is due the people. Japan is mainly a Buddhist country, and that to a degree much above China, where from first to last Buddhism has been checked by the literati. Of its immense benefits in its rôle of civilizer there can be no more doubt than as to similar effects of Christianity in its missionary labors. The superiority of Christianity here arose, of course, from the fact that it conveyed Greek culture instead of Chinese.

For the rest, the study of Buddhism divides into a study of its sects. These were numerous, but mention is made of five which long ago perished, of three imported ones which still flourish, while three native departures are most popular of all. These sects will be found reproducing, or rather anticipating, many of the philosophic and theologic schools familiar in the West. A comparative

study of their respective origins should prove very instructive to the new science of hierology. Man may in this way get his eye on some of the knots that have been throttling him. While all Buddhism is, as is well known, broadly Romanist in externals, Japan affords the singular phenomenon of a Buddhist sect which strikingly resembles Protestantism; not, in this case, in externals of ritual, but rather in informing ideas. This is the Shinshū, the largest and most influential sect in Japan. Its founder, Shinran Shonin, antedated Luther by some three hundred years in promulgating the then entirely new doctrines of justification by faith alone but proven by good works, instantaneous conversion and sanctification, searching the scriptures, — *their* scriptures, if you please, — missionary work, and the like, while he rejected all monasticism, celibacy, pilgrimages, fastings, and amulets. This sect, as may easily be imagined, presents itself to-day as the only serious rival of Christianity in Japan. It deserves a treatise, or several, to itself.

After the surprise of discovering that Buddhism could do so well (that is, so much like ourselves), another surprise awaits us, in the chapter entitled A Century of Roman Christianity, in discovering that Christianity — as Romanism, which is as much Christianity as Mahayana is Buddhism — could do so ill. Yet when, in the sixteenth century, it exiled or killed bonzes (Japanese Buddhist priests), applied fire to shrines and images, and got up fictitious miracles to persuade the doubting, it did but reflect procedure current in the home lands of its Spanish and Portuguese representatives. If Jesuits used political intrigue to advance religious faith, they only acted on principles then, and even in part still recognized at home by both Protestants and Romanists. And thus, in spite of intrinsic moral and religious superiority, Christianity was ousted with bloody measures, and that policy of exclusion was inaugurated which has lasted for two centuries, to days within our own memories. Long delay to the civilization of Japan as this exclusion occasioned, one cannot but rejoice in the compensation afforded it in its deliverance from the fate suffered by Mexico and Peru.

The book is excellent throughout, and indispensable to the religious student, though it easily suggests the need of fuller and more technical treatment, to the extent, at least, of one work on each of the religions here treated together. The Morse Lectureship could do the new and struggling science of comparative religion no better service than by calling on scholars qualified to treat the three religions of Japan, which each and all stand to-day among the most neglected fields of religious research.

Dr. Griffis appears to have written with the reserve of a scholar who treads cautiously where he is not on the firm ground of close examination, and thus his chapter on Shintō is an understatement. Mr. Percival Lowell, on the contrary, brings to his task the zeal of a pioneer.

To modern sociology the discovery of any primitive polytheism not including some belief in supernatural possession would prove a startling event; and to find such belief non-existent in the ancient religion of Japan would be more astonishing than to find it, as Mr. Lowell does, exceptionally present. What seems more remarkable is that so many other writers should have failed to look for those facts and forms of spiritualism which the author of Occult Japan [1] has been investigating. Previously, it was known in a vague way that the religion of Shintō — according to which all the dead become *Kami* (superiors), or spiritual powers — had its oracles and its priests or priestesses who were subject to divine possession. But the extent and

[1] *Occult Japan; or, The Way of the Gods.* By Percival Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

variety of the ghostly beliefs and practices of Shintō had not even been guessed. It was left for Mr. Lowell first to expound such a singular article of common faith as that even the humblest peasant may cause himself to become possessed by a god, and so obtain powers of thaumaturgy, of healing, and of prophecy. It was also reserved for Mr. Lowell to suggest not merely the intimacy of the relation between the living and the dead in Shintō, but also the strange depth to which the primitive belief reaches down into the roots of the national existence, — matters both of sociological interest. Like The Soul of the Far East, his Occult Japan is in the nature of a revelation. Nevertheless, to do the author full justice, it is necessary to remind the reader that Occult Japan treats of but one aspect of a multiform and unfamiliar subject, and also that this aspect of Shintō is in all respects the least inviting.

So far from being by nature materialistic and skeptical, as formerly represented, the Japanese would seem, of all civilized races, the most profoundly influenced by faith in the supernatural. For them, all the woods and peaks, all the lakes and streams, of their native land are divinely haunted; and all the occupations of men, all human actions, all functions of life, are ruled by special deities, patron or tutelar. Each hamlet has its local deities, each family its own cult, each home its Lares and Penates. But the religious condition does not offer a real parallel with that of the old Greek world. There are differences multitudinous and complex; and the suggested attempt at a parallel would perhaps be found most at fault in relation to those rites and beliefs with which Mr. Lowell's book chiefly deals. They would appear to have survived with little modification from an epoch in human evolution far antedating that represented by our own classical antiquity. On the subject of supernatural possession, especially, it is probable that the Japanese beliefs would be found to have an archaic character differing greatly from what we know of Greek ideas on the same topic. Mr. Lowell justly expresses his astonishment at the great variety of the beliefs in spirit-possession which he discovered; and this very multiformity would indicate their primitive character. Yet they are in all likelihood much more numerous and varied than they appeared even to him. "There is intentional possession," he says, "and unintentional possession; possession by mediation of the church, and possession immediate by the devil; beneficent possession by dead men, and malevolent possession by live beasts. There is, in short, possession by pretty nearly every kind of creature — *except by other living men.*" Here Mr. Lowell is in error. Possession by the living, so far from being unknown to Japanese imagination, is perhaps one of the most common forms of the belief, as also one of the most ghastly. Moreover, this particular sort of possession is divided and subdivided into a number of varieties. There is conscious malevolent possession by the living (but this costs, eventually, the life of the hater as well as of the hated), there is unconscious malevolent possession, and there is possession of the living by the living through priestly mediation. What the Japanese term "living ghosts" play a part of no small interest in romance and drama; and the belief is common enough to have a technology of its own. But it would require the labors of a generation of folk-lorists to exhaust the enormous subject of Japanese popular beliefs.

The occult element in Shintō, as Mr. Lowell shows, certainly existed long before the time of the first Buddhist missions; and it would be interesting to learn, though almost impossible to define, how far the two religions subsequently acted and reacted upon each other. On this subject we can obtain some general facts from various sources, but only sufficient to indicate in a rather

vague way the history and character of the interrelation. We know that the Aryan faith attempted to adopt Shintō bodily into its vast system, declaring the chief Shintō gods to be Buddhist avatars, and accepting ancestor-worship of necessity. But to absorb the countless myriads of the Kami proved a task exceeding even the prodigious assimilative powers of Buddhism. Shintō could not be absorbed, neither could it be cast out. The introduction of the Confucian and Taoist teachings only gave it fresh strength. To consider the nature of the opposition it could offer to absorption, one should know something of its exclusively national character, its conservative horror of contact with things alien, its early dislike of images, and its archaic deuteronomy regarding pollution and purification. One should remember, also, not only its millions of primeval gods, the countless special Kami of towns and villages, the spirits of mountain and shore, and the innumerable souls of ancestors apotheosized, but likewise that in every Japanese home each household utensil — rice-pot, brazier, ladle — has its guardian invisible. Even to-day, in the heart of the country, each chamber of a dwelling has its divine tenant, and every action of family life is, under rules of time, place, or direction, enforced by spiritual discipline. Buddhism, indeed, became the educator of Japan. It taught a faith, a philosophy, and various codes of Chinese ethics in harmony with national sentiment; it introduced an immense variety of arts; it opened myriads of schools; it built imposing temples, and beautified them with all that could appeal to the imagination; it placed holy images by every wayside, and sculptured the rocks with Sanskrit texts; its drums and its mighty bells measured time for all the dwellers of cities. The people learned to love it, because it was beautiful and very wise. But that other faith, viewless and artless, whose gods are ghosts, whose shrines are void and silent, whose only moral code is the heart of man, remained through all the centuries the dominator of the national life, and even of Buddhism itself. The Buddhist priest might find himself called upon not only to cast out malevolent Shintō spirits, but to submit himself to possession by harmless ones, or, in other words, to call up the dead to speak through his lips. (It is rather to be regretted that Mr. Lowell has not noticed certain touching forms of this invocation, a rite still secretly practiced notwithstanding government prohibition.) But in spite of apparent mutual yielding, the two religions never really ceased to remain separate. They did seem to blend temporarily in Ryōbu-Shintō, as Mr. Lowell points out, but Ryōbu-Shintō is an acknowledged failure. Otherwise they became friends in a general way without joining hands, though we must notice the overt hostility to Shintō of the later Buddhist sects, the Nichiren and Shinshū. Both, however, have been compelled to yield much in practice, if not in theory, — the Nichirenites especially to the power of the Izumo-Taisha, and the Shinshū to that great Shintō sect whose chief temples are at Ise. The Shintōist does not desire to reject Buddhism, but he will not abandon the more ancient gods of his fathers, and thus obliges Buddhism to compromise. Side by side, yet separately, the two religions live in millions of homes; each having its special shrine and tablets, each its special rites performed at particular hours, each a totally distinct cult of ancestral spirits. And the opposition to blending is essentially Shintō. No Shintō priest will knowingly play a Buddhist rôle, but Buddhist priests of certain sects will perform Shintō rites of necromancy, as Mr. Lowell bears witness. Probably at no time in Japanese history did Shintō ever yield to Buddhism as Buddhism has yielded to Shintō; and to-day, after a thousand years of Buddhist teaching, the empire and all its life are still practically ruled by the dead.

That the veritable religion of Japan should have remained practically unknown to the Occident until within the present generation is a fact of great significance. Foreign observers studied the texts, but failed to perceive the power, because that power was viewless, and because the outward tokens of Shintō intimated only emptiness. Yet it was really this weird vacuity which should have suggested the truth. To Mr. Lowell it partly did so. "The simple beauty of the Shintō faith," he tells us, "is, in an emotional sense, the very essence of what makes Far-Eastern life so fine. Mere outline of a faith as Shintō at first sight seems to be, on closer study it proves to be something little less than grand in its very simplicity. Truly it needs no formal priesthood, no elaborate service, no costly shrines; for it has as visibly about it something better than all these, its very gods. To Shintō they are always there; and the great cryptomeria groves no longer seem untenanted, the plain, bare buildings no longer lack a host; for at any instant they may be pervaded by a presence, — the presence of the incarnate spirit of the god." Behind the irony there is glimpse of a fact too large for irony. Indeed, the majesty of Shintō is in its very ghostliness; but for that reason it remains hidden from the unsympathetic observer, and to some extent, one must believe, even from Mr. Lowell himself. Little the passing traveler imagines that Tōkyō, with its half-Europeanized society, its dress balls, its military parade, is governed by the dead. To him the great army festivals seem mere holidays of diversion: he cannot guess that the horse-races and the fireworks and all the pageantry are for invisible guests, — the soldier dead of all the centuries. Still for the mass of the people all human action is influenced by the unseen. Still are the heroes of the past invoked with pomp official in the hour of national peril. Still the Emperor speaks to the august spirits of his fathers, and with prayer and offerings petitions their protection for his fleets and armies. Nay, the commonest sights of a street — a paper pasted above a door, a flower display, a dance of children, a chant of begging pilgrims — have ghostly meanings unguessed by the stranger, but of deepest import in the life of the race. And when we know that the whole vast power of this spiritual feeling can be used as one directing force for a national end, that it not only has been, but even now is so being used, the subject of Shintō certainly expands beyond the range of jesting.

But how are we to reconcile the fact of this colossal spiritualism with the common assertion of unquestionable authorities that the Japanese are indifferent to those philosophical and metaphysical problems which fill so large a place in Western intellectual life? The student of comparative psychology will answer that what has been termed indifference to such questions is probably incapacity for them; and that the race has not yet reached that point of intellectual maturity at which the ability to form and to combine general ideas becomes a pleasure rather than a pain. Such an explanation finds support in the comparative absence of words in Japanese to express abstract ideas, and even in the very structure of the language, as Professor Chamberlain has shown (the metaphysical terms of Buddhism being, of course, Sanskrit or Chinese). And this surmise naturally tempts to another, — that the peculiar charm of Japanese life may be the charm of childishness. Certainly the psychological chapters of Mr. Lowell's book would indicate the affirmative, though he refuses, this time, frankly to acknowledge the charm. Those gracious approaches to sympathy, delicate as unspoken regret for a lost friend, and that playful tenderness of criticism, which made the delight of Noto and of The Soul of the Far East, are sadly absent from this least pleasant but not

least instructive of his books. The special phenomena of which he made so elaborate a study were not in themselves attractive, but merely curious, and sometimes, perhaps, superficially ludicrous. He was dealing with just that phase of the subject most likely to repel a cultivated observer, the theatrical side, with its mummeries and mimings, its hysteria and hypnotism. But one is tempted to ask whether the author of Occult Japan has not shown himself supersensitive to the repulsive side of the lower forms of Shintō. It may also strike the reader that the mental weaknesses of a gifted and amiable race are not kindly treated in this rather satirical volume. That Mr. Lowell touches profound truths very keenly at times, in its pages, is beyond all question. But there are two facts to remember when dealing with questions of race difference. The first is that differences in psychology are only differences of degree, not of kind, and that all stages of intellectual arrest or immaturity may be found among any race; the second is that a nation may owe, in emergencies, more to its weakness than to its strength, since the degree of its mental evolution must be invariably proportioned in fitness to social conditions. Now, Mr. Lowell does not sufficiently imply that the deficiencies he criticises are altogether relative. But their relativity offers the most interesting subject of consideration; for it is probably just by virtue of those very deficiencies that Japan remains capable of uniting all the energies of her forty millions into one prodigious effort to any desired end. That feebleness of emotional volume which Mr. Lowell terms want of personality, that comparative approach to mental uniformity which he calls lack of individuality, that susceptibility to influence which he satirizes as hypnotic, are psychological conditions inevitable to any race with an evolutional history like that of Japan; and they have been a source of national gain instead of loss. It is very doubtful if the government could have wrought those miracles which have redeemed Japan from alien domination, had it not been for the extremely plastic nature of the humanity under control. Forty millions of subjects united in one faith of loyalty, filial piety, and obedience — forty millions of Shintōists, in short — represent a living material whose very homogeneity renders any political miracle possible, a mental world throughout equally sensitive to every directing impulse. No faith that preserves a nation's independence, and prepares it for larger and loftier things, can be all unworthy of our admiration.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Travel and Nature. The Peoples and Politics of the Far East, by Henry Norman. (Scribners.) Mr. Norman, who had, besides his academic training, a first-rate journalistic training in America and England, has spent the past four years in travel in British, French, Spanish, and Portuguese colonies, also in Siberia, China, Japan, Korea, Siam, and Malaya, and makes report in a stout octavo with sixty illustrations and four maps. He is a capital reporter of what he sees, and he has looked for the foundations as well as the visible structures. He recognizes the increasing importance of the East in world politics, and he seeks to get, if possible, at such indications of the drift of affairs as may make him a sagacious prophet of the near future. He is rather sweeping in some of his conclusions, and very positive in his statements, but one comes to trust him as quick-witted and honest. — Russian Rambles, by Isabel F. Hapgood. (Houghton.)

Miss Hapgood has printed in The Atlantic some of the papers which make up this agreeable volume. She shows herself a genuine traveler, having a true curiosity, a judgment held in suspense, and a spirit of sympathy. She is a genuine reporter, also, honest, frank, and sufficiently minute to convey the impression of close scrutiny. When one adds that she possesses the equipment of a familiarity with the Russian language and frequent long terms of residence in the country, it is plain that this book is a real contribution to our better acquaintance with the country and people of which it treats. — The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians, by Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu. Part II. Translated by Zénaïde A. Ragozin. (Putnams.) This is by no means a new work on Russia, yet the recent change of régime in that country gives it a welcome timeliness. The present volume describes the institutions of the empire, — the administrative bodies, the bureaucracy, the machinery of justice, the press, the censorship, — and has no fewer than four chapters on the revolutionary movement and needed political reforms. The English is smoother than that of the first volume, and the translator has wisely reduced the number and bulk of her "annotations." — Guernsey, its People and Dialect, by Edwin Seelye Lewis. (The Modern Language Association of America, Baltimore.) A university thesis in which a corner of the large field of Norman French is worked with apparent thoroughness. — The Borderland of Czar and Kaiser, Notes from both Sides of the Russian Frontier, by Poultney Bigelow. (Harpers.) Mr. Bigelow made the reconnaissance, of which the result is in this book, in company with the artist Mr. Remington. His familiarity with German life makes him at home on the Kaiser's side of the frontier; his experience, and it may be his unfamiliarity with Russia makes him a pretty severe critic of the Russian side; but he is, at any rate, a keen observer and spirited reporter, though it must be admitted that he relies more on informants than on personal investigation in Russian matters. — Volume VII. (1894) of Garden and Forest, a Journal of Horticulture, Landscape Art, and Forestry, conducted by Charles S. Sargent (Garden and Forest Publishing Co., New York), shows no falling off from its high standard. It is thoroughly scientific, though not unnecessarily technical; and while it makes no attempt to cultivate literary style at the expense of accuracy of statement, it is nevertheless very interesting reading. It has given particular attention to the subject of public reservations during the past year, and is certainly doing valuable work in that direction. An excellent feature is the weekly London letter, and there are occasional communications from other foreign countries as well as from all parts of the United States. Book reviews form an important department. — The Industries of Animals, by Frédéric Houssay. (Imported by Scribners.) Next to man, the ant seems to be the most intelligent of animals, and even those who are not sluggards can get both profit and pleasure from considering her ways. There are also other animals whose industries show various degrees of mental power, and M. Houssay has made an interesting and in some respects valuable book. But we are a little shy of putting absolute faith in an author who accuses the American cuckoo of laying its eggs in other birds' nests, and tells us that the Baltimore oriole's nest has the entrance on the side, — towards the north in the Southern States, and towards the south in the Northern States! Many of the assertions, however, are backed by references to competent authorities. The author makes it very clear that intellectual development is quite independent of organization, and that the intelligence of animals differs from ours only in degree, but it is reassuring to be told that "man excels in all the arts, . . . and we may safeguard our pride by affirming that we need not fear comparison." — Animals' Rights, considered in Relation to Social Progress, by Henry S. Salt; also an Essay on Vivisection in America, by Albert Leffingwell, M. D. (Macmillan.) Mr. Salt, believing, with many others, that there is no "great gulf" between man and the lower animals, has followed this hypothesis to what he considers its logical outcome, and denies the right of man to inflict injury or death on any animal whatever, except in self-defense or for the animal's own individual good. He goes the whole length, — advocates vegetarianism and the use of substitutes for leather, and regards vivisection as morally wrong, and therefore not to be excused by any amount of benefit to mankind which may come of it. We fear (or

shall we say hope ?) that it will be long before this extreme view is generally adopted even by thoughtful and humane people. But there is a great deal to be praised in the book, and its influence can be only for good. Dr. Leffingwell's essay, which occupies about one fourth of the book, is an eloquent plea for reform in American methods. — The Grouse : Natural History, by the Rev. H. A. Macpherson ; Shooting, by A. J. Stuart-Wortley ; Cookery, by George Saintsbury. (Longmans.) This second volume of the Fur and Feather Series is devoted to the red grouse of Scotland, Ireland, and the North of England, while the section on Shooting has also short accounts of the blackcock, capercailzie, and ptarmigan. As the title indicates, the book is very comprehensive. Mr. Stuart-Wortley, whose contribution occupies nearly two thirds of the volume, is a true lover of nature and outdoor life, and what he says of the sights and sounds on and about the moors is often delightful reading. The illustrations, by Mr. Stuart-Wortley and Mr. A. Thorburn, are excellent, though the two entitled respectively Between Two Fires and The Shadow of Death are a little misleading to persons unfamiliar with British game-birds; for the birds they show are ptarmigans, while the text in their vicinity is entirely devoted to the grouse. — Summer Studies of Birds and Books, by W. Warde Fowler. (Macmillan.) The true lover of nature makes himself felt so clearly in these papers that, though some of the birds are Swiss and more of them English, though Aristotle and White of Selborne are the men considered, and though "Billy," a wire-haired fox terrier, is the subject of one of the most attractive sketches of all, no reader need have any lack of sympathy and kinship with the themes or the writer. The manner is that of a student whose life draws as much from the fields as from his books. Each source of inspiration touches the other to better issues. — Trans-Caspia, the Sealed Provinces of the Czar, by M. M. Shoemaker. (Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati.) The journal of a traveler far eastward from the European boundaries of Russia. His camera traveled with him, and by its work, as by the writer's pen, one is given many glimpses of people and things in Turkistan. The book would be considerably more valuable if it were equipped with a map, for one finds it all too easy to lose one's self in the regions between Tiflis and Samarkand, and beyond. Nor is the writer's style, though sprightly, above reproach. — The Pearl of India, by Maturin M. Ballou. (Houghton.) Ceylon is an island, and of just the right size for a book. Nothing could be more satisfactory than such a subject for a traveler who finds the pleasure which Mr. Ballou plainly had in seeing fresh countries and telling a straightforward tale of what he saw and heard. It would not be easy to find a book on Ceylon so comprehensive and encyclopædic which had also so much of personal incident. — The Cause of Warm and Frigid Periods, by C. A. M. Taber. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.)

Fiction. Beyond the Dreams of Avarice, by Walter Besant. (Harpers.) This book, like all Mr. Besant's later tales, may be briefly described as a romance with a moral purpose. The fortune of the Burley family, begun by fraud, and increased in succeeding generations by sordid or disgraceful means, finally attains colossal proportions, and its last possessor dying intestate and without a known heir, claimants for his millions naturally appear from all quarters. The stories of such of these as are actually akin to the dead man are told here, especially that of his grandson and only real heir, who had been brought up in ignorance of his name and people by a father who believed that a curse had followed the Burleys' ill-gotten gains. How the young man, a clever scientist, is gradually but surely mastered by the hereditary greed, and how he is saved therefrom, is what the tale sets forth. The old house in Westminster and its past inhabitants are sketched with singular vividness and force ; and if the contemporary characters sometimes play the part of puppets, however well modeled and lifelike, in working out the writer's scheme, that is a usual drawback in fiction of this class. The author's style is, as ever, lucid, vigorous, and easily readable, and the tale will compare very favorably with any of its more recent predecessors. — The Play-Actress, by S. R. Crockett. (Putnams.) A little story, gracefully and tenderly told, of certain unusual experiences in the life of the Rev. Gilbert Rutherford. To him his dying prodigal son sends his worse than motherless daughter, and the child is brought to the minister by the aunt, an actress, who has

cared for her — how well soon becomes evident — all her life. To know more of this aunt the preacher goes to London, where he learns something of things theatrical, and witnesses the last scenes in the life of the wretched woman who had been his son's wife. There is no lack of interest in this part of the tale, but we prefer to meet the author in his own country ; and in the descriptions of the service at the Hill Kirk, of some of the good folk there assembled, and of the first acquaintance of Ailie and her grandfather, Mr. Crockett is at his best. — Sibylla, by Sir H. S. Cunningham, K. C. I. E. (Macmillan.) In these days of decadent fiction, it is pleasant to see the name of the author of The Heriots on the title-page of a new novel. The mere story in Sibylla is not of special importance. The young scapegrace, not to say criminal, who disappears after breaking his father's heart and impoverishing the family estate, and reappears when least desired, is a very familiar aid in the construction of a plot. But this matters little, as the reader's chief pleasure in the book comes from the admirable character-drawing and clever social sketches, — sketches of a society in which politics as well as amusement is a vital interest. This pleasure is enhanced by the writer's distinction of style, and the good taste and good breeding which characterize all his work, qualities for which at present we can hardly be too grateful. — Lillian Morris, and Other Stories, by Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. (Little, Brown & Co.) Lillian Morris is a tale of an overland journey to California some forty years ago, — a journey sure at the best to be inexpressibly wearisome, to abound in privations, hardships, and perils, and sometimes, as here, to end for many of the travelers when they were almost in sight of the desired land. That the tragic story is told graphically and forcibly need not be said. Three brief sketches complete the volume : Sachem, in which the last of the Black Snake Indians appears as a circus performer in a German town in Texas, the remnant of his people having been exterminated twenty years before by the invading Teutons ; Yamyol, a pitiful story of a forlorn child, which haunts the reader's memory ; and The Bull-Fight, an extraordinarily vivid picture of the brilliancy and brutality of the great national spectacle of the only country which "amuses itself by playing with death." As heretofore, we feel an absolute albeit ignorant confidence in the excellence of the translator's work. — A Bread and Butter Miss, a Sketch in Outline, by George Paston. (Harpers.) The experiences of a very unsophisticated, but withal sensible, right-thinking, and self-reliant girl of seventeen, on her first introduction into society at a country-house party, where she is wanted to play the rôle of *ingénue* among the "smart" and more or less hardened worldlings there assembled. The sketch, though slight, is brightly written and entertaining, and ends most satisfactorily in the triumph of ingenuousness and simplicity. — An Agitator, by Clementina Black. (Harpers.) A novel that can be commended to those readers who like to have views on political and reformatory movements presented in the guise of fiction. Christopher Brand, the agitator, is introduced to us as the principal leader in a strike, then as a Socialist orator in London, later as a Labor candidate in a Parliamentary election, and finally as an innocent prisoner, from which fate he is tardily rescued by the confession of the real culprit. Neither he nor his associates arouse much interest, though the writer sometimes shows cleverness and insight in her character-drawing ; but the story itself is readable and well written, and is never intemperate in tone. — My Lady, a Story of Long Ago, by Marguerite Bouvet. (McClurg.) A little love-story supposed to be told in Provence, in the days when Napoleon was Emperor, by the half-French heroine's English nurse. The worthy dame uses the phraseology of the seventeenth century with an admixture of that of the nineteenth ; but this is of small consequence in a tale which is one of those fanciful or artificial productions which belong to no particular place or time. — A Soulless Singer, by Mary Catherine Lee. (Houghton.) Mrs. Lee has already shown herself a teller of stories which hold the reader by the humanness of her figures and the geniality of nature in which her most acceptable creations are steeped. Her story in this case is the not unheard-of incident of a girl who has all the equipment of a singer except the essential element of passion, and comes at last to the completion of her power. We may think that the mind

of the writer is so upon the heroine that she regards the hero as merely an indispensable coefficient, but the story runs on agreeably to a satisfactory conclusion. — Found and Lost, by Mary Putnam-Jacobi. (Putnams.) This second issue of the Autonym Library might have been called with some fitness Lost and Found, for it consists of two short stories published in the sixties, respectively in The Atlantic and in Putnam's Monthly, and now resurrected. The title story resembles rather more closely than its companion, A Sermon at Notre-Dame, the magazine tales of to-day ; but both of the stories remind one that there has been a distinct advance in thirty years in the art of short-story writing, especially in the direction of subtlety. Perhaps, after all, it is only a change of fashion. — Ballads in Prose, by Nora Hopper. (Roberts, Boston ; John Lane, London.) Such themes from the overflowing fountains of Irish tradition as Aubrey De Vere has treated in verse, the writer of this book has approached in prose ; yet not in prose alone, for the sketches are interspersed with bits of Irish verse which are rather interludes than ballads. A few of the prose tales, too, are modern ; but the "gentle folk," now as of old, are seen to be the true home rulers of the island bearing the "gentle color." — The Story of Christine Rochefort, by Helen Choate Prince. (Houghton.) In a prologue, which is like an orchestral movement before the curtain rises, Mrs. Prince, without pointing a moral, sets before the reader a graceful sketch of Blois in historic times, and then in her tale engages the attention with the human drama which goes on under king or under president. With no singular quality of invention or of philosophic explanation of latter-day problems, the story moves among scenes which are very contemporaneous, and yet by an indefinable grace manages to make them fall into place as part of a genuine picture. It is art which preserves this picture, and gives one the satisfaction, in reading the story, which is independent of time, places, and circumstances. — Stories of the Foot-Hills, by Margaret Collier Graham. (Houghton.) A collection of stories, some of which have been printed in The Atlantic, the scenes of most of which are laid in Southern California. The tales have come out of an acquaintance with somewhat unique surroundings. They are marked by vigor, independence, and strong characterization, and have a quality which seems to force recognition. There is iron in the life represented, and it comes out in the telling. — Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood, by George Macdonald. (Harper's Franklin Square Library.) — A Breath of Suspicion, by Frances Isabel Currie. (F. I. Webb, New York.) — The Divorce Mill, Realistic Sketches of the South Dakota Divorce Colony, by Harry Hazel and S. L. Lewis. (The Mascot Publishing Co., New York.)

Poetry. Select Poems of Sidney Lanier, edited, with an Introduction, Notes, and Bibliography, by Morgan Callaway, Jr., Ph. D. (Scribners.) Even though the editor had especially in mind "the students of our high schools and colleges," it seems rather a pity that he could give them only fifty-two pages of Lanier to ninety pages of himself and his researches. He is defined on the title-page, however, as "Author of The Absolute Participle in Anglo-Saxon," and commends particularly to the reader's attention Lanier's "frequent use of alliteration and of phonetic syzygy." We would not underrate the value of what Dr. Callaway has done "about it and about," only it does seem well to let a poet speak as much as possible for himself. "Scholarship" has its limits, even in the preparation of textbooks. — Chocorua's Tenants, by Frank Bolles. (Houghton.) In verse which is entirely unassuming and has the simplicity of a chronicle, but is by no means dull or lifeless, Mr. Bolles recorded his observation of the crow, the eaves-swallow, the blue jay, the kingfisher, and a dozen other birds that haunt the region made bright by his spirited prose. The record is not at all limited to dry details, for the writer named his birds without a gun, and knew them as friends, and not as curiosities. — Penrhyn's Pilgrimage, by Arthur Peterson, U. S. N. (Putnams.) It is an imperturbable singer who, in sending forth his songs to the world, can say, as his last word, —

> "O world, whate'er thy voice — 't is right!
> O book, whate'er thy fate — 't is good!"

In the more familiar cry of the modern singer, Whatever is, is wrong. But the writer of Penrhyn's Pilgrimage cannot be a modern singer, for such a one would hardly have attempted to preserve, in the measure of In Memoriam, all his impressions of

scenes from Japan back to the Wissahickon. No strong poetic imagination has informed the verses, but it is pleasant to find, in the concluding passage about early home scenes, the truest feeling and the clearest vision. — Poems Dramatic and Lyrical, by Lord De Tabley. Second Series. (John Lane, London; Macmillan, New York.) Like the previous volume of Lord De Tabley's poems, this is a beautiful book alike to the eye and to the hand, which of itself would pronounce lightness to be the conspicuous quality of the work. Within the covers one finds something else. Dignity and seriousness, rather, are the elements which give the book its character. The themes are very often classic, and the treatment is appropriately self-contained. The emotions are seldom moved. The concluding poem, The Wine of Life, which bids men turn back to the older things of beauty in the world, and celebrates the "dim pathos of a pagan soul," brings forth most of that which is best in the writer's powers. — The Poems of Henry Abbey. Third edition, enlarged. (Author's Edition, Kingston, N. Y.) It appears from the dates of copyright that Mr. Abbey has been publishing books of verse since 1866, and the result, in this comprehensive edition, is a volume of goodly bulk. Thoughtfulness and an earnest purpose of good stand forth rather more distinctly than the qualities of brilliancy in imagination or touch. — Roses and Thistles, by Rufus C. Hopkins. (William Doxey, San Francisco.) The Author's Preface disclaims the hope of fame from the publication of the verses, but proceeds: "Should they chance to wake a smile on the lips of Sadness, dry a tear on the cheek of Sorrow, cause one to halt in a career of crime, give hope to a despairing soul, or throw one ray of light on the great mystery of destiny, then I shall not consider they have been in vain." How fully these ends have been or will be accomplished we are unable to say. Certainly Mr. Hopkins has written voluminously and fluently on many themes. — Poems, Second Edition, and Later Poems, by Edward Octavus Flagg. (T. Whittaker, New York.) — God's Parable, and Other Poems, by Susanna Massey. (Putnams.) — Among the Granite Hills, by Mary M. Currier. (The Riverside Press, Cambridge.) — Song-Blossoms, by Julia Anna Wolcott. (Arena Publishing Co., Boston.) — Hymns and Metrical Psalms, by Thomas Mackellar. (Porter & Coates.) — Philoctetes, and Other Poems and Sonnets, by J. E. Nesmith. (The Riverside Press, Cambridge.) — Songs of Dusk and Dawn, by Walter Malone. (C. W. Moulton, Buffalo.) — Oklahoma, and Other Poems, by Freeman E. Miller. (Moulton.)

Biography and History. Memoirs (*Vieux Souvenirs*) of the Prince de Joinville, 1818–1848, translated by Lady Mary Loyd. (Macmillan.) An agreeable and entertaining addition to those volumes of autobiography or personal reminiscence in which French literature has always been so rich, and which, in relation more or less close to the history, political and social, of the first half of this century, have been specially abundant of late. The third son of Louis Philippe had won an honorable position as a naval officer when the Revolution of 1848 deprived him of his command and exiled him from his country, which, as he justly claims, his family "left intact, prosperous, respected," in contradistinction to its state two-and-twenty years later, when he was to see it again, "in all the horror of invasion and dismemberment, and the terror of the Commune." The prince writes with great frankness, and in an easy, unaffected, and always readable style, giving amusing glimpses of his childhood, including his boyish observations (rather noteworthy in their way) of the Revolution of July, his after-adventures in many lands, including our own, with bits of Parisian life intermingled, — youthful experiences recounted with almost youthful vivacity and good humor. The translator's work is unusually well done. — Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson, together with Some Account of his Ancestry and of the Jefferson Family of Actors, by William Winter. (Macmillan.) This memoir is a complete revision of the biography published in 1881, in the American Actor Series, under the title of The Jeffersons. Indeed, it has been so changed and amended that it has practically become a new work. About half the volume is devoted to an entertaining account of the earlier Jeffersons, beginning with the first actor in the family, Thomas, the young Yorkshireman who appeared upon the London stage in the middle of the eighteenth century, and was the father, grandfather, and great-grandfather of the three Joseph Jeffersons who have graced the profession in America. A sketch

of the dramatic life of the latest and most distinguished of these comedians is followed by criticisms, always interesting and suggestive, of his best known performances. The whole book is carefully annotated, and contains much illustrative matter which should aid in giving it a permanent value as a contribution to the history of the American theatre. — Following the Greek Cross, or, Memories of the Sixth Army Corps, by Thomas W. Hyde. (Houghton.) General Hyde is a good story-teller. He knows what people wish to hear, when a soldier sets about narrating his adventures, and thus this book, though the record of a particular corps, is a capital reproduction of army life in its common experience. — The second and third volumes of the Writings of Thomas Paine, collected and edited by M. D. Conway (Putnams), carry the work chronologically to 1804, and include The Rights of Man, the Letter to the Abbé Raynal, and a number of letters and tracts relating to the French Revolution. — Speeches and Addresses of William E. Russell, selected and edited by Charles Theodore Russell, Jr. With an Introduction by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (Little, Brown & Co.) A "record" which bears all the light that can be turned on it.

Literature and Criticism. Mr. Henry Edward Watts's scholarly translation of Don Quixote, which appeared a few years ago, is now in process of republication. The first of the four volumes has appeared, and shows signs of the translator's care in perfecting his work. Some of the apparatus which was of special value to students has been omitted, but the body of notes has been increased in number, and made more pertinent. The translation follows an excellent design in its clearness, simplicity, and yet constant reference to the spirit as well as the letter of the original. It is free alike from pedantry and fanciful liberty. This volume contains the windmill scene, the inn adventure, Mambrina's helmet, Sancho Panza's story which came to so sudden an end through the knight's neglect to keep count of the sheep, and other inimitable passages in this classic and rich progenitor of Pickwick and Sam Weller. (A. & C. Black, London; Macmillan, New York.) — Greek Studies, a Series of Essays, by Walter Pater. Prepared for the Press by Charles L. Shadwell. (Macmillan.) Mr. Pater had already published these essays in magazines, so that the reader is not vexing himself over posthumous work, and wondering what hand the editor had in the final form; for the final form means much with this fastidious writer. Still, the great care which Pater took with his words reflected the extreme attention which he gave to subject matter, and these studies bear everywhere the mark of a penetrating and not superficial criticism. How admirable, for example, is the treatment, from two points of view, of the shield of Achilles! The book may well be recommended to collegians who desire to see how one can be a scrupulous student, and at the same time look into the life of antiquity. — Messrs. Putnams have brought out in their Students' Edition of Irving The Alhambra, edited by Arthur Marvin. The book is handsomely printed, and contains a plan of the Alhambra, as well as a few well-chosen illustrations. Like the earlier issue of the series, the Tales of a Traveller, the volume is liberally and carefully annotated, and gives an introductory sketch of the author's life. — Meditations in Motley, a Bundle of Papers imbued with the Sobriety of Midnight, by Walter Blackburn Harte. (The Arena Publishing Co., Boston.) Something of the present attitude of Mr. Harte's mind may be inferred from his describing the medium of the first appearance of one or two of his essays (then entitled In a Corner at Dodsley's) as "a somewhat obscure parochial register," to which his contributions were stopped by "a certain literary bum-bailiff." In doubt as to the best dedication of his book, he commends it to the Devil and Dame Chance. Smug respectability in criticism and society is the special object of Mr. Harte's detestation, and the cleverness of much that he has written is marred rather than mended by the constant dipping of his pen in gall. Granting all the difficulty of holding one's peace when out of sorts with the world, yet knowing how to say some bitter truths about it, were it not better at least to keep one's temper? — Jewish Literature, and Other Essays, by Gustav Karpeles. (Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia.) It is somewhat noticeable, as one runs over this book, to see how little distinctive Jewish literature, aside from the Scriptures, may be regarded as world literature.

Heine, Moses Mendelssohn, Maimonides, these are names which appeal to the general reader, and Grace Aguilar had at one time a vogue, but that does not mean that the Judaic element in literature is insignificant. — The Psalter, with a Concordance and Other Auxiliary Matter. (Imported by Scribners.) The concordance, which forms the special reason for this small book, was prepared by Mr. Gladstone fifty years ago; the auxiliary matter consists of what is, in effect, an index of subjects, a selection of most appropriate passages, and a few comments. It is a queer little compound, and but for Mr. Gladstone's name would not attract much attention.

Education and Textbooks. The Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1891–1892 (Government Printing Office) is dated January 1, 1894, appears in two volumes, and reaches us in April, 1895. Besides the statistics, it contains special treatises on education in France, Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, a chapter on Physical Training, together with other independent essays. There appears to be no limit set for these special contributors. They empty the encyclopædias. — A Selection from the Poetry and Comedies of Alfred de Musset, edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by L. Oscar Kuhns. (Ginn.) The selection is made naturally, with the intent to give young readers the more wholesome parts of Musset's work, and the choice shows how delicate was his best, how needless, if one may say so, the rotten parts. Mr. Kuhns has written a frank yet sympathetic introduction, and has clearly the right point of view when he treats his book as literature, and not material for grammatical exercises. — Deutsche Gedichte, selected, with Notes and an Introduction, by Camillo von Klenze. (Holt.) — How to Teach Natural Science in Public Schools, by W. T. Harris. (Bardeen.) — Scenes from Greek Plays, the Persæ of Æschylus, by F. S. Ramsbotham. (Longmans.) — State Education for the People in America, Europe, India, and Australia, with Papers on the Education of Women, Technical Instruction, and Payment by Results. (Bardeen.) — The Roman Pronunciation of Latin, Why We Use It, and How to Use It, by Frances E. Lord. (Ginn.) — Handbook for School Trustees of the State of New York, by C. W. Bardeen. (Bardeen.) — The Progressive Speller, by F. P. Sever. (Heath.) — Must Greek Go? by John Kennedy. (Bardeen.)

Public Affairs and Sociology. Our Fight with Tammany, by Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D. (Scribners.) Dr. Parkhurst has told in a perfectly straightforward manner, rather of the newspaper than of the enduring book, the whole story of the fight he led against Tammany Hall. From the firing of the first shot, in the sermon he preached on St. Valentine's Day of 1892, to the election of Mayor Strong last November, nothing is omitted. Regarded as a mere record of swift and complete achievement, the book is certainly a remarkable contribution to the knowledge of current affairs. It enforces, too, a truth well worth remembering. Dr. Parkhurst's own words are, "If I were to mention the greatest lesson which I have learned during the past three years, it would be that of the damnable dangerousness of the professional politician." — The Russian Jews, Extermination or Emancipation? by Leo Errera, with a Prefatory Note by Theodore Mommsen. Translated from the French by Bella Löwy. (Macmillan, New York; Nutt, London.) This book, by a Belgian professor, is a somewhat less articulate work than Mr. Harold Frederic's treatment of the same subject, published a few years ago. Yet it has a special value in bringing together a number of instances of the short shrift individual Jews have met at the hands of the Russian government. It is a human record of the most hideous inhumanity of modern times.

Books for the Young. Daughters of the Revolution and their Times, 1769–1776, a Historical Romance, by Charles Carleton Coffin. (Houghton.) Mr. Coffin very properly, after showing the prowess of the boys of '76, seeks to do justice to those patriots who fought without marching. The home life is more definitely delineated in this volume, and there is the same profuseness of illustrative incident which marks Mr. Coffin's other books. The young reader who gets on this horse rides hard and will enjoy the exercise. We suspect that either sort of saddle will be used, for the book is by no means a girl's book exclusively. How could it be when it ends with marriage-bells?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Bruce.

THE head of the family appeared one day, at dinner, saying that he had some amusement in store for us. That afternoon he had had occasion to go to a certain hotel where "traveling-men" most do congregate, and the centre of attraction in the office was a fine Scotch collie that was going through some remarkable performances with cards. The dog's master, himself a traveling-man, after a little persuasion, had consented to bring the dog to the house in the evening, for the entertainment of the family.

Soon after dinner, master and dog presented themselves. The man was of very ordinary aspect, but the dog raised the average of the personal appearance of the firm by being an unusually fine specimen of a collie.

The master — we will call him Harris — asked for a pack of cards, and we gave him one which chanced to be entirely new. Considering this fact, we were sure there was nothing in the scent to guide the intelligent dog. Harris asked us to take out the face cards, — refusing to touch the pack himself, — saying that he had not yet been able to teach Bruce the difference between king and knave. Then we selected at random a dozen or more cards, turned up their corners for Bruce's convenience in picking them up, and laid them in a line on the floor.

"Come here, sir," said Harris.

Bruce rose in his dignified manner, and sat up gravely before his master, watching him intently.

"D' ye see them cards, my boy?" began Harris, in a conversational but singularly low tone. "Now pay attention good, and when the ladies ask you for a card you bring it straight to me. You 'd better go and take a squint at 'em first."

Bruce rose slowly, and walked down the line, and back again.

"Now, then, ladies, choose your card; and do you listen good, my boy."

"Nine of diamonds," named materfamilias, with a very skeptical face.

Bruce walked down the line once. Returning, he picked up the nine of diamonds and took it to his master, who had not spoken a word. He sat before the fireplace, with his feet crossed, his hands on the arms of the chair, looking into the fire. If he had made any motion to guide the dog, it was not visible to our eyes, closely watching him.

"Ace of spades," some one else called; and Bruce found it, again going through the performance of walking down the line, and picking up the card on his return trip. Presently some one asked for the five of clubs, which was not there. Bruce perambulated down the line as usual, but came back very slowly, and made a third trip. Then he stopped, and gave vent to a short, quick bark.

"Means to say it is n't there," observed Harris, who was not looking at the cards.

Paterfamilias then asked for the queen of hearts, which of course was not visible. Bruce did not attempt to go in search of it, but merely gave two or three impatient barks.

"He means that is something that he does n't know anything about," explained Harris.

We broke out into a chorus of exclamations. "Did you really give the dog no signs?" asked materfamilias.

"Really, marm," Harris answered earnestly, "an' you can see by watching me close that it 'u'd hev to be a mighty small un, ef I did, for you not to see it. He 'd be a mighty cute dorg ef he could distinguish every one of them cards by a little sign that you could n't see. No, marm, he jest knows them cards like a book, all except the picters. When he learns 'em, we 're going to play euchre, him an' me, ain't we, old boy?" twisting the silky ears. "You see, marm," he continued, "I hain't tetched them cards, so 't ain't the scent. I don't repeat what you say, so 't ain't my voice. It 's jest his smartness."

If looks and manner count for anything, the man was honest.

"He kin count, too, up to one hundred, 'n' he knows money," went on Harris. "Ef you happen to hev some coins and a bill or two, we 'll show you."

From different pockets all the denominations of small coins were produced, and

laid in a row on the floor. Then the bills, a one, a two, and a five, were added.

"He kinder makes mistakes on the bills, sometimes," Harris said apologetically; "but he feels so awful bad when he does that I don't say much about it, for I don't like to discourage him. Now, ladies, choose your money."

Somebody called for a quarter, which Bruce straightway selected, and after that the other coins as they were asked for. Next paterfamilias called for sixty cents, which Bruce made up of the half-dollar and dime. After that we tried various combinations of the coins, and not once did the intelligent creature fail.

We watched Harris closely, but we could not detect the slightest motion on his part at any time, or anything to serve as a signal. He never spoke, after the first directions to the dog about what was expected of him. We tried the bills, and though Bruce hesitated once or twice, he never made a mistake. If we asked for a combination he could not make, he sat up and barked. We exhausted ourselves with questions, but Harris only reiterated that the dog could really count up to one hundred.

Some one then referred to the trained horses, which add and subtract.

Harris snorted contemptuously. "Now them horses," he said, "do everything, 'most, by signs. When one of 'em stands out there on the stage and pretends to add and subtract by stomping out the answer, there 's a man under the stage that gives the signals to him. He knocks ez long ez the man does. I ain't a-denyin' thet they 're not awful cute, but they can't count."

Harris seemed to be a natural dog-trainer. He said he had had the dog since he was a puppy, and scarcely knew when he had managed to train him, — a little at a time was all. He had no special methods. The dog was his constant companion, by day and by night.

After these more remarkable tricks, which his master said he always gave him first, that he might do them when he was fresh, Bruce went through the regular variety performance that forms the repertoire of any bright dog. He sat up at the piano, on the piano stool, and sang up the scale in a very creditable manner. He waltzed around on two legs to his master's accompaniment. He said his prayers, yielding to no blandishments to rise until he heard "Amen."

At last, after divers other performances, he suddenly seemed to feel that he had done enough for the amusement of the company, for, at the conclusion of one of his tricks, he quietly retired to the fireplace, and settled himself on the rug, with his back to the family.

"Ain't you ashamed, now?" asked Harris reproachfully. "You ain't through yet. You 've got to do the soldier act, you know."

But Bruce thought differently, and did not stir.

"I 've kinder spoilt him, I 'm afraid," Harris said, rising to go. "I never make him act when he 's tired, 'n' he 's ben through all this twicet to-day, already. No, sir, I don't never make a public show of him. I could n't, somehow. He 's my best friend, 'n' I don't exhibit him, exceptin' just private to oblige. No, money can't buy him, sir. Last spring I got dreadful hard up, and jest in the nick o' time somebody up an' offered me two thousand dollars for that dorg. They was a-goin' to make a show outen him. Well, I needed the money dreadful bad, an' it was a pile jest fur a dorg, an' it come kinder sudden, an' I hed to make up my mind in the shake o' a dyin' lamb's tail. So, before I re'lly knew what I was doin', I said yes. Land o' Goshen! how I felt that night, after he 'd gone, when I went up to my room! — eh, old fellow? I jest bust right out cryin', an' I knew I could n't stand it any way in the world. I went straight off to the man next day an' told him the bargain was off, and there was his two thousand dollars, an' as much more would n't be no temptation. Well, sir, that man said *No.* A bargain was a bargain. He 'd got the dorg, an' he was goin' to make a pile outen him.

"Well, marm, I tell you I jest felt bad. The man left town, an' I could n't eat nor sleep, fur I wanted that dorg so. Sometimes I thought I 'd jest shoot myself, an' sometimes I thought I 'd jest steal him back an' skip the country; an' I dunno but I should, if, after a week, that man had n't turned up.

"'I 've brought back your dorg, ef you want him,' sez he, 'an' gimme my two thousand dollars. I can't do a durned thing with him,' sez he. 'I 've whipped him,' — think

of that, sir! him as hed never hed a blow no more nor the Prince of Whales! — 'an' I 've coaxed him, an' I tried to starve him to it, an' I 'm blessed if he does a thing but set up an' howl bloody murder; an' no aujience won't pay fur that,' sez he. Well, sir, I paid him that money mighty quick, fur I had n't tetched it no more than if it had ben blood-money. Then he opened the door, an' in come that dorg, an' he *was* the durnedest-looking dorg! His eyes was all dejected-like, an' his ears flopped the wrong way, an' his tail hung down like as if it had tin cans tied on to it. Well, sir, if that dorg did n't jest about go inside out when he see me, then it 's no matter. An' I ain't ashamed to say I kissed him, too. Seems as if a load rolled right off my shoulders as soon as I see him, an' the shelf in my throat that had ben there all the week jest went away in a flash.

"We won't part again for anybody's money, will we, old boy?"

Bruce rubbed his head lovingly against his master's legs, looking as if he quite understood the question. The face of the plain, common young fellow glowed as he talked. He steadily refused to take any money for the performance, saying it was a "pleasure to have folks admire the old chap."

"But I insist on recompensing you for your time," urged paterfamilias in the hall; and on this plea only the man finally accepted the crisp bill tendered him.

Many times during the weeks since we saw Bruce we have spoken of him and of the devotion between the pair, devoutly hoping that it will be long before their inevitable separation comes, in the ordinary course of dog life.

A Plea for the Fruit-Tree in Bloom.

— Why our poets have not more to say regarding the beauty of the blossoming fruit-tree has always been a mystery to me. Now and then they borrow some pleasant fancy about the cherry or the quince flower, filtered through an Oriental medium. I remember that Longfellow has said, in his lovely pastoral description, —

> "There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty."

The allusion is suggestive of the fruit rather than the fruit-flower; yet such is the paucity of praise suffered by the flower that I have always tried to make the incense of this rich line render tribute to its beauty.

In the realm of painting, also, I do not remember any satisfactory treatment of a blossoming fruit-tree, although the broken spray is a somewhat common subject. The neglect of this theme is the more unaccountable when one considers what a wonderfully varied treasure it is that vernal Nature pours out upon the world, when she clothes the fruit-trees, each after her kind. The range is a wide one, — from the cherry to the quince (the spring's valedictorian), from the feathery wild beach-plum to the flower of the most cherished damson. Commonly, it is only the apple-tree of which note is made, and that not very discriminately, with regard to individual trees, whose characteristics in flower are often as marked as they are in the many-named and many-flavored fruitage of the rural winter eve's refreshment.

The blossoms of the peach-tree have always struck me as peculiarly the property and symbol of children. Did they not flourish (I seem to remember their slender rosy sprays!) by the cottage door whence Red Riding Hood emerged on her fateful journey? But aside from playful speculation, I wonder if any one has observed that the flowers of the peach-tree increase in fragrance, and are sweetest just before they fall? It was my privilege once to see what I should have said was a piece of impossible chronology; nothing less than a hummingbird vibrating in vivid green and olive amidst the complementary pink of the peach-blossoms. So early, my little traveler? The circumstance suggested that summer had usurped the throne of spring.

Among the apple-trees in bloom, I have indeed thought (but must yet verify more fully) that the flowers of the trees bearing sweet fruit were sweeter than were the flowers whose fruit would be sour. I have not observed whether special trees are favored by the bees, but on one occasion I was much surprised to notice how a blossomed apple-tree, at a little distance, appeared pervaded with a gentle but constant tremulous motion, though the air was perfectly still on that May morning. On going nearer, the quivering of the myriad petals was quickly explained: innumerable bees were harvesting the early sweets of the season. The tree was musical with their humming, and, to me, might have been some enchanted Orphean subject, or the home of a

sweet-voiced oracle like that of Dodona's grove of old.

I do not know why a flowering apple-tree should seem a piece of static beauty, powerless to change or fade ; suggesting, when I lie on the grass beneath, a cameo cut on the blue ground of sky. I confess I am always surprised, year after year, when the apple-blossoms begin to fall ; when every stir of wind brings down a drift of paling petals, and every bird flying into the tree ruthlessly scatters bloom. A mild measure of autumn-like melancholy accompanies this first deciduous act of the season. I should like my fruit and my flowers too !

And shall I annex to this piece of fatuous wishing a further confession, a veritable sample of a perhaps not uncommon kind of human egotism ? As I lie under the apple-tree, with the paling petals falling around, a great wonder comes upon me, — wonder that, year after year, this complete rejuvenescence of nature goes on under my eyes. I was fain to think that the Earth and I had grown older together (*jam senior*), that her lines were cast with mine. Every old shaft of a rugged orchard-tree regains its vernal crown of blossoms. But no staff that I carry ever puts forth one miraculous bud. I am half surprised when the spring wild flowers, the pale, tender, playful, sun-and-wind-loving wild flowers (we *were* children together !), troop to the same places, at the same nick of time, as sure as the May comes round. I have heard talk of "shades of the prison-house" and of the "vision splendid" fading into the "light of common day," the longer man pursues his earthly journey. Something, however, of the reverse has entered into my experience : in childhood and youth this marvelous rotation of seasons, this renascence of all nature, was taken more as a "matter of course." In a word, I was "used" to the wonderful succession of beauty and bounty. Now it all grows strange, and nothing stranger than this old repetend of the months coming true ; not a detail changed, whether of color or of line.

PALINGENESIS.

All to do over again — the wonder, the miracle — Springtime !
First token of life, the mincing, velvet-soft buds of the willows,
Patiently moored by the margin of brawling, dun-colored runlets ;
Next, the warm thought of the maples, half reminiscent of autumn ;
Then, in the meadows, cool blossoms, half reminiscent of snowflakes ;
Delicate, mystical beckonings of quick-growing, tremulous grass blades ;
Orchards in bloom, set to music by bees, — both the tame and the wild swarm ;
Birds singing love-ditties all for themselves, — and yet, we can hear them ! . . .
All to do over again — the wonder, the miracle — Springtime !

A Bit of Bibliopegy. — Mr. Winthrop, in his Reminiscences, speaks of a visit from Lord Houghton, to whom he showed a volume that he valued as having belonged to Wordsworth. It was in "quaint calico binding," and Lord Houghton added to its value, in the owner's estimation, by the suggestion that "it was probably bound by Mrs. Southey, whose habit it was to bind her husband's books with fragments of her chintz or calico dresses, and who may have treated one of her neighbor's books to a similar covering."

Neither gentleman seems to have had in mind what Southey himself tells us about this bookbinding, in one of his letters. This is what he says : "Secluded as we are from society, my daughters find sufficient variety of employment ; one room is almost filled with books of their binding. I call it the Cottonian Library. No patchwork quilt was ever more diversified." The daughters, then, were the bookbinders, and with them we must include the niece, Sara Coleridge, and why not their neighbor and intimate friend, Dora, the only daughter of Wordsworth ? But never Mrs. Southey ; that gracious lady had cares enough in the management of her household without treating her husband's books, or a book of her neighbor, to a dress made from fragments of her own. It would be almost as easy to fancy that "probably" she went occasionally, in her chintz or calico gown, to get her neighbor's breakfast, when the ladies of Rydal Mount were

"too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

As to the "fragments" made use of, a word may be said. The present writer is the fortunate possessor of a set of books, thick quartos, from that "Cottonian Library," which have taken several yards of material for covering, or more than enough for a woman's gown.

Southey had, as we know, a passion for collecting books, and in his trips to the Con-

tinent bought large numbers of paper-covered volumes in different places. Brussels was, perhaps, his favorite hunting-ground, whence, from a strange old bookseller, he drew frequent supplies. These frail, paper-bound treasures were to be strengthened and made available for extracts in the Commonplace Book, and notes elsewhere ; and so we come to the bookbinders at Greta Hall, Mrs. Southey being excluded. We need no finer description, no better authority, than Wordsworth's poem, The Triad, which Sara Coleridge, twenty-five years later, calls "a poetical glorification, extravagant and unnatural as a description of young ladies of the nineteenth century." Mr. De Vere thought it a personification of Faith, Hope, and Charity, taken in inverse order.

The poet "invokes those bright beings one by one," beginning with the stately Edith Southey, whom Amelia Opie calls "that elegant cygnet that floats by the side of [her mother] the swan of the Derwent's fair tide." Her cousin, Hartley Coleridge, in his sonnet To a Lofty Beauty, says : —

> "Never sure was seen a royal bride,
> Whose gentleness gave grace to so much pride."

She is said elsewhere to have inherited something of her father's looks and of his swift intelligence, to have been very fair, with thick golden hair, with growing beauty of face and form and growing excellence of inward nature.

The poet next addresses his own daughter, in a way that indicates her as susceptible to the influence of music, as a poet's daughter should be : —

> "Come, youngest of the lovely three,
> Submissive to the might of verse
> And the dear voice of harmony,
> By none more deeply felt than thee ! "

Sara Coleridge calls her "dear, bright-minded, warm-hearted Dora," and says there is poetic truth in the sketch The Triad gives ; adding, "She was unique in her sweetness and goodness. I mean that her character was most peculiar, — a compound of vehemence of feeling and gentleness, sharpness and lovingness, which is not often seen." The same early friend explains the lines describing Dora as bending "with sedater mien" over timid waters where

> "at leisure may be seen
> Features to old ideal grace allied,
> Amid their smiles and dimples dignified, —
> Fit countenance for the soul of primal truth ;
> The bland composure of eternal youth,"

as a most unintelligible allusion to a likeness discovered in Dora's contour of countenance to the great Memnon head in the British Museum.

To Wordsworth, again, who now invokes Sara Coleridge : —

> "Last of the Three, though eldest born,
> Reveal thyself like pensive morn,
> Touched by the skylark's earliest note,
> Ere humbler gladness be afloat !
> But whether in the semblance drest
> Of Dawn or Eve, fair vision of the West,
> Come with each anxious hope subdued
> By woman's gentle fortitude,
> Each grief, through meekness, settling into rest."

There is in the above lines an allusion to the long attachment and engagement between Sara Coleridge and her cousin Henry Nelson Coleridge. As fair and as sweet as an exquisite wild flower she grew up, till at fifteen she is mentioned by the painter William Collins as "Coleridge's elegant daughter Sara, a most interesting creature."

We know more of this member of the Triad than of her early companions and intimates, for we have her Letters, published twenty years ago by her daughter, — letters poetic, literary, metaphysical, religious, womanly, wonderful. Sir Henry Taylor, writing long years afterwards, recalls her beauty in her girlhood, "a beauty which could not but remain in one's memory for life." He speaks of her "gentleness or composure of manner even to stillness," and says "her eyes had the sort of serene lustre which he remembered in her father's." It is De Vere who mentions "her radiant spirituality."

These are the bookbinders. The floor of their workroom is loaded with recent arrivals of volumes in many languages. When they have been cared for, cured of their wounds, and properly attired, they will take their places among the thousands that cover the walls of all the apartments, overflowing into the passages and crowding the stairways.

> "How hard it is to climb another's stairs ! "

cried Dante in his bitter pride ; but if authors find it hard, their books do not mind it, and Mrs. Southey is patient, and our affair is only with the tomes in paper covers and their treatment. Were ever books so treated as were these in the house of a poet, by the fair daughters of three poets, true

Ladies of the Lakes ? But now more material is wanted ("fragments" by no means sufficing), and this must be brought from shops in Keswick. It is not difficult to fancy "these sisters in the bonds of love" on their little excursion : the merry laughter, the natural differences of taste in the selection, the gay disputes, the surrender of individual preferences, and the cheerful return to the afternoon's paste and scissors.

However this may have been, or may not have been, one thing is certain : the present owner of the books that have found their way from Greta Hall to P—— Street in C—— has a pleasure in the fancy that the dainty fingers of each member of the Triad may have had a share in the fitting and fashioning of the covers ; or, best of all, that they may have been looked upon by the "serene lustre" of the Coleridge eyes.

They are not "twelve vast French romances neatly gilt," but consist of the works of Tasso, — Le Opere di Torquato Tasso, printed in Venice in 1722, in twelve quartos, with uncut edges. Perhaps their chief value to this possessor, save as the gift of a friend, is Southey's delicate autograph on the title-page, thus : "Robert Southey, Keswick, June 11, 1836." There is the printed statement that they were from the Cottonian Library. They are clad in green calico of a small plaid, now a little faded, well enough suited to Tasso, but not at all becoming in a dress for Mrs. Southey, with "her fine figure and quietly commanding air." There is also a memorandum of the price, £4-5-0 ; but whether Southey paid that or not, or, if he did, whether the volumes were worth twenty or more dollars to him, or whether he could afford it, or whether his wife knew and approved of his buying big Italian books, there is no means of knowing.

Macbeth on the Stage. — Mr. John Foster Kirk, writing upon Macbeth in the April Atlantic, after a fine description of its greatest scene, goes on to say that the tragedy, "despite its apparent supremacy as an 'acting play,' has less attraction than Lear, Othello, and above all Hamlet." He ascribes this to the fact that one of Aristotle's requisites for a great tragedy is wanting in Macbeth. "It works by terror alone, and does not touch the springs of pity. It has no bursts and swells of pathos, no outpours of tenderness, no sweet dews of hapless love. Lacking these, it lacks charm." This is undoubtedly the chief reason. But I have observed in Macbeth a curious defect of dramatic construction, unnoticed, so far as I remember, in any analysis of the play. Theatrically its fourth act is weak. By all stage laws, this division of the drama should sweep on in crescendo, with due regard for the protagonists, whose action should never be permitted to flag. Now, the fourth act of Macbeth opens with the caldron scene, in which the hero, it is true, speaks some of his best lines ; yet the apparitions have the first place throughout, while, technically considered, the king remains "up stage," forced almost into the background. Scarce a third of the act is devoted to this scene, after which Macbeth appears no more. The murders in Macduff's castle are never represented ; and the act is carried on by Malcolm, Macduff, and Ross, in a long scene which, though poetically a masterpiece, deals with subordinate figures of the story. Its opening dialogue, calling for little action, is usually condensed ; and Macduff's grief, moving as it is, comes like an anticlimax after Duncan's murder and the banquet scene. One need only study the audience to perceive this. Its chief interest is in the fate of the guilty king and queen. But when the curtain falls, Macbeth has long been absent from the stage, while Lady Macbeth has not appeared at all. In reading the play, Shakespeare's digression from the main theme at its very turning-point may easily be overlooked. The persons of the drama do not stand before us, and we dwell upon the beauty of the lines. But at the theatre this episodic fourth act of Macbeth has a far slighter hold upon our attention than the corresponding one in Othello, Lear, or Hamlet, where the absorbing motive is splendidly sustained.

Concerning the relative rank of the four great plays doctors will always disagree, no doubt, as they did in Macaulay's day. But in point of stage effectiveness the first place, surely, must be given to Othello. Its plot is a model of construction, curiously modern in treatment, unfolding itself with all the plausible ingenuity that contemporary French writers for the stage understand so well. Yet after three centuries it remains unsurpassed, as though it were destined to be a wonder and a despair to the dramatist for all time.

On Uncongenial and Companionable Authors.

— Lamb once wrote discriminatingly of imperfect sympathies, of the vague discomfort one feels in the presence of certain uncompromising personalities, of foreigners who always carry their country about with them, or of sectarians whose very spectacles seem to point to a tenet in their religion; and I wonder that so untiring and fanciful a reader should never have carried the idea into the world of books, and that he should never have spoken of the unsympathetic relations which sometimes exist between author and reader. For every reader knows that there are certain authors (and often they are among those he most admires) with whom not only he himself, but also a considerable portion of his fellows find it difficult to put themselves on terms of congeniality, — authors who are rather overbearing in tone, and who never for a moment make allowances for their readers' private opinions.

Such a one, among the older English writers, is John Fox. One can hardly imagine even so ardent a lover of old folios as Lamb sitting down to the Monuments of the Church with a very genuine feeling of enjoyment. Most of us to-day are shy of it; not because of the gloom of the work, for, in spite of its grimness, parts of the Book of Martyrs remain fine reading, but rather because there is something repellent in the unflinching assurance of the author that he is in the right. If we turn suddenly away from the past into to-day, we find another such author in Henrik Ibsen, a writer for whom — however much some people find in him to admire — nobody would, I believe, think of entertaining an affection. Mr. James has somewhere spoken of the "charmless fascination" of the man. "We rise from reading one of his plays," he says, "fascinated, but in our intellectual sympathies snubbed." Again he has expressed the bewilderment with which the reader looks on and sees "how consistently he" — Ibsen — "has built up his world without a joke."

It may, perhaps, be straying dangerously near the borderland of private opinion to confess — yet I think there are others who will agree — that, much as I admire George Eliot, I can never for a moment become confidential with her. A row of her books, suddenly caught sight of on the shelves, have often awaked the same sensations as rooms in which, as a child, one could not play.

Again, I have observed that most women, on encountering a book of Mr. Kipling's, mentally draw themselves up, greet it with their most frigid, which is of course also their politest bow, and maintain throughout the interview that shadow of distance which always accentuates one's company manners. But, on the other hand, these same women, when in company with Mr. Shorthouse, — who certainly has manners enough for two, and manners which are not only fine, but superfine, — feel an almost irresistible longing for a little vulgar bluntness, for the plain commonplace, for something miles off from gentility, and are tempted to answer his polite conversation by a little American slang.

Now, these five authors are, to my mind, a little unwinning. They may interest me; I may respect and even like them, as Lamb respected his Scotchman and liked his Quaker, — for all things but "to live with." Yet in spite of all this love and admiration I never feel quite at ease in their presence, and this is, I think, because they have not the gift of making allowances. They are uncompromising; with them "there is no borderland between the affirmative and the negative." They are painfully lacking in contradictions, and surprises, and kindly tolerance. They seem to exact the same bias of mind in their reader which they themselves affect. Fox never permits any wavering in our belief that Roman Catholicism is abominable. George Eliot never lets us forget that life is serious, nor Ibsen that it is ugly. Shorthouse requires us to be all "fine shades and nice feelings;" while Kipling, if he finds we have a trace of either, ridicules us unmercifully. These ask too much of us; they are not writers to be loved by willful readers. In their company I have always a sense of restraint, and am glad to escape from it, — perchance to George Borrow, who wins us by his fine elder-brotherly disregard of our presence; perhaps to Anatole France, with his charming self-contradictoriness and his smiling tolerance which leads him to have a liking for other men's tastes as well as his own; perhaps to George Meredith, with his splendid and bewildering variety; for these are writers one not only likes, but "likes to live with."

As there are certain authors with whom you are always uncomfortable, so are there

others who put you at once at your ease. No one can feel embarrassed before the literary good manners of Mr. Henry James. I know of few writers who so subtly flatter their readers; for he not only has ideas, but supposes that you have them, too, so that while you listen to his clever conversation you are fully persuaded that you are really clever yourself. He is, one may say, the perfect man of the world, who always looks the right thing, and says the right thing, and does the right thing, with the air of always only looking, doing, and saying what is natural. So simple, indeed, does the right thing seem in his hands that you fancy you can do it, too: you go away and try, and only blunder and stammer; then you see that what appears so simple is really an exquisite art. Yet in his presence you are never conscious of the complexity of his manner, but only charmed with its kindness. You feel so at ease, so responsive, that you seem somehow to share in his wit. The crisp, bright turn of his sentences, the clever, kindly, witty, sensible talk of his characters, are removed by so short a step from your every-day speech that you never have to put yourself out to understand.

There are other authors, without this charm of manner, without this tact, with indeed a certain lack of perception which sometimes leads them to say just the wrong thing, who yet manage to win the sympathy of their readers through their sheer good-heartedness. Such an author is Dickens. One may, I think, call him the best intentioned of writers. He would not for the world hurt anybody's feelings; he is bent upon pleasing; he is full of an awfully good story which he wants to share with somebody else. Such good nature is contagious, and you laugh at his stories, though you have heard them ever so many times over. There are, I know, some people who always profess themselves embarrassed by his demonstrative ways, by his unrestrained tears and laughter; but such people are rare, and they must, one fancies, have something either cranky or crabbed in their own dispositions.

There are yet other authors, who may not have any manners to speak of, or any particular kindness towards the reader, but you are glad to follow them, because they lead you into such pleasant places. It is always easy to get on with people out of doors. There is not half the chance for disagreement in a daisy-field that there is in a drawing-room. So when you sit out under the stars at tea with Lavengro in the dingle, you won't quarrel with him if he chooses to talk about Armenian verbs; and as you ride beside the Romany Rye along the great North Road in the early morning, Ab Gwilym the bard seems as good a subject as another for conversation. So again, when, in company with Richard Jefferies, you "feel back through the centuries" to the times of early Britain, or sit with him in a hollow of the downs where you hear the "sish, sish" of the wind in the grass just over your head, you don't in the least care whether or not your companion puts himself out to entertain you. Both Richard Jefferies and George Borrow might, as authors, be called absent-minded; they are too much absorbed in their own affairs to look out for yours, yet they take you out of doors, and that is enough. For he who makes one feel the wind over the heath and see the sun on the green grass leaves one content. And all these authors — though two, at least, have their oddities — have yet somewhere in their hearts the great gift of geniality; and with Borrow in the dingle, with Jefferies on the downs, with Dickens on the London streets, and with James in a London drawing-room, the reader feels always at home.

Impersonality. — It has long seemed to me that the English language needs a term to express the opposite of the quality designated by the word "personality." The new term should be applied to describe the trait or habit of self-erasure, exhibited by a certain number of individuals in any social circle, who readily encounter a fate not unlike that of the "dropped" or silent letter on the printed page, not unlike that of the "muted chord" in music. This trait of self-erasure may be either conscious or unconscious; it is probably temperamental. As a human failing, from its very nature, which is non-aggressive, it has the good fortune to escape censure. If I may be allowed to indulge in impersonality, I will introduce an instance coming under my closest observation. I am slightly above the average height, am sixty pounds above the average weight, and, moreover, am generally admitted to be somewhat eccentric in attire. As a rule, no one ever sees me until I run into him. Conductors of horse-

cars often fail to collect my fare. In theatres, concert-halls, and other places of resort, I am seldom recognized, even if fairly crowded by my friends. As a youth, I was called the Invisible. ("The boys" used to say that I wore Prince Lucian's Cap of Roses, with the result attributed to the "receipt of fern-seed.") Those who did not see me, even to my most intimate associates and relatives, including my parents, always had an impression that I was exceedingly small of stature, though by every physical measurement I exceeded the average, and in some respects, notably that of weight, nearly doubled it. That composite photograph of myself which is furnished in the liberal criticisms of friends offers no explanation. I have at times been constrained to think that the modesty which, alas, is my sole inheritance may have hypnotized observers, first into a doubt of my importance, and then into incredulousness as to my very existence. Or can it be that I have not the average normal interest in Ego, and so have no sufficiently vivid impression of that entity? In other words, did I habitually see myself, would others too see me?

Wanted, a New Diet.

— If you eat lemons, says a high authority on dietetics, you will prolong your life. If your tastes lead you to the tomato, another authority remarks, you will surely die young. Beware of it, for the insidious cancer lurks in every ovule. And now the learned savants tell us that even in the succulent and delicious oyster grim death lies concealed. That bivalve, after all these years, has been found by science to be infested with the deadly typhoid bacillus, which lives and thrives inside the shell. How we have managed to live so long and eat so many oysters must remain matters of startling surprise. In doing so, we have unconsciously impeded the work of the investigator, and seriously trifled with one whose beautiful experiments in bacteriology are at once the joy and delight of the world. Accounts of them are published now, so that all may read, heed, and run. It has long been known that appendicitis, one of the most aristocratic and fashionable complaints of the period, may be pushed to unpleasant extremities by indulgence in the juicy raspberry unrelieved of its cluster of chromic seeds. Life has been made a burden to some because the caterer to our animal wants occasionally mistakes the wild toadstool for the tender and nutritious mushroom. But even mushrooms have slain their thousands, for are they not members of the fungus family? and we all know what an overdose of fungi will do for us, unless the family physician is on hand. It was a dish of lampreys, of which his Majesty "was inordinately fond," which did for an English king; and what the lamprey accomplished with ease so long ago, he is very fit to do again in this age of high living. Beans will produce their bad spells upon frames too weak to resist their seductive encroachments, and peas, whether split or whole, yellow or green, will provoke calamitous consequences. The clam, the prawn, and the lobster vie with one another in tormenting the inner man, so to speak, and the shrimp inspires visions that are hideous. No one can forget that that amiable and foolish bird, the partridge, is often loaded with a bane which creates distress; and there is no balm in Gilead which can soothe the unhappy mortal who, sooner or later, meets his fate in the canned meats and fruits to which his more or less depraved taste has led him. Too much meat, says one, makes men vicious and cross. Tripe and onions produce in some the bovine quality; and though the sausage possesses a distinct charm of its own, it too has power to make disturbances in otherwise happy homes. Its twin brother, the humor-producing bologna, may be eaten cold without alarm; but imprisonment makes him restless, and gives one that tired feeling. Pork, though one might preserve a yardful of moly as a safeguard, suggests trichinosis and the trick of Circe. The haggis is shrouded in mystery, but, fortunately, we are condemned to make a dash at a dish of it only once a year. Fish will stimulate the blood. Even with the king of the tribe, salmon, we are never quite safe. The eruptive qualities of the rash oatmeal are too familiar to be questioned.

Alas! what are we to eat, what are we to forego? Vegetables have their devotees: but in the potato there is gluten; in the fiery horse-radish there are the seeds of indigestion and indignation; in the cabbage or the cauliflower there is often agony. Insect life dwells complacently in the golden pippin, and propagates in the northern spy. A new diet, surely, is sorely needed, if we must keep pace with the progress of science and

the results of the investigations of the doctors. The old foods must go. They have killed too many. An appeal to the Grand Diet of Worms might be made for succor, but do we not know that even the worm will turn?

Flower Lore: a Supplement.

— New England children have not a monopoly of the "happy flower customs" so delightfully commemorated in the April Atlantic. Hardly one of these customs, hardly an item of nature lore therein set down, but is known to the country-bred children of the South, with many more unknown to New England children through lack of the suggestive material. For there can be no doubt in the mind of any student of childhood that little New Englanders transferred to the Gulf Coast would at once, by sheer stress of "imagined fitness," understand from the proximity of a thorn-bush and a giant-leaved century-plant that here were the means for recording a name, a date, and any sentiment suited to the occasion. Should these folk linger in the South until May, they could not escape learning that the broad white petals of the magnolia bloom were intended for writing messages of friendship; and they would lose no time in discovering that the waxlike, red-tipped stamens of the same flower might pass, in the elastic possibilities of babyland, for parlor matches. They would need no telling, I fancy, that the thick, dark green leaves of the tree itself could be twisted into most efficient drinking-cups wherewith to scoop the water from the spring.

Southern children find the same uses as the young New Englander for the dandelion and the daisy; they too "fight roosters" with violets, though in my childhood the preference was given to the "Johnny-jump-ups," the small, old-fashioned heartsease of our grandmothers' gardens. Concerning the capabilities of hollyhocks Southern children have nothing to learn from their New England compatriots, except the edible properties of its "cheeses." From generation unto generation they have sucked the "bee-wine" from the tubes of the woodbine; they have fed upon rose-leaves and sorrel, and the red, succulent shoots of the rose-bushes, — "brier candy," to give the dainty the name that appreciative childhood devised for it. I remember well how we set forth our rural feasts not only with pepergrass and melon seeds, but with the small, crude berry of the "sparkle bush," rich in a certain wild flavor, to taste which to-day makes me a child again. But, as even grown folks know, there are feasts and feasts; so we had, in those vanished days, our banquets spread for "the mind's eye," — dainties of which we never partook corporeally, if I may so express it: tiny toadstools for apple-dumplings, stuck full of "Spanish needles" for cloves, and a curious purplish fungus in which we fancied a resemblance to raisins. Such was the festival diet kind nature provided for our doll feasts.

Did the happy New England children, who pressed wreaths of larkspur (just as does every Southern child), string four-o'-clocks, red, white, and yellow, on long stalks of tasseled grass? These dangling adornments were friendship's offerings to win favor with the older girls, our playmates in their teens. Yet another use had we for this long-stemmed grass, weaving therewith cages for crickets to sing in. The cage thus constructed was very like the hood of an old-fashioned gig, and the imprisoned cricket found its way out with little difficulty.

Besides playing with the cricket, we cultivated acquaintance with the snail and the lady-bug, greeting them with the well-known rhymes; but we liked better still to call the queer "doodle" up from its dimple in the sand, droning a doggerel verse, while we beat time upon the ground with the palms of our hands. We adjured daddy-long-legs to point us the way the cows were coming home, holding him by two of his legs, and chanting: —

> "Daddy, daddy, make your best bows,
> Show us which way come our cows;"

whereupon the free legs would stretch out "variously." We had also the joyful "Juney bugs" to regale us with their booming music. These pretty golden-green-winged creatures feasted on the figs in their season, and when they tumbled to the ground, so boozy with the nectar on which they had surfeited that they could not fly, we deemed it no cruelty to rescue them from the ravenous ducks, and put them to "boom" awhile in a bottle.

For us, too, did kind nature set in the fence corners the frequent poke-berry, and many a juicy plant besides, furnishing a

paint-box more soul-satisfying than any that could be bought with money.

The catalpa-tree scattered profusely the most charming bonnets for our dolls, lovely, delicate, wide-bordered, hoodlike caps, of a pale lavender tint, with rich red-brown speckles inside the brim. The may-pop's round, flat, purple disc provided the parasols. I have never known any other name for this plant, beloved of our childhood for its insipid fruit, and its glorious bloom like that of the passion flower, yet dreaded for the hideous caterpillar that infests it.

Like New England children, we made unto ourselves garments of leaves, tokens of our common descent from Mother Eve! For necklaces, we threaded the jasmine stars and the pale blue flowers of the china-berry-tree. In the fall, we strung the brilliant scarlet seeds of the magnolia. Our favorite earrings were the gift of the "goober patch." By deftly snapping the shell of the raw peanut it could be made to clasp the tip of the ear-lobe: it pinched, indeed, but we wore this ornament uncomplainingly. When it pleased us to pass at a bound from childhood to old age, there was the long gray moss for our transformation with wigs and beards.

So far as I know, Southern children have never used the burdock burs in any way. These grow all over the South, a prodigal crop, known as cockle-burs; but the children give them a wide berth on account of those same tenacious qualities that make them so valuable to the ingenious little New Englanders. A child I knew, who could not fix in mind the word "cockle-burs," improved upon this name by calling them "buckle-hurries," a term that commends itself because of its graphic force. I have never seen but one article made of these burs, a tiny basket, the handiwork of a girl whom I met when I was on a visit to Vermont in my very early childhood, when I was too young to penetrate the secret of that green marvel of beauty, which remained one of the mysteries of my child life. After I was a woman grown, I chanced to find, in some magazine for children, an illustrated poem about a burdock fair, when instantly that Vermont memory revived, and the secret of that green basket's construction was revealed, — too late, alas, for me to profit thereby. But though we never learned to utilize the burdock burs, we had no lack of satisfactory furniture contrived from cornstalks, squash-bowls, pine bark, and the like. What wonderful bedsteads, and cradles, and tables, and chairs had been mine!

We young Southerners made "pin-a-sights," too, and we knew them by the same expressive name; but our devices of this kind were always fixed over a small hole in the ground, and, except when on exhibition, were covered with grass, a treatment that was supposed to keep them fresh.

Of noisy delights we had our proper share. Even yet squash-horns abound in their season all over the South, and what time the hard, green china-berry hangs plump and plentiful the report of the pop-gun resounds through the land. We popped our rose-leaves "with a difference;" our favorite method being to pinch up the petals in form of bags, and strike them on the forehead or the back of the hand. We called these "surprises," in my day, no matter how openly the floral torpedoes were made to explode. The round gourds furnished us not only with lanterns, but with very effective drums, and the long-necked varieties made admirable bottles, and, most prized of all inventions to be evolved from these vegetable shells, the quaint "gourd fiddles." The gourd fiddle, properly strung, and manipulated by skillful fingers, could be made to give forth a tuneful tinkle, to which our nimble feet kept time in many an impromptu dance. An old plantation rhyme, to which we strummed an accompaniment, had reference to a wet season and bad crops, calamities that hung no weight upon our blithe spirits. We were always merry when we sang, —

> "De boll dat rotten
> What you can't pick de cotton."

It was one of our whimsical fancies that the weirdly plaintive little air which fitted these words had power to hasten the bursting of the primrose sheaths, — "moth lanterns" we called these flowers, — and we were wont, in the gathering dusk, to skip with rhythmic ceremony around and around the primrose bushes, twanging the gourd fiddle and droning our incantation.

Until the pages of The Atlantic enlightened me, I had always supposed that hickory-nut dolls, cornstalk witches, and pine-needle ladies were known only to Southern

children. Such things have been the delight of the Southern nursery time out of mind; and my own childhood derived a more lasting pleasure from these primitive inventions than from any of the wonders of the toy store. But chief among the pastimes with which the giant pine supplied us was plaiting the needles, both the green ones and the brown and brittle "shatters," into coronals and mats and various fantastic devices. Of baskets carved out of peach-stones and cherry-pits we had store, for the art that produces such is universal; but, with true childlike appreciation, we held far more precious the chance *find* of hickory nuts hollowed out by the "joiner squirrel" and the acorn-cups dew-filled by the fairies. Among our other cherished treasures were the oak-apples, exquisitely mottled balls, purple and red and white, hoarded solely for the joy of the eye; while for the joy of the ear there were the partridge-peas, announced by dear "Bob White" about midsummer,—polished ebony pods, half hidden in the tangled grass, and loaded with gunpowder seeds that rattled delightfully.

In an idle stroll not long ago, I passed a poor cabin, near which grew a wide-spreading live-oak with grotesquely gnarled roots. No child could mistake the intention of such roots, and in the little circuit they inclosed was set a sight to thrill the happy memories of my vanished years. There was the old familiar stock and store of unconsidered trash which childhood's subtle alchemy transmutes into treasure: cleft peach-stones, acorn-cups, squash-bowls, milkweed-pods, and, in the midst, a *quadruped* — surely, invention is as keen an instinct of all children as destructiveness! — fashioned from a potato by the insertion of straws for legs and a curling feather for a tail. I know not what beast to name this work of art, for in the flight of the years my skill in such nomenclature has deserted me, and there was no child near to prompt my laggard wit; but I testified to my faith in the animal's verisimilitude ere I went my way by dropping some pennies (that is a readier word with children than "cent-pieces") into a squash-bowl, for pure delight in this reminder of the storied past. I am fain to persuade myself that when the little artists returned to their enchanted nook, their faith in the good angels that wait on childhood was strengthened by the sight of the coins that had paid for my pleasure.

A Footnote to Flower Lore.

— I wonder if Mrs. Earle's doll's tea-table was furnished in early summer with a teapot made of the largest cherry from the low-hanging boughs, whose stem, curved over and stuck into one side near the bottom, formed a graceful handle, while the end of another stem made an excellent spout; and whether the little girl who presided wore around her neck a chain of cherry-pit rings, carved by the cunning jackknife of a brother or wonderful boy cousin, — a necklace worn with more pride than one of pearls or diamonds ever awoke in after-years.

But a singular bit of flower superstition was told me recently by a New Jersey girl, as learned some years ago from a little playmate, — a sort of "Loves me, loves me not," that was new to me, at least. Among the clusters of lilacs, especially the white, they found occasionally a tiny flower with five petals instead of the customary four, and, pronouncing the name in question, swallowed the flower. If it went down smoothly, it was "Loves me;" if the small dabbler in magic choked, it was "Loves me not."

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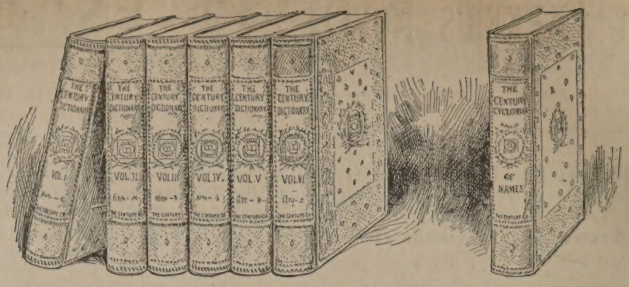

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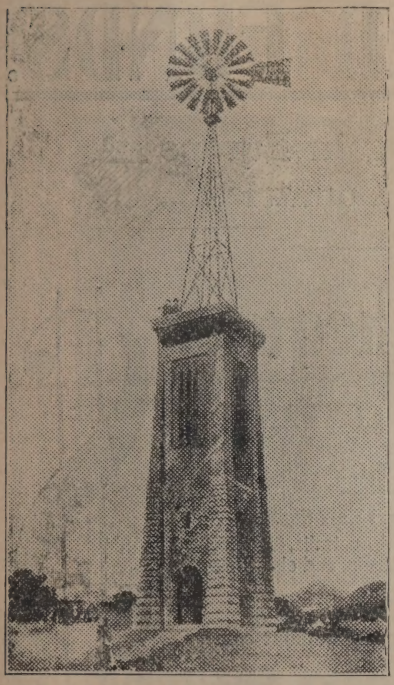

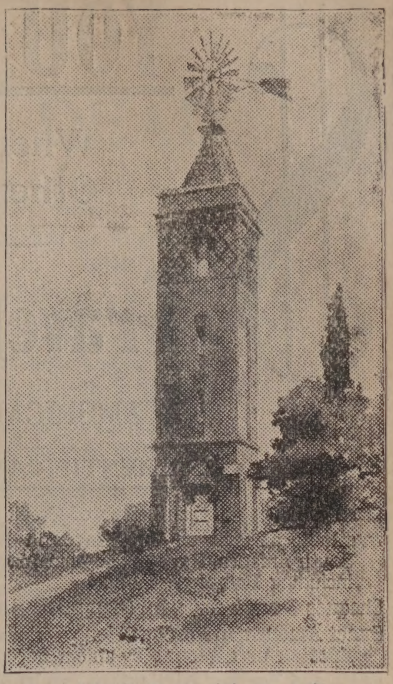

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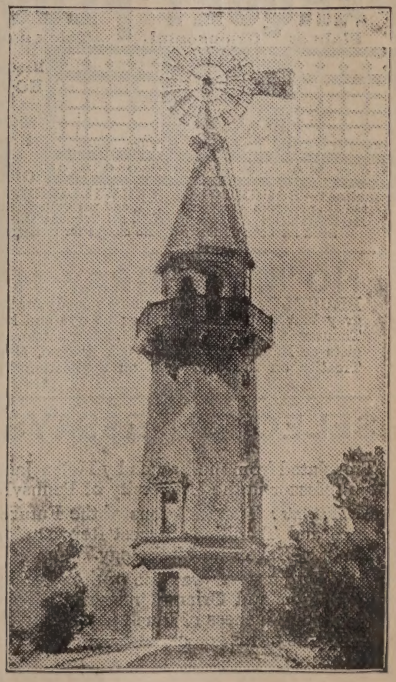

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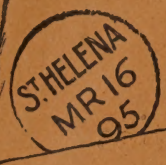

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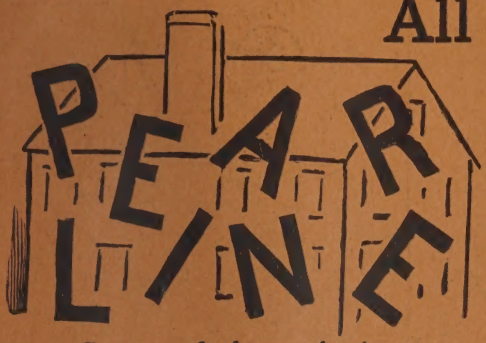

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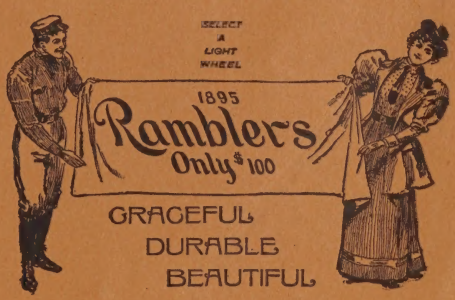

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